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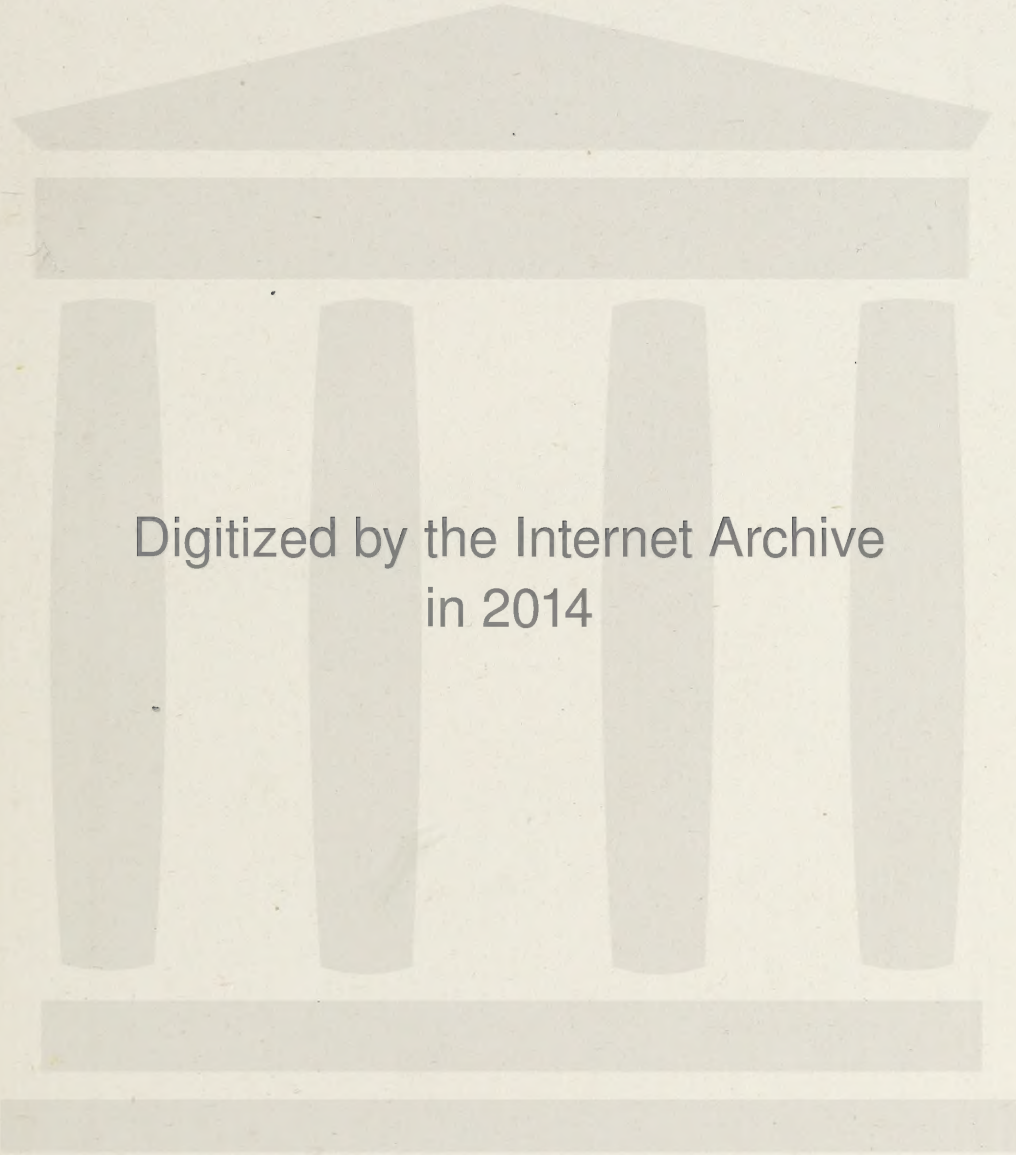
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# HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

*VOLUME CXXVIII.*

DECEMBER, 1913 TO MAY, 1914



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# CONTENTS OF VOLUME CXXVIII

DECEMBER, 1913, TO MAY, 1914

- 
- Across the Venezuelan Llanos.  
Charles Wellington Furlong 813  
Illustrated with Photographs and a Map.
- Adventure in Paleontology, An. A  
Story.....Alan Sullivan 518  
Illustrations by W. Hatherell, R. I.
- After Death—What?  
James Thompson Bixby, Ph.D. 945
- Along the Thames at London.  
F. Walter Taylor 699
- American Dinners and American Man-  
ners.....Wu Ting-Fang 526
- Amethyst Comb, The. A Story.  
Mary E. Wilkins Freeman 359  
Illustrations by W. H. D. Koerner.
- April Night's Mischief, An. A Story.  
Gertrude M. Winter 863
- Aspects of Monopoly One Hundred  
Years Ago.....James Madison 489  
With Portrait of Madison Engraved on  
Wood from the Painting by Gilbert  
Stuart.
- At the Sign of "La Reine Jeanne."  
Richard Le Gallienne 261  
Illustrations in Tint by George H. Shorey.
- Aunt Elizabeth. A Story.  
Owen Oliver 732
- Australian Bypaths.  
Norman Duncan, 123-209  
Illustrations in Tint by George Harding.
- Back Door, The. A Story.  
Clarence Day, Jr. 662  
Illustrations by F. Strothmann.
- Blue Dimity Dress, The. A Story.  
Victor Rousseau 611  
Illustrations by Walter Biggs
- Cara. A Story.  
Georgia Wood Pangborn 304  
Illustrations by Denman Fink.
- Cheap. A Story.  
Marjorie L. C. Pickthall 848  
Illustrations by W. Hatherell, R. I.
- "Christina," by Cecilia Beaux.  
Comment by W. Stanton Howard 870  
Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf  
from the Original Painting
- Comforter, The. A Story.  
Elizabeth Jordan 604
- Confidential Doll Insurance Co., The.  
A Story.....Vale Downie 767  
Illustrations by W. H. D. Koerner.
- Coronation. A Story.  
Mary E. Wilkins Freeman 93  
Illustrations by Walter Biggs.
- Crosby's Rest Cure, The. A Story.  
Elizabeth Jordan 785  
Illustrations by T. K. Hanna.
- Daniel and Little Dan'l. A Story.  
Mary E. Wilkins Freeman 704  
Illustrations by Walter Biggs.
- Devouring Demon and the Don, The.  
A Story..Henry Wallace Phillips 271  
Illustrations by F. Strothmann.
- Diplomat's Wife at the Italian Court, A.  
Madame De Hegermann-Lindencrone 927
- Diplomat's Wife in Washington, A.  
Madame De Hegermann-Lindencrone 104  
Illustrated with Photographs.
- Dynamic Education..John L. Mathews 616  
Illustrated with Photographs.
- Editor's Drawer..155, 317, 479, 641, 803, 965
- INTRODUCTORY STORIES
- "The New Ballad of the Ancient  
Mariner," by Burges Johnson (illus-  
trations by T. D. Skidmore), 155;  
"Under False Pretenses," by Fred-  
erick Smith (illustrations by Arthur  
William Brown), 317; "Further In-  
ventions of Professor B. House," by  
Barry Gilbert (illustrations by F.  
Strothmann), 479; "An Experiment  
in Journalism," by Howard Brubaker  
(illustrations by T. D. Skidmore), 641;  
"The Suit-case," by Alan Sullivan  
(illustrations by C. Clyde Squires),  
803; "An Imaginary Vacation," by  
Howard Brubaker (illustrations by  
T. D. Skidmore), 965.
- Editor's Easy Chair....W. D. Howells  
149, 310, 472, 634, 796, 958
- Editor's Study.....The Editor  
152, 314, 476, 638, 800, 962
- Emma. A Story.  
Louise Closser Hale 434



- Girl That Is to Be, The.  
Edward S. Martin 915
- Handkerchief Lady's Girl, The. A  
Story.....Wilbur Daniel Steele 463  
Illustrations by F. Walter Taylor.
- Honorable Sylvia, The. A Story.  
Henry Kittchell Webster 177  
Illustrations by Herman Pfeifer.
- House with the Tower, The. A Story.  
Alice Brown 919  
Illustrations by Walter Biggs.
- In Tartarin's Country.  
Richard Le Gallienne 853  
Illustrations by G. H. Shorey.
- Interlude, An. A Story.  
Elizabeth Jordan 936  
Illustrations by F. Graham Cootes.
- Little Milk, A. A Story.  
Nina Wilcox Putnam 951  
Illustrations by Elizabeth Shippen Green.
- Lost Boy, The. A Story.  
Henry van Dyke 3  
Paintings in color by N. C. Wyeth.
- Luxury of Being Educated, The.  
Henry Seidel Canby 68
- Matutum, the Mountain of Mystery.  
Major Elvin R. Heiberg, U. S. A. 507  
Illustrated with Photographs.
- Mr. Brinkley to the Rescue. A Story.  
Elizabeth Jordan 137  
Illustrations by F. Graham Cootes.
- My First Visit to the Court of Denmark.  
Madame De Hegermann-Lindencrone 651  
Illustrated with Photographs.
- Mystery of the Yucatan Ruins, The.  
Ellsworth Huntington 757  
Illustrated with Photographs.
- Narrow Way, The. A Story.  
V. H. Cornell 577  
Illustrations by Frank E. Schoonover.
- Night in the Open, A. Norman Duncan 591  
Illustrations by George Harding.
- Ninepins and Necromancy.  
Frances Wilson Huard 569  
Illustrations by Charles Huard.
- Northern Woman in the Confederacy,  
A.....Mrs. Eugene McLean 440  
Illustrated with Photographs, etc.
- One Great Thing, The. A Story.  
Eugene A. Clancy 626  
Illustrations by John Alonzo Williams.
- Outrage at Port Allington, The. A  
Story.....R. E. Vernede 452  
Illustrations by Elizabeth Shippen Green.
- Performing for Matthew. A Story.  
Clarence Day, Jr. 75  
Illustrations by F. Strothmann.
- Petronella. A Story.. Temple Bailey 253  
Illustrations by Denman Fink.
- Philosopher in Central Park, A.  
Edward S. Martin 350  
Illustrations in Tint by Lester G. Hornby.
- Physics of the Emotions, The.  
Fred W. Eastman 297
- Pilgrimage to Arles, A.  
Richard Le Gallienne 26  
Illustrations in Tint by George H. Shorey.
- Price of Love, The. A Novel. Part I.  
Arnold Bennett. 48, 232, 387, 548, 714, 895  
Paintings in Color by C. E. Chambers.
- Real Dry-Farmer, The.  
J. Russell Smith 836  
Illustrated with Photographs.
- Rules of the Institution, The. A Story.  
Susan Glaspell 198  
Illustrations by Charlotte Harding  
Brown.
- Shall We Standardize Our Diplomatic  
Service?.....David Jayne Hill 690
- Solvent, The. A Story.  
Algernon Tassin 883  
Illustrations by John Alonzo Williams.
- Spring Recurrent. A Story.  
Edith Barnard Delano 496  
Illustrations by John Alonzo Williams.
- Statesman, The. A Story.  
Marie Manning 223  
Illustrations by Walter Biggs.
- Stranlagh of the Gold Coast. A Story.  
G. B. Lancaster 681  
Illustrations by W. Hatherell, R. I.
- Sub-antarctic Island, A.  
Robert Cushman Murphy 165  
Illustrated with Photographs.
- Suite Number Nineteen. A Story.  
William Hamilton Osborne 534  
Illustrations by May Wilson Preston.
- Survival of Matriarchy, A.  
Carrie Chapman Catt 738  
Illustrated with Photographs.
- Susie, Sans Souci. A Story.  
Henry Wallace Phillips 377  
Illustrations by W. Herbert Dunton.
- Tangier Island.....J. W. Church 872  
Illustrated with Photographs.
- Through the Heart of the Surinam  
Jungle. Charles Wellington Furlong 327  
Illustrated with Photographs and a Map.



|  |   |
|--|---|
| Toad and the Jewel, The. A Story.<br>Katharine Fullerton Grould 749  | Under the Apple-trees.<br>John Burroughs 584  |
| Tobacco Famine at Tamarac, The.<br>A Story.....Forrest Crissey 826<br>Illustrated by N. C. Wyeth.          | What is Gravity?...Sir Oliver Lodge 674   |
| Too Adaptable American, The.<br>Sydney Brooks 370  | When the States Seceded.<br>Mrs. Eugene McLean 282  |
| "Toys' Little Day, The." A Story.<br>Georgia Wood Pangborn 114<br>Illustrations by John Alzonzo Williams.  | Why Do We Have a Diplomatic Service?<br>David Jayne Hill 188                                    |
| "Trooper of the Outlands, A."<br>Norman Duncan 421<br>Illustrations in Tint by George Harding.             | With Flags Flying. A Story.<br>Cecil Chard 409<br>Illustrations by Herman Pfeifer.              |
| "Turn About." A Story in Two Parts.<br>Margaret Deland 16, 289<br>Illustrations by Elizabeth Shippen Green | Wrackham Memoirs, The. A Story.<br>May Sinclair 36  |
| Unchanging Girl, The.<br>Edward S. Martin 82<br>Illustrations in Tint by Anna Whelan<br>Betts.             | Writing English...Henry Seidel Canby 778  |
|  | Zulik the Magnificent. A Story.<br>George K. Stiles 340<br>Illustrations by W. Hatherell, R. I. |

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## POEMS

|  |   |
|--|---|
| After the Rain.....Thomas Walsh 462            | Pity.....Sara Teasdale 339..                  |
| Afterward.....Charles Hanson Towne 252         | Pool, The.....Mary White Slater 603           |
| Film of Life, The.<br>Charles Hanson Towne 847 | Spent.....Dorothy Paul 615                    |
| Fog.....Lizette Woodworth Reese 852            | Telegram, The.....Thomas Hardy 103            |
| Kiss, The.....Sara Teasdale 590                | Through the Snow.<br>Richard Le Gallienne 296 |
| Later Day, A.<br>Harriet Prescott Spofford 408 | Treasure Trove....Lee Wilson Dodd 568         |
| Life and Death.....Martha W. Austin 303        | Understanding....Anna Alice Chapin 81         |
| Look, The.....Sara Teasdale 231                | Voice, The.....Louise Morgan Sill 35          |
| Night Song at Amalfi..Sara Teasdale 737        | Wander-lure.....Edith M. Thomas 281           |
| Old Friends.....Richard Le Gallienne 433       | White Night, A.<br>Louise Collier Willcox 914 |
| Out of It All.....Edith M. Thomas 15           | Winter Reverie, A....James Stephens 113       |
|  | Words.....Ernest Rhys 67                      |









*Painting by N. C. Wyeth*

Illustration for "The Lost Boy"

**"When He comes He will rule over the whole world"**



# HARPER'S MAGAZINE

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No. DCCLXIII



## The Lost Boy

BY HENRY VAN DYKE



**T**HAT a child should be lost in Palestine, in the days when Augustus Cæsar was Lord of the World, was no strange thing.

Syria was the most unruly of the Roman provinces, full of adventurers and soldiers of fortune from all nations, troubled by mobs and tumults and rebellions, and infested by landloppers and robbers. Especially in Jerusalem during one of the great Jewish festivals, it was most easy for a little stranger to miss his way and be hidden from his friends among the vast throngs of pilgrims and visitors who crowded the city to overflowing, and swarmed and streamed through its narrow streets. Amid moving multitudes, ebbing and flowing in restless tides, there were eddies and whirlpools and dark, deep places where a child might be swept away and swallowed up, not only for a few days but for ever.

But it was strange that this Boy whom my reverie follows now on the dim path of his earliest adventure—it was passing strange that this very Boy should have been lost even for a few hours.

For he was the darling of his parents, the treasure of the household, a lad beloved by all who knew him. His

young mother hung on him with passionate, mystical joy and hope. He was the apple of her eye. Deep in her soul she kept the memory of angelic words which had come to her while she carried him under her heart—words which made her believe that her first-born would be the morning-star of Israel and a light unto the Gentiles. So she cherished the Boy and watched over him with tender, unfailing care, as her most precious possession, her living, breathing, growing jewel.

When he reached the age of twelve, and was old enough to make his first journey to the Temple and take part in the national feast of the Passover, she clad him in the garments of youth and made him ready for the four days' pilgrimage from Nazareth to Jerusalem. It was a camping-trip, a wonder-walk, full of variety, with a spice of danger and a feast of delight.

The Boy was the joy of the journey. His keen interest in all things seen and heard was like a refreshing spring of water to the older pilgrims, who had so often traveled the same road that they had forgotten that it might be new every morning. His unwearying vigor and pure gladness as he leaped down the hill-sides, or scrambled among the rocks far above the path, or roamed through the fields filling his hands with flowers, was



like a merry song that cheered the long miles of the way. He was glad to be alive, and it made the others glad to look at him.

There were eighty or ninety kinsfolk and neighbors, plain rustic men and women, in the little company that set out from Nazareth. The men carried arms to protect the caravan from robbers or marauders on the way. As they wound slowly down the steep, stony way to the plain of Esdraelon, the Boy ran ahead, making short cuts, turning aside to find a partridge's nest among the bushes, leaping from rock to rock like a young gazelle, or poising on the edge of some cliff in sheer delight of his own sure-footedness.

His lithe body was outlined against the sky; his deep blue eyes (like those of his mother, who was a maid of Bethlehem) sparkled with the joy of living; his long, auburn hair was lifted and tossed by the wind of April. But his mother's look followed him anxiously, and her heart often leaped in her throat.

"My Son," she said, as they took their noon-meal in the valley at the foot of dark Mount Gilboa, "you must be more careful. Your feet might slip."

"Mother," answered the Boy, "I am truly very careful. I always put my feet in the places that God has made for them—on the big, strong rocks that will not roll. It is only because I am so glad that you think I am careless."

The tents were pitched, the first night, under the walls of Bethshan, a fortified city of the Romans. Set on a knoll above the river Jordan, the town loomed big and threatening over the little camp of the Galilean pilgrims. But they kept aloof from it, because it was a city of the heathen. Its theaters and temples and palaces were accursed. The tents were indifferent to the city, and when the night opened its star-fields above them and the heavenly lights rose over the mountains of Moab and Samaria, the Boy's clear voice joined in the slumber-song of the pilgrims:

"I will lift up mine eyes to the hills,  
From whence cometh my help;  
My help cometh from the Lord,  
Who made heaven and earth.  
He will not suffer thy foot to stumble,  
He who keepeth thee will not slumber.

Behold, He who guardeth Israel  
Will neither slumber nor sleep."

Then they drew their woolen cloaks over their heads and rested on the ground in peace.



OR two days their way led through the wide valley of the Jordan, along the level land that stretched from the mountains to the rough gulch where the river was raging in the jungle. They passed through broad fields of ripe barley and ripening wheat, where the quail scuttled and piped among the thick-growing stalks. There were fruit-orchards and olive-groves on the foot-hills, and clear streams ran murmuring down through glistening oleander thickets. Wild flowers sprang in every untilled corner; tall spikes of hollyhock, scarlet and blue anemones, clusters of mignonette, rock-roses and cyclamens, purple iris in the moist places, and many-colored spathes of gladiolus growing plentifully among the wheat.

The larks sang themselves into the sky in the early morn. Hotter grew the sun and heavier the air in that long trough below the level of the sea. The song of birds melted away. Only the hawks wheeled on motionless wings above silent fields, watching for the young quail or the little rabbits, hidden among the grain.

The pilgrims plodded on in the heat. Companies of soldiers with glittering arms, merchants with laden mules jingling their bells, groups of ragged thieves and bold beggars, met and jostled the peaceful travelers on the road. Once a little band of robbers, riding across the valley to the land of Moab, turned from a distance toward the Nazarenes, circled swiftly around them like hawks, whistling and calling shrilly to one another. But there was small booty in that country caravan, and the men who guarded it looked strong and tough; so the robbers whirled away as swiftly as they had come.

The Boy had stood close to his father in this moment of danger, looking on with surprise at the actions of the horsemen.





*Drawn by N. C. Wyeth*

**Leaping from Rock to Rock in sheer Delight**







"What did those riders want?" he asked.

"All we have," answered the man.

"But it is very little," said the Boy. "Nothing but our clothes and some food for our journey. If they were hungry, why did they not ask of us?"

The man laughed. "These are not the kind that ask," he said, "they are the kind that take—what they will and when they can."

"I do not like them," said the Boy. "Their horses were beautiful, but their faces were hateful—like a jackal that I saw in the gulley behind Nazareth one night. His eyes were burning red as fire. Those men had fires inside of them."

For the rest of that afternoon he walked more quietly and with thoughtful looks, as if he were pondering the case of men who looked like jackals and had flames within them.

At sunset, when the camp was made outside the gates of the new city of Archelaus, on a hillock among the corn-fields, he came to his mother with his hands full of the long lavender and rose and pale-blue spathes of the gladiolus-lilies.

"Look, mother," he cried, "are they not fine—like the clothes of a king?"

"What do you know of kings?" she answered, smiling. "These are only wild lilies of the field. But a great king, like Solomon, has robes of thick silk, and jewels on his neck and his fingers, and a big crown of gold on his head."

"But that must be very heavy," said the Boy, tossing his head lightly. "It must tire him to wear a crown-thing and such thick robes. Besides, I think the lilies are really prettier. They look just as if they were glad to grow in the field."



THE third night they camped among the palm-groves and heavy-odored gardens of Jericho where Herod's splendid palace rose above the trees. The fourth day they climbed the wild, steep, robber-haunted road from the Jordan valley to the highlands of Judea, and so came at sundown to their camp-ground

among friends and neighbors on the closely tented slope of the Mount of Olives, over against Jerusalem.

What an evening that was for the Boy! His first sight of the holy city, the city of the great king, the city lifted up and exalted on the sides of the north, beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth! He had dreamed of her glory, as he listened at his mother's knee to the wonder-tales of David and Solomon and the brave adventures of the fighting Maccabees. He had prayed for the peace of Jerusalem every night, as he kneeled by his bed and lifted his young hands toward the holy place. He had tried a thousand times to picture her strength and her splendor, her marvels and mysteries, her multitude of houses and her vast bulwarks, as he strayed among the humble cottages of Nazareth or sat in the low doorway of his own home.

Now his dream had come true. He looked into the face of Jerusalem, just across the deep, narrow valley of the Kidron, where the shadows of the evening were rising among the tombs. The huge battlemented walls, encircling the double mounts of Zion and Moriah—the vast huddle of white houses, covering hill and hollow with their flat roofs and standing so close together that the streets were hidden among them—the towers, the colonnades, the terraces—the dark bulk of the Roman castle—the marble pillars and glittering roof of the Temple in its broad court on the hill-top—it was a city of iron and ivory and gold, rising clear against the soft saffron and rose and violet of the western sky.

The Boy sat with his mother on the hillside, while the sunset waned, and the lights began to twinkle in the city, the stars to glow in the deepening blue. He questioned her eagerly—what is that black tower?—why does the big roof shine so bright?—where was King David's house?—where are we going to-morrow?

"To-morrow," she answered, "you will see. But now it is the sleep-time. Let us sing the psalm that we used to sing at night in Nazareth—but very softly, not to disturb the others—for you know this psalm is not one of the songs of the pilgrimage."



So the mother and her Child sang together with low voices:

"In peace will I both lay me down and sleep,  
For thou, Lord, makest me dwell in safety."

The tune and the words quieted the Boy. It was like a bit of home in a far land.



THE next day was full of wonder and excitement. It was the first day of the Feast, and the myriads of pilgrims crowded through the gates and streets of the city, all straining toward the inclosure of the Temple, within whose walls two hundred thousand people could be gathered. On every side the Boy saw new and strange things: soldiers in their armor, and shops full of costly wares; richly dressed Sadducees with their servants following; Jews from far-away countries, and curious visitors from all parts of the world; ragged children of the city, and painted women of the street, and beggars and outcasts of the lower quarters, and rich ladies with their retinues, and priests in their snowy robes.

The family from Nazareth passed slowly through the confusion, and the Boy, bewildered by the changing scene, longed to get to the Temple, where he thought everything must be quiet and holy. But when they came into the immense outer court, with its porticos and alcoves, he found the confusion worse than ever. For there the money-changers and the buyers and sellers of animals for sacrifice were bargaining and haggling; and the thousands of people were jostling and pushing one another; and the followers of the Pharisees and the Sadducees were disputing; and on many faces he saw that strange look which speaks of a fire in the heart, so that it seemed like a meeting-place of robbers.

His father had bought a lamb for the Passover sacrifice, at one of the stalls in the outer court, and was carrying it on his shoulder. He pressed on through the crowd to the Beautiful Gate, the Boy and his mother following until they came to the Court of the Women. Here the mother stayed, for that was the law—a woman must not go further.

But the Boy was now "a son of the Commandment," and he followed his father, through the Court of Israel, to the entrance of the Court of the Priests. There the little lamb was given to a priest, who carried it away to the great stone altar in the middle of the court.

The Boy could not see what happened then, for the place was crowded and busy. But he heard the blowing of trumpets, and the clashing of cymbals, and the chanting of psalms. Black clouds of smoke went up from the hidden altar; the floor around was splashed and streaked with red. After a long while, as it seemed, the priest brought back the dead body of the lamb, prepared for the Passover supper.

"Is this our little lamb?" asked the Boy as his father took it again upon his shoulder.

The father nodded.

"It was a very pretty one," said the Boy. "Did it have to die for us?"

The father looked down at him curiously. "Surely," he said, "it had to be offered on the altar, so that we can keep our feast according to the law of Moses to-night."

"But why," persisted the Boy, "must all the lambs be killed in the Temple? Does God like that? How many do you suppose were brought to the altar to-day?"

"Tens of thousands," answered the father.

"It is a great many," said the Boy, sighing. "I wish one was enough."

He was silent and thoughtful as they made their way through the Court of the Women and found the mother, and went back to the camp on the hillside. That night the family ate their Paschal feast, with their loins girded as if they were going on a journey, in memory of the long-ago flight of the Israelites from Egypt. There was the roasted lamb, with bitter herbs, and flat cakes of bread made without yeast. A cup of wine was passed around the table four times. The Boy asked his father the meaning of all these things, and the father repeated the story of the saving of the first-born sons of Israel in that far-off night of terror and death when they came out of Egypt. While the supper was going on, hymns were sung, and



when it was ended they all chanted together.

"Oh, give thanks to the Lord, for He is good;  
For His loving-kindness endureth forever."

So the Boy lay down under his striped woolen cloak of blue and white, and drifted toward sleep, glad that he was a son of Israel, but sorry when he thought of the thousands of little lambs and the altar floor splashed with red. He wondered if some day God would not give them another way to keep that feast.

The next day of the festival was a Sabbath, on which no work could be done. But the daily sacrifice of the Temple, and all the services and songs and benedictions in its courts, continued as usual, and there was a greater crowd than ever within its walls. As the Boy went thither with his parents they came to a place where a little house was beginning to burn, set on fire by an overturned lamp. The poor people stood by wringing their hands and watching the flames.

"Why do they not try to save their house?" cried the Boy.

The father shook his head. "They can do nothing," he answered. "They follow the teaching of the Pharisees, who say that it is unlawful to put out a fire on the Sabbath, because it is a labor."

A little later the Boy saw a cripple with a crutch, sitting in the door of a cottage, looking very sad and lonely.

"Why does he not go with the others," asked the Boy, "and hear the music at the Temple? That would make him happier. Can't he walk?"

"Yes," answered the father, "he can walk on other days; but not on the Sabbath, for he would have to carry his crutch, and that would be labor."

All the time he was in the Temple, watching the processions of priests and Levites and listening to the music, the Boy was thinking what the Sabbath meant, and whether it really rested people and made them happier.

The third day of the festival was the offering of the first-fruits of the new year's harvest. That was a joyous day. A sheaf of ripe barley was reaped and carried into the Temple and presented before the high altar with incense and

music. The priests blessed the people, and the people shouted and sang for gladness.

The Boy's heart bounded in his breast as he joined in the song and thought of the bright summer begun, and the birds building their nests, and the flowers clothing the hills with beautiful colors, and the wide fields of golden grain waving in the wind. He was happy all day as he walked through the busy streets with his parents, buying some things that were needed for the home in Nazareth; and he was happy at night when he lay down under an olive-tree beside the tent, for the air was warm and gentle, and he fell asleep under the tree, dreaming of what he would see and do to-morrow.



OW comes the secret of the way he was lost—a way so simple that the wonder is that no one has ever dreamed of it before.

The three important days of the Passover were ended, and the time had come when those pilgrims who wished to return to their homes might leave Jerusalem without offense, though it was more commendable to remain through the full seven days. The people from Nazareth were anxious to be gone—they had a long road to travel—their harvests were waiting. While the Boy, tired out, was sleeping under the tree, the question of going home was talked out and decided. They would break camp at sunrise, and, joining with others of their countrymen who were tented around them, they would take the road for Galilee.

But the Boy awoke earlier than any one else the next morning. Before the dawn, a linnet in the tree overhead called him with cheerful songs. He was rested by his long sleep. His breath came lightly. The spirit of youth was beating in his limbs. His heart was eager for adventure. He longed for the top of a high hill—for the wide, blue sky—for the world at his feet—such a sight as he had often found in his rambles among the heights near Nazareth. Why not? He would return in time for the next visit to the Temple.



Quietly he stepped among the sleeping-tents in the dark. A footpath led through the shadowy olive-grove, up the hillside, into the open. There the light was clearer, and the breeze that runs before the daybreak was dancing through the grass. The Boy turned to the left, following along one of the sheep-trails that crossed the high, sloping pastures. Then he bore to the right, breasting the long ridge, and passed the summit, running lightly to the eastward until he came to a rounded, rocky knoll. There he sat down among the little bushes to wait for sunrise.

Far beyond the wrinkled wilderness of Tekoa, and the Dead Sea, and the mountain-wall of Moab, the rim of the sky was already tinged with silvery gray. The fading of the stars traveled slowly upward, and the rising of the rose of dawn followed it, until all the east was softly glowing, and the deep blue of the central heaven was transfused with turquoise light. Dark in the gulfs and chasms of the furrowed land the night lingered. Bright along the eastern peaks and ridges the coming day, still hidden, revealed itself in a fringe of dazzling gold, like the crest of a long, mounting wave. Shoots and flashes of radiance sprang upward from the glittering edge. Streamers of rose-foam and gold-spray floated in the sky. Then over the barrier of the hills the sun surged royally—crescent, half-disk, full-orb—and overlooked the world. The luminous tide flooded the gray villages of Bethany and Bethphage, and all the emerald hills around Bethlehem were bathed in light.

The Boy sat entranced, watching the miracle by which God makes His sun to shine upon the good and the evil. How strange it was that God should do that—bestow an equal light upon those who obeyed Him and those who broke His law. Yet it was splendid, it was King-like to give in that way, with both hands. No, it was Father-like—and that was what the Boy had learned from his mother—that God who made and ruled all things was his Father. It was the name she had taught him to use in his prayers. Not in the great prayers he learned from the book—the name there was Adonai, the Lord, the

Almighty. But in the little prayers that he said by himself it was “my Father!” It made the Boy feel strangely happy and strong to say that. The whole world seemed to breathe and glow around him with an invisible presence. For such a Father, for the sake of His love and favor, the Boy felt he could do anything.

More than that, his mother had told him of something special that the Father had for him to do in the world. In the evenings during the journey and when they were going home together from the Temple, she had repeated to him some of the words that the angel-voices had spoken to her heart, and some of the sayings of wise men from the East who came to visit him when he was a baby. She could not understand all the mystery of it; she did not see how it was going to be brought to pass. He was a child of poverty and lowliness; not rich, nor learned, nor powerful. But with God all things were possible. The choosing and calling of the eternal Father were more than everything else. It was fixed in her heart that somehow her Boy was sent to do a great work for Israel. He was the son of God set apart to save his people and bring back the glory of Zion. He was to fulfil the promises made in olden time and bring in the wonderful reign of the Messiah in the world—perhaps as a forerunner and messenger of the great King, or perhaps himself—ah, she did not know! But she believed in her Boy with her whole soul; and she was sure that his Father would show him what to do.

These sayings, coming amid the excitements of his first journey, his visit to the Temple, his earliest sight of the splendor and confusion and misery of the great city, had sunken all the more deeply into the Boy's mind. Excitement does not blur the impressions of youth; it sharpens them, makes them more vivid. Half-covered and hardly noticed at the time, they spring up into life when the quiet hour comes.

So the Boy remembered his mother's words while he lay watching the sunrise. It would be great to make them come true. To help everybody to feel what he felt lying there on the hill-top—that big, free feeling of peace and confidence



and not being afraid! To make those robbers in the Jordan Valley see how they were breaking the rule of the world and burning out their own hearts! To cleanse the Temple from the things that filled it with confusion and pain, and drive away the brawling buyers and sellers who were spoiling his Father's great house! To go among those poor and wretched and sorrowful folks who swarmed in Jerusalem and teach them that God was their Father too, and that they must not sin and quarrel any more! To find a better way than the priests' and the Pharisees' of making people good! To do great things for Israel—like Moses, like Joshua, like David—or like Daniel, perhaps, who prayed and was not afraid of the lions—or like Elijah and Elisha, who went about speaking to the people and healing them—



HE soft tread of bare feet among the bushes behind him roused the Boy. He sprang up and saw a man with a stern face and long hair and beard, looking at him mysteriously. The man was dressed in white, with a leathern girdle round his waist, into which a towel was thrust. A leathern wallet hung from his neck, and he leaned upon a long staff.

"Peace be with you, Rabbi," said the Boy, reverently bowing at the stranger's feet. But the man looked at him steadily, and did not speak.

The Boy was confused by the silence. The man's eyes troubled him with their secret look, but he was not afraid.

"Who are you, sir," he asked, "and what is your will with me? Perhaps you are a master of the Pharisees, or a scribe? But no—there are no broad, blue fringes on your garment. Are you a priest, then?"

The man shook his head, frowning. "I despise the priests," he answered, "and I abhor their bloody and unclean sacrifices. I am Enoch the Essene, a holy one, a perfect keeper of the law. I live with those who have never defiled themselves with the eating of meat, nor with marriage, nor with wine; but we have all things in common, and we are

baptized in pure water every day for the purifying of our wretched bodies, and after that we eat the daily feast of love in the kingdom of the Messiah which is at hand. Thou art called into that kingdom, son; come with me, for thou art called."

The Boy listened with astonishment. Some of the things that the man said—for instance, about the sacrifices, and about the nearness of the kingdom—were already in his heart. But other things puzzled and bewildered him.

"My mother says that I am called," he answered, "but it is to serve Israel and to help the people. Where do you live, sir, and what is it that you do for the people?"

"We live among the hills of that wilderness," he answered, pointing to the south, "in the oasis of Engedi. There are palm-trees and springs of water, and we keep ourselves pure, bathing before we eat and offering our food of bread and dates as a sacrifice to God. We all work together, and none of us has anything that he calls his own. We do not go up to the Temple, nor enter the synagogues. We have forsaken the uncleanness of the world and all the impure ways of men. Our only care is to keep ourselves from defilement. If we touch anything that is forbidden, we wash our hands and wipe them with this towel that hangs from our girdle. We alone are serving the kingdom. Come, live with us, for I think thou art chosen."

The Boy thought for a while before he answered. "Some of it is good, my master," he said, "but the rest of it is far away from my thoughts. Is there nothing for a man to do in the world but to think of himself—either in feasting and uncleanness as the heathen do, or in fasting and purifying yourself as you do? How can you serve the kingdom if you turn away from the people? They do not see you or hear you. You are separate from them—just as if you were dead without dying. You can do nothing for them. No, I do not want to come with you and live at Engedi. I think my Father will show me something better to do."

"Your Father!" said Enoch the Essene. "Who is He?"

"Surely," answered the Boy, "He is



the same as yours. He that made us, and made all that we see—the great world for us to live in.”

“Dust,” said the man, with a darker frown—“dust and ashes! It will all perish, and thou with it. Thou art not chosen—not pure!”

With that he went away down the hill; and the Boy, surprised and grieved at his rude parting, wondered a little over the meaning of his words, and then went back as quickly as he could toward the tents.

When he came to the olive-grove, they were gone! The sun was already high, and his people had departed hours ago. In the hurry and bustle of breaking camp each of the parents had supposed that the Boy was with the other, or with some of the friends and neighbors, or perhaps running along the hillside above them as he used to do. So they went their way cheerfully, not knowing that they had left their son behind.



WHEN the Boy saw what had happened, he was surprised and troubled, but not frightened. He did not know what to do. He might hasten after them, but he could not tell which way to go. He was not even sure that they had gone home; for they had talked of paying a visit to their relatives in the south before returning to Nazareth; and some of the remaining pilgrims to whom he turned for news of his people said that they had taken the southern road from the Mount of Olives, going toward Bethlehem.

The Boy was at a loss, but he was not disheartened, nor even cast down. He felt that somehow all would be well with him; he would be taken care of. They would come back for him in good time. Meanwhile there were kind people here who would give him food and shelter. There were boys in the other camps with whom he could play. Best of all, he could go again to the city and the Temple. He could see more of the wonderful things there, and watch the way the people lived, and find out why so many of them seemed sad or angry, and a few proud and scornful, and almost all

looked unsatisfied. Perhaps he could listen to some of the famous rabbis who taught the people in the courts of the Temple, and learn from them about the things which his Father had chosen him to do.

So he went down the hill and toward the Sheep-Gate by which he had always gone into the city. Outside the gate a few boys about his own age, with a group of younger children, were playing games.

“Look there,” they cried—“a stranger! Let us have some fun with him. Halloo, Country, where do you come from?”

“From Galilee,” answered the Boy.

“Galilee is where all the fools live,” cried the children. “Where is your home? What is your name?”

He told them pleasantly, but they laughed at his country way of speaking, and mimicked his pronunciation.

“Yalilean! Yalilean!” they cried. “You can’t talk. Can you play? Come and play with us.”

So they played together. First, they had a mimic wedding-procession. Then they made believe that the bridegroom was killed by a robber, and they had a mock funeral. The Boy took always the lowest part. He was the hired mourner who followed the body, wailing; he was the flute-player who made music for the wedding-guests to dance to.

So readily did he enter into the play that the children at first were pleased with him. But they were not long contented with anything. Some of them would dance no more for the wedding; others would lament no more for the funeral. Their caprices made them quarrelsome.

“Yalilean fool,” they cried, “you play it all wrong. You spoil the game. We are tired of it. Can you run? Can you throw stones?”

So they ran races; and the Boy, trained among the hills, outran the others. But they said he did not keep to the course. Then they threw stones; and the Boy threw farther and straighter than any of the rest. This made them angry.

Whispering together, they suddenly hurled a shower of stones at him. One struck his shoulder, another made a long cut on his cheek. Wiping away the blood





*Painting by N. C. Wyeth*

“Come, live with us, for I think thou art chosen”







with his sleeve, he turned silently and ran to the Sheep-Gate, the other boys chasing him with loud shouts.

He darted lightly through the crowd of animals and people that thronged the gate-way, turning and dodging with a sure foot among them, and running up the narrow street that led to the sheep-market. The cries of his pursuers grew fainter behind him. Among the stalls of the market he wound this way and that way, like a hare before the hounds. At last he had left them out of sight and hearing.

Then he ceased running and wandered blindly on through the northern quarter of the city. The sloping streets were lined with bazaars and noisy work-shops. The Roman soldiers from the castle were sauntering to and fro. Women in rich attire, with ear-rings and gold chains, passed by with their slaves. Open market-places were still busy, though the afternoon trade was slackening.

But the Boy was too tired and faint with hunger and heavy at heart to take an interest in these things. He turned back toward the gate, and, missing his way a little, came to a great pool of water, walled in with white stone, with five porticos around it. In some of these porticos there were a few people lying upon mats. But one of the porches was empty, and here the Boy sat down.

He was worn out. His cheek was bleeding again, and the drops trickled down his neck. He went down the broad steps to the pool to wash away the blood. But he could not do it very well. His head ached too much. So he crept back to the porch, unwound his little turban, curled himself in a corner on the hard stones, his head upon his arm, and went sound asleep.



HE was awakened by a voice calling him, a hand laid upon his shoulder. He looked up and saw the face of a young woman, dark-eyed, red-lipped, only a few years older than himself. She was clad in silk, with a veil of gauze over her head, gold coins in her hair, and a vial of

alabaster hanging by a gold chain around her neck. A sweet perfume like the breath of roses came from it as she moved. Her voice was soft and kind.

"Poor boy," she said, "you are wounded; some one has hurt you. What are you doing here? You look like a little brother that I had long ago. Come with me. I will take care of you."

The Boy rose and tried to go with her. But he was stiff and sore; he could hardly walk; his head was swimming. The young woman beckoned to a Nubian slave who followed her. He took the Boy in his big black arms and so carried him to a pleasant house with a garden.

There were couches and cushions there, in a marble court around a fountain. There were servants who brought towels and ointments. The young woman bathed the Boy's wound and his feet. The servants came with food, and she made him eat of the best. His eyes grew bright again and the color came into his cheeks. He talked to her of his life in Nazareth, of the adventures of his first journey, and of the way he came to be lost.

She listened to him intently, as if there were some strange charm in his simple talk. Her eyes rested upon him with pleasure. A new look swept over her face. She leaned close to him.

"Stay with me, boy," she murmured, "for I want you. Your people are gone. You shall sleep here to-night—you shall live with me and I will be good to you—I will teach you to love me."

The Boy moved back a little, and looked at her with wide eyes, as if she were saying something that he could not understand.

"But you have already been good to me, sister," he answered, "and I love you already, even as your brother did. Is your husband here? Will he come soon, so that we can all say the prayer of thanksgiving together for the food?"

Her look changed again; her eyes filled with pain and sorrow; she shrank back and turned away her face.

"I have no husband," she said. "Ah, boy, innocent boy, you do not understand. I eat the bread of shame and live in the house of wickedness. I am a



sinner, a sinner of the city. How could I pray?"

With that she fell a-sobbing, rocking herself to and fro, and the tears ran through her fingers like rain. The Boy looked at her, astonished and pitiful. He moved nearer to her, after a moment, and spoke softly.

"I am very sorry, sister," he said—and as he spoke he felt her tears falling on his feet—"I am more sorry than I ever was in my life. It must be dreadful to be a sinner. But sinners can pray, for God is our Father, and fathers know how to forgive. I will stay with you and teach you some of the things my mother has taught me."

She looked up and caught his hand and kissed it. She wiped away her tears, and rose, pushing back her hair.

"No, dear little master," she said, "you shall not stay in this house—not an hour. It is not fit for you. My Nubian shall lead you back to the gate, and you will return to your friends outside of the city, and you will forget one whom you comforted for a moment."

The Boy turned back as he stood in the doorway. "No," he said. "I will not forget you. I will always remember your love and kindness. Will you learn to pray, and give up being a sinner?"

"I will try," she answered; "you have made me want to try. Go in peace. God knows what will become of me."

"God knows, sister," replied the Boy gravely. "Abide in peace."

So he went out into the dusk with the Nubian, and found the camp on the hillside and a shelter in one of the friendly tents, where he slept soundly and woke refreshed in the morning.



HIS day he would not spend in playing and wandering. He would go straight to the Temple, to find some of the learned teachers who gave instruction there, and learn from them the wisdom that he needed in order to do his work for his Father.

As he went he thought about the things that had befallen him yesterday. Why had the man dressed in white despised him? Why had the city children

mocked him and chased him away with stones? Why was the strange woman who had been so kind to him afterward so unhappy and so hopeless?

There must be something in the world that he did not understand, something evil and hateful and miserable that he had never felt in himself. But he felt it in the others, and it made him so sorry, so distressed for them, that it seemed like a heavy weight, a burden on his own heart. It was like the work of those demons, of whom his mother had told him, who entered into people and lived inside of them, like worms eating away a fruit. Only these people of whom he was thinking did not seem to have a demon that took hold of them and drove them mad, and made them foam at the mouth and cut themselves with stones, like a man he once saw in Galilee. This was something larger and more mysterious—like the hot wind that sometimes blew from the south and made people gloomy and angry—like the rank weeds that grew in certain fields, and if the sheep fed there they dropped and died.

The Boy felt that he hated this unknown, wicked, unhappy thing more than anything else in the world. He would like to save people from it. He wanted to fight against it, to drive it away. It seemed as if there were a spirit in his heart saying to him, "This is what you must do, you must fight against this evil, you must drive out the darkness, you must be a light, you must save the people—this is your Father's work for you to do."

But how? He did not know. That was what he wanted to find out. And he went into the Temple hoping that the teachers there would tell him.

He found the vast Court of the Gentiles, as it had been on his first visit, swarming with people. Jews and Syrians and foreigners of many nations were streaming into it through the eight open gates, meeting and mingling and eddying round in confused currents, bargaining and haggling with the merchants and money-changers, crowding together around some group where argument had risen to a violent dispute, drifting away again in search of some new excitement.



The morning sacrifice was ended, but the sound of music floated out from the inclosed courts in front of the altar, where the more devout worshipers were gathered. The Roman soldiers of the guard paced up and down, or leaned tranquilly upon their spears, looking with indifference or amused contempt upon the turbulent scenes of the holy place where they were set to keep the peace and prevent the worshipers from attacking one another.

The Boy turned into the long, cool cloisters, with their lofty marble columns and carved roofs of wood, which ran around the inside of the walls. Here he found many groups of people, walking in the broad aisles between the pillars, or seated in the alcoves of Solomon's Porch around the teachers who were instructing them. From one to another of these open schools he wandered, listening eagerly to the different rabbis and doctors of the law.

Here one was reading from the Torah and explaining the laws about the food which a Jew must not eat, and the things which he must not do on the Sabbath. Here another was expounding the doctrine of the Pharisees about the purifying of the sacred vessels in the Temple; while another, a Sadducee, was disputing with him scornfully and claiming that the purification of the priests was the only important thing. "You would wash that which needs no washing," he cried, "the Golden Candlestick, one day in every week! Next you will want to wash the sun for fear an unclean ray of light may fall on the altar!"

Other teachers were reciting from the six books of the Talmud which the Pharisees were making to expound the law. Others repeated the histories of Israel, recounted the brave deeds of the Maccabees, or read from the prophecies of Enoch and Daniel. Others still were engaged in political debate: the Zealots talking fiercely of the misdeeds of the house of Herod and the outrages committed by the Romans; the Sadducees contemptuously mocking at the hopes of the revolutionists and showing that the dream of freedom for Judea was foolish. "Freedom," they said, "belongs to those who are well protected. We have the Temple and priesthood because

Rome takes care of us." To this the Zealots answered, angrily, "Yes, the priesthood belongs to you unbelieving Sadducees, that is why you are content with it. Look, now, at the place where you let Herod hang an accursed eagle of gold on the front of Jehovah's House."

So from group to group the Boy passed, listening intently, but hearing little to his purpose. All day long he listened, now to one, now to another, completely absorbed by what he heard, yet not satisfied. Late in the afternoon he came into the quietest part of Solomon's Porch, where two large companies were seated around their respective teachers, separated from each other by a distance of four or five columns.

As he stood on the edge of the first company, whose rabbi was a lean, dark-bearded, stern little man, the Boy was spoken to by a stranger at his side, who asked him what he sought in the Temple.

"Wisdom," answered the Boy. "I am looking for some one to give a light to my path."

"That is what I am seeking, too," said the stranger, smiling. "I am a Greek, and I desire wisdom. Let us see if we can get it from this teacher. Listen."

He made his way to the center of the circle and stood before the stern little man.

"Master," said the Greek, "I am willing to become thy disciple if thou wilt teach me the whole law while I stand before thee thus—on one foot."

The rabbi looked at him angrily, and, lifting up his stick, smote him sharply across the leg. "That is the whole law for mockers," he cried. The stranger limped away amid the laughter of the crowd.

"But the little man was too angry; he did not see that I was in earnest," said he as he came back to the Boy. "Now let us go to the next school, and see if the master is any better."

So they went to the second company, which was seated around a very old man, with long, snowy beard and a gentle face. The stranger took his place as before, standing on one foot, and made the same request. The rabbi's eyes twinkled and his lips were smiling as he answered promptly:

"Do nothing to thy neighbor that



thou wouldst not he should do to thee, this is the whole law; all the rest follows from this."

"Well," said the stranger, returning, "what think you of this teacher and his wisdom? Is it better?"

"It is far better," replied the Boy, eagerly; "it is the best of all I have heard to-day. I am coming back to hear him to-morrow. Do you know his name?"

"I think it is Hillel," answered the Greek, "and he is a learned man, the master of the Sanhedrim. You will do well, young Jew, to listen to such a man. Socrates could not have answered me better. But now the sun is near setting. We must go our ways. Farewell."



IN the tent of his friends the Boy found welcome and a supper, but no news of his parents. He told his experiences in the Temple, and the friends heard him, wondering at his discernment. They were in doubt whether to let him go again the next day; but he begged so earnestly, arguing that they could tell his parents where he was if they should come to the camp seeking him, that finally he won consent.

He was in Solomon's Porch long before the schools had begun to assemble. He paced up and down under the triple colonnade thinking what questions he should ask the master.

The company that gathered around Hillel that day was smaller, but there were more scribes and doctors of the law among them, and they were speaking of the kingdom of the Messiah—the thing that lay nearest to the Boy's heart. He took his place in the midst of them, and they made room for him, for they liked young disciples and encouraged them to ask after knowledge.

It was the prophecy of Daniel that they were discussing, and the question was whether these things were written of the First Messiah, or of the Second Messiah; for many of the doctors held that there must be two, and that the first would die in battle, but the second would put down all his enemies and rule over the world.

"Rabbi," asked the Boy, "if the first was really the Messiah, could not God raise him up again and send him back to rule?"

"You ask wisely, son," answered Hillel, "and I think the prophets tell us that we must hope for only one Messiah. This book of Daniel is full of heavenly words, but it is not counted among the prophets whose writings are gathered in the Scripture. Which of them have you read, and which do you love most, my son?"

"Isaiah," said the Boy, "because he says God will have mercy with everlasting-kindness. But I love Daniel, too, because he says they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever. But I do not understand what he says about the times and a half-time and the days and the seasons before the coming of Messiah."

With this there rose a dispute among the doctors about the meaning of those sayings, and some explained them one way and some another, but Hillel sat silent. At last he said:

"It is better to hope and to wait patiently for Him than to reckon the day of His coming. For if the reckoning is wrong, and He does not come, then men despair, and no longer make ready for Him."

"How does a man make ready for Him, Rabbi?" asked the Boy.

"By prayer, son, and by study of the law, and by good works, and by sacrifices."

"But when He comes He will rule over the whole world, and how can all the world come to the Temple to sacrifice?"

"A way will be provided," answered the old man, "though I do not know how it will be. And there are offerings of the heart as well as of the altar. It is written, 'I will have mercy and not sacrifice.'"

"Will His kingdom be for the poor as well as for the rich, and for the ignorant as well as for the wise?"

"Yes, it will be more for the poor than for the rich. But it will not be for the ignorant, my son. For he who does not know the law can not be pious."

"But, Rabbi," said the Boy, eagerly, "will He not have mercy on them just



because they are ignorant? Will He not pity them as a shepherd pities his sheep when they are silly and go astray?"

"He is not only a Shepherd," answered Hillel, firmly, "but a great King. They must all keep the law, even as it is written and as the elders have taught it to us. There is no other way."

The Boy was silent for a time, while the others talked of the law, and of the Torah, and of the Talmud in which Hillel in these days was writing down the traditions of the elders. When there was an opportunity he spoke again.

"Rabbi, if most of the people should be poor and ignorant when the Messiah came, so ignorant that they did not even know Him, wouldn't He save them just because they were poor?"

Hillel looked at the Boy with love, and hesitated before he answered.

At that moment a man and a woman came through the colonnade with hurried steps. The man stopped at the edge of the circle, astonished at what he saw. But the woman came into the center and put her arm around the Boy.

"My boy," she cried, "why hast thou done this to us? See how sorrowful thou hast made me and thy father, looking everywhere for thee."

"Mother," he answered, "why did you look everywhere for me with sorrow? Did you not know that I would be in my Father's house? Must I not begin to think of the things my Father wants me to do?"

Thus the lost Boy was found again, and went home with his parents to Nazareth. The old rabbi blessed him as he left the Temple.

But had he really been lost, or was he finding his way?

## Out Of It All

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

OUT of it all. . . . And now I see clearly  
How little there was that touched me nearly,  
Though I hated (how idly!) and loved (how dearly!),  
Though I deemed this great, and judged that small;  
Now the bounds I set are a crumbled wall—  
Out of it—out of it all!

Out of the years that lagged, or hasted,  
Out of the power of the griefs that wasted,  
Out of the sway of the joys that, half-tasted,  
Leave the heart sick, that so soon they can pall—  
Out of the drive, the tumult, the brawl,  
Out of it—out of it all!

Out of it all. . . . And the world receding,  
Who, or what, is there whither leading?  
Through a space unknown, I, unknown, am speeding,  
And the fashions that were, away from me fall. . . .  
What was that word I would fain recall?—  
"Out of it—out of it all!"



# “Turn About”

BY MARGARET DELAND

A STORY IN TWO PARTS—I.



NOTHING interested Old Chester quite so much as a wedding. Possibly because it had so few of them, but probably because, as even the most respectable community is made up entirely of persons who, being human creatures, are at heart gamblers, the greatest gamble in life—marriage—arouses the keenest interest. Old Chester would have been very properly shocked if any outside person had offered to take odds on one of our rare weddings; but all the same we said to one another, “What possessed her to take him?” or, “What on earth can he see in her?” then, in chorus: “Well, let us hope it will turn out well; *but—*”

There were two Old Chester marriages about which it was hardly possible to say anything even as hopeful as “*but*”; and certainly no one could have been found to take odds that they would turn out well! There was still a third wedding— But perhaps it is better to begin at the beginning.

The very beginning would be the death, down South, of Jim Williams’s widowed sister, Mrs. Sarah Gale, and her legacy to her brother of her baby boy. But that was so very far back! Of course some people were able to remember the astonished dismay of the handsome, quick-tempered young bachelor, James Williams, when, without any warning a baby was left, so to speak, on his door-step. At least, it arrived in charge of a colored mammy, who installed herself at the Tavern, where young Williams had lived since his mother’s death; and when, in the April dusk, he came sauntering home to supper, he found the nurse and baby awaiting him. Those who witnessed Jim’s emotion when the big, fat, black woman suddenly plumped the baby into his

arms had to retire precipitately to hide mirth which, at such a juncture, would have been unseemly.

“What’s this! What’s this!” said the startled young man, almost letting his nephew drop under the shock of his soft little weight; then he looked around suspiciously, ready to knock down any grinning onlooker. But nobody laughed, for of course the nurse, with all the satisfaction of her class in giving bad news, had already informed the Tavern of the sad necessity which had brought her to Old Chester.

She informed Jim, with proper tearfulness: “Mrs. Gale is dead, suh; and she leff this yer blessed lamb to you.”

“What? My sister dead!—Oh, do take the thing!” he stammered, shunting the lamb back into the nurse’s arms as quickly as he could. Then he got himself together and asked his startled questions—for he had not even known of Mrs. Gale’s illness.

Old Chester tradition said that after his first grief at the loss of his sister, he almost refused to receive the child. He was not rich, and his little business in Upper Chester scarcely sufficed to provide for his own needs, which were presently to include those of a wife, for he was engaged to be married to a very pretty, very spoiled girl.

“Won’t Mr. Gale’s relatives take charge of the child?” he asked the nurse; who told him that for practical purposes the late Mr. Gale hadn’t any relatives.

“You’s the only ’lation the little angel has,” she said.

“Little imp!” said Jim to himself; and added, under his breath, “Tough on Mattie.” And indeed it was hard on a very young bride to be burdened with a ready-made family, so hard that one can hardly blame Jim Williams for hesitating to accept his legacy. The thing that



really decided him to keep the "brat," as he called little George, was that Miss Mattie Dilworth said he mustn't.

"I can't take care of a baby," she pouted.

"Darling," he said, looking into her sweet, shallow eyes, "you know, perhaps, some day, *we*—"

She blushed charmingly, but stamped her pretty foot. "I hate babies!"

"You are only a baby yourself," he said, catching her in his arms—she was so very pretty!

But his passion did not soften her toward the baby, though she let him kiss her as much as he wanted to. "You've got to send it away," she said, her red lower lip hardening into a straight line.

He made what appeal he could, but nothing he could say moved her, and the wrangle went on between them for a month. Then, one warm June night, down in the perfumed darkness of the Dilworth garden, Mattie, choosing a moment when Jim was most obviously in love, said, bluntly, that she would not marry him unless he gave up the child.

Jim had artfully introduced the topic of his little nephew.

"Mammy's a bully cook," he began; (he and mammy and the baby had taken a house—which Mattie had expressed a willingness to live in—and set up an establishment); "you'll love mammy's cake."

Mattie, apparently, was indifferent to cake.

"The baby's a cute little beggar," Jim went on. "I heard him cry this morning when mammy wouldn't let him swallow his big toe; Lord, it was as good as a play! I had a great mind to pinch him to make him do it again."

"I guess after you've heard him howl a few times, you won't like it so much," Mattie said. Then, suddenly, came the ultimatum: "You can choose between your baby and me."

She was sitting on a stone bench near the big white-rose bush, and Jim was kneeling beside her; she bent over him as she put the choice before him, and he felt her soft hair blow across his lips and the pressure of her young breast against his shoulder. She had picked a rose, and was brushing it back and forth over his cheek.

"I simply *won't* have the baby; you've got to choose between us."

Her lover was silent, and she struck him lightly with the rose. "Well?" she said.

Jim got on his feet, put his hands in his pockets, and stood looking down at her. "There isn't any choice, Mattie," he said. "Good-by."

Before she could get her wits together he had gone. She was so amazed that for an instant she did not understand what had happened; then she ran after him through the garden: "Come back," she called, softly, "and I'll kiss you!" He paused, his hand on the gate, and looked at her. Then he shook his head, and walked away. Mattie promptly swooned (so she told all her girl friends afterward), right there on the path, all by herself. When she came to, she went into the house, and sat down and wrote him a letter, the tenor of which was that she would forgive him. But she said nothing about the brat; so he did not appear, to accept the forgiveness. Upon which Mattie took to her bed, and seemed about to go into a decline. For the next week she despatched many little notes, written on scented pink paper, blistered (the sympathetic bearers averred) with tears, entreating her lover to return to her—but she was silent as to little George; and Jim, growing perceptibly older in those weeks of pain and disillusionment, made acceptance of George the price of his return. That outspoken temper of his fell into a smoldering silence, which was misleading to Old Chester, which was used to his quick gusts of anger. "He'll make up with her," people said. They said it to Mattie, and no doubt it encouraged the output of pink notes. But he did not "make up."

In those days in Old Chester the word was so nearly the bond that it took courage to break an engagement. When the woman did it, with loss of appetite, and (presumably) earnest prayer, Old Chester tried to be charitable: "Oh, I suppose, if you don't love him, you oughtn't to marry him. But how *shocking* to change your mind!" When the man was the one who did the breaking, the disapproval was less delicately expressed. "Somebody ought to cow-



hide him!" said Old Chester; and sent the girl wine-jelly in sheaf-of-wheat molds to console her.

Jim Williams had not exactly broken his engagement, because Mattie had taken the first step toward ending it; but he would not "make up," so it was plain that he was heartless; "ungallant," was Old Chester's expression. As for Mattie, she was a jilt; there was no other word for it, although her girl friends tried to excuse her by saying (as she herself said) that Jim cared more for a perfectly strange baby than he did for her happiness. "I told him I would forgive him," she sobbed on every sympathetic shoulder; "and he would not come back! It is an insult!" she added, her breath catching pitifully in her pretty throat.

But when its shoulder was not being wept upon, Old Chester said, grimly: "It's the pot and the kettle; he is ungallant, and she is a jilt."

To be sure, one or two people—Dr. Lavendar, notably, and, curiously enough, Mattie's own brother, Mr. Thomas Dilworth—said Jim had shown his sense in not accepting the olive-branch.

"It's a pity more people don't discover that they don't want to get married before the wedding-day than after it," said Dr. Lavendar; and Thomas Dilworth said that, though he had a great mind to thrash Jim Williams, he must say Jim was no fool.

Old Mrs. Dilworth, with a dish of whipped cream in her hand, pausing on her way up-stairs to her daughter's bedroom, looked over the banisters and reproached her son for his harshness: "She's simply fading away!" said Mrs. Dilworth, tearfully, fumbling for her damp handkerchief.

"I don't think Mattie 'll fade very far away," Tom said; I've lived with my dear sister for eighteen years, mother, and why any fellow should want to marry her—"

"Thomas!"

"Oh, well, of course Jim ought to stand up to the guns, like a man, when a lady summons him. Yes; I reckon I'll have to thrash him."

"Mother!" a plaintive voice called from up-stairs; "*do* bring me something to eat."

Tom burst out laughing, and sallied forth, ostensibly for the purpose of thrashing the defaulting lover. It was a hot July afternoon, and meeting Jim on the bank of the river, he commented on the weather and suggested that they should go in swimming.

"Happy thought," said Williams; "it's as hot as blazes."

They tramped amicably to a deep pool, where the river, curving back on itself, was shadowed by overhanging trees. There, behind some blossoming elder bushes, they stripped, dived in, swam the length of the brown, still inlet dappled with flecks of sunshine, splashed each other, roared with laughter, and then came out and lay gleaming wet in the grass under the locust-trees. Tom, his clasped hands under his curly head, looking up through the lacy leaves, said, as if the thought had just occurred to him:

"I understand you and Mattie have bust up?"

"She doesn't like that brat I have on my hands," Jim said, gravely, "and as I can't get rid of him, she has to get rid of me."

"I would attach myself to the brat with hooks of steel," Thomas said, warmly; then, remembering his responsibilities, he added: "If you urge her, maybe she'll give in?"

Jim rolled over on his stomach, pulled a stalk of blossoming grass, and nibbled its white end; the sun shone on his glistening wet shoulders and his shapely, sinewy legs kicking up over his back: "If the court knows itself, which it think it do," he said, "Mattie won't give in";—then he added to himself, "I bet she won't get the chance to!" This, of course, he did not say, or the thrashing really might have taken place.

"Oh, well, she'll get over it," Mattie's brother assured him.

"Of course," Jim agreed, stiffly. "Confound it, Tom, the sun is hot on your bare skin. Let's get into our togs."

"Fraid of your complexion, I suppose?" Tom grunted. "Don't worry; the girls won't look at you now." That was the only real thrust that he gave. They put on their clothes, and went off in opposite directions, Tom whistling blithely, and Jim looking very sober. He never





*Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green*

HE STAMMERED OUT "W-WON'T" TO MISS MARIA, WHO ASKED HIM TO KISS HER







talked with any one about the broken engagement. When small things offended him, his temper went off like a firecracker; but when he was deeply hurt or angry, he was silent.

Old Chester liked Jim, and did not very much like Mattie Dilworth; it thought she would have made James, or anybody else, a poor wife; but in those days, especially in Old Chester, tradition of what was due to "the sex" overlaid common sense. Nobody ever forgot that Williams had declined a girl's overtures. Even when, six months later, the girl was sufficiently consoled to marry one of the Philadelphia Whartons (excellent match, certainly) and disappeared from Old Chester's narrow horizon, disapproval of Jim still lingered; probably his cynical allusions to "the sex" helped to keep it alive. As years passed, it became an accepted belief that the young man—growing rapidly into an older man—had been deficient in gallantry. In speaking of him, Old Chester generally coupled what it had to say with the regret that he had "behaved badly." It always added, as a matter of justice, that at least he had done his duty to his nephew.

Jim accepted this opinion of his conduct with sardonic meekness. Once in a while he referred to the "days of his unregeneracy," and everybody knew what he meant. But he never brought forth works meet for regeneration in the way of paying attention to any other lady in Old Chester—or out of it, either. Instead he devoted himself to the token and reason of his misbehavior, his little nephew, who, painfully shy with every other human being, returned his devotion with positive worship. G. G., as his uncle called him, used to trot along at Jim's side, lifting adoring eyes to the hard, handsome face, and watching for the lifting of a finger to bid him go this way or that. Jim's way of bringing him up was curt, and left nothing to the imagination:

"Don't howl."

"Take off your hat to the ladies."

"Tell the truth and be damned to you!"

This last precept was not, perhaps, for the ears of elderly ladies. Nevertheless, obedience to such precepts will make a fair sort of gentleman; and G. G. was

very obedient. Telling the truth came easily to him, and he was able to swallow howls without difficulty—very likely his bashfulness helped him in this regard. But the taking off his hat (which was his uncle's metaphor for the tradition he had himself violated) came hard. When, quivering with shyness, he plunged out of the post-office in front of Mrs. Dale, or when, almost in a whisper, he stammered out "w-won't" to Miss Maria Welwood, who asked him to kiss her; when, again and again, his little cap was not lifted to Old Chester ladies, he was astonished and pained to receive what his Uncle Jim called a "walloping." "What!" Jim roared at him, "refuse, when a lady offers to kiss you? Shame on you, sir!" In his mild way, G. G. disapproved of walloppings for inadequate reasons. Had they come for stealing apples, or playing truant, or not knowing his collect on Saturday afternoon, he would have understood them; but for trying to escape from slow, lame old ladies—or brisk old ladies, who *talked about kisses!*—it was not reasonable. G. G. used to ponder this. But he was certain of one thing—that he would rather be walloped than kissed. He did not really resent the walloping. If Uncle Jim wanted to wallop him, why shouldn't he? When it was over, he used to shake himself like a puppy, and (in spirit) lap the hand that punished him. He really tried to remember about the hat, merely to please his uncle. Once, for a whole week, he carried his cap in his hand, so that it might surely be off his head at the approach of a lady.

When he went to the Academy for Youths in Upper Chester, his terror of the sex did not diminish. Probably the happiest period of his youth was when, just after he graduated, the war broke out, and he and his uncle, enlisting on the same day, went through four womanless years together. Jim rose rapidly in rank, but G. G., tagging as close behind him as circumstances permitted, got no higher than orderly to his uncle—a position he filled with satisfaction.

And this is where the story of Old Chester's two horrifying marriages ought really to begin. . . .

Behold then, in the late '60's—two gentlemen, one very stout, with a goatee,



long, white mustache, and superb dark eyes; "terribly old," Miss Ellen's girls called him; "at least fifty!" and one young (well, youngish; twenty-five, perhaps); who said "*Thank you!*" with nervous intensity whenever you spoke to him; also with a mustache, a very little golden mustache, that you could hardly see; very freckled, very slim, preternaturally grave, "and, oh, so brave!" the girls told one another; but shy to a degree that made even Miss Ellen's girls (anxious to find a masculine idol) laugh. The two gentlemen, ruled by one ancient woman servant, Ann, lived near enough to Old Chester to walk into the village for their mail or to church, and far enough from Upper Chester to drive every day in a sagging old buggy to the factory, Jim Williams's large bulk pushing little G. G. almost out over the wheel.

As they drove thus one misty September morning, the captain retailed at length the events of a business trip which had taken him away from home for nearly a month, during which time the younger member of the firm had had to run things at the factory. "So," said the captain, slapping a rein down on his horse's flank, "so there's nothing for us to do but get a condenser."

"We've had an increase in the population in Old Chester," G. G. said, suddenly.

"You don't say so!" said the captain. "Who are the happy parents?"

G. G. blushed furiously. "Not that kind of an increase, sir! Visitors."

"You don't say so!" said the captain, again. "Who are the unhappy hosts?"

"The Dilworths," his nephew told him.

The captain ruminated: "I think we'd better get the largest size?"

"It's his sister, and her niece—I mean her husband's niece," G. G. explained.

"*What!*" said the captain; "Mattie?" He whistled loudly. "I haven't seen that lady since the days of my unregeneracy." By the time they had reached Upper Chester the condenser had been decided upon, and the captain had been made aware that "that lady's" husband's niece was named Miss Netty Brown, and that she and Mrs. Wharton were to be with the Dilworths for two months.

"I wonder what Thomas has done that the Lord should punish him?" said Captain Williams.

"The second size would do," G. G. said.

"Is she pretty?" his uncle asked.

"Her hair is gray," said G. G.

"Lord, man, I mean the niece!" the captain said. "No; don't look at both sides of a cent—we must have the largest one. The aunt is pretty enough, I wager. That kind always is pretty."

By means of talking at cross purposes, a good deal of information as to nieces and condensers was exchanged, and the result was that one member of the firm was very thoughtful. That night the thought burst out:

"G. G., you ought to be married."

"*Oh!*" his nephew protested, with a shocked look.

"Yes," the captain declared; "men deserve to get married—for their sins."

"You seem to have escaped chastisement," George Gale said, slyly.

"Well, yes; the Lord has been merciful to me," Jim admitted; "but then I haven't deserved it as much as some."

The next day was Sunday; and as the uncle and nephew walked to church, G. G. was struck by the splendor of the captain's apparel; a flowered velvet waistcoat, a frock coat with a rolling velvet collar, a high beaver hat that was reserved for funerals! Morning service in Old Chester rarely saw such elegance. George pondered over it, when not looking at the visitors in the Dilworth pew. The Dilworth children had been put in the pew behind their own to make room for these visitors—for the lady with gray hair took up a great deal of room. Mrs. Wharton, who was in half-mourning for a very recent husband, wore a black satin mantle, trimmed with jet fringe that twinkled and tinkled whenever she rose or sat down, and especially when she bowed in the creed—which last made the Dilworth children gape open-mouthed at her back, for except when Mr. Spangler had substituted for Dr. Lavendar, no one had ever been seen to do such a thing in Old Chester! She had on a wonderful bonnet of black and white crêpe roses, and a crystal-spotted white lace veil; her black silk dress took up so much space that Tom and his wife were



squeezed into either corner of the pew, while the other guest, her niece, was almost hidden by its flounces.

Yet not so hidden that George could not see her. He had watched her thus each Sunday during his uncle's absence; and twice, after church, he had found himself—standing first on one foot and then on the other—informing her that it was a pleasant day. The second time he made this remark it chanced, unhappily, to be raining, and G. G.'s embarrassment at realizing his blunder was so excruciating that he had not since gone near enough to speak to her; but how he had looked at her!—at the back of her little head in its neat brown bonnet; at the nape of her delicate neck, with its fringe of small, light-brown curls; at her pretty figure when she let her brown mantilla slip from her shoulders because the church was warm. Dr. Lavendar's sermon might have been in Greek for all the profit Mr. George Gale got out of it!

At the close of the service Captain Williams said, carelessly, "We'll stop and pay our respects to the Dilworths, my boy."

G. G. hesitated, blushed to the roots of his hair, and said, he—he—he guessed he couldn't, sir! "It's—the weather," he blurted out. Then, under his uncle's astonished eyes, he bolted for home as fast as his legs could carry him.

"What on earth is the matter with the weather?" Jim Williams called after him; but he frowned a little. "He ought to have his nose pulled!" he said to himself; "that is no way to treat a female."

Whatever Jim Williams's past might have been, it was evident that at present he knew how to treat a female. He sauntered up to the Dilworth family, who were walking decorously along the path through the graveyard, and made a very elegant bow to Mrs. Dilworth, and a still more elegant one to his old lady-love. Mrs. Mattie Wharton's bow was as elegant as his own; but whereas Jim had a twinkle in his eye, Mattie was gravity itself.

"Come home to dinner, Jim," said Tom Dilworth; and Mrs. Wharton said, archly:

"If you don't come, I shall think I've

driven you away. I hear you are a woman-hater, Captain."

"Ah," said the captain, twisting his long mustache and bowing again very low, "I am only woman-hated! And as for you, I hear you are still breaking hearts!"

"And I hear that you still say naughty things about my sex," she retorted, gaily.

They were really a very handsome pair as they stood there in the graveyard, exchanging these polite remarks, while all the Dilworths, and the little niece, looked on in admiring silence. As for dinner—"Indeed I will!" said Jim; "I know Mrs. Dilworth's Sunday dinners!" and he bowed to Tom's good, dull Amelia, who was immensely pleased with his reference to her dinners. Then they all walked off to the Dilworth house, Mrs. Wharton rustling along on the captain's arm, and her niece reaching up to take Mr. Thomas Dilworth's arm, and pacing with neat footsteps at his side.

G. G. at home, thinking of all the fine things he might have said, cursing himself for an ass, finally ate a cold and solitary meal, for the captain did not appear.

"No use waiting for him," G. G. told Ann; "he must have stayed for dinner at Mr. Dilworth's."

George Gale was awe-struck at such behavior on his uncle's part. "Talk about courage!" he said to himself—"those perfectly strange ladies!" Then he had a sudden unpleasant thought: Mrs. Wharton was not quite a strange lady to his uncle. "Can't be he'll make up to her again, *now*?" G. G. thought; for, of course, like everybody else in Old Chester, the captain's nephew knew what had happened in the unregenerate days.

When Jim got home, late in the afternoon, he found George sitting out in the arbor in the garden, with coffee cold in the pot on a little table beside him; it was very pleasant there in the arbor, with the sunshine sifting through the yellowing grape-leaves, and the clusters of ripening Isabellas within reach of one's hand; G. G. could see the glint of the river in the distance, and the air was sweet with heliotrope blossoming under the dining-room windows; but in spite



of his surroundings, George Gale looked distinctly unhappy. When Jim came tramping into the arbor, G. G. gave him a keen and anxious glance.

"You scoundrel!" said the captain; "what did you cut and run for? I believe you'd rather face a cannon than a pretty woman!"

"She *is* handsome," G. G. conceded, sadly.

"So I have to do your work for you," Jim continued; "yes, she's darned pretty. And, for a wonder, neither a fool nor a vixen. In my day, a pretty girl was either one or the other."

"Oh," said G. G., brightening; "you are referring to Miss Brown?"

"Lord!" Jim protested, "did you think I was training my guns on the aunt? The niece will never have her looks, though."

Again George's brow furrowed. "She's got her claws on him," he thought.

"You are gone on the niece, hey?" said the captain; "I know the symptoms when I see 'em!"

"Why, no, sir; oh no, sir," G. G. stammered; "not at all, sir."

"Now," said the captain, pulling his goatee, and paying no attention to the denial, "you've got to get to work! They are only going to be here a month. I guess that's all Tom can stand of *her*. How merciful Providence was to me. G. G., I owe you much."

George's face cleared. "I guess she won't catch him," he thought, hopefully.

"What I want to know is what you have done in the month they've been here?" said the captain. "Have you attacked in front, or deployed, or just laid siege?"

G. G. thought of the weather and blushed. "I—I—really—"

"Now listen," said the captain; "I understand such matters, or I did—in the days of my unregeneracy. You don't, and I guess you never will; but that's no excuse, sir, for the way you behaved this morning! A man that slights a young lady ought to be booted. Well; you must see the aunt—do you understand? And make yourself agreeable to her! Flattery, which is a judicious disregard of truth, will put her on your side. Not that you'll have much difficulty. 'If the court knows itself,

which it think it do,' I guess she'll be only too glad to get that gentle creature off her hands."

"But—" said G. G., red to the roots of his hair.

"Darn it!" said the captain, sharply, "what do you want? Isn't she good enough for you? What are you waiting for? An oil princess? See here, George, if I caught you playing with that young lady's feelings, or lacking in respect—"

"I have the greatest possible respect! Only I have no reason to suppose that she has the slightest—"

"Make her have the 'slightest'; make her have the 'greatest,' too. Make love, my boy, make love!"

"I don't know how," G. G. said, with agitation.

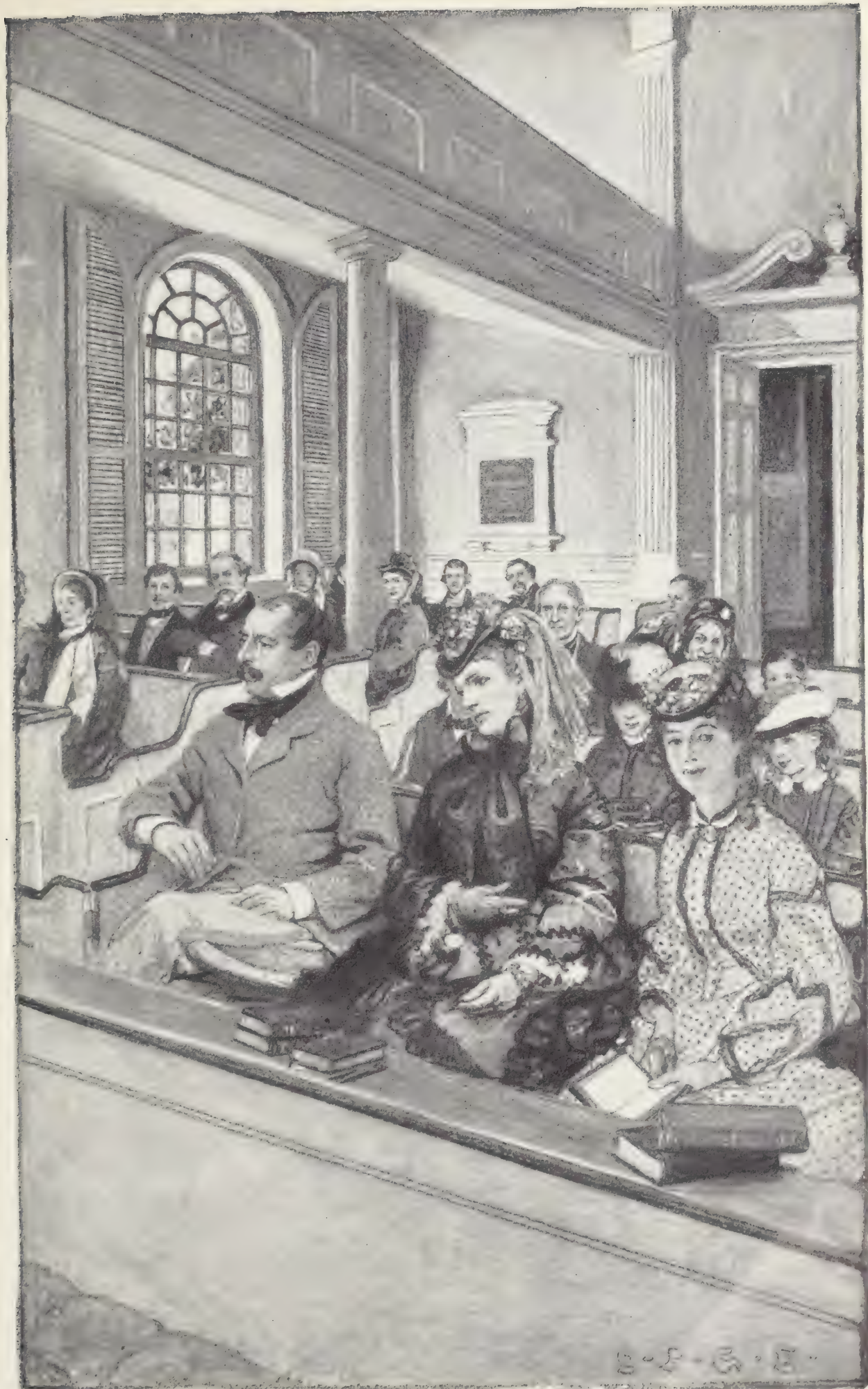
"We'll call on 'em to-morrow afternoon," his uncle declared; "and you watch me with her. I know the ropes—though it's some time since I worked 'em. I'll show you how to do it; I understand the sex."

"Thank you, sir," said G. G.

When they made their call, George watched the handsome, elderly man attentively. If that was love-making, it was simple enough—it consisted in looking hard at the little, quiet girl, who wore a buff cross-barred muslin dress, sprinkled over with brown rosebuds; bending toward her; lowering his voice when he spoke to her; and most of all, in complimenting her. Those compliments made G. G.'s flesh creep! How could *he* ever tell a girl that "her cheek put the rose to shame"? that he "did not know whether she had spoken or a bird had sung"? "What an absurd thing to say," G. G. reflected; "of course he knows. I wonder if she likes things like that? I don't believe she does, she looks so sensible."

The fact was, Miss Nettie did not care much for the captain's old-fashioned and ponderous politeness, but she cared for him; for his handsome face, his flashing dark eyes, his grand manner. There is a moment—a very fleeting moment—when youth feels the fascination of age. The boy feels it at nineteen; it is then that he falls in love with the lady who might have dandled him on her knee; a girl experiences it at about twenty-one, when worldly wisdom is dazzlingly at-





*Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green*

MORNING SERVICE IN OLD CHISTER RARELY SAW SUCH ELEGANCE







tractive. The handsome man of fifty, or even sixty, provided he is blasé enough, can bring the color into a girl's face and quicken the beating of her heart much more successfully than the boy of her own age. It works the other way round, too: Youth is a beautiful thing! How age lingers beside it, cowering over the upspringing flame to warm its thin and shriveled hands! Not that either Jim Williams or Mrs. Wharton were very old, and certainly they were not thin and shriveled; but George Gale and the little girl in brown were warm with life.

G. G. would have preferred to watch the glow in the girlish face; but he obeyed orders, and talked to Mrs. Wharton. He was so conscious of his own part in the broken romance of her life that he was more than usually speechless; but she helped him very much—she listened so respectfully, she asked his opinions so simply, she was so relieved to be told this or that; "people are so ignorant, you know, Mr. Gale. I should think you would feel it, living in a place like Old Chester, where you have so few equals."

Miss Netty, listening to Captain Williams, was thinking, just as G. G. was thinking, of the days when the old gentleman had made love to her aunt: "How could he love aunty!" she said to herself; "*He's* so nice."

If the captain or the widow made any impression on either of the two young creatures, it was not in the way they supposed. The boy and the girl were entirely impervious to the middle-aged flattery expended upon them; they merely felt the appeal of life that has been lived. In the brief moment of farewells, each told the other, shyly, how wonderful their respective relations were. But neither told the other how wonderful they were themselves.

As uncle and nephew walked home, Jim with a confident and springing step, G. G. keeping up as best he might, the ladies were the only topic of conversation.

"Mattie is the same old humbug," Captain Williams said.

"I thought the aunt a very agreeable lady," G. G. said, politely.

"Agreeable grandmother!" said his

uncle. "Only she isn't a grandmother, more shame to her! No, sir. That sweet creature is pining to have you rescue her. I bet Mattie beats her."

G. G. was horrified into momentary speechlessness; then he said, boldly, "You are not very gallant, sir."

"I heard that about twenty-five years ago," said the captain. "Well; let me be a warning to you; don't you trifle with Miss Netty's feelings!" Then he asked G. G. when he was going to pop? George blushed to his ears, and refused to commit himself.

"Make up for my errors, and be agreeable to Mattie," said Captain Williams; "when you've soft-soaped her enough, ask if you may pay your addresses to the little brown niece."

"Why not ask the—the—young lady herself?" G. G. inquired, simply.

"Not correct," said Captain Williams; "besides, unless you flatter Mattie, and get her on your side, she's capable of carrying the girl off, just to spite me. She hates me, as the devil hates holy water."

George grinned: "She may be a devil, sir, but I would never call you holy."

"Thank God for that!" said Jim.

So G. G. called at Tom Dilworth's each afternoon, and, as long as the frost spared it, took with him a big bunch of heliotrope from old Ann's garden under the dining-room windows. Acting on the captain's advice, he presented the bouquet (so far as he could, in his uncle's manner) to each lady, turn about. Sometimes Jim Williams went with him, and did his best to further the campaign by telling Miss Netty what a fine fellow G. G. was.

"I should think he would be, living with you!" Netty said, prettily. On the way home that night, Jim twisted his mustache, and said that, by gad! the little witch had sense as well as heart.

"You can see she's no relation of Mattie's. Mattie has no more heart than a hollow potato."

"I thought it was you who were deficient in heart in the days of your unregeneracy?" G. G. said.

"I was all heart," Jim Williams retorted. "Talk about the gentle sex—do you remember those females in New Orleans? Where would you find a man



who would behave as they did? No, sir; I would rather meet a tiger than a tigress, any day!" Then he left generalizations: "Pop, my boy, pop! I can see she's dead in love with you."

G. G. glowed; "*Thank* you, sir!" he said.

He might have said "thank you" every day, for the captain never failed to speak some encouraging word about his suit. Yet, somehow, when it came to the point of action, G. G. quailed. He was not afraid that Miss Netty would refuse him; they had hardly spoken to each other, but the free-masonry of youth had given him information on that point which the captain's certainties only corroborated. No; he was not afraid of being rejected when he asked; he was only afraid—until his very backbone was cold!—of asking.

"They are going away on Monday," his uncle warned him; "you'll lose her yet! Walk home with her to-morrow from church, and pop! George, if I thought you were amusing yourself with this young lady, I'd—"

"Of course I'm not," G. G. said, gruffly.

"Then stop your shilly-shallying," said the captain.

G. G. set his teeth. He was only too anxious to stop shilly-shallying.

The next day he was as beautifully dressed as the captain himself, and when they came out of church (where he had not heard one word of Dr. Lavendar's sermon) he kept close at his uncle's heels until, in the churchyard, they joined the Dilworths. Miss Netty, seeing him approach, strayed a little from the graveled path. An old slate tombstone, leaning sidewise in the deep grass near the wall, suddenly seemed to interest her, and with a fleeting glance of invitation over her shoulder, she wandered across to it, listening all the while for a pursuing footstep. Her heart was beating hard as she stood by the sunken green cradle of the old grave, reading with unseeing eyes the scarcely decipherable inscription on a lichen-mottled stone. She heard the hoped-for step behind her, and turned a glowing face; her lips parted—then closed with a gasp. It was only the captain, who had come to bring his quarry to George. There

was something in the child's sweet betraying eyes and the sudden crimson flag in her cheeks that touched Jim Williams inexpressibly and made him angry, both at once.

"I'll boot that boy if he doesn't come up to the scratch!" he said to himself; then he told Miss Netty that the Dilworths were waiting for her; "and so is my nephew; the boy has lost his heart, and I'm afraid his head has gone with it, for he has left me to escort you."

But before the captain and Netty caught up with the others, G. G. found himself pacing along beside good, dull Mrs. Dilworth. So there was nothing for the captain to do but stride off with Miss Netty on his arm. Twice did Jim Williams look over his shoulder to urge his nephew to rise to the occasion. "Why in thunder doesn't he step up, and give me a chance to fall back?" he thought to himself; "I can't go and leave her here, unattended, in the middle of the street!" Finally, in despair, he paused and called out: "George, I wish to speak to Mrs. Dilworth. You come and escort Miss Netty!"

G. G., making some stammering apologies to Mrs. Dilworth, and throwing a whispered "*Thank* you, sir!" at his uncle, stepped up and offered Miss Netty a trembling arm. She took it prettily, but the ardent moment by the lichen-mottled grave-stone had passed, and Netty was as taciturn as G. G. himself. They walked to the Dilworths' gate in blank silence. There, waiting for her hosts, Miss Netty said, with a little effort:

"Your uncle is wonderful! He was telling me such interesting stories of the war; he said you were very brave."

"It's easy enough to be brave in *war*," said poor G. G. Then they were silent until the others came up. Just as they arrived Netty, scarlet to her little ears, burst out:

"I hope the Dilworth girls will write to me and tell me all the Old Chester news. I shall write to Mary—and give her my address."

"Oh, *thank* you!" G. G. said, passionately. They looked at each other, and looked away—breathless. . . . If only the Dilworth family and Mrs. Wharton and the captain had not arrived at that particular moment! . . .



"Well!" said Jim Williams, as soon as he and his nephew had turned toward home; "did you?"

"How could I?" poor George retorted. "You never gave me any chance!"

The captain was dumfounded. "I didn't give you a chance? I? Why, confound you, I held on to her by main force till you could come up and get her—and I had to call you at the last minute. You stuck to Amelia Dilworth like a porous plaster! Do you mean to say you didn't say one word—"

"Oh yes!" George broke in; "yes; I did—speak. She said she would send Mary Dilworth her address, and I s-said—"

"What did you say?"

"I said—why, I said, 'Th-thank you.'"

"You said 'thank you'! Well, I vow, of all the donkeys!" The captain was ready to swear with impatience. "'Thank you,' to a girl who was waiting—*waiting*, I tell you!—to have you say 'Will you?' George, look here; you are playing with that girl's feelings!"

"I'm no such thing!" George Gale said, with answering anger. "I meant to pay my addresses this morning, but, as I say, you—"

"Oh yes, blame me! blame me!" the captain broke in; "you haven't the spunk of a tom-cat. I tell you, rather than have that child slighted, I'll marry her myself." His burst of anger was sharp enough to put an end to G. G.'s stammering.

"I can manage my own affairs, thank you." G. G.'s temper was not as quick as his uncle's, but it was more lasting. Jim always yielded first, but he had to grovel a little before George softened.

"Darn it, G. G. I didn't mean that you were not behaving properly."

Silence.

"Of course I know you are a white man, but I—"

"But you thought I wasn't?"

"I didn't think anything of the kind! Only I don't want to see that little thing disappointed."

"She sha'n't be disappointed," George assured him, briefly.

The captain was relieved to be for-

given, but he still scolded: "You've lost your chance. I'll never take the trouble to make a match for you again!"

Of course his determination did not last twenty-four hours. When the ladies went fluttering out of Old Chester on the Monday morning stage he was already planning what had best be done.

"You must go after 'em, my young Lochinvar. No; I won't go with you. I've done my best, but it seems I didn't give satisfaction. You must hoe your own potato-patch—and you can go and see the condensers at the same time. The largest size is my choice. You must go after 'em, George. You must take to-morrow's stage."

"Thank you, sir," G. G. said, nervously.

However, things moved slowly in Old Chester; Mary Dilworth did not learn Netty's address for a fortnight; it was three days later before G. G. heard it, and another three before he "came out of the West." When he did, it was a great experience to both men; the captain was as excited as if he were a match-making mother sending a girl into the matrimonial market. Poor G. G. was fairly dazed with instructions: he must do that; he mustn't do this; most of all, he must remember to invite Mattie to stay at their house before the wedding. "She'll like that," said Jim; "she'll save money on it, and she'll think she can catch me again."

"Heaven forbid!" said G. G., under his breath, listening to the endless details of etiquette which had been *comme il faut* in the day when the captain went courting—and how successfully! For Mattie had "tumbled at the first gun," Jim told his nephew. . . . If G. G. only followed his directions, Miss Netty could not possibly withstand him.

"Besides," said Jim, "as I've told you a thousand times, she has no desire to withstand you. 'If the court knows itself, which it think it do,' *she'll* tumble at the first pop."

"*Thank* you, sir!" said G. G., grinning with happiness.

And so he set forth upon his quest for a bride.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]



# A Pilgrimage to Arles

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE



It is marvelous how wonderfully my country is beloved!" said a Frenchman somewhere in a book I have read, and the sentiment is one that is growing apace in the modern world, particularly among Anglo-Saxons, who, as they become better acquainted with France and Frenchmen, find it, in Villon's words, more and more inconceivable to "wish evil to the realm of France." The debt of the human spirit to her is so great in so many ways, the romance of her past is so inspiring, and the radiant energy of her eternal youth so magnetic. In no country is the inevitable prose of life so successfully transacted to the accompaniment of beauty, nowhere else shall you find "efficiency" of so high an order hand in hand with a temper so essentially poetic. Not surely since Greece has there been so practical and so poetic a nation, a nation at once a dream and a reality. How strangely, even magically, the last word of "modernity" blends there with all the still living voices of the past; and, for those who would find it, dreamland still exists there, side by side with the traffic of the passing hour. And the very language of France, is it not at once an instrument incomparably precise and flexible for all the uses of the world, and yet a haunted thing?

To us at least it seemed that the gate of ivory might well be the port of Marseilles, sea-threshold of the fairyland of Provence, and thither we set sail from New York in a white February, planning to take the dreamer's road with stick and knapsack through that old realm of poets and kings. Good Americans, we were proverbially glad to find ourselves, at the end of even so short a journey as the gangway, already in France, surrounded by French voices, soothingly enveloped by French manners—O! so

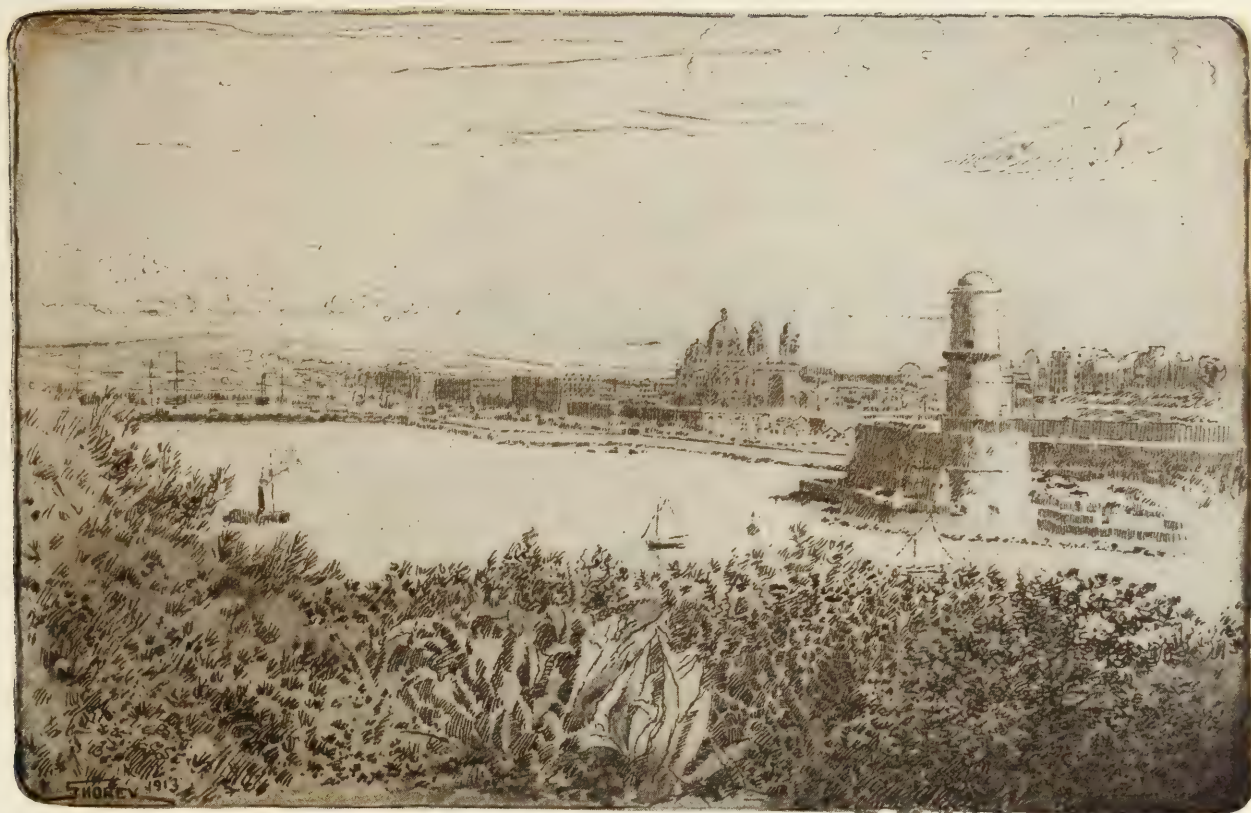
comforting, at all events for a change—as completely plunged on a sudden into France on that French ship as though we had been swiftly shanghaied across the sea by some Arabian jinn, though the visible world of Brooklyn still existed yet a little while for our eyes.

But soon the sea and the wind took us—that wind blowing, as in Drayton's ballad, fair for France. Others on board were, doubtless, on other business. We have but to speak for ourselves, and we, being on dream business, had but thoughts and preoccupations proper to our errand. The French flag fluttering at our stern spoke to us but of the gallantry of old French wars, the very winds seemed to blow perfumed cadences out of Ronsard and Charles d'Orléans, our captain and his kindly crew were for us only countrymen of Bernard de Ventadour and Alexandre Dumas. The very ship herself, as she swayed and creaked, seemed to be humming to herself in French. We were sailing to France! and our hearts sang with the thought—English words, indeed, after this fashion, to a French rhythm:

"So many dreams had gone astray,  
Yet, dreaming still, we said—who knows  
If there remains not yet a way  
To find the ever-living rose,  
The land that never rains nor snows,  
All blossom-song, and blossom-dance:  
We have dreamed much, the good God  
knows—  
We cannot dream too much of France."

The charm we had proposed to ourselves in walking through Provence was chiefly this: that only when we chose would it be necessary to walk in the present century. We had our choice of so many other centuries. We were to walk in the track of Cæsar's wars, or along the singing highways with the lordly troubadours, who were wont to pass from castle to castle with retinues as of princes. Our road was the road to





MARSEILLES—SEA-THRESHOLD TO THE FAIRYLAND OF PROVENCE

yesterday, and our journey was in the present, only when, as we were so often to find, the road of yesterday and of to-day were still one and the same.

Thus when we landed at Marseilles it was not the Marseilles of to-day that we chose to see, but the Marseilles of those old Phocæans whose adventurous barks were still moored for us in the "Old Port" of their building, barks that more than two thousand years ago had brought the Greek gods, Greek beauty, and Greek commerce to this earliest outpost of ancient light; or the Marseilles of which Lazarus was taken to be the bishop, and on whose deserted tomb we gazed with eyes of unquestioning faith in the dramatic crypt of St. Victor's embattled church; or the Marseilles of Louis XIV.'s—and Dumas'—great military architect, Vauban, whose grim, business-like fort still tremendously guards the entrance to the harbor; or the Marseilles that had sent that battalion singing up through France to the gates of the Bastille. Of that memory the redoubtable, many-petticoated, sabot-shod fish-women, industriously knitting by their fish-stalls as of old, seemed to us rather disquieting survivals,

particularly as we recalled the terrible fish-wife in "The Reds of the Midi," by Félix Gras. With the fascinating fish-stalls of Marseilles we did indeed make glad descent for a while into the present. Such a fantastic array of shell-fish is surely not to be found anywhere else in the world—uncanny varieties, too, suggesting deep-sea *diablerie* affrighting to the imagination as possible food. But the fish-stalls of Marseilles are famous through France, and French gourmets make pilgrimages to Marseilles from all parts, merely to eat its enchanted fish.

But Marseilles, as I said, was only our threshold. We were eager to be about in the fabled country beyond. Yet there, even in that great bustling city of modern ships and modern cargoes, it was strange to find that men were not so pre-occupied with the things of the day as to forget that they were citizens, too, of one of the classic realms of the imagination. They were ordinary business men, yet they were eager to proclaim their birthright, as kinsmen to a race of poets, proud to have even a far-away share in the tradition of Provençal song.

Said our innkeeper to us, when we told him of our projected journey, "Of



course you will not fail to see our great poet, Mistral!" And he blew a kiss on his fingers, French fashion, in the direction of Maillane.

To us this was a matter of great wonder and comfort. Think, we said to ourselves, of an American innkeeper enthusiastically saying to the newly arrived tourist from Europe: "Of course you will not fail to see our Mr. Howells!"

Ah! no indeed, we had *not* "dreamed too much of France!"

This was our first indication of that affectionate worship, one might almost say idolatry, with which the whole of the Midi regards Frédéric Mistral, an inspiring recognition of which I shall have more to say later on. But, as all the world knows, there is yet another "mistral" holding rule in Provence, one very different in its nature from the gentle, sun-bright poet of *Mirèio*, that savage north wind which is the one presence in Provence that makes it only just fall short of being an earthly paradise. With that we had first to make acquaintance, and, as it raved and bullied and tore over the old roofs, and blinded the streets with stinging dust, we smiled

to think how we had laughed to scorn certain cynical warnings we had received of its uncomfortable power. And while it blew one morning, I took up a paper and read under date of February 22d this telegram from Perpignan: "*Heavy rain, wind, and snow prevail in Rousillon; trains and mails are delayed in consequence.*" And again, this from Carcassonne: "*Snow has been falling again in great abundance since this morning in Carcassonne and all the surrounding country.*" This, of all places, from Carcassonne!

The lines of my ballad came back to me edged with irony:

"The land that never rains nor snows,  
All blossom-song, and blossom-dance."

Yet, after all, what were Villon without his "snows of yester-year," or Verlaine without that rain weeping over the roofs of the town? So that great reconciler, literature, made it seem all right, and it still remained true that we could not "dream too much of France."

At the end of a day's walk through a storied country, where the still, sad music



MAYORALTY HOUSE AND HARBOR FRONT—MARSEILLES



of antiquity has accompanied one all the day through a landscape whose very face seems at once seared and spiritualized with memories, while it is still abloom with the youngest of almond blossom, where the mind and eye alike have all day long been living in two worlds so far away from each other, yet such strangely close companions, set dreaming alike by some shattered castle against the sky-line, or by the first shoots of the young vine, or the sweet, lonely notes of the black-cap telling in a world so old of a world that never grows old—at the end of a day thus walked through, as one unslings one's knapsack, one wonders what it shall be that we can tell another of the meaning of the day.

Surely it will not avail to unload a pack of antiquarian detail and "tourist" information, all to be found duly written down in the proper places. All such knowledge should first be taken into the mind, and then quietly assimilated by imagination, only enough consciously remaining in the memory to give a temper to one's thought. The imaginative pedestrian must not allow antiquaries and topographers to become his masters. They are only the much-to-be thanked servants and aids to his imagination. Mistral's poems make the inspired guide-book to Provence; and, if you can overcome your dreary school-boy memories, it is amusing to dip into Cæsar's *Commentaries*, and to see how that dusty penance of youth, in the interpretative atmosphere of Provençal highways, literally blossoms like a rose,

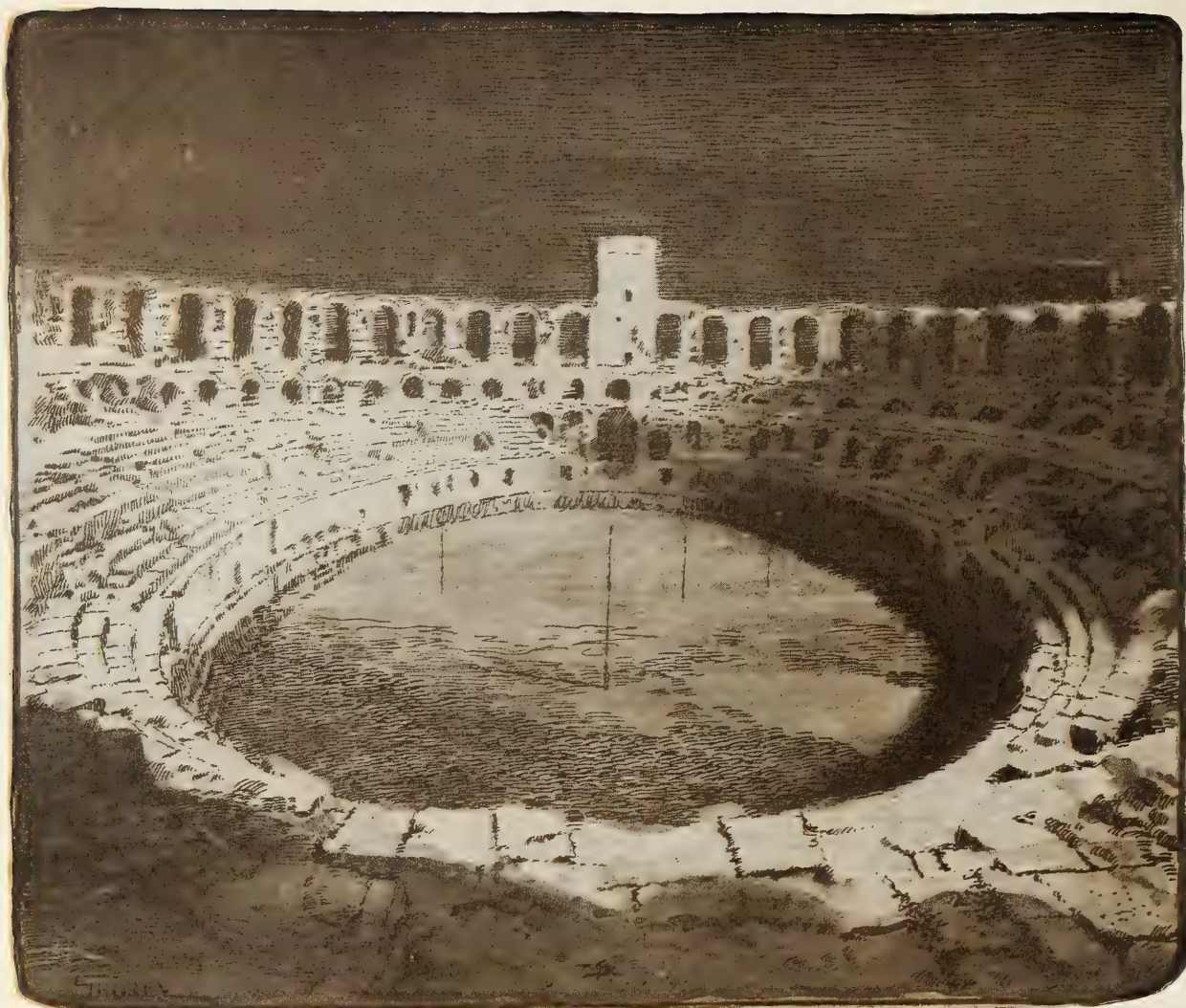


EXTERIOR OF THE ABBEY

and the Allobroges, and other such mysterious, darkly apprehended acquaintance of boyhood, become living flesh and blood.

No! At the end of a day's tramp one's mind is drowsily filled with a multitude of impressions, but even to oneself one cannot tell them all over. Maybe one's note-book is dark with scribbled details, yet as one sits in the evening revolving them all (going over, so to say, the day's "bag" of memories) it will more than likely seem that they have all been resolved into a music of undefined, many-colored thought, and that the one entry in our note-book that counts for most with us is some gathered wayside flower. From the day's wan-





SPREADING A GREAT STONE SILENCE ALL ABOUT IT

dering there has resulted a sort of honey of the mind—nothing more definite than that; yet, if I truly conceive the purpose of such travel, result sufficiently definite. Still, how shall one convey that delicate, subtle compound to another!

A friend of mine unusually susceptible to the evocative power of perfumes carries her memories of California in the form of a silken pillow filled with leaves and blossoms gathered in that land of color and fragrance, and she has but to lay her head upon it to visualize, by the aid of its aromatic magic, all the beauty and strangeness of scenes that volumes of accurate description could never have captured. He who would write of Provence may well despairingly desire to make of his words some such enchanted pomander. For himself, as I have said, his best note-book may well be a sort of symbolic herbarium. This olive leaf and this almond blossom will

make a picture for him of the wide plain that, once a sea stretching between Marseilles and Arles, is now a vast pattern of olive and almond orchards, the sad, burned foliage of the olive that seems born old and never seems young, blended decoratively with the fairy-like mauve of the almond blossoms in endless repetition. This cypress-cone will tell of those solemn walls of cypress-trees that everywhere in Provence emphasize the general sadness of the landscape, natural screens whose purpose is to protect the farms and vineyards from the mistral, whose force has given a southern slant even to their dark strength. This yellow flower, a sort of gorse, this blue flower, a sort of heather, will tell of the wonderful ivory-white roads stretching, hushed and spectral, on and on past farm-houses of ancient stone, walled about like fortresses, here and there a silver lane of plane-trees leading up to their arched



gateways; here and there in the distance a russet-roofed town, tragically ancient, hardly to be distinguished from the rocky scarp up which it clammers and huddles, with a crown of church towers and great bells silhouetted against the sky.

But along with these visible memories will be evoked, too, the atmosphere of retrospective thought in which they floated for us, the luminous ether of antiquity bathing them in a spiritual radiance; for, inevitably, the actual solid earth of Provence seems even less figuratively than in reality a palimpsest, script overlaid upon script by race after race, century after century: Phœnician, Phœcæan, Greek, Roman, Visigoth, Saracen, Norman—here some broken words of pre-Christian times emerging clear through the half-effaced writing of a later day, with the waters of the Rhone and the Mediterranean for its earliest caligraphers. The eye and the mind co-operate in a vision which is at once

material and immaterial, and it is impossible to look at the wide plain or the far hills, or the streaming white road, without thinking of Phœnician galleys and Roman legions and barbarian hosts. Here is nothing young that was not long since old, and, as every handful of its earth contains the germinating potency of nature, so one feels too that it is impregnated with the living soul of human dream and deed. And in Arles is gathered up, as in some solemn, lovely flower, all the evocative perfume of the Provençal past. Some places are like isolated pages of the past torn from their context, but in Arles we have the whole volume, in Arles alone is concentrated the whole long, many-chaptered history of Provence. It is written in a continuity of ancient stone, it hangs in its atmosphere as, in an old church, seem to hang suspended whole centuries of prayer—it is even written in the faces of its youngest women.

It was in a blended twilight and moon-



RUINS OF THE GREEK THEATER



light that we reached Arles and seated ourselves, pleasantly weary, outside one of the half-dozen somnolent country cafés that greet the traveler on the boulevard that fringes with comparative modernity the eastern side of the town. There was a great stillness in the air, and a sense overcame us, too, of a great sadness, sadness as of old, old music, as we sat there, with a curious impression that we had come not merely to a given point in space, but had actually arrived at a place awe-inspiringly remote in time, that our day or two's travel covered a distance more properly represented, not by so many kilometers from Marseilles, as by so many centuries from the year and day.

Presently we became aware of a plaintive, gathering murmur, blent with the wandering tinkle of little bells, and, looking out along the road, there appeared a cloud of dust moving slowly toward us. It was this cloud that was so plaintively vocal, and soon, in the half-light, there emerged at its head a tall man walking with a long staff, and carrying something under his arm, and now too there was the sound of a multitude of soft pattering feet. It was a shepherd and his flock, and soon the roadway was flooded with a warm baaing woolly sea, surging in pathetic sheep-like fashion at the heels of a tall man, and gradually subsiding to a halt as he strode toward the open door of the café. As he came by us, he turned aside and tenderly revealed to us the contents of his bag—two young lambs thus slung over his shoulder, their soft heads pushing out and bleating under his caressing hands. He seemed to have no dog to assist him, and when he disappeared indoors in search of his wine the flock stood around patiently waiting, as though quite understanding his errand. It was all curiously dream-like and far away, and the sound of the bells and the lost, lonely bleating seemed to be the very voice of the twilight, a part, too, of the ancestral sadness of the time and place. They, too, struck a note of antiquity, for sheep and shepherds had thus come along the road even when the old town was young. So the flocks of the vast hordes of the Goth had bleated mournfully centuries ago, as they slowly swept along the banks of

the Rhone to meet the legions of Marius. Is there indeed anything older than a shepherd and his sheep?

We slept that night in a hotel into the façade of which are built two columns with part of a pediment, fragments of the ancient forum which still gives its name to the little central square of the town, the Place de Forum; and, as we looked from our windows in the morning, the first sight that met our eyes was a statue of Frédéric Mistral, in whose idolized person the ancient kingdom of Arles may be said literally to survive, for if ever a man has been spiritual king in his own land, that man is Mistral in Provence. And surely there is no honor or love that Arles can bring him that he has not abundantly won. Its history is the sacred theme of his loveliest verse, and of the beauty of its women he has been the lifelong laureate. Recently, too, he made it the generous gift of his Nobel prize of a hundred thousand francs, founding with it Le Museon Arlaten, or "Palace of the Félibriges," wherein is stored a romantic treasure-trove of Provençal relics, and many memorials of that "Félibres" movement of which he has been the master spirit. There the bibliophile can rejoice his eyes with the original manuscript of *Mirèio*, and there is piously preserved the veritable cradle in which its author was rocked. There, too, you can wonderingly look upon the golden hair of the unknown princess of Les Baux whose story he has told, a story I shall have to recall in another place. But of the manifold treasures of Arles I must not even begin to speak. Something like a library has been written upon Arles, but it is not too much to say that the distilled essence of it all is to be found in Mr. T. A. Cook's beautiful *Old Provence*. I shall do well if I persuade the reader to seek there what I cannot hope to give him. Yet nothing but a great poem could adequately express the lovely truth of Arles, and the poem would need to be written by him who wrote the "Ode on a Grecian Urn."

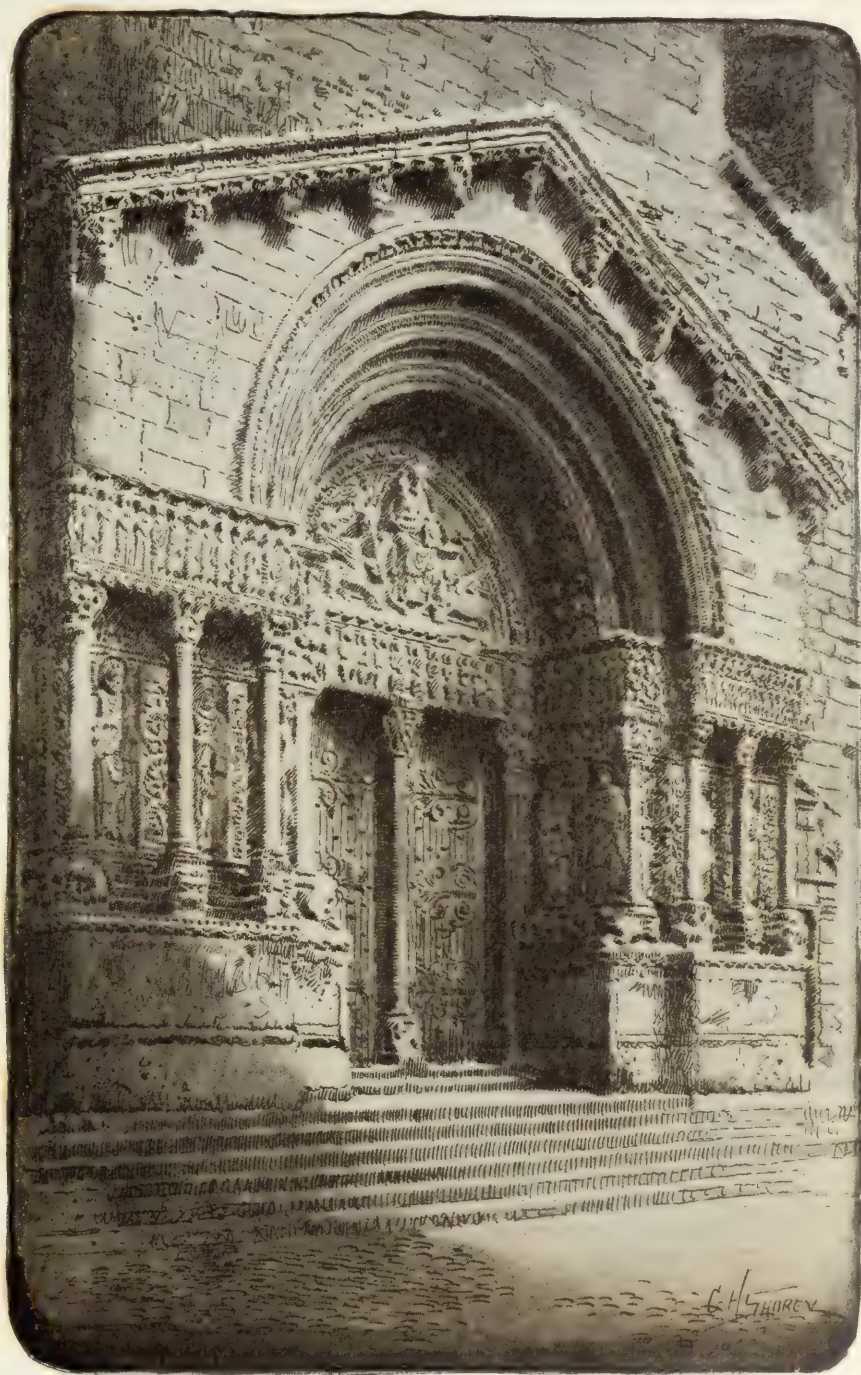
Rightly to suggest the frame of mind in which one stands to-day in the huge Roman amphitheater, looming like a work of giants in a circle of neat, quaint houses, pierced by mediævally



narrow but exquisitely clean and cloistrally quiet streets, spreading a great stone silence all about it; or among the beautiful fragments of the Greek theater close by; or, again, before the elaborately sculptured doorway of the ancient church of St. Trophime; it will be well to set down a few facts of the history of Arles, each one of which concentrates a whole world of romantic association.

Arles was originally a city of old Gaul, and because in those early times the Mediterranean spread all about it—long since shrunk away, owing to the delta-making proclivities of the Rhone, still swiftly running by its western wall—the colonizing Greeks of Marseilles made it one of their chief outposts. When Cæsar was preparing to attack Marseilles, it was in the dockyards of Arles that he built his ships—as in a later time English ships bound for the Crusades tarried awhile on their eastern voyage. Here Cæsar's quaestor, Tiberius Claudius Nero, stationed his sixth legion. Here Constantine built a palace that still remains. Here St. Trophime brought Christianity straight, the legend goes, from the hands of St. Peter himself, building in the church that retains his name an oratory dedicated to that Virgin who was still alive! Honorius raised it to the dignity of a capital, and praised it in exuberant Latin. Ansonius sang of it as "Gallula Roma"—the Gallic Rome. Visigoths, Burgundians, Ostrogoths, and French-

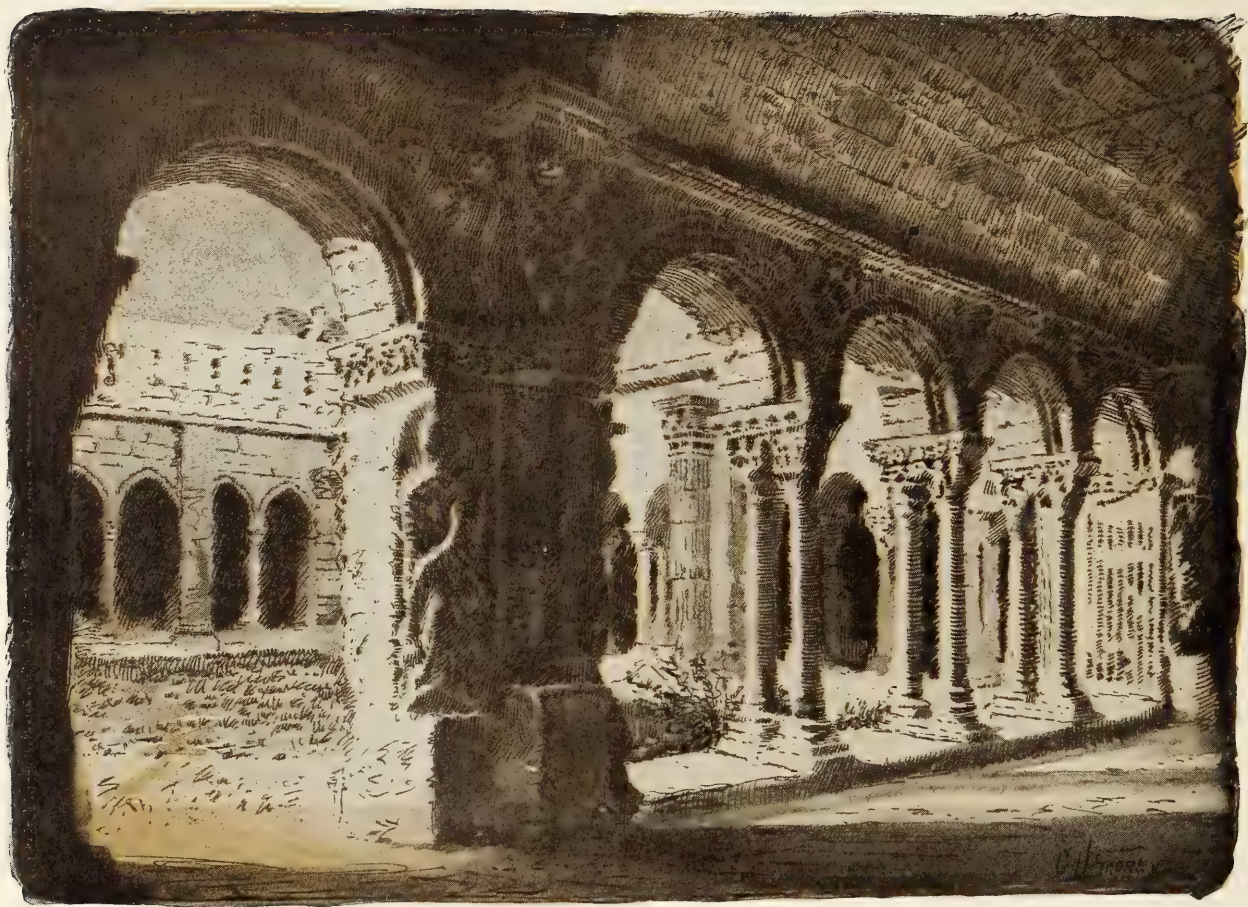
men successively filled it with turbulent history. In the ninth century, when Provence became a kingdom, Arles was chosen for the capital of its kings. No less a person than Barbarossa was



THE SCULPTURED DOORWAY OF THE ANCIENT CHURCH OF ST. TROPHIME

crowned in its St. Trophime. Four other kings of the Holy Roman Empire were crowned there also, and homage for Arles was done to Henry VI. by Richard Cœur de Lion. Later, Arles became a republic allied to the other sea republics of Genoa, Pisa, and Venice. To its beautiful necropolis of Les Alyscamps





ST. TROPHIME—THE TWELFTH-CENTURY CLOISTER

the bodies of unnumbered great ones were brought from afar for burial, as to a place of sanctity unusually distinguished. And here in the seventeenth century Greek beauty rose from its grave in the form of a "Venus," discovered in the ruins of the Greek theater, that "Venus of Arles" which is now one of the noblest treasures of the Louvre—as to this day the Greek type of beauty still survives, it is claimed, in the beauty of its living women.

Well may Arles lift perhaps the proudest head among the cities of France, and well may it wear that air of distinguished sorrow that seems to pervade its very atmosphere.

"Rome dressed thee new, City of Arles," cries Mistral in impassioned celebration, "built thee true with white stones; a hundred and a score of gates she placed before thee in the Amphitheater; and like a princess of the Empire, thou hadst the Circus for thy pleasure, the gorgeous Aqueducts, the Theater, the Hippodrome."

To-day still, among all the relics of

later associations, it is the impression of Rome and Greece that prevails. Later races have not "writ" themselves "large" as they have done. Smaller and more perishable was the later script, and Arles is still Greece and Rome for all the rest, Greek even the faces of its women—the old Greek type mysteriously surviving here as nowhere else in the world: so, at least, has attested a chorus of panegyrists such as beauty has seldom been able to enlist in her service.

Poets, painters, and sculptors seem literally to have gone mad over the beauty of the Arlesienne—Mistral being once more the arch-priest. "I tell you," says he, in a poem entitled "L'Arlatenco" (the Arlesienne), "and do not doubt it: the young girl of whom I speak is a queen, for—she is but twenty and she comes from Arles."

One curious thing about this survival of the Greek type, it is asserted, is that it is found only in the women. For handsome men we are referred to Tarascon. "Arles for the women—Tarascon



for the men," goes the proverb. And certainly Arles seems to have taken the praise sufficiently to heart, and, indeed, if it is not ungracious to say so, with something like American advertising genius made the most of its reputation for feminine pulchritude. Every other shop window displays photographs of the fair Arlesienne, and even toy-shops have her in the form of dolls, and confectioners in the form of candy. If every girl in Arles should regard herself as a re-embodiment of its famous "Venus," she could hardly be blamed. But such adulation has its dangerous side, and it is doubtless a little hard upon her that one should enter Arles with one's expectations raised to such a pitch by poetic panegyric and civic advertisement. Beauty, too, notoriously has its bad days, and, to tell the truth as it came to me with fear and trembling, I cannot but wonder if the days we spent in Arles were not among them. We saw many faces with strong, dark eyes beneath broad, calm brows, framed in striking blue-black hair, but, had they not been crowned with the pretty, quaint Arlesian head-dress, and had not the shoulders beneath been draped in the traditional lace fichu, and the form in full, dignified, old-fashioned skirts—well! . . . They suggested character,

dignity, a fine seriousness—but I confess that I sought in vain for that flawless Greek profile; and, were I to tell the simple American truth, I would say that I did not see a single pretty face! Doubtless the word "pretty" condemns one. Well, I mean a face that suddenly lights up a street, and leaves you dreaming—such faces as one sees by the hundreds on Fifth Avenue or Broadway on a summer afternoon. Probably my taste is all at fault, and probably, too, I had bad luck. It would be unfair to expect every face one met, even in Arles, to be beautiful, and doubtless the fairest faces happened to be indoors or were in some other street. Yet I am forced to say that I couldn't find them in the shop-windows, either—perhaps the fairest Arlesiennes are too dignified to be photographed—but the beauty I did find was in the faces of the older women. It would seem to be becoming to the Arlesienne to grow old. The type would seem to wear well, and gather beauty out of the years. One beautiful old face I shall never forget, that of an old country woman who came into a café one afternoon selling some knitted wares. Hers was the only face I saw in Arles which compelled a second thought, the only one of which I would have liked a picture.

## The Voice

BY LOUISE MORGAN SILL

O VOICE that strangely sings to me,  
 Bird or spirit, or what you are,  
 The world can very lonely be  
 When you are far.

But when you come, and suddenly  
 My soul wakes thrilling to your call,  
 There is no lonely world for me—  
 You fill it all.



# The Wrackham Memoirs

BY MAY SINCLAIR



HE publishers told you he behaved badly, did they? They didn't know the truth about the *Wrackham Memoirs*.

You may well wonder how Grevill Burton got mixed up with them, how he ever could have known Charles Wrackham.

Well, he did know him, pretty intimately, too, but it was through Antigone, and because of Antigone, and for Antigone's adorable sake. We never called her anything but Antigone, though Angelette was the name that Wrackham, with that peculiar short-sightedness of his, had given to the splendid creature.

Why Antigone? You'll see why.

They met first, if you'll believe it, at Ford Lankester's funeral. I'd gone to Chenies early with young Furnival, who was "doing" the funeral for his paper, and with Burton, who knew the Lankesters, as I did, slightly. I'd had a horrible misgiving that I should see Wrackham there; and there he was, in the intense mourning of that black cloak and slouch hat he used to wear. The cloak was a fine thing as far as it went, and with a few more inches he really might have carried it off; but those few more inches were just what had been denied him. He was standing in it under a yew-tree looking down into Lankester's grave. It was a small white chamber about two feet square—enough for his ashes. The earth at the top of it was edged with branches of pine and laurel.

Furnival said afterward you could see what poor Wrackham was thinking of. *He* would have pine branches. Pine would be appropriate for the stormy child of nature that he was. And laurel—there would have to be lots of laurel.

Yes, I know it's sad, in all conscience. But Furnival seemed to think it funny

then, for he called my attention to him. I mustn't miss him, he said.

Perhaps I might have thought it funny too, if it hadn't been for Antigone. I was not prepared for Antigone. I hadn't realized her. She was there beside her father, not looking into the grave, but looking at him, as if she knew what he was thinking and found it, as we find it now, pathetic. But unbearably pathetic.

Somehow there seemed nothing incongruous in *her* being there. No, I can't tell you what she was like to look at, except that she was like a great sacred, sacrificial figure; she might have come there to pray, or to offer something, or to pour out a libation.

It was because of Antigone that I went up and spoke to him, and did it (I like to think I did it now) with reverence. He seemed, in spite of the reverence, to be a little dashed at seeing *me* there. His idea evidently was that if so obscure a person as I was could be present, it diminished *his* splendor and significance.

He inquired (for hope was immortal in him) whether I was there for the papers? I said, No, I wasn't there for anything. I had come down with Burton because we— But he interrupted me.

"What's *he* doing here?" he said. There was the funniest air of resentment and suspicion about him.

I reminded him that Burton's "Essay on Ford Lankester" had given him a certain claim. Besides, Mrs. Lankester had asked him. He was one of the few she had asked. I really couldn't tell him she had asked me.

His gloom was awful enough when he heard that Burton had been asked. You see, the fact glared, and even he must have felt it, that he, with his tremendous, his horrific vogue, had not achieved what Grevill Burton had by his young talent. He had never known Ford Lankester. Goodness knows, I didn't mean to rub it into him; but there it was.



We had moved away from the edge of the grave (I think he didn't like to be seen standing there with me) and I begged him to introduce me to his daughter. He did so with an alacrity which I have since seen was anything but flattering to me, and left me with her, while he made what you might call a dead set at Furnival. He had had his eye on him and on the other representatives of the press all the time he had been talking to me. Now he made straight for him; when Furnival edged off he followed; when Furnival dodged he doubled; he was so afraid that Furnival might miss him. As if Furnival could have missed him, as if in the face of Wrackham's vogue his paper would have let him miss him. It would have been as much as Furny's place on it was worth.

But it wasn't till it was all over that he came out really strong. We were sitting together in the parlor of the village inn, he and Antigone, and Grevill Burton and Furnival and I, with an hour on our hands before our train left. I had ordered tea on Antigone's account, for I saw that she was famished. They had come down from Devonshire that same day. They had got up at five to catch the early train from Seaton Junction, and then they'd made a dash across London for the twelve-thirty from Marylebone; and somehow they'd either failed or forgotten to lunch. Antigone said she hadn't cared about it. Anyhow, there she was with us. We were all feeling that relief from nervous tension which comes after a funeral. Furnival had his stylo out and was jotting down a few impressions. Wrackham had edged up to him and was sitting, you may say, in Furny's pocket while he explained to us that his weak health would have prevented him from coming, but that *he had to come*. He evidently thought that the funeral couldn't have taken place without him, not with any decency, you know. And then Antigone said a thing for which I loved her instantly.

"I oughtn't to have come," she said. "I felt all the time I oughtn't. I hadn't any right."

That drew him.

"You had your right," he said. "You are your father's daughter."

He brooded somberly.

"It was not," he said, "what I had expected—that meager following. Who *were* there? Not two, not three, and there should have been an army of us."

He squared himself and faced the invisible as if he led the van.

That and his attitude drew Burton down on to him.

"Was there ever an army," he asked dangerously, "of 'us'?"

Wrackham looked at Burton (it was the first time he'd taken the smallest notice of him) with distinct approval, as if the young man had suddenly shown more ability than he had given him credit for. But you don't suppose he'd seen the irony in him. Not he!

"You're right," he said. "Very right. All the same, there ought to have been more there besides myself."

He would have kept it up interminably on that scale, but Antigone created a diversion (I think she did it on purpose to screen him) by getting up and going out softly into the porch of the inn.

Burton followed her there.

You forgive many things to Burton. I have had to forgive his cutting me out with Antigone. He *says* that they talked about nothing but Ford Lankester out there, and certainly as I joined them I heard Antigone saying again, "I oughtn't to have come. I only came because I adored him." I heard Burton say, "And you never knew him?" And Antigone, "No, how *could* I?"

And then I saw him give it back to her with his young radiance. "It's a pity. He would have adored *you*."

He always says it was Ford Lankester that did it.

The next thing Furnival's article came out. Charles Wrackham's name was in it all right, and poor Antigone's. I'm sure it made her sick to see it there. Furny had been very solemn and decorous in his article; but in private his profanity was awful. He said it only remained now for Charles Wrackham to die.

He didn't die. Not then, not all at once. He had an illness afterward that sent his circulation up to I don't know what, but he didn't die of it. He knew his business far too well to die then. We had five blessed years of him. Nor could we have done with less. Words can't



describe the joy he was to us, nor what he would have been but for Antigone.

I ought to tell you that he recovered his spirits wonderfully on our way back from Chenies. He had mistaken our attentions to Antigone for interest in *him*, and he began to unbend, to unfold himself, to expand gloriously. It was as if he felt that the removal of Ford Lankester had left him room.

He proposed that Burton and I should make a pilgrimage some day to Wild-weather Hall. He called it a pilgrimage—to the shrine, you understand.

Well, we made it. We used to make many pilgrimages, but Burton made more than I.

The Sacred Place, you remember, was down in East Devon. He'd built himself there a modern Tudor mansion—if you know what that is—and ruined the most glorious bit of the coast between Seaton and Sidmouth. It stood at the head of a combe looking to the sea. They'd used old stone for the enormous front of it, and really, if he'd stuck it anywhere else it might have been rather fine. But it was much too large for the combe. Why, when all the lights were lit in it you could see it miles out to sea, twinkling away like the line of the Brighton Parade. It was one immense advertisement of Charles Wrackham.

The regular approach to him, for pilgrims, was extraordinarily impressive. And not only the "grounds," but the whole interior of the Tudor mansion must have been planned with a view to that alone. It was all staircase and galleries and halls, black oak darkness and sudden clear spaces and beautiful chintzy, silky rooms, lots of them, for Mrs. Wrackham, and books and busts and statues everywhere. And these were only his outer courts; inside them was his sanctuary.

As you came through, everything led up to him, as it were, by easy stages and gradations. He didn't burst on you cruelly and blind you. You waited a minute or two in the library, which was all what he called "silent presences and peace." The silent presences, you see, prepared you for him. And when, by gazing on the busts of Shakespeare and Cervantes, your mind was tuned up to him, then you were let in.

It's no use speculating what he would have been if he'd never written anything. You cannot detach him from his writings, nor would he have wished to be detached. I suppose he would still have been the innocent, dependent creature that he was, fond, very fond of himself, but fond also of his home and of his wife and daughter. It was his domesticity, described, illustrated, exploited in a hundred papers, that helped to endear Charles Wrackham to his preposterous public. It was part of the immense advertisement. His wife's gowns, the sums he spent on her, the affection that he notoriously lavished on her, were part of it.

I'll own that at one time I had a great devotion to Mrs. Wrackham (circumstances have somewhat strained it since). She was a woman of an adorable plumpness, with the remains of a beauty which must have been pink and golden once. And she would have been absolutely simple but for the touch of assurance that was given her by her position as the publicly loved wife of a great man. Every full, round line of her face and figure declared (I don't like to say advertised) her function. She existed in and for Charles Wrackham.

It was our second day, Sunday, and Wrackham had been asleep in his shrine all afternoon while she piloted us in the heat about the "grounds." I remember I began that Sunday by cracking up Burton to her, just to see how she would take it, and perhaps for another reason. I spoke to her of Burton and his work, of the essay on Ford Lankester, of the brilliant novel he had just published; and I even went so far as to speak of the praise it had received; but I couldn't interest her in Burton. I believe she always, up to the very last, owed Burton a grudge on account of his novels; not so much because he had so presumptuously written them as because he had been praised for writing them.

I don't know how I got her off Wrackham and on to Antigone. I may have asked her point-blank to what extent Antigone was her father's daughter. I was given to understand that Antigone was a dedicated child, a child set apart and consecrated to the service of her father.



It was not, of course, to be expected that she should inherit any of his genius; Mrs. Wrackham seemed to think it sufficiently wonderful that she should have developed the intelligence that fitted her to be his secretary. I was not to suppose it was because he couldn't afford a secretary (the lady laughed as she said this; for you see how absurd it was, the idea of Charles Wrackham not being able to afford anything). It was because they both felt that Antigone ought not to be, as she put it, "overshadowed" by him; he wished that she should be associated, intimately associated, with his work; that the child should have her little part in his glory.

She sighed under the sunshade. "That child," she said, "can do more for him, Mr. Simpson, than I can."

I could see that though the poor lady didn't know it, she suffered a subtle sorrow and temptation. If she hadn't been so amiable, if she hadn't been so good, she would have been jealous of Antigone.

She assured us that only his wife and daughter knew what he really was.

We wondered, did Antigone know? She made no sign of distance or dissent, but somehow she didn't seem to belong to him. There was something remote and irrelevant about her; she didn't fit into the advertisement. And in her remoteness and irrelevance she remained inscrutable. She gave no clue to what she really thought of him. We couldn't tell whether, like her mother, she believed implicitly, or whether she saw through him.

She was devoted to him, devoted with passion. There couldn't be any sort of doubt about it.

Sometimes I wondered even then if it wasn't almost entirely a passion of pity. For she must have known.

And the tenderness she put into it!

Wrackham never knew how it protected him. It regularly spoiled our pleasure in him. We couldn't—when we thought of Antigone—get the good out of him we might have done. We *had* to be tender to him, too. I think Antigone liked us for our tenderness. Certainly she liked Burton, from the first.

They had known each other about six months when he proposed to her, and

she wouldn't have him. He went on proposing at ridiculously short intervals, but it wasn't a bit of good. Wrackham wouldn't give his consent, and it seemed Antigone wouldn't marry anybody without it. He *said* Burton was too poor and Antigone too young, but the real reason was that Burton's proposal came as a horrible shock to his vanity. I told you how coolly he had appropriated the young man's ardent and irrepressible devotion; he had looked on him as a disciple, a passionate pilgrim to his shrine; and the truth, the disillusionment, was more than he could stand. He'd never had a disciple or a pilgrim of Burton's quality. He had had his eye on him from the first as a young man, an exceptionally brilliant young man who might be useful to him.

And so, though he wouldn't let the brilliant young man marry his daughter, he wasn't going to lose sight of him; and Burton continued his passionate pilgrimages to Wildweather Hall.

I didn't see Wrackham for a long time, but I heard of him, and heard all I wanted, for Burton was by no means so tender to him as he used to be. And I heard of poor Antigone. I gathered that she wasn't happy, that she was losing some of her splendor and vitality. In all Burton's pictures of her you could see her droop.

This went on for nearly three years, and by that time Burton, as you know, had made a name for himself that couldn't be ignored. He was also making a modest, a rather painfully modest, income. And one evening he burst into my rooms and told me it was all right. Antigone had come round. Wrackham hadn't, but that didn't matter. Antigone had said she didn't care. They might have to wait a bit, but that didn't matter, either. The great thing was that she had accepted him, that she had had the courage to oppose her father. You see, they scored because, as long as Wrackham had his eye on Burton, he didn't forbid him the house.

I went down with him soon after that by Wrackham's invitation. I'm not sure that he hadn't his eye on me; he had his eye on everybody in those days when, you know, his vogue, his tremendous vogue, was just perceptibly on the decline.



I found him changed, rather pitifully changed, and in low spirits. "They"—the reviewers, the terribly profane young men—had been "going for him" again, as he called it.

There were moments of a dreadful insight when he heard behind him the creeping of the tide of oblivion, and it frightened him. He was sensitive to every little fluctuation in his vogue. He had the fear of its vanishing before his eyes. And there he was, shut up among all his splendor with his fear, and it was his wife's work and Antigone's to keep it from him, to stand between him and that vision. He was like a child when his terror was on him; he would go to anybody for comfort. I believe if Antigone and his wife hadn't been there, he'd have confided in his chauffeur.

He confided now in us, walking a little dejectedly with us in his "grounds."

"They'd destroy me," he said, "if they could. How they can take pleasure in it, Simpson—it's incredible, incomprehensible."

He kept on saying it was easy enough to destroy a great name. Did they know—did any one know—what it cost to build one?

I said to myself that possibly Antigone might know. All I said to him was, "Look here, we're agreed they can't do anything. When a man has once captured and charmed the great heart of the public, he's safe—in his lifetime, anyway."

Then he burst out: "His lifetime? Do you suppose he cares about his lifetime? It's the life beyond life—the life beyond life."

It was in fact, d'you see, the *Life and Letters*. He was thinking about it then.

He went on: "They have it all their own way. He can't retort; he can't explain; he can't justify himself. It's only when he's dead they'll let him speak."

"Well, I mean to. That'll show 'em," he said, "that'll show 'em."

"He's thinking of it, Simpson. He's thinking of it," Burton said to me that evening.

He smiled. He didn't know what his thinking of it was going to mean—for him.

He had been thinking of it for some considerable time. That pilgrimage was

my last—it'll be two years ago this autumn—and it was in the spring of last year he died.

He was happy in his death. It saved him from the thing he dreaded above everything, certainty of the ultimate extinction. It has not come yet. We are feeling still the long reverberation of his vogue. We miss him still in the gleam, the jest gone forever from the papers. There is no doubt but that his death staved off the ultimate extinction. And there was more laurel and a larger crowd at Brookwood than on the day when we first met him in the churchyard at Chenies.

And then we said there had been stuff in him. We talked (in the papers) of his "output." He had been, after all, a prodigious, a gigantic worker. He appealed to our profoundest national instincts, to our British admiration of sound business, of the self-made, successful man. He might not have done anything for posterity, but he had provided magnificently for his child and widow.

So we appraised him. Then on the top of it all the crash came, the tremendous crash that left his child and widow almost penniless. He hadn't provided for them at all. He had provided for nothing but his own advertisement. He had been living, not only beyond his income, but beyond, miles beyond, his capital; beyond even the perennial power that was the source of it. And he had been afraid, poor fellow, to retrench, to reduce by one cucumber-frame the items of the huge advertisement; why, it would have been as good as putting up the shop windows.

His widow explained tearfully how it all was, and how wise and foreseeing he had been, what a thoroughly sound man of business. And really we thought the dear lady wouldn't be left so very badly off. We calculated that Burton would marry Antigone, and that the simple, self-denying woman would live in modest comfort on the mere proceeds of the inevitable sale. Then we heard that the Tudor mansion, the "grounds," the very cucumber-frames, were sunk in a mortgage; and the sale of his "effects," the motor-cars and furniture, the books and the busts, paid his creditors in full, but



it left a bare pittance for his child and widow.

They had come up to town in that exalted state with which courageous women face adversity. In her excitement Antigone tried hard to break off her engagement to Grevill Burton. She was going to do typewriting; she was going to be somebody's secretary; she was going to do a thousand things. She had got it into her head, poor girl, that Wrackham had killed himself, ruined himself, by his efforts to provide for his child and widow. They had been the millstones round his neck. She even talked openly now about the "pot-boilers" they had compelled papa to write; by which she gave us to understand that he had been made for better things. It would have broken your heart to hear her.

Her mother, ravaged and reddened by grief, met us day after day (we were doing all we could for her) with her indestructible, luminous smile. She could be tearful still, on provocation, through the smile, but there was something about her curiously casual and calm, something that hinted almost complacently at a little mystery somewhere, as if she had up her sleeve resources that we were not allowing for.

"Lord only knows," I said to Burton, "what the dear soul imagines will turn up."

Then one day she sent for me; for me, mind you, not Burton. There was something that she and her daughter desired to consult me about. I went off at once to the dreadful little lodgings in the Fulham Road where they had taken refuge. I found Antigone looking, if anything, more golden and more splendid, more divinely remote and irrelevant against the dingy background. Her mother was sitting very upright at the head and she at the side of the table that almost filled the room. They called me to the chair set for me facing Antigone. Throughout the interview I was exposed, miserably, to the clear candor of her gaze.

Her mother, with the simplicity which was her charming quality, came straight to the point. It seemed that Wrackham had thought better of us, of Burton and me, than he had ever let us know. He

had named us his literary executors. Of course, his widow expounded, with the option of refusal. Her smile took for granted that we would not refuse.

What did I say? Well, I said that I couldn't speak for Burton, but for my own part I—I said I was honored (for Antigone was looking at me with those eyes), and of course I shouldn't think of refusing, and I didn't imagine Burton would, either. You see I'd no idea what it meant. I supposed we were only in for the last piteous turning out of the dead man's drawers, the sorting and sifting of the rubbish-heap. We were to decide what was worthy of him and what was not.

There couldn't, I supposed, be much of it. He had been hard-pressed. He had always published up to the extreme limit of his production.

I had forgotten all about the *Life and Letters*. They had been only a fantastic possibility, a thing our profane imagination played with; and under the serious, chastening influence of his death it had ceased to play.

And now they were telling me that this thing was a fact. The *Letters* were, at any rate. They had raked them all in, to the last post-card (he hadn't written any to us), and there only remained the *Life*. It wasn't a perfectly accomplished fact; it would need editing, filling out and completing from where he had left it off. He had not named his editor, his biographer, in writing—at least they could find no note of it among his papers—but he had expressed a wish, a wish that they felt they could not disregard. He had expressed it the night before he died to Antigone, who was with him.

"Did he not, dearest?"

I heard Antigone say, "Yes, mamma." She was not looking at me then.

There was a perfectly awful silence. And then Antigone did look at me and she smiled faintly.

"It isn't you," she said.

No, it was not I. I wasn't in it. It was Grevill Burton.

I ought to tell you it wasn't an open secret any more that Burton was editing the *Life and Letters of Ford Lankester*, with a Critical Introduction. The announcement had appeared in the papers



a day or two before Wrackham's death. He had had his eye on Burton. He may have wavered between him and another, he may have doubted whether Burton was, after all, good enough; but that honor, falling to Burton at that moment, clinched it. *There* was prestige, *there* was the thing he wanted. Burton was his man.

There wouldn't, Mrs. Wrackham said, be so very much editing to do. He had worked hard in the years before his death. He had gathered in all the material, and there were considerable fragments—whole blocks of reminiscences—which could be left, which *should* be left, as they stood (her manner implied that they were monuments). What they wanted, of course, was something more than editing. Anybody could have done that. There was the *Life* to be completed in the later years, the years in which Mr. Burton had known him more intimately than any of his friends. Above all, what was necessary, what had been made so necessary, was a Critical Introduction, the summing up, the giving of him to the world as he really was.

Did I think they had better approach Mr. Burton direct, or would I do that for them? Would I sound him on the subject?

I said, cheerfully, that I would sound him. If Burton couldn't undertake it (I had to prepare them for this possibility), no doubt we should find somebody who could.

But Antigone met this suggestion with a clear "No." It wasn't to be done at all unless Mr. Burton did it. And her mother gave a little cry. It was inconceivable that it should not be done. Mr. Burton must. He would. He would see the necessity, the importance of it.

Well, I sounded Burton. He stared at me aghast. I was relieved to find that he was not going to be sentimental about it. He refused flatly.

"I can't do him *and* Lankester," he said.

I saw his point. He would have to keep himself clean for *him*. I said of course he couldn't, but I didn't know how he was going to make it straight with Antigone.

"I sha'n't have to make it straight

with Antigone," he said. "She'll see it. She always has seen."

That was just exactly what I doubted.

I was wrong. She always had seen. And it was because she saw, and loathed herself for seeing, that she insisted on Burton's doing this thing. It was part of her expiation, her devotion, her long sacrificial act. She was dragging Burton into it partly, I believe, because he had seen too, more clearly, more profanely, more terribly than she.

Oh, and there was more in it than that. I got it all from Burton. He had been immensely plucky about it. He didn't leave it to me to get him out of it. He had gone to her himself, so certain was he that he could make it straight with her.

And he hadn't made it straight at all. It had been more awful, he said, than I could imagine. She hadn't seen his point. She had refused to see it, absolutely (I had been right there, anyhow).

He had said, in order to be decent, that he was too busy; he was pledged to Lankester and couldn't possibly do the two together. And she had seen all that. She said of course it was a pity that he couldn't do it now while people were ready for her father, willing, she said, to listen; but if it couldn't be done at once, why, it couldn't. After all, they could afford to wait. *He*, she said superbly, could afford it. She ignored in her fine manner the material side of the *Life and Letters*, its absolute importance to their poor finances, the fact that if *he* could afford to wait, *they* couldn't. I don't think that view of it ever entered into her head. The great thing, she said, was that it should be done.

And then he had to tell her that he couldn't do it. He couldn't do it at all. "That part of it, Simpson," he said, "was horrible. I felt as if I were butchering her—butchering a lamb."

But I gathered that he had been pretty firm so far, until she broke down and cried. For she did, poor bleeding lamb, all in a minute. She abandoned her superb attitude and her high ground and put it altogether on another footing. Her father hadn't been the happy, satisfied, facilely successful person he was supposed to be. People had been cruel



to him; they had never understood; they didn't realize that his work didn't represent him. He knew, Burton knew, how he had felt about it, how he had felt about his fame. It hadn't been the thing he really wanted. He had never had that. And, oh, she wanted him to have it. It was the only thing she wanted. The only thing she really cared about, the only thing she had ever asked of Burton.

Even then, so he says, he had held out, but more feebly. He said he thought somebody else ought to do it, somebody who knew her father better. And she said that nobody could do it, nobody did know him; there was nobody's name that would give the value to the thing that Burton's would. That was handsome of her, Burton said. And he seems to have taken refuge from this dangerous praise in a modesty that was absurd, and that he knew to be absurd in a man who had got Lankester's *Life* on his hands. And Antigone saw through it; she saw through it at once. But she didn't see it all; he hadn't the heart to let her see his real reasons, that he couldn't do them both. He couldn't do Wrackham after Lankester, nor yet, for Lankester's sake, before. And he couldn't, for his own sake, do him at any time. It would make him too ridiculous.

And in the absence of his real reasons he seems to have been singularly ineffective. He just sat there saying anything that came into his head except the one thing.

Finally she made a bargain with him. She said that if he did it she would marry him whenever he liked (she had considered their engagement broken off, though he hadn't). But (there Antigone was adamant) if he didn't, if he cared so little about pleasing her, she wouldn't marry him at all.

Then he said of course he did care; he would do anything to please her, and if she was going to take a mean advantage and to put it that way—

And of course she interrupted him and said he didn't see her point; she wasn't putting it that way; she wasn't going to take advantage, mean or otherwise; it was a question of a supreme, a sacred obligation. How *could* she marry a man who disregarded, who was capable of

disregarding, her father's dying wish? And that she stuck to.

Poor Burton said he didn't think it was quite fair of her to work it that way, but that rather than lose her, rather than lose Antigone, he had given in.

He had taken the papers—the documents—home with him; and that he might know the worst, the whole awful extent of what he was in for, he began overhauling them at once.

I went to see him late one evening and found him at it. He had been all through them once, he said, and he was going through them again. I asked him what they were like. He said nothing.

"Worse than you thought?" I asked.

Far worse. Worse than anything I could imagine. It was inconceivable, he said, what they were like. I said I supposed they were like *him*. I gathered from his silence that it was inconceivable what *he* was. That Wrackham should have no conception of where he really stood was conceivable; we knew he was like that, heaps of people were and you didn't think a bit the worse of them; you could present a quite respectable *Life* of them with *Letters* by simply suppressing a few salient details and softening the egoism all round. But what Burton supposed he was going to do with Wrackham, short of destroying him! You couldn't soften him; you couldn't tone him down; he wore thin in the process and vanished under your touch.

But, oh, he was immense! The Reminiscences were the best. Burton showed us some of them. This was one:

"I have been a fighter all my life. I have had many enemies. What man who has ever done anything worth doing has not had them? But our accounts are separate and I am willing to leave the ultimate reckoning to time." There were lots of things like that. Burton said it was like that cloak he used to wear. It would have been so noble if only he had been a little bigger.

And there was an entry in his diary that I think beat everything he'd ever done: "May 3d, 1905. Lankester died. Finished the last chapter of *A Son of Thunder*. Ave, Frater, atque vale."

I thought there was a fine audacity



about it, but Burton said there wasn't. Audacity implied a consciousness of danger, and Wrackham had none. Burton was in despair.

"Come," I said, "there must be something in the *Letters*."

No, the *Letters* were all about himself, and there wasn't anything in *him*. You couldn't conceive the futility, the fatuity, the vanity; it was a disease with him.

"I couldn't have believed it, Simpson, if I hadn't seen him empty himself."

"But the hinterland?" I said. "How about the hinterland? That was what you were to have opened up."

"There wasn't any hinterland. He's opened himself up. You can see all there was of him. It's lamentable, Simpson, lamentable."

I said it seemed to me to be supremely funny. And he said I wouldn't think it funny if I were responsible for it.

"But you aren't," I said. "You must drop it. You can't be mixed up with *that*. The thing's absurd."

"Absurd? Absurdity isn't in it. It's infernal, Simpson, what this business will mean to me."

"Look here," I said. "This is all rot. You can't go on with it."

He groaned. "I *must* go on with it. If I don't—"

"Antigone will hang herself?"

"No, she won't hang herself. She'll chuck me. That's how she has me; it's how I'm fixed. Can you conceive a beastlier position?"

I said I couldn't, and that if a girl of mine put me in it, by Heaven, I'd chuck *her*.

He smiled. "You can't chuck Antigone," he said.

I said Antigone's attitude was what I didn't understand. It was inconceivable she didn't know what the things were like. "What do you suppose she really thinks of them?"

That was it. She had never committed herself to an opinion. "You know," he said, "she never did."

"But," I argued, "you told me yourself she said they'd represent him. And they do, don't they?"

"Represent him?" He grinned in his agony. "I should think they did."

"But," I persisted, because he seemed

to me to be shirking the issue, "it was her idea, wasn't it? That they'd justify him, give him his chance to speak, to put himself straight with *us*?"

"She seems," he said, meditatively, "to have taken that for granted."

"Taken it for granted? Skittles!" I said. "She must have seen they were impossible. I'm convinced, Burton, that she's seen it all along; she's merely testing you to see how you'd behave, how far you'd go for her. You needn't worry. You've gone far enough. She'll let you off."

"No," he said, "she's not testing me. I'd have seen through her if it had been that. It's deadly serious. It's a sacred madness with her. She'll never let me off. She'll never let herself off. I've told you a hundred times it's expiation. We can't get round *that*."

"She must be mad indeed," I said, "not to see."

"See? See?" he cried. "It's my belief, Simpson, that she hasn't seen. She's been hiding her dear little head in the sand."

"How do you mean?"

"I mean," he said, "she hasn't looked. She's been afraid to."

"Hasn't looked?"

"Hasn't read the damned things. She doesn't know how they expose him."

"Then, my dear fellow," I said, "you've got to tell her."

"Tell her?" he cried. "If I told her, she *would* go and hang herself. No. I'm not to tell her. I'm not to tell anybody. She'd got an idea that he's pretty well exposed himself, and, don't you see, I'm to wrap him up."

"Wrap him up—"

"Wrap him up, so that she can't see, so that nobody can see. *That's* what I'm here for—to edit him, Simpson, edit him out of all recognition. She hasn't put it herself that way, but that's what she means. I'm to do my best for him. She's left it to me with boundless trust in my—my constructive imagination. Do you see?"

I did. There was no doubt that he had hit it.

"This thing" (he brought his fist down on it thunderingly), "when I've finished with it, won't be Wrackham; it'll be all me."



"That's to say you'll be identified with him?"

"Identified—crucified—scarified with him. You don't suppose they'd spare me? I shall be every bit as—as impossible as he is."

"You can see all that, and yet you're going through with it?"

"I can see all that and yet I'm going through with it."

"And they say," I remarked, gently, "that the days of chivalry are dead."

"Oh, rot," he said. "It's simply that—she's worth it."

Well, he was at it for weeks. He says he never worked at anything as he worked at his Charles Wrackham. I don't know what he made of him; he wouldn't let me see. There was no need, he said, to anticipate damnation.

It was in a fair way of being made public; but as yet, beyond an obscure paragraph in the *Publisher's Circular*, nothing had appeared about it in print. It remained an open secret.

Then Furnival got hold of it.

Whether it was simply his diabolic humor, or whether he had a subtler and profounder motive (he says himself he was entirely serious; he meant to make Burton drop it); anyhow, he put a paragraph in his paper, in several papers, announcing that Grevill Burton was engaged simultaneously on the *Life and Letters of Ford Lankester* and the *Personal Reminiscences of Mr. Wrackham*.

Furnival did nothing more than that. He left the juxtaposition to speak for itself, and his paragraph was to all appearances most innocent and decorous. But it revived the old, irresistible comedy of Charles Wrackham; it let loose the young demons of the press; they were funnier about him than ever (as funny, that is, as decency allowed), having held themselves in so long over the obituary notices.

And Furnival (there, I think, his fine motive *was* apparent) took care to bring their ribald remarks under Burton's notice. Furny's idea evidently was to point out to Burton that his position was untenable, that it was not fitting that the same man should deal with Mr. Wrackham and with Ford Lankester. He *had* to keep himself clean for him.

If he didn't see it, he must be made to see.

He did see it. He came to me one evening and told me that it was impossible. He had given it up.

"Thank God," I said.

He smiled grimly. "God doesn't come into it," he said. "It's Lankester I've given up."

"You haven't!" I said.

He said he had.

He was very cool and calm about it, but I saw in his face the marks of secret agitation. He had given Lankester up, but not without a struggle. I didn't suppose he was wriggling out of the other thing, he said. He couldn't touch Lankester after Wrackham. It was impossible for the same man to do them both. It wouldn't be fair to Lankester or his widow. He had made himself unclean.

Then I said that, if that was the way he looked at it, his duty was clear. He must give Wrackham up.

"Give up Antigone, you mean," he said.

He couldn't.

Of course it was not to be thought of that he should give up his Lankester, and the first thing to be done was to muzzle Furnival's young men. I went to Furny the next day and told him plainly that his joke had gone a bit too far. That he knew what Burton was and that it wasn't a bit of good trying to force his hand.

And then that evening I went on to Antigone.

She said I was just in time; and when I asked her "For what?" she said—to give them my advice about her father's Memoirs.

I told her that was precisely what I'd come for, and she asked if Grevill had sent me.

I said: No, he hadn't. I'd come for myself.

"Because," she said, "he's sent them back."

I stared at her. For one moment I thought that he had done the only sane thing he could do, that he had made my horrible task unnecessary.

She explained. "He wants mamma and me to go over them again and see



if there aren't some things we'd better leave out."

"Oh," I said, "is that all?"

I must have struck her as looking rather queer, for she said: "All? Why, whatever did you think it was?"

With a desperate courage I dashed into it there where I saw my opening. "I thought he'd given it up."

"Given it up?" Her dismay showed me what I had yet to go through.

But I staved it off a bit. I tried half-measures. "Well, yes," I said: "you see, he's frightfully driven with his Lankester book."

"But—we said—we wouldn't have him driven for the world. Papa can wait. He *has* waited."

I ignored it and the tragic implication. "You see," I said, "Lankester's book's awfully important. It means no end to him. If he makes the fine thing of it we think he will, it'll place him. What's more, it'll place Lankester. He's still—as far as the big outside public is concerned—waiting to be placed."

"He mustn't wait," she said. "It's all right. Grevill knows. We told him he was to do Lankester first."

I groaned. "It doesn't matter," I said, "which he does first."

"You mean he'll be driven any-way?"

It was so far from what I meant that I could only stare at her and at her frightful failure to perceive.

I remembered Burton's theory, and I put it to her point-blank. Had she read all of the Memoirs?

She flushed slightly. No, she said, not all. But mamma had.

"Then" (I skirmished) "you don't really know?"

She parried it with "Mamma knows."

And I thrust. "But," I said, "does your mother really understand?"

I saw her wince. "Do you mean," she said, "there are things—things in it that had better be kept out?"

"No," I said, "there weren't any 'things' in it—"

"There couldn't be," she said, superbly. "Not things we'd want to hide."

I said there weren't. It wasn't "things" at all. I shut my eyes and went at it head downward.

It was, somehow, the whole thing.

"The whole thing?" she said, and I saw that I had hit her hard.

"The whole thing," I said.

She looked scared for a moment. Then she rallied.

"But it's the whole thing we want. He wanted it. I know he did. He wanted to be represented completely or not at all. As he stood. As he stood," she reiterated.

She had given me the word I wanted. I could do it gently now.

"That's it," I said. "These Memoirs won't represent him."

Subtlety, diabolic or divine, was given me. I went at it like a man inspired. "They won't do him justice. They'll do him harm."

"Harm?" She breathed it with an audible fright.

"Very great harm. They give a wrong impression, an impression of—of—"

I left it to her. It sank in. She pondered it.

"You mean," she said at last, "the things he says about himself?"

"Precisely. The things he says about himself. I doubt if he really intended them all for publication."

"It's not the things he says about himself so much," she said. "We could leave some of them out. It's what Grevill might have said about him."

That was awful; but it helped me; it showed me where to plant the blow that would do for her, poor lamb.

"My dear child," I said (I was very gentle, now that I had come to it, to my butcher's work), "that's what I want you to realize. He'll—he'll say what he can, of course; but he can't say very much. There—there isn't really very much to say."

She took it in silence. She was too much hurt, I thought, to see. I softened it, and made it luminous.

"I mean," I said, "for Grevill to say."

She saw.

"You mean," she said, simply, "he isn't great enough?"

I amended it: "For Grevill."

"Grevill—" she repeated. I shall never forget how she said it. It was as



if her voice reached out and touched him tenderly.

"Lankester is more in his line," I said. "It's a question of temperament, of fitness."

She said she knew that.

"And," I said, "of proportion. If he says what you want him to say about your father, what can he say about Lankester?"

"But if he does Lankester first?"

"Then—if he says what you want him to say—he undoes everything he has done for Lankester. And," I added, "*he's* done for."

She hadn't seen that aspect of it, for she said, "Grevill is?"

I said he was, of course. I said we all felt that strongly; Grevill felt it himself. It would finish him.

Dear Antigone, I saw her take it. She pressed the sword into her heart. "If—if he did papa? Is it—is it as bad as all that?"

I said we were afraid it was—for Grevill.

"And is *he*," she said, "afraid?"

"Not for himself," I said, and she asked me, "For whom, then?" And I said, "For Lankester." I told her that was what I'd meant when I said just now that he couldn't do them both. And as a matter of fact he wasn't going to do them both. He had given up one of them.

"Which?" she asked; and I said she might guess which.

But she said nothing. She sat there with her eyes fixed on me and her lips parted slightly. It struck me that she was waiting for me, in her dreadful silence, as if her life hung on what I should say.

"He has given up Lankester," I said.

I heard her breath go through her parted lips in a long sigh and she looked away from me.

"He cared," she said, "as much as that."

"He cared for *you* as much," I said. I was a little doubtful as to what she meant. But I know now.

She asked me if I had come to tell her that.

I said I thought it was as well she should realize it. But I'd come to ask

her—if she cared for him—to let him off. To—to—

She stopped me with it as I fumbled. "To give papa up?"

I said, to give him up as far as Grevill was concerned.

She reminded me that it was to be Grevill or nobody.

Then, I said, it had much better be nobody, if she didn't want to do her father harm.

She did not answer. She was looking steadily at the fire burning in the grate. At last she spoke.

"Mamma," she said, "will never give him up."

I suggested that I had better speak to Mrs. Wrackham.

"No," she said, "don't. She won't understand." She rose. "I am not going to leave it to mamma."

She went to the fire and stirred it to a furious flame.

"Grevill will be here," she said, "in half an hour."

She walked across the room—I can see her going now—holding her beautiful head high. She locked the door (I was locked in with Antigone). She went to a writing-table where the Memoirs lay spread out in Parts; she took them and gathered them into a pile. I was standing by the hearth, and she came toward me; I can see her; she was splendid, carrying them in her arms, sacrificially. And she laid them on the fire.

It took us half an hour to burn them. We did it in a sort of sacred silence.

When it was all over and I saw her stand there, staring at a bit of Wrackham's handwriting that had resisted to the last the purifying flame, I tried to comfort her.

"Angelette," I said, "don't be unhappy. That was the kindest thing you could do—and the best thing, believe me—to your father's memory."

"I'm afraid," she said, "I wasn't thinking—together—of papa."

I may add that her mother did *not* understand, and that, when we at last unlocked the door, we had a terrible scene. The dear lady has not yet forgiven Antigone; she detests her son-in-law; and I'm afraid she isn't very fond of me.



# The Price of Love

## A NOVEL

BY ARNOLD BENNETT

PART I

### CHAPTER I

#### MONEY IN THE HOUSE



IN the evening dimness of old Mrs. Maldon's sitting-room stood the youthful virgin Rachel Louisa Fleckring. The prominent fact about her appearance was that she wore an apron. Not one of those white, waist-tied aprons, with or without bibs, worn proudly, uncompromisingly, by a previous generation of unambitious housewives and housegirls! But an immense blue pinafore-apron, covering the whole front of the figure except the head, hands, and toes. Its virtues were that it fully protected the most fragile frock against all the perils of the kitchen; and that it could be slipped on or off in one second, without any manipulation of tapes, pins, or buttons and buttonholes—for it had no fastenings of any sort and merely yawned behind. In one second the drudge could be transformed into the elegant *infanta* of boudoirs, and *vice versa*. To suit the coquetry of the age the pinafore was enriched with certain flouncings, which, however, only intensified its unshapen ugliness.

On a plain middle-aged woman such a pinafore would have been intolerable to the sensitive eye. But on Rachel it simply had a piquant and perverse air, because she was young, with the incomparable, the unique charm of comely adolescence; it simply excited the imagination to conceive the exquisite treasures of contour and tint and texture which it veiled. Do not infer that Rachel was a coquette. Although comely, she was homely—a “downright” girl, scorning and hating

all manner of pretentiousness. She had a fine best dress, and when she put it on everybody knew that it was her best; a stranger would have known. Whereas of a coquette none but her intimate companions can say whether she is wearing best or second-best on a given high occasion. Rachel used the pinafore-apron only with her best dress, and her reason for doing so was the sound, sensible reason that it was the usual and proper thing to do.

She opened a drawer of the new Sheraton sideboard, and took from it a metal tube that imitated brass, about a foot long and an inch in diameter, covered with black lettering. This tube, when she had removed its top, showed a number of thin wax tapers in various colors. She chose one, lit it neatly at the red fire, and then, standing on a footstool in the middle of the room, stretched all her body and limbs upward in order to reach the gas. If the tap had been half an inch higher or herself half an inch shorter, she would have had to stand on a chair instead of a footstool; and the chair would have had to be brought out of the kitchen—and carried back again. But Heaven had watched over this detail. The gas-fitting consisted of a flexible pipe, resembling a thick black cord, and swinging at the end of it a specimen of that wonderful and blessed contrivance, the inverted incandescent mantle within a porcelain globe: the whole recently adopted by Mrs. Maldon as the dangerous final word of modern invention. It was safer to ignite the gas from the orifice at the top of the globe; but even so there was always a mild disconcerting explosion, followed by a few moments' uncertainty as to whether or not the gas had “lighted properly.”



When the deed was accomplished and the room suddenly bright with soft illumination, Mrs. Maldon murmured:

"That's better!"

She was sitting in her arm-chair by the glitteringly set table, which, instead of being in the center of the floor under the gas, had a place near the bow-window—advantageous in the murky daytime of the Five Towns, and inconvenient at night. The table might well have been shifted at night to a better position in regard to the gas. But it never was. Somehow for Mrs. Maldon the carpet was solid concrete, and the legs of the table immovably imbedded therein.

Rachel, gentle-footed, kicked the footstool away to its lair under the table, and simultaneously extinguished the taper, which she dropped with a scarce audible click into a vase on the mantelpiece. Then she put the cover on the tube with another faintest click, restored the tube to its drawer with a rather louder click, and finally, with a click still louder, pushed the drawer home. All these slight sounds were familiar to Mrs. Maldon; they were part of her regular night-life, part of an unconsciously loved ritual, and they contributed in their degree to her placid happiness.

"Now the blinds, my dear!" said she.

The exhortation was ill-considered, and Rachel controlled a gesture of amicable impatience. For she had not paused after closing the drawer; she was already on her way across the room to the window when Mrs. Maldon said, "Now the blinds, my dear!" The fact was that Mrs. Maldon measured the time between the lighting of gas and the drawing down of blinds by tenths of a second—such was her fear lest in that sinister interval the whole prying town might magically gather in the street outside and peer into the secrets of her inculpable existence.

When the blinds and curtains had been arranged for privacy, Mrs. Maldon sighed securely and picked up her crocheting. Rachel rested her hands on the table, which was laid for a

supper for four, and asked in a firm, frank voice whether there was anything else.

"Because, if not," Rachel added, "I'll just take off my pinafore and wash my hands."

Mrs. Maldon looked up benevolently and nodded in quick agreement. It was such apparently trifling gestures, eager and generous, that endeared the old lady to Rachel, giving her the priceless sensation of being esteemed and beloved. Her gaze lingered on her aged employer with affection and with profound respect. Mrs. Maldon made a striking, tall, slim figure, sitting erect in tight black, with the right side of her long, prominent nose in the full gaslight, and the other heavily shadowed. Her hair was absolutely black at over seventy; her eyes were black and glowing, and she could read and do coarse crocheting without spectacles. All her skin, especially round about the eyes, was yellowish brown and very deeply wrinkled indeed; a decrepit, senile skin, which seemed to contradict the youth of her pose and her glance. The cast of her features was benign. She had passed through desolating and violent experiences, and then through a long, long period of withdrawn tranquillity; and from end to end of her life she had consistently thought the best of all men, refusing to recognize evil and assuming the existence of good. Every one of the millions of her kind thoughts had helped to mold the expression of her countenance. The expression was definite now, fixed, intensely characteristic after so many decades, and wherever it was seen it gave pleasure and by its enchantment created goodness and good-will—even out of their opposites. Such was the life-work of Mrs. Maldon.

Her eyes embraced the whole room. They did not, as the phrase is, "beam" approval; for the act of beaming involves a sort of ecstasy, and Mrs. Maldon was too dignified for ecstasy. But they displayed a mild and proud contentment as she said:

"I'm sure it's all very nice."

It was. The table crowded with porcelain, crystal, silver, and flowers, and every object upon it casting a familiar curved shadow on the white-



ness of the damask toward the window! The fresh crimson and blues of the everlasting Turkey carpet (Turkey carpet being the *ne plus ultra* of carpetry in the Five Towns when that carpet was bought, just as sealskin was the *ne plus ultra* of all furs)! The silken-polished sideboard, strange to the company, but worthy of it, and exhibiting a due sense of its high destiny! The somber bookcase and corner cupboard, darkly glittering! The Chesterfield sofa, broad, accepting, acquiescent! The flashing brass fender and copper scuttle! The comfortably reddish walls, with their pictures—like limpets on the face of precipices! The new-whitened ceiling! In the midst, the incandescent lamp that hung like the moon in heaven! . . . And then the young, sturdy girl, standing over the old woman and breathing out the very breath of life, vitalizing everything, rejuvenating the old woman!

Mrs. Maldon's sitting-room had a considerable renown among her acquaintance not only for its peculiar charm, which combined and reconciled the tastes of two very different generations, but also for its radiant cleanliness. There are many clean houses in the Five Towns, using the adjective in the relative sense in which the Five Towns is forced by chimneys to use it. But Mrs. Maldon's sitting-room (save for the white window-curtains, which had to accept the common gray fate of white window-curtains in the district) was clean in the countryside sense, almost in the Dutch sense. The challenge of its cleanness gleamed on every polished surface, victorious in the unending battle against the horrible contagion of foul industries. Mrs. Maldon's friends would assert that the state of that sitting-room "passed" them, or "fair passed" them, and she would receive their ever-amazed compliments with modesty. But behind her benevolent depreciation she would be blandly saying to herself: "Yes, I'm scarcely surprised it passes you—seeing the way you housewives let things go on here." The word "here" would be faintly emphasized in her mind, as no native would have emphasized it.

Rachel shared the general estimate of the sitting-room. She appreciated its charm, and admitted to herself that her first vision of it, rather less than a month before, had indeed given her a new and startling ideal of cleanliness. On that occasion it had been evident, from Mrs. Maldon's physical exhaustion, that the house-mistress had made an enormous personal effort to dazzle and inspire her new "lady-companion," which effort, though detected and perhaps scorned by Rachel, had nevertheless succeeded in its aim. With a certain presence of mind Rachel had feigned to remark nothing miraculous in the condition of the room. Appropriating the new ideal instantly, she had on the first morning of her service "turned out" the room before breakfast, well knowing that it must have been turned out on the previous day. Dumbfounded for a few moments, Mrs. Maldon had at length said, in her sweet and cordial benevolence: "I'm glad to see we think alike about cleanliness." And Rachel had replied with an air at once deferential, sweet, and yet casual: "Oh, of course, Mrs. Maldon!" Then they measured one another in a silent exchange. Mrs. Maldon was aware that she had by chance discovered a pearl—yes, a treasure beyond pearls. And Rachel, too, divined the high value of her employer, and felt within the stirrings of a passionate loyalty to her.

And yet, during the three weeks and a half of their joint existence, Rachel's estimate of Mrs. Maldon had undergone certain subtle modifications.

At first, somewhat overawed, Rachel had seen in her employer the Mrs. Maldon of the town's legend, which legend had traveled to Rachel as far as Knype, whence she sprang. That is to say, one of the great ladies of Bursley, ranking in the popular regard with Mrs. Clayton-Vernon, the leader of society, Mrs. Sutton, the philanthropist, and Mr. Hamps, the powerful religious bully. She had been impressed by her height (Rachel herself being no lamp-post), her carriage, her superlative dignity, her benevolence of thought, and above all by her aristo-



cratic Southern accent. After eight-and-forty years of the Five Towns, Mrs. Maldon had still kept most of that Southern accent—so intimidating to the rough broad talkers of the district, who take revenge by mocking it among themselves, but for whom it will always possess the thrilling prestige of high life.

And then day by day Rachel had discovered that great ladies are, after all, human creatures, strangely resembling other human creatures. And Mrs. Maldon slowly became for her an old woman of seventy-two, with unquestionably wondrous hair, but failing in strength and in faculties; and it grew merely pathetic to Rachel that Mrs. Maldon should force herself always to sit straight upright. As for Mrs. Maldon's charitableness, Rachel could not deny that she refused to think evil, and yet it was plain that at bottom Mrs. Maldon was not much deceived about people; in which apparent inconsistency there hid a slight disturbing suggestion of falseness that mysteriously fretted the downright Rachel.

Again, beneath Mrs. Maldon's modesty concerning the merits of her sitting-room Rachel soon fancied that she could detect traces of an ingenuous and possibly senile "house-pride," which did more than fret the lady-companion; it faintly offended her. That one should be proud of a possession or of an achievement was admissible, but that one should fail to conceal the pride absolutely was to Rachel, with her Five Towns character, a sign of weakness, a sign of the soft South. Lastly, Mrs. Maldon had, it transpired, her "ways"; for example, in the matter of blinds and in the matter of tapers. She would actually insist on the gas being lighted with a taper; a paper spill, which was just as good and better, seemed to ruffle her benign placidity; and she was funnily economical with matches. Rachel had never seen a taper before, and could not conceive where the old lady managed to buy the things.

In short, with admiration almost undiminished, and with a rapidly growing love and loyalty, Rachel had arrived at the point of feeling glad that she, a mature, capable, sagacious and

strong woman, was there to watch over the last years of the waning and somewhat peculiar old lady.

Mrs. Maldon did not see the situation from quite the same angle. She did not, for example, consider herself to be in the least peculiar; but, on the contrary, a very normal woman. She had always used tapers; she could remember the period when everyone used tapers. In her view tapers were far more genteel and less dangerous than the untidy, flaring spill, which she abhorred as a vulgarity. As for matches, frankly it would not have occurred to her to waste a match when fire was available. In the matter of her sharp insistence on drawn blinds at night, domestic privacy seemed to be one of the fundamental decencies of life—simply that! And as for house-pride, she considered that she locked away her fervent feeling for her parlor in a manner marvelous and complete.

No one could or ever would guess the depth of her attachment to that sitting-room, nor the extent to which it engrossed her emotional life. And yet she had only occupied the house for fourteen years out of the forty-five years of her widowhood, and the furniture had at intervals been renewed (for Mrs. Maldon would on no account permit herself to be old-fashioned). Indeed, she had had five different sitting-rooms in five different houses since her husband's death. No matter—They were all the same sitting-room, all rendered identical by the mysterious force of her dreamy meditations on the past. And, moreover, sundry important articles had remained constant to preserve unbroken the chain that linked her to her youth. The table which Rachel had so nicely laid was the table at which Mrs. Maldon had taken her first meal as mistress of a house. Her husband had carved mutton at it, and grumbled about the consistency of toast; her children had spilt jam on its cloth. And when on Sunday nights she wound up the bracket-clock on the mantelpiece, she could see and hear a handsome young man, in a long frock-coat and a large shirt-front and a very thin, black tie, winding it up too—her husband—on Sunday nights. And



she could simultaneously see another handsome young man winding it up—her son.

Her pictures were admired.

"Your son painted this water-color, did he not, Mrs. Maldon?"

"Yes, my son Athelstan."

"How gifted he must have been!"

"Yes, the best judges say he showed very remarkable promise. It's fading, I fear. I ought to cover it up, but somehow I can't fancy covering it up—"

The hand that had so remarkably promised had lain moldering for a quarter of a century. Mrs. Maldon sometimes saw it, fleshless, on a cage-like skeleton in the dark grave. The next moment she would see herself tending its chilblains.

And if she was not peculiar, neither was she waning. No! Seventy-two—but not truly old! How could she be truly old when she could see, hear, walk a mile without stopping, eat anything whatever, and dress herself unaided? And that hair of hers! Often she was still a young wife, or a young widow. She was not preparing for death; she had prepared for death in the seventies. She expected to live on in calm satisfaction through indefinite decades. She savored life pleasantly, for its daily security was impregnable. She had forgotten grief.

When she looked up at Rachel and benevolently nodded to her, she saw a girl of fine character, absolutely trustworthy, very devoted, very industrious, very capable, intelligent, cheerful—in fact, a splendid girl, a girl to be enthusiastic about! But such a mere girl! A girl with so much to learn! So pathetically young and inexperienced and positive and sure of herself! The looseness of her limbs, the unconscious abrupt freedom of her gestures, the waviness of her auburn hair, the candor of her glance, the warmth of her indignation against injustice and dishonesty, the capricious and sensitive flowings of blood to her smooth cheeks, the ridiculous wise compressings of her lips, the rise and fall of her rich and innocent bosom—these phenomena touched Mrs. Maldon and occasionally made her want to cry.

Thought she: "I was never so young as that at twenty-two! At twenty-two I had had Mary!" The possibility that in spite of having had Mary (who would now have been fifty but for death), she had as a fact been approximately as young as that at twenty-two did not ever present itself to the waning and peculiar old lady. She was glad that she, a mature and profoundly experienced woman in full possession of all her faculties, was there to watch over the development of the lovable, affectionate, and impulsive child.

"Oh! Here's the paper, Mrs. Maldon," said Rachel as, turning away to leave the room, she caught sight of the extra-special edition of the *Signal*, which lay a pale green on the dark green of the Chesterfield.

Mrs. Maldon answered, placidly:

"When did you bring it in? I never heard the boy come. But my hearing's not quite what it used to be, that's true. Open it for me, my dear. I can't stretch my arms as I used to."

She was one of the few women in the Five Towns who deigned to read a newspaper regularly, and one of the still fewer who would lead the miscellaneous conversation of drawing-rooms away from domestic chatter and discussions of individualities to political and municipal topics and even toward general ideas. She seldom did more than mention a topic and then express a hope for the best, or explain that this phenomenon was "such a pity," or that phenomenon "such a good thing," or that about another phenomenon "one really didn't know what to think." But these remarks sufficed to class her apart among her sex as "a very up-to-date old lady; with a broad outlook upon the world, and to inspire sundry other ladies with a fearful respect for her masculine intellect and judgment. She was aware of her superiority, and had a certain kind disdain for the increasing number of women who took in a daily picture-paper, and who, having dawdled over its illustrations after breakfast, spoke of what they had seen in the "newspaper." She would not allow that a picture-paper was a newspaper.



Rachel stood in the empty space under the gas. Her arms were stretched out and slightly upward as she held the *Signal* wide open and glanced at the newspaper, frowning. The light fell full on her coppery hair. Her balanced body, though masked in front by the perpendicular fall of the apron as she bent somewhat forward, was nevertheless the image of potential vivacity and energy; it seemed almost to vibrate with its own consciousness of physical pride.

Left alone, Rachel would never have opened a newspaper, at any rate for the news. Until she knew Mrs. Maldon she had never seen a woman read a newspaper for aught except the advertisements relating to situations, houses, and pleasures. But, much more than she imagined, she was greatly under the influence of Mrs. Maldon. Mrs. Maldon made a nightly solemnity of the newspaper, and Rachel naturally soon persuaded herself that it was a fine and a superior thing to read the newspaper—a proof of unusual intelligence. Moreover, just as she felt bound to show Mrs. Maldon that her notion of cleanliness was as advanced as anybody's, so she felt bound to indicate, by an appearance of casualness, that for her to read the paper was the most customary thing in the world. Of course she read the paper! And that she should calmly look at it herself before handing it to her mistress proved that she had already established a very secure position in the house.

She said, her eyes following the lines, and her feet moving in the direction of Mrs. Maldon:

"Those burglaries are still going on . . . Hillport now!"

"Oh, dear, dear!" murmured Mrs. Maldon, as Rachel spread the newspaper lightly over the tea-tray and its contents: "Oh, dear, dear! I do hope the police will catch some one soon. I'm sure they're doing their best, but really—!"

Rachel bent with confident intimacy over the old lady's shoulder, and they read the burglary column together, Rachel interrupting herself for an instant to pick up Mrs. Maldon's ball

of black wool which had slipped to the floor.

The *Signal* reporter had omitted none of the classic *clichés* proper to the subject, and such words and phrases as "jimmy," "effected an entrance," "the servant now thoroughly alarmed," "stealthy footsteps," "escaped with their booty," seriously disquieted both of the women—caused a sudden sensation of sinking in the region of the heart. Yet neither would put the secret fear into speech, for each by instinct felt that a fear once uttered is strengthened and made more real. Living solitary and unprotected by male sinews, in a house which, though it did not stand alone, was somewhat withdrawn from the town, they knew themselves the ideal prey of conventional burglars with masks, dark lanterns, revolvers, and jimmies. They were grouped together like some symbolic sculpture, and with all their fortitude and common-sense they still in unconscious attitude expressed the helpless and resigned fatalism of their sex before certain menaces of bodily danger, the thrilled, expectant submission of women in a city about to be sacked.

Nothing could save them if the peril entered the house. But they would not say aloud: "Suppose they came *here!* How terrible!" They would not even whisper the slightest apprehension. They just briefly discussed the matter with a fine air of indifferent aloofness, remaining calm while the brick walls and the social system which defended that bright and delicate parlor from the dark, savage universe without seemed to crack and shiver.

Mrs. Maldon, suddenly noticing that one blind was half an inch short of the bottom of the window, rose nervously and pulled it down further.

"Why didn't you ask me to do that?" said Rachel, thinking what a fidgety person the old lady was.

Mrs. Maldon replied:

"It's all right, my dear. Did you fasten the window on the up-stairs landing?"

"As if burglars would try to get in by an up-stairs window—and on the street!" thought Rachel, pityingly impatient. "However, it's her house and



"I'm paid to do what I'm told," she added to herself, very sensibly. Then she said, aloud, in a soothing tone:

"No, I didn't. But I will do it."

She moved toward the door, and at the same moment a knock on the front door sent a vibration through the whole house. Nearly all knocks on the front door shook the house; and further, burglars do not generally knock as a preliminary to effecting an entrance. Nevertheless, both women started—and were ashamed of starting.

"Surely he's rather early!" said Mrs. Maldon with an exaggerated tranquillity.

And Rachel, with a similar lack of conviction in her calm gait, went audaciously forth into the dark lobby.

On the glass panels of the front door the street-lamp threw a faint, distorted shadow of a bowler hat, two rather protruding ears, and a pair of long, outspreading whiskers whose ends merged into broad shoulders. Any one familiar with the streets of Bursley would have instantly divined that Councilor Thomas Batchgrew stood between the gas-lamp and the front door. And even Rachel, whose acquaintance with Bursley was still slight, at once recognized the outlines of the figure. She had seen Councilor Batchgrew one day conversing with Mrs. Maldon in Moor-thorne Road, and she knew that he bore to Mrs. Maldon the vague but imposing relation of "trustee."

There are many—indeed, perhaps too many—remarkable men in the Five Towns. Thomas Batchgrew was one of them. He had begun life as a small plumber in Bursley market-place, living behind and above the shop, and begetting a considerable family which exercised itself in the back yard among empty and full turpentine-cans. The original premises survived, as a branch establishment, and Batchgrew's latest-married grandson condescended to reside on the first floor, and to keep a motor-car and a tri-car in the back yard, now roofed over (in a manner not strictly conforming to the building by-laws of the borough). All Batchgrew's sons and daughters were married, and several of his grandchildren

also. And all his children, and more than one of the grandchildren, kept motor-cars. Not a month passed but some Batchgrew, or some Batchgrew's husband or child, bought a motor-car, or sold one, or exchanged a small one for a larger one, or had an accident, or was gloriously fined in some distant part of the country for illegal driving. Nearly all of them had spacious detached houses, with gardens and gardeners, and patent slow-combustion grates, and porcelain bath-rooms comprising every appliance for luxurious splashing. And, with the exception of one son who had been assisted to Valparaiso in order that he might there seek death in the tankard without outraging the family, they were all teetotalers—because the old man, "old Jack," was a teetotaler. The family pyramid was based firm on the old man. The numerous relatives held closely together like an alien oligarchical caste in a conquered country. If they ever did quarrel, it must have been in private.

The principal seat of business—electrical apparatus, heating apparatus, and decorating and plumbing on a grandiose scale—in Hanbridge, had over its immense windows the sign: "John Batchgrew & Sons." The sign might well have read: "John Batchgrew & Sons, Daughters, Daughters-in-law, Sons-in-law, Grandchildren and Great-grandchildren." The Batchgrew partners were always tendering for, and often winning, some big contract or other for heating and lighting and embellishing a public building or a mansion or a manufactory. (They by no means confined their activities to the Five Towns, having an address in London, and another in Valparaiso.) And small private customers were ever complaining of the inaccuracy of their accounts for small jobs. People who, in the age of Queen Victoria's earlier widowhood, had sent for Batchgrew to repair a burst spout, still by force of habit sent for Batchgrew to repair a burst spout, and still had to "call at Batchgrew's" about mistakes in the bills, which mistakes, after much argument and asseveration, were occasionally put right. In spite of their pro-



digious expenditures, and of a certain failure on the part of the public to understand "where all the money came from," the financial soundness of the Batchgrews was never questioned. In discussing the Batchgrews no bank-manager and no lawyer had ever by an intonation or a movement of the eyelid hinted that earthquakes had occurred before in the history of the world and might occur again.

And yet old Batchgrew—admittedly the cleverest of the lot, save possibly the Valparaiso soaker—could not be said to attend assiduously to business. He scarcely averaged two hours a day on the premises at Hanbridge. Indeed, the staff there had a sense of the unusual, inciting to unusual energy and devotion, when word went round: "Guv'nor's in the office with Mr. John." The Councilor was always extremely busy with something other than his main enterprise. It was now reported, for example, that he was clearing vast sums out of picture-palaces in Wigan and Warrington. Also he was a religionist, being Chairman of the local Church of England Village Mission Fund. And he was a politician, powerful in municipal affairs. And he was a reformer, who believed that by abolishing beer he could abolish the poverty of the poor—and acted accordingly. And lastly he liked to enjoy himself.

Everybody knew by sight his flying white whiskers and protruding ears. And he himself was well aware of the steady advertising value of those whiskers—of always being recognizable half a mile off. He met everybody unflinchingly, for he felt that he was invulnerable at all points and sure of a magnificent obituary. He was invariably treated with marked deference and respect. But he was not an honest man. He knew it. All his family knew it. In business everybody knew it except a few nincompoops. Scarcely any one trusted him. The peculiar fashion in which, when he was not present, people "old Jacked" him—this alone was enough to condemn a man of his years. Lastly, everybody knew that most of the Batchgrew family was of a piece with its head.

Now Rachel had formed a prejudice against old Batchgrew. She had formed it, immutably, in a single second of time. One glance at him in the street—and she had tried and condemned him, according to the summary justice of youth. She was in that stage of plenary and unhesitating wisdom when one not only can, but one must, divide the whole human race sharply into two categories, the sheep and the goats; and she had sentenced old Batchgrew to a place on the extreme left. It happened that she knew nothing against him. But she did not require evidence. She simply did "not like *that man*"—(she italicized the end of the phrase biting to herself)—and there was no appeal against the verdict. Angels could not have successfully interceded for him in the courts of her mind. He never guessed, in his aged self-sufficiency, that his case was hopeless with Rachel, nor even that the child had dared to have any opinion about him at all.

She was about to slip off the pinafore-apron and drop it onto the oak chest that stood in the lobby. But she thought with defiance: "Why should I take my pinafore off for him? I won't. He sha'n't see my nice frock. Let him see my pinafore. I am an independent woman, earning my own living, and why should I be ashamed of my pinafore? My pinafore is good enough for him!" She also thought: "Let him wait!" And went off into the kitchen to get the modern appliance of the match for lighting the gas in the lobby. When she had lighted the gas she opened the front door with audacious but nervous deliberation, and the famous character impatiently walked straight in. He wore prominent loose black kid gloves and a thin black overcoat.

Looking coolly at her, he said:

"So you're the new lady-companion, young miss! Well, I've heard rare accounts on ye—rare accounts on ye! Missis is in, I reckon."

His voice was extremely low, rich, and heavy. It descended on the silence like a thick lubricating oil that only reluctantly abandons the curves in which it fell.



And Rachel answered, faintly, tremulously: "Yes."

No longer was she the independent woman, censorious and scornful, but a silly, timid little thing. Though she condemned herself savagely for school-girlishness, she could do nothing to arrest the swift change in her. The fact was, she was abashed, partly by the legendary importance of the renowned Batchgrew, but more by his physical presence. His mere presence was always disturbing; for when he supervened into an environment he had always the air of an animal on a voyage of profitable discovery. His nose was an adventurous sniffing nose, a true nose, which exercised the original and proper functions of a nose noisily. His limbs were restless, his boots like hoofs. His eyes were as restless as his limbs, and seemed ever to be seeking for something upon which they could definitely alight, and not finding it. He performed eructations with the disarming naturalness of a baby. He was tall but not stout, and yet he filled the lobby; he was the sole fact in the lobby, and it was as though Rachel had to crush herself against the wall in order to make room for him.

His glance at Rachel now became inquisitive, calculating. It seemed to be saying: "One day I may be able to make use of this piece of goods." But there was a certain careless good-humor in it, too. What he saw was a naïve young maid, with agreeable features, and a fine, fresh complexion, and rather reddish hair. (He did not approve of the color of the hair.) He found pleasure in regarding her, and in the perception that he had abashed her. Yes, he liked to see her timid and downcast before him. He was an old man, but like most old men—such as statesmen—who have lived constantly at the full pressure of following their noses, he was also a young man. He creaked, but he was not gravely impaired.

"Is it Mr. Batchgrew?" Rachel softly murmured the unnecessary question, with one hand on the knob ready to open the sitting-room door.

He had flopped his stiff, flat-topped felt hat on the oak chest, and was

taking off his overcoat. He paused and, lifting his chin—and his incredible white whiskers with it, gazed at Rachel almost steadily for a couple of seconds.

"It is," he said, as it were challengingly—"it is, young miss."

Then he finished removing his overcoat and thrust it roughly down on the hat.

Rachel blushed as she modestly turned the knob and pushed the door so that he might pass in front of her.

"Here's Mr. Batchgrew, Mrs. Maldon," she announced, feebly endeavoring to raise and clear her voice.

"Bless us!" The astonished exclamation of Mrs. Maldon was heard.

And Councilor Batchgrew, with his crimson, shiny face, and the vermilion rims round his unsteady eyes, and his elephant ears, and the absurd streaming of his white whiskers, and his multitudinous noisiness, and his black kid gloves, strode half-theatrically past her, sniffing.

To Rachel he was an object odious, almost obscene. In truth, she had little mercy on old men in general, who as a class struck her as fussy, ridiculous, and repulsive. And beyond all the old men she had ever seen, she disliked Councilor Batchgrew. And about Councilor Batchgrew what she most detested was, perhaps strangely, his loose, wrinkled black kid gloves. They were ordinary, harmless black kid gloves, but she counted them against him as a supreme offense.

"Conceited, self-conscious, horrid old brute!" she thought, discreetly drawing the door to, and then going into the kitchen. "He's interested in nothing and nobody but himself." She felt protective towards Mrs. Maldon, that simpleton who apparently could not see through a John Batchgrew! . . . So Mrs. Maldon had been giving him good accounts of the new lady-companion, had she!

"Well, Lizzie Maldon," said Councilor Batchgrew as he crossed the sitting-room, "how d'ye find yourself? . . . Sings!" he went on, taking Mrs. Maldon's hand with a certain negligence and at the same time fixing an unfriendly eye on the gas.



Mrs. Maldon had risen to welcome him with the punctilious warmth due to an old gentleman, a trustee, and a notability. She told him as to her own health and inquired about his. But he ignored her smooth utterances, in the ardor of following his nose.

"Sings worse than ever! Very unhealthy, too! Haven't I told ye and told ye? You ought to let me put electricity in for you. It isn't as if it wasn't your own house. . . . Pay ye! Pay ye over and over again!"

He sat down in a chair by the table, drew off his loose black gloves, and after letting them hover irresolutely over the encumbered table, deposited them for safety in the china slop-basin.

"I dare say you're quite right," said Mrs. Maldon with grave urbanity. "But really gas suits me very well. And you know the gas-manager complains so much about the competition of electricity. Truly it does seem unfair, doesn't it, as they both belong to the town! If I gave up gas for electricity I don't think I could look the poor man in the face at church. And all these changes cost money! How is dear Enid?"

Mr. Batchgrew had now stretched out his legs and crossed one over the other; and he was twisting his thumbs on his diaphragm.

"Enid? Oh! Enid! Well, I did hear she's able to nurse the child at last." He spoke of his granddaughter-in-law as of one among a multiplicity of women about whose condition vague rumors reached him at intervals.

Mrs. Maldon breathed fervently:

"I'm so thankful! What a blessing that is, isn't it?"

"As for costing money, Elizabeth," Mr. Batchgrew proceeded, "you'll be all right now for money." He paused, sat up straight with puffings, and leaned sideways against the table. Then he said, half fiercely:

"I've settled up th' Brougham Street mortgage."

"You don't say so!" Mrs. Maldon was startled.

"I do!"

"When?"

"To-day."

"Well—"

"That's what I stepped in for."

Mrs. Maldon feebly murmured, with obvious emotion:

"You can't imagine what a relief it is to me!" Tears shone in her dark, mild eyes.

"Look ye!" exclaimed the trustee, curtly.

He drew from his breast pocket a bank envelope of linen, and then, glancing at the table, pushed cups and saucers abruptly away to make a clear space on the white cloth. The newspaper slipped rustling to the floor on the side near the window. Already his gloves were abominable in the slop-basin, and now with a single gesture he had destroyed the symmetry of the set table. Mrs. Maldon with surpassing patience smiled sweetly, and assured herself that Mr. Batchgrew could not help it. He was a coarse male creature at large in a room highly feminized. It was his habit thus to pass through orderly interiors, distributing havoc, like a rough soldier. You might almost hear a sword clanking in the scabbard.

"Ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, sixty," he began in his heavily rolling voice to count out one by one a bundle of notes which he had taken from the envelope. He generously licked his thick, curved-back thumb for the separating of the notes, and made each note sharply click, in the manner of a bank cashier, to prove to himself that it was not two notes stuck together. ". . . Five seventy, five eighty, five ninety, six hundred. These are all tens. Now the fives: Five, ten, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five." He counted up to three hundred and sixty-five. "That's nine-sixty-five altogether. The odd sixty-five's arrear of interest. I'm investing nine hundred again to-morrow, and th' interest on th' new investment is to start from th' first o' this month. So instead of being out o' pocket, you'll be in pocket, missis."

The notes lay in two irregular filmy heaps on the table.

Having carefully returned the empty envelope to his pocket, Mr. Batchgrew sat back, triumphant, and his eye met the delighted and yet disturbed eye of Mrs. Maldon, and then wavered and dodged.



Mr. Batchgrew, with all his romantic qualities, lacked any perception of the noble and beautiful in life, and it could be positively asserted that his estimate of Mrs. Maldon was chiefly disdainful. But of Mrs. Maldon's secret opinion about John Batchgrew nothing could be affirmed with certainty. Nobody knew it or ever would know it. I doubt whether Mrs. Maldon had whispered it even to herself. In youth he had been the very intimate friend of her husband. Which fact would scarcely tally with Mrs. Maldon's memory of her husband as the most upright and perspicacious of men—unless on the assumption that John Batchgrew's real characteristics had not properly revealed themselves until after his crony's death; this assumption was perhaps admissible. Mrs. Maldon invariably spoke of John Batchgrew with respect and admiration. She probably had perfect confidence in him as a trustee, and such confidence was justified, for the Councilor knew as well as anybody in what fields rectitude was a remunerative virtue, and in what fields it was not.

Indeed, as a trustee his sense of honor and of duty was so nice that in order to save his ward from loss in connection with a depreciating mortgage security, he had invented, as a Town Councilor, the "Improvement" known as the "Brougham Street Scheme." If this was not said outright, it was hinted. At any rate, the idea was fairly current that had not Councilor Batchgrew been interested in Brougham Street property, the Brougham Street Scheme, involving the compulsory purchase of some of that property at the handsome price naturally expected from the munificence of corporations, would never have come into being.

Mrs. Maldon knew of the existence of the idea, which had been obscurely referred to by a licensed victualer (inimically prejudiced against the teetotaler in Mr. Batchgrew) at a Council meeting reported in the *Signal*. And it was precisely this knowledge which had imparted to her glance the peculiar disturbed quality that had caused Mr. Batchgrew to waver and dodge.

The occasion demanded the exercise

of unflinching common sense, and Mrs. Maldon was equal to it. She very wisely decided that she ought not to concern herself, and could not concern herself, with an aspect of the matter which concerned her trustee alone. And therefore she gave her heart entirely up to an intense gladness at the integral recovery of the mortgage money.

For, despite her faith in the efficiency of her trustee, Mrs. Maldon would worry about finance; she would yield to an exquisitely painful dread lest "anything should happen"—happen, that is, to prevent her from dying in the comfortable and dignified state in which she had lived. Her income was not large—a little under three hundred pounds a year—but with care it sufficed for her own wants, and for gifts, subscriptions, and an occasional carriage. There would have been a small margin but for the constant rise in prices. As it was, there was no permanent margin. And to have cut off a single annual subscription, or lessened a single customary gift, would have mortally wounded her pride. The gradual declension of property values in Brougham Street had been a danger that each year grew more menacing. The moment had long ago come when the whole rents of the mortgaged cottages would not cover her interest. The promise of the Corporation Improvement Scheme had only partially reassured her; it seemed too good to be true. She could not believe without seeing. She now saw, suddenly, blindingly. And her relief, beneath that stately deportment of hers, was pathetic in its simple intensity. It would have moved John Batchgrew, had he been in any degree susceptible to the thrill of pathos.

"I doubt if I've seen so much money all at once, before," said Mrs. Maldon, smiling weakly.

"Happen not!" said Mr. Batchgrew, proud, with insincere casualness, and he added in exactly the same tone, "I'm leaving it with ye to-night."

Mrs. Maldon was aghast, but she feigned sprightliness as she exclaimed:

"You're not leaving all this money here to-night?"



"I am," said the trustee. "That's what I came for. Evans's were three hours late in completing, and the bank was closed. I have but just got it. I'm not going home." (He lived eight miles off, near Axe.) "I've got to go to a church meeting at Red Cow, and I'm sleeping there. John's Ernest is calling here for me presently. I don't fancy driving over them moors with near a thousand pun in my pocket—and colliers out on strike—not at my age, missis! If you don't know what Red Cow is, I reckon I do. It's your money. Put it in a drawer and say nowt, and I'll fetch it to-morrow. What 'll happen to it, think ye, seeing as it hasn't got legs?"

He spoke with the authority of a trustee. And Mrs. Maldon felt that her reputation for sensible equanimity was worth preserving. So she said, bravely:

"I suppose it will be all right."

"Of course!" snapped the trustee, patronizingly.

"But I must tell Rachel."

"Rachel? Rachel? Oh! *Her!* Why tell any one?" Mr. Batchgrew sniffed very actively.

"Oh! I shouldn't be easy if I didn't tell Rachel," insisted Mrs. Maldon with firmness.

Before the trustee could protest anew she had rung the bell.

It was another and an apronless Rachel that entered the room, a Rachel transformed, magnificent in light green frock with elaborate lacy ruchings and ornamentations, and the waist at the new fashionable height. Her ruddy face and hands were fresh from water, her hair very glossy and very neat: she was in high array. This festival attire Mrs. Maldon now fully beheld for the first time. It indeed honored herself, for she had ordained a festive evening; but at the same time she was surprised and troubled by it. As for Mr. Batchgrew, he entirely ignored the vision. Stretched out in one long inclined plane from the back of his chair down to the brass fender, he contemplated the fire, while picking his teeth with a certain impatience, and still sniffing actively. The girl re-

sented this disregard. But, though she remained hostile to the grotesque old man with his fussy noises, the mantle of Mrs. Maldon's moral protection was now over Councilor Batchgrew, and Rachel's mistrustful scorn of him had lost some of its pleasing force.

"Rachel—"

Mrs. Maldon gave a hesitating cough.

"Yes, Mrs. Maldon?" said Rachel, questioningly deferential, and smiling faintly into Mrs. Maldon's apprehensive eyes. Against the background of the aged pair she seemed dramatically young, lithe, living, and wistful. She was nervous, but she thought with strong superiority: "What are those old folks planning together? Why do they ring for me?"

At length Mrs. Maldon proceeded:

"I think I ought to tell you, dear, Mr. Batchgrew is obliged to leave this money in my charge to-night."

"What money?" asked Rachel.

Mr. Batchgrew put in sharply, drawing up his legs:

"This! . . . Here, young miss! Step this way, if ye please. I'll count it. Ten, twenty, thirty—" With new lickings and clickings he counted the notes all over again. "There!" When he had finished his pride had become positively naïve.

"Oh, my word!" murmured Rachel, awed and astounded.

"It is rather a lot, isn't it?" said Mrs. Maldon, with a timid laugh.

At once fascinated and repelled, the two women looked at the money as at a magic. It represented to Mrs. Maldon a future free from financial embarrassment; it represented to Rachel more than she could earn in half a century at her wage of eighteen pounds a year, an unimaginable source of endless gratifications; and yet the mere fact that it was to stay in the house all night changed it for them into something dire and formidable, so that it inspired both of them—the ancient dame and the young girl—with naught but a mystic dread. Mr. Batchgrew eyed the affrighted creatures with satisfaction, appearing to take a perverse pleasure in thus imposing upon them the horrid incubus.

"I was only thinking of burglars,"



said Mrs. Maldon, apologetically. "There've been so many burglaries lately—" She ceased, uncertain of her voice. The forced lightness of her tone was almost tragic.

"There won't be any more," said Mr. Batchgrew, condescendingly.

"Why?" demanded Mrs. Maldon with an eager smile of hope. "Have they caught them, then? Has Superintendent Snow—"

"They have their hands on them. To-morrow there'll be some arrests," Mr. Batchgrew answered, exuding authority. For he was not merely a Town Councilor, he was brother-in-law to the Superintendent of the Borough Police. "Caught 'em long ago if th' county police had been a bit more reliable!"

"Oh!" Mrs. Maldon breathed happily. "I knew it couldn't be Mr. Snow's fault. I felt sure of that. I'm so glad."

And Rachel also was conscious of gladness. In fact, it suddenly seemed plain to both women that no burglar, certain of arrest on the morrow, would dare to invade the house of a lady whose trustee had married the sister of the Superintendent of Police. The house was invisibly protected.

"And we mustn't forget we shall have a man sleeping here to-night," said Rachel, confidently.

"Of course! Of course! I was quite overlooking that!" exclaimed Mrs. Maldon.

Mr. Batchgrew threw a curt and suspicious question:

"What man?"

"My nephew Julian—I should say my grandnephew." Mrs. Maldon's proud tone rebuked the strange tone of Mr. Batchgrew. "It's his birthday. He and Louis are having supper with me. And Julian is staying the night."

"Well, if ye take my advice, missis, ye'll say nowt to nobody. Lock the brass up in a drawer in that wardrobe of yours, and keep a still tongue in your head."

"Perhaps you're right," Mrs. Maldon agreed, "as a matter of general principle, I mean. And it might make Julian uneasy."

"Take it and lock it up," Mr. Batchgrew repeated.

"I don't know about my wardrobe—" Mrs. Maldon began.

"Anywhere!" Mr. Batchgrew stopped her.

"Only," said Rachel with careful gentleness, "please don't forget where you *have* put it."

But her precaution of manner was futile. Twice within a minute she had employed the word "forget." Twice was too often. Mrs. Maldon's memory was most capriciously uncertain. Its lapses astonished sometimes even herself. And naturally she was sensitive on the point. She nourished the fiction, and she expected others to nourish it, that her memory was quite equal to younger memories. Indeed, she would admit every symptom of old age—save an unreliable memory.

Composing a dignified smile, she said with reproving blandness:

"I am not in the habit of forgetting where I put valuables, Rachel."

And her prominently veined fingers, clasping the notes as a preliminary to hiding them away, seemed in their nervous primness to be saying to Rachel: "I have deep confidence in you, and I think that to-night I have shown it. But oblige me by not presuming. I am Mrs. Maldon and you are Rachel. After all, I have not yet known you for a month."

A very loud rasping noise, like a vicious menace, sounded from the street, shivering instantaneously the delicate placidity of Mrs. Maldon's home. Mrs. Maldon gave a start.

"That 'll be John's Ernest with the car," said Mr. Batchgrew, amused; and he began to get up from the chair. As soon as he was on his feet his nose grew active again. "You've nothing to be afraid of, missis," he added in a tone roughly reassuring and good-natured.

"Oh no! Of course not!" concurred Mrs. Maldon, further enforcing intrepidity on herself. "Of course not! I only just mentioned burglars because they're so much in the paper." And she stooped to pick up the *Signal* and folded it carefully, as if to prove that her mind was utterly collected.

Councilor Batchgrew, leaning over the table, peered into various vessels





*Painting by C. E. Chambers*

AGAINST THE BACKGROUND OF THE AGED PAIR SHE SEEMED DRAMATICALLY YOUNG







in search of his gloves. At length he took them finickingly from the white slop-basin as though fishing them out of a puddle. He began to put them on, and then, half-way through the process, abruptly shook hands with Mrs. Maldon.

"Then you'll call in the morning?" she asked.

"Ay! Ye may count on me. I'll relieve ye on it afore ten o'clock. It 'll be on my way to Hanbridge, ye see."

Mrs. Maldon ceremoniously accompanied her trustee as far as the sitting-room door, where she recommended him to the careful attention of Rachel. No woman in the Five Towns could take leave of a guest with more impressive dignity than old Mrs. Maldon, whose fine Southern accent always gave a finish to her farewells. In the lobby Mr. Batchgrew kept Rachel waiting with his overcoat in her outstretched hands while he completed the business of his gloves. As, close behind him, she coaxed his stiff arms into the overcoat, she suddenly felt that after all he was nothing but a decrepit survival; and his offensiveness seemed somehow to have been increased—perhaps by the singular episode of the gloves and the slop-basin. She opened the front door, and without a word to her he departed down the steps.

Two lamps like light-houses glared fiercely along the roadway, dulling the municipal gas and giving to each loose stone on the macadam a long shadow. In the gloom behind the lamps the low form of an open automobile showed, and a dim, cloaked figure beside it. A boyish voice said with playful bullying sharpness, above the growling irregular pulsation of the engine:

"Here, grandad, you've got to put this on."

"Have I?" demanded uncertainly the thick, heavy voice of the old man.

"Yes, you have—on the top of your other coat. If I don't look after you I shall get myself into a row! . . . Here, let me put your fist in the armhole. It's your blooming glove that stops it. . . . There! Now, up with you, grandad! . . . All right! I've got you. I sha'n't drop you."

A door snapped to; then another. The car shot violently forward, with shrieks and a huge buzzing noise, and leaped up the slope of the street. Rachel, still in the porch, could see Mr. Batchgrew's head wagging rather helplessly from side to side, just above the red speck of the tail-lamp. Then the whole vision was swiftly blotted out, and the warning shrieks of the invisible car grew fainter on the way to Red Cow. It pleased Rachel to think of the old man being casually bullied and shaken by John's Ernest.

She leaned forward and gazed down the street, not up it. When she turned into the house Mrs. Maldon was descending the stairs, which, being in a line with the lobby, ended opposite the front door. Judging by the fixity of the old lady's features, Rachel decided that she was not yet quite pardoned for the slight she had put upon the memory of her employer. So she smiled pleasantly.

"Don't close the front door, dear," said Mrs. Maldon, stiffly. "There's some one there."

Rachel looked round. She had actually, in sheer absent-mindedness or negligence or deafness, been shutting the door in the face of a telegraph-boy!

"Oh dear! I do hope—!" Mrs. Maldon muttered as she hastily tugged at the envelope.

Having read the message, she passed it on to Rachel, and at the same time forgivingly responded to her smile. The excitement of the telegram had sufficed to dissipate Mrs. Maldon's trifling resentment.

Rachel read:

"Train hour late. Julian."

The telegraph-boy was dismissed: "No answer, thank you."

During the next half-hour excitement within the dwelling gradually increased. It grew out of nothing—out of Mrs. Maldon's admirable calm in receiving the message of the telegram—until it affected like an atmospheric disturbance the ground-floor—the sitting-room where Mrs. Maldon was spending nervous force in the effort to preserve an absolutely tranquil mind,



the kitchen where Rachel was "putting back" the supper, the lobby towards which Rachel's eye and Mrs. Maldon's ear were strained to catch any sign of an arrival, and the unlighted, unused room behind the sitting-room which seemed to absorb and even intensify the changing moods of the house.

The fact was that Mrs. Maldon, in her relief at finding that Julian was not killed or maimed for life in a railway accident, had begun by treating a delay of one hour in all her arrangements for the evening as a trifle. But she had soon felt that, though a trifle, it was really very upsetting and annoying. It gave birth to irrational yet real forebodings as to the non-success of her little party. It meant that the little party had "started badly." And then her other grandnephew, Louis Fores, did not arrive. He had been invited for supper at seven, and should have appeared at five minutes to seven at the latest. But at five minutes to seven he had not come; nor at seven, nor at five minutes past—he who had barely a quarter of a mile to walk! There was surely a fate against the party! And Rachel strangely persisted in not leaving the kitchen! Even after Mrs. Maldon had heard her fumbling for an interminable time with the difficult window on the first-floor landing, she went back to the kitchen instead of presenting herself to her expectant mistress.

At last Rachel entered the sitting-room, faintly humming an air. Mrs. Maldon thought that she looked self-conscious. But Mrs. Maldon also was self-conscious, and somehow could not bring her lips to utter the name of Louis Fores to Rachel. For the old lady had divined a connection of cause and effect between Louis Fores and the apparition of Rachel's superlative frock. And she did not like the connection; it troubled her, and offended the extreme nicety of her social code.

There was a constrained silence, which was broken by the lobby clock striking the first quarter after seven. This harsh announcement on the part of the inhuman clock seemed to render the situation intolerable. Fifteen minutes past seven, and Louis not come, and

not a word of comment thereon! Mrs. Maldon had to admit privately that she was in a high state of agitation.

Then Rachel, bending delicately to sweep the hearth with the brass-handled brush proper to it, remarked with an obvious affectation of non-chalance:

"Your other guest's late too."

If Mrs. Maldon had not been able to speak his name, neither could Rachel! Mrs. Maldon read with painful certainty all the girl's symptoms.

"Yes, indeed!" said Mrs. Maldon.

"It's like as if what must be!" Rachel murmured, employing a local phrase which Mrs. Maldon had ever condemned as meaningless and ungrammatical.

"Fortunately it doesn't matter, as Julian is late, too," said Mrs. Maldon, insincerely, for it was mattering very much. "But still—I wonder—"

Rachel broke out upon her hesitation in a very startling manner:

"I'll just see if he's coming."

And she abruptly quitted the room, almost slamming the door.

Mrs. Maldon was dumbfounded. Scared and attentive, she listened in a maze for the sound of the front door. She heard it open. But was it possible that she heard also the creak of the gate? She sprang to the bow-window with surprising activity, and pulled aside a blind, one inch. . . . There was Rachel tripping hatless and in her best frock down the street! Inconceivable vision, affecting Mrs. Maldon with palpitation! A girl so excellent, so lovable, so trustworthy, to be guilty of the wanton caprice of a minx! Supposing Louis were to see her, to catch her in the brazen act of looking for him! Mrs. Maldon was grieved; and her gentle sorrow for Rachel's incalculable lapse was so dignified, affectionate, and jealous for the good repute of human nature that it mysteriously ennobled instead of degrading the young creature.

Going down Bycars Lane amid the soft wandering airs of the September night, Rachel had the delicious and exciting sensation of being unyoked, of being at liberty for a space to obey the strong free common sense of youth



instead of conforming to the outworn and tiresome code of another age. Mrs. Maldon's was certainly a house that put a strain on the nerves. It did not occur to Rachel that she was doing aught but a very natural and proper thing. The non-appearance of Louis Fores was causing disquiet, and her simple aim was to shorten the period of anxiety. Nor did it occur to her that she was impulsive. Something had to be done, and she had done something. Not much longer could she have borne the suspense. All that day she had lived forward toward supper-time, when Louis Fores would appear. Over and over again she had lived right through the moment of opening the front door for him at a little before seven o'clock. The moments between seven o'clock and a quarter past had been a crescendo of torment, intolerable at last. His lateness was inexplicable, and he was so close to that not to look for him would have been ridiculous.

She was apprehensive, and yet she was obscurely happy in her fears. The large, inviting, dangerous universe was about her—she had escaped from the confining shelter of the house. And the night was about her. It was not necessary for her to wear three coats, like the gross Batchgrew, in order to protect herself from the night! She could go forth into it with no precaution. She was young. Her vigorous and confident body might challenge perils.

When she had proceeded a hundred yards she stopped and turned to look back at the cluster of houses collectively called Bycars.

The distinctive bow-window of Mrs. Maldon's shone yellow. Within the sacred room was still the old lady, sitting expectant, and trying to interest herself in the paper. Strange thought!

Bycars Lane led in a northeasterly direction over the broad hill whose ridge separates the lane from the moorlands honeycombed with coal and iron mines. Above the ridge showed the fire and vapor of the first mining villages, on the way to Red Cow, proof that not all colliers were yet on strike. And above that pyrotechny hung the moon. The Municipal Park, of which

Bycars Lane was the northwestern boundary, lay in mysterious and forbidden groves behind its spiked red wall and locked gates, and beyond it a bright tram-car was leaping down from lamp to lamp of Moorthorne Road towards the town. Between the masses of the ragged hedge on the north side of the lane there was the thin gleam of Bycars Pool, lost in a vague unoccupied region of shawd-rucks and dirty pasture—the rendezvous of skaters when the frost held, Louis Fores had told her, and she had heard from another source that he skated divinely. She could believe it, too.

She resumed her way more slowly. She had only stopped because, though burned with the desire to see him, she yet had an instinct to postpone the encounter. She was almost minded to return. But she went on. The town was really very near. The illuminated clock of the Town Hall had dominion over it; the golden shimmer above the roofs to the left indicated the electrical splendor of the new Cinema in Moorthorne Road next to the new Primitive Methodist Chapel. He had told her about that, too. In two minutes, in less than two minutes, she was among houses again, and approaching the corner of Friendly Street. He would come from the Moorthorne Road end of Friendly Street. She would peep round the corner of Friendly Street to see if he was coming. . . .

But before she reached the corner, her escapade suddenly presented itself to her as childish madness, silly, inexcusable; and she thought self-reproachfully: "How impulsive I am!" And sharply turned back toward Mrs. Maldon's house, which seemed to be about ten miles off.

A moment later she heard hurried footfalls behind her on the narrow brick pavement, and, after one furtive glance over her shoulder, she quickened her pace. Louis Fores in all his elegance was pursuing her! Nothing had happened to him. He was not ill; he was merely a little late! After all, she would sit by his side at the supper-table! She had a spasm of shame that was excruciating. But at the same time she was wildly glad. And already



this inebriating illusion of an ingenuous girl concerning a common male was helping to shape monstrous events.

## CHAPTER II

### LOUIS' DISCOVERY

LOUIS FORES was late at his grand-aunt's because he had by a certain preoccupation, during a period of about an hour, been rendered oblivious of the passage of time. The real origin of the affair went back nearly sixty years, to an indecorous episode in the history of the Maldon family.

At that date—before Mrs. Maldon had even met Austin Maldon, her future husband—Austin's elder brother Athelstan, who was well established as an earthenware broker in London, had a conjugal misfortune, which reached its climax in the Matrimonial Court, and left the injured and stately Athelstan with an incomplete household, a spoiled home, and the sole care of two children, a boy and a girl. These children were, almost of necessity, clumsily brought up. The girl married the half-brother of a Lieutenant-General Fores, and Louis Fores was their son. The boy married an American girl, and had issue, Julian Maldon and some daughters.

At the age of eighteen, Louis Fores, amiable, personable, and an orphan, was looking for a career. He had lived in the London suburb of Barnes, and under the influence of a father whose career had chiefly been to be the step-brother of Lieutenant-General Fores. He was in full possession of the conventionally snobbish ideals of the suburb, reinforced by more than a tincture of the stupendous and unsurpassed snobbishness of the British army. He had no money, and therefore the liberal professions and the Higher Division of the Civil Service were closed to him. He had the choice of two activities: he might tout for wine, motor-cars, or mineral-waters on commission (like his father), or he might enter a bank. His friends were agreed that nothing else was conceivable. He chose the living grave. It is not easy to enter the living grave, but, august influences

aiding, he entered it with *éclat* at a salary of seventy pounds a year, and it closed over him. He would have been secure till his second death had he not defiled the bier. The day of judgment occurred, the grave opened, and he was thrown out with ignominy, but ignominy unpublished. The august influences, by simple cash, and for their own sakes, had saved him from exposure and a jury.

In order to get rid of him his protectors spoke well of him, emphasizing his many good qualities, and he was deported to the Five Towns (properly enough, since his grandfather had come thence), and there joined the staff of Batchgrew & Sons, thanks to the kind intervention of Mrs. Maldon. At the end of a year John Batchgrew told him to go, and told Mrs. Maldon that her grandnephew had a fault. Mrs. Maldon was very sorry. At this juncture Louis Fores, without intending to do so, would certainly have turned Mrs. Maldon's last years into a tragedy, had he not in the very nick of time inherited about a thousand pounds. He was rehabilitated. He "had money" now. He had a fortune; he had ten thousand pounds; he had any sum you like, according to the caprice of rumor. He lived on his means for a little time, frequenting the Municipal School of Art at the Wedgwood Institution at Bursley, and then old Batchgrew had casually suggested to Mrs. Maldon that there ought to be an opening for him with Jim Horrocleave, who was understood to be succeeding with his patent special processes for earthenware manufacture. Mr. Horrocleave, a man with a chin, would not accept him for a partner, having no desire to share profits with anybody; but on the faith of his artistic tendency and Mrs. Maldon's correct yet highly misleading catalogue of his virtues, he took him at a salary, in return for which Louis was to be the confidential employee who could and would do anything, including design.

And now Louis was the step-nephew of a Lieutenant-General, a man of private means and of talent, and a trusted employee with a fine wage—all under one skin! He shone in Burs-



ley, and no wonder! He was very active at Horrocleave's. He not only designed shapes for vases, and talked intimately with Jim Horrocleave about fresh projects, but he controlled the petty cash. The expenditure of petty cash grew, as was natural in a growing business. Mr. Horrocleave soon got accustomed to that, and apparently gave it no thought, signing cheques instantly upon request. But on the very day of Mrs. Maldon's party, after signing a cheque and before handing it to Louis, he had somewhat lengthily consulted his private cash-book, and, as he handed over the cheque, had said: "Let's have a squint at the petty-cash book, to-morrow morning, Louis." He said it gruffly, but he was a gruff man. He left early. He might have meant anything or nothing. Louis could not decide which; or, rather, from five o'clock to seven he had come to alternating decisions every five minutes.

It was just about at the time when Louis ought to have been removing his paper cuff-shields in order to start for Mrs. Maldon's that he discovered the full extent of his debt to the petty-cash box. He sat alone at a rough and dirty desk in the inner room of the works "office," surrounded by dust-covered sample vases and other vessels of all shapes, sizes, and tints—specimens of Horrocleave's "Art Luster Ware," a melancholy array of ingenious ugliness that nevertheless filled with pride its creators. He looked through a dirt-obscured window and with unseeing gaze surveyed a muddy, littered quadrangle whose twilight was reddened by gleams from the engine-house. In this yard lay flat a sign that had been blown down from the façade of the manufactory six months before: "Horrocleave. Art Luster Ware." Within the room was another sign, itself fashioned in luster-ware: "Horrocleave. Art Luster Ware." And the envelopes and paper and bill-heads on the desk all bore the same legend: "Horrocleave. Art Luster Ware."

He owed seventy-three pounds to the petty-cash box, and he was startled and shocked. He was startled because for

weeks past he had refrained from adding up the columns of the cash-book—partly from idleness and partly from a desire to remain in ignorance of his own doings. He had hoped for the best. He had faintly hoped that the deficit would not exceed ten pounds, or twelve; he had been prepared for a deficit of twenty-five, or even thirty. But seventy-three really shocked. Nay, it staggered. It meant that in addition to his salary, some thirty shillings a week had been mysteriously trickling through the incurable hole in his pocket. Not to mention other debts! He well knew that to Shillitoe alone (his admirable tailor) he owed eighteen pounds.

It may be asked how a young bachelor, with private means and a fine salary, living in a district where prices are low and social conventions not costly, could have come to such a pass. The answer is that Louis had no private means, and that his salary was not fine. The thousand pounds had gradually vanished, as a thousand pounds will, in the refinements of material existence and in the pursuit of happiness. His bank account had long been in abeyance. His salary was three pounds a week. Many a member of the liberal professions—many a solicitor, for example—brings up a family on three pounds a week in the provinces. But for a Lieutenant-General's nephew, who had once had a thousand pounds in one lump, three pounds a week was inadequate. As a fact, Louis conceived himself "Art Director" of Horrocleave's, and sincerely thought that as such he was ill-paid. Herein was one of his private excuses for eccentricity with the petty cash. It may also be asked what Louis had to show for his superb expenditure. The answer is, nothing.

With the seventy-three pounds desolatingly clear in his mind, he quitted his desk in order to reconnoiter the outer and larger portion of the counting-house. He went as far as the archway, and saw black smoke being blown downwards from heaven into Friendly Street. A policeman was placidly regarding the smoke as he strolled by. And Louis, though absolutely sure that the officer would not



carry out his plain duty of summoning Horrocleave's for committing a smoke-nuisance, did not relish the spectacle of the policeman. He returned to the inner office, and locked the door. The "staff" and the "hands" had all gone, save one or two piece-workers in the painting-shop across the yard.

The night-watchman, fresh from bed, was moving fussily about the yard. He nodded with respect to Louis through the grimy window. Louis lit the gas, and spread a newspaper in front of the window by way of blind. And then he began a series of acts on the petty-cash book. The office clock indicated twenty past six. He knew that time was short, but he had a natural gift for the invention and execution of these acts, and he calculated that under half an hour would suffice for them. But when he next looked at the clock, the acts being accomplished, one hour had elapsed; it had seemed to him more like a quarter of an hour. Yet as blotting-paper cannot safely be employed in such delicate calligraphic feats as those of Louis, even an hour was not excessive for what he had done. An operator clumsier, less cool, less cursory, more cautious than himself might well have spent half a night over the job. He locked up the book, washed his hands and face with remarkable celerity in a filthy lavatory-basin, brushed his hair, removed his cuff-shields, changed his coat, and fled at speed, leaving the key of the office with the watchman.

"I suppose the old lady was getting anxious," said he brightly (but in a low tone so that the old lady should not hear), as he shook hands with Rachel in the lobby. He had recognized her in front of him up the lane—had in fact nearly overtaken her; and she was standing at the open door when he mounted the steps. She had had just time to prove to Mrs. Maldon by a "He's coming" thrown through the sitting-room doorway that she had not waited for Louis Fores and walked up with him.

"Yes," Rachel replied in the same tone, most deceitfully leaving him under the false impression that it was the old lady's anxiety that had sent her out.

She had, then, emerged scatheless in reputation from the indiscreet adventure!

The house was animated by the arrival of Louis; at once it seemed to live more keenly when he had crossed the threshold. And Louis found pleasure in the house—in the welcoming aspect of its interior, in Rachel's evident excited gladness at seeing him, in her honest and agreeable features, and in her sheer girlishness. A few minutes earlier he had been in the sordid and dreadful office. Now he was in another and a cleaner, prettier world. He yielded instantly and fully to its invitation, for he had the singular faculty of being able to cast off care like a garment. He felt sympathetic towards women, and eager to employ for their contentment all the charm which he knew he possessed. He gave himself, generously, in every gesture and intonation.

"Office, auntie, office!" he exclaimed, elegantly entering the parlor. "Sack-cloth! Ashes! Hallo! where's Julian? Is he late, too?"

When he had received the news about Julian Maldon he asked to see the telegram, and searched out its place of origin, and drew forth a pocket timetable, and remarked in a wise way that he hoped Julian would "make the connection" at Derby. Lastly he predicted the precise minute at which Julian "ought" to be knocking at the front door. And both women felt their ignorant, puzzled inferiority in these recondite matters of travel, and the comfort of having an omniscient male in the house.

Then slightly drawing up his dark blue trousers with an accustomed movement, he carefully sat down on the Chesterfield, and stroked his soft black mustache (which was estimably long for a fellow of twenty-three) and patted his black hair.

"Rachel, you didn't fasten that landing window, after all!" said Mrs. Maldon, looking over Louis' head at the lady-companion, who hesitated modestly near the door. "I've tried, but I couldn't."

"Neither could I, Mrs. Maldon," said Rachel. "I was thinking perhaps Mr. Fores wouldn't mind—"





*Painting by C. E. Chambers*

HE BEGAN A SERIES OF ACTS ON THE PETTY-CASH BOOK







She did not explain that her failure to fasten the window had been more or less deliberate, since, while actually tugging at the window, she had been visited by the sudden delicious thought: "How nice it would be to ask Louis Fores to do this hard thing for me!"

And now she had asked him.

"Certainly!" Louis jumped to his feet. And off he went up-stairs. Most probably, if the sudden delicious thought had not skipped into Rachel's brain, he would never have made that critical ascent to the first floor.

A gas-jet burned low on the landing.

"Let's have a little light on the subject," he cheerfully muttered to himself, as he turned on the gas to the full.

Then in the noisy blaze of yellow and blue light he went to the window and with a single fierce wrench he succeeded in pulling the catch into position. He was proud of his strength. It pleased him to think of the weakness of women; it pleased him to anticipate the impressed thanks of the weak women for

this exertion of his power on their behalf. "Have you managed it so soon?" his aunt would exclaim, and he would answer in a carefully offhand way: "Of course. Why not?"

He was about to descend, but he remembered that he must not leave the gas at full. With his hand on the tap, he glanced perfunctorily around the little landing. The door of Mrs. Maldon's bedroom was in front of him, at right angles to the window. By the door, which was ajar, stood a cane-seated chair. Underneath the chair he perceived a whitish package or roll that seemed to be out of place there on the floor. He stooped and picked it up. And as the paper rustled peculiarly in his hand, he could feel his heart give a swift bound. He opened the roll. It consisted of nothing whatever but bank-notes. He listened intently, with ear cocked and rigid limbs; and he could just catch the soothing murmur of women's voices in the parlor, beneath the reverberating solemn pulse of the lobby clock.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## Words

BY ERNEST RHYS

WORDS, like fine flowers, have their colors, too:  
 What do you say to crimson words or yellow?  
 And what to opal, emerald, pale blue?  
 And elfish gules?—he is a glorious fellow.  
 Think of the purple hung in Elsinore,  
 Or call it black, and close your eyes to see.  
 Go, look for amber then on Lochlyn shore  
 And drag a sunbeam out of Arcady;  
 And who of Rosamund or Rosalind  
 Can part the rosy petal'd syllables?  
 Since women's names keep murmuring like the wind  
 The hidden thing that none for ever tells.  
 Last, to forego soft beauty, take the sword,  
 And see the blue steel redden at a word.



# The Luxury of Being Educated

BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

Assistant Professor of English, Yale University



I TRAVELED for a long day last year across the Kansas prairies with a very typical group of graduates from American colleges. They were from the East, the Middle West, and the Far West, brought together merely by the exigency of the moment, like a Freshman class in college. The journey was quiet; we sat in the club-car at our ease, and conversation was general. I was struck by the narrow range of this conversation. Whether it flowed freely among a group at the observation end of the car, or became more intimate when chairs were drawn together by the buffet, a few topics—business conditions, real estate, anecdotes, and reminiscences—seemed to bound it. Interest did not go further. The men themselves were far from uninteresting. From the Oregon apple-grower to the New York broker, every one was a factor somehow or somewhere in American life. They were not uninteresting; but they were uninterested, except in their narrow ranges. The broker's interest in apple culture went no further than its financial aspects; the apple-grower's interest in Wall Street was romantic merely; both yawned when I talked of the Russian story I was reading, or tried to follow through the window the route of the Santa Fé trail. There was nothing novel in this experience; but it was illuminating. It seemed to me that these men had failed to get their money's worth of education.

It is very curious that so few care, or dare, to get their money's worth from the American college. The poor man gets the best returns. He must ask the college first of all to make his boy self-supporting—if possible, more efficient than his father; and he gets, as a rule, what he pays for. But the poor man is not the typical college parent. The typical parent of our undergraduates has

stored up more or less capital; he has a position waiting for his son; his boy will be able to live comfortably, no matter what may be the efficiency of his mind. The ability to support himself, the power to make money, is certainly not the most important quality for this boy to possess. Very commonly, especially in the endowed institutions of the East, money-making in his family has reached the saturation point. It is unnecessary; it may be inadvisable, or even wrong, for him to enter gainful pursuits. What the son of parents in comfortable circumstances requires is not so much a narrow training in the support of life as a broader one in how to utilize living. His interests, quite as much as his mental powers, need stimulus, development, and discipline.

I know that in stating the situation so flatly I run head on into an American tradition—or prejudice. The American democracy—even when in no other way democratic—believes that the American boy, though millions may hang over his head, must work for his living, must make money. With a righteous fear lest his moral fiber degenerate in useless studies, the well-to-do father grudgingly allows his son to enter college, reminds him constantly that the nonsense will be knocked out of him as soon as he graduates, and hurries him into business as quickly as the faculty allows, breathing relief when he is safe in an atmosphere where labor is measured by returns in cash. If there were danger of starvation ahead he could not be more anxious to fix his son's mind on the duty of earning ten dollars a week. I do not blame the fathers—even in the instances to which I limit myself—the well-to-do parents of intellectually able sons. They are applying the American tradition as it was applied to them. But what is the effect on the boys?

Sometimes it is good; often it is unfortunate; occasionally it is disastrous.



A Junior comes into my office for a talk. He is clear-eyed and intelligent, but conventional from his clothes to his conversation. His father controls an enormous business, and he is to begin at the bottom of the corporation as soon as he graduates. I gasp at the figures of output and return that he casually mentions. I wonder just how he will regard the responsibility which the course of events will certainly bring. The prospect does not worry him in the least. He has inherited shrewdness and self-confidence. He'll "do as dad did." But of interest in the problems and the possibilities involved in this vast ownership I discover not a particle; and little more in what his means will enable him to do with his life. A fast motor, a country club, a good boat, a yearly trip to Paris—his ambitions go no further. Among his college courses, English composition interests him because "dad" says he'll have to write good business letters; economics a little because it deals with cash; English literature in a barely discoverable degree because of the useful culture which is supposed to flow from it. All the rest of the world of knowledge—historical, scientific, esthetic—is a dull blank. It does not interest him now; it will never interest him.

It is not to be expected that the college can ever make an intellectual of such a youth; nor should it try to do so. But if we could have interested him in ideas; if we could have extended and lifted the range of his pleasures; widened and deepened his conceptions of commerce; given him a "social conscience"—we would have accomplished something. It is not to the credit of the college that the time-spirit in this youth was too strong for its influence to combat; but the blame does not rest entirely upon the faculty. "Dad" must share the responsibility. He sent the boy to us with eyes closed to everything but money-making and fun. Perhaps this youngster will put all his energies into doubling the family fortune; more probably he will discover the weakness in the American tradition of work, break through it, and enjoy himself according to his lights. Of these undesirable alternatives, the second is at least the more human and perhaps the more rational.

But the youth whose plight arouses my sympathy and indignation is of a different type. His kind is not so abundant in the colleges, but its numbers are increasing yearly. He best represents, I think, the new generation of educated Americans.

I knew him first in Freshman year: a pleasant boy, well-mannered, with the air of one who had lived in a cultivated home. He was not an "honor man"; he seemed afraid to throw himself into his work. And yet his finer accent, his occasional interest in music, art, and books, made his classmates a little shy of him. He was said to be, possibly, a "high-brow," or a "freak." But he was a good athlete in a small way, and a good "mixer."

As soon as he learned the conventional fashion in dressing, and acquired the proper slang—which the boys from the big "prep. schools" had from the beginning—he got on very well. He "made a society," was on the track team, wrote for the papers; bade fair to have an exemplary college career, and to become one of the fine fellows who merge indistinguishably into a common type and depart as one man from college.

However, in Junior year came a reaction. I have seen it hundreds of times—a faint dawn of intellectual awakening; a sudden interest in the world as distinguished from college life. The mind grips upon knowledge and moves slowly with it, as the wheels move when the gears of an automobile engine slide into first speed. He was roused to an enthusiasm of thinking by a stimulating book. Ideas which he did not fancy began to anger him—a sure sign of intellectual progress. He began to ask intelligent questions. Then he fell into a depression over his ignorance. He began to criticize the curriculum. Men talked in his room till late at night. He bought special cigarettes and posed for a little while as an esthete. But when he devoted a month of a summer vacation to reading up on religion, and came to a conclusion (so it seemed to me) as original as it was wrong, I felt sure that we were dealing with a mind.

This youth came from a family in which cultivation and reasonable wealth had been hereditary for several genera-



tions. There was no pressing need for him in the family business, no reason why he should not be educated to the full; in fact, his parents prided themselves on the education which they were giving their son. And yet, when Senior year came, and his desire for knowledge awakened with the approach of the end of the conventional period of training, clouds appeared on the domestic horizon. I gathered that he was not sufficiently anxious to enter business; that he did not know what he wished to do; that college seemed to be making him unpractical. I was consulted as a friend, first by him, then by his mother. I told his anxious mother that her boy needed to learn more, to think more, before putting his knowledge and his desires to the test of practice; that, if their means permitted it, nothing would be so good for him as a little more education. She thanked me—and sought a more practical adviser, who suggested that the youth be put into the bond business so that he should waste no time while making up his mind as to his future profession! If he had wished to be a lawyer, or a doctor, or an engineer, they would gladly have given him the extra years of preparation. But he merely wished to think and to know: to study more economics, more history; to read widely; to carry through some guided work in social service, until he could shape his philosophy of life, control his mind, and find out what he wished to do with his powers. And this, coming in no recognized category of youthful endeavor, was unpractical, aimless, or leading perhaps to idleness and eccentricity. He must get to work!

They chose wisely, according to their lights. I think that this youth would have responded to the intellectual stimulus which the university could have given him. I think that he might have been led into study for its own sake, into research, perhaps into teaching. Having means, he would have been able to follow his bent wherever it led him, and taste of the delights and the rigors of academic life, without its meannesses and its sordid cares. He would have cut loose from business for ever, and perhaps distinguished himself. But distinction of that kind did not interest his family.

They have made a mediocre business man of him; and if that is what they wanted, they have moved sagaciously. Nevertheless, I do not believe in their lights.

I am far from urging that all thoughtful, intellectually hungry boys should be drawn into the academic life. Hundreds of youngsters like the one I have described would have carried the profits of a fuller education into business and the professions. As business men, they would have gained in mental power, but most of all in a sense of proportion and a better understanding of the aims, the advantages, and the possibilities of the life they were choosing. As lawyers or doctors or engineers, their efficiency surely would not have suffered from a broader outlook upon other aspects of the world's interests and the world's work, and their lives would have gained much. That this fuller education, with the keener interest in life which comes with it, would have been a luxury for such men, I readily grant. But this is the age of luxuries. The same parent who balks at an extra year of education lavishes automobiles, large incomes, and less desirable favors upon his children. Most fathers who send their sons to college regard luxuries as a right—if not automobiles, riding-horses, good pictures, and yachts, at least warm houses, electricity, travel, and far more expensive food than is needed for sustenance. Granted that an education beyond the requirements for self-support, but well within the demands of an active, pleasurable, intelligent life, is a luxury, are there not many Americans who can afford it?

I am assured that the best thinkers in the educational world are spending their energies not on lengthening, but in shortening, the period of education; in cutting down waste, in increasing efficiency. I can reply that such work is invaluable. Let us improve, condense, reform, wherever we can, making four-year courses into three, if they teach only three years' worth, concentrating and improving the work in our schools until they turn out boys of sixteen as well educated as French or German students of the same age. Let us save what time we can, so that the youth who can afford no more



education than that provided by the usual college course may get it more speedily or more efficiently. But it is not a question here of providing the best education in the least time for those who must hurl themselves into the economic struggle. It is a question of providing the best education, regardless of time, for the boy whose struggle will be not so much to support life as to use it properly. If such an education is a luxury—and when I think of the pre-eminent need of the times for more intelligence, I begin to doubt my term—then it would be easy to present statistics from our colleges which would flatly contradict the platitude that in all things America is luxurious.

If the parent with a comfortable living or a good position to give his boy would put less emphasis on the rigors of the coming financial struggle, and more upon the advantages of a well-opened mind, the effect upon the college would be tremendous. The undergraduate would feel it first of all. Upon many, the influence, it is true, would be only indirect. Out of a college class of, say, three hundred, perhaps fifty are merely well-dressed, agreeable young animals, whose minds have already attained their maximum of breadth. It is a fair question whether they are not already spending too much time in education. Perhaps one hundred and fifty belong to the great average—which is, after all, made up of too many varieties to be called an average. Dull men, who work, nevertheless, with faithfulness; bright men, lazy by nature; busy men, far too much concerned with social or commercial success to spend much more energy in thinking: all these would feel that the world outside was beginning to value culture and the intellect, and, without radically changing their habits or their aims, would nevertheless manage to get what they felt to be their share of mental broadening. But it is of the remaining one hundred that I write: the men who are not content to take at second-hand, or do without the illumination of the last century of science, or the accumulated knowledge and inspiration of the earlier world; the men whose minds are opening and are worth opening. Many of them are eager for active life, and will

not wait for more education; many of them are poor and cannot wait; but many more would choose the luxury of a deeper preparation if anxious parents, moved by a short-sighted public opinion, did not force them, still immature, into the world. They may know the text, "Man shall not live by bread alone"; but in the face of practical adults asserting the contrary, and urging them to come out and earn their living, they are not likely to apply it. For it takes a clearer sight, a stronger will, and more independence than even the exceptional boy is likely to possess, to see that education in some instances may be the first and most important profession.

The effect upon the professor of a more generous parental attitude toward education would be as great as upon the undergraduate, and more calculable. The college, as distinguished from the technical school, has always proposed, as its ideal, to educate for living—and this term includes both earning one's living and enjoying it. The difficulty now is that the faculty, the parent, and the undergraduate each grasp their interpretation of this broad purpose and pull as hard as they can in different directions.

The faculty, on the whole, lean too far toward the idealistic side of this education. The extremists among them maintain that in college a boy should study nothing practical, nothing with potentialities of money-making. But education is surely broader than they think. It is a poor education which in teaching a comprehension of living does not help toward earning the daily bread. In truth, it is, and I suppose it always will be, a fault of our profession that we turn away from the utilitarian aspects of our subjects, and are more interested in their cultural than in their commercial value. Our lack of experience in turning thought into dollars makes us unduly depreciate what might be called the business end of a liberal education.

But where this error exists we have been driven into it by the obstinacy of parents, who will not see that the power to make money is only a by-product of education—by well-to-do parents especially, who send us youngsters who will have to assume vast responsibilities and use vast opportunities for service and



pleasure, saying, Teach my youthful millionaire how to make more money! We have had to fight an ingrained American prejudice; no wonder that we have become a little prejudiced ourselves in the course of the struggle.

For all these reasons, the reactive effect of even a portion of a class sent to college in sympathy with the ideals of the college professor—which are, after all, those of a true liberal education—would be very great. We would not turn out geniuses, or make over America; but that deathly indifference, sprung of conflicting aims, which hangs like a fog-bank over the American college, would lift and lighten. The inefficiency which is to be found in teaching as well as in business, and the inherent laziness of the human animal, would prevent a too rapid clearing of the atmosphere. We would not be blinded by the flash. But I think that professor and father and son might begin to work together toward a common purpose; and that the teacher would teach more broadly and more successfully the things which knowledge can contribute to life.

But if education should be numbered among the permitted luxuries of American life, the greatest effect would be on a department of the university which means little now to the undergraduate and less than little to the American parent. I mean the graduate school, the business of which is to give advanced training in the pursuit of knowledge. The well-to-do parent is not especially interested in the productive activities of the graduate school, and I do not see why he should be. He thinks of it, if he thinks of it at all, as a highly specialized laboratory for turning out unreadable treatises on the sources of unreadable plays; or accounts of ridiculously named chemical compounds; or pamphlets on Sanscrit inflections; or philosophical theories whose very titles he does not understand. It is absurd to maintain that he should be vitally interested, because these represent the outposts of knowledge. No one blames him for a lack of interest in the valves of a steam turbine, in how to modify milk for a ten months' baby, in the manufacture of breakfast foods. These things also are important. He cannot afford to despise

them because they lie beyond his *métier*; but enthusiasm is not demanded of him.

In another phase of the graduate school, however, he might well be more interested. I mean in the opportunities it offers, or could offer, to his boy. We have heard much of what the graduate schools can do for the country. I am more concerned just now with what they might do for the undergraduate who is to be allowed the luxury of a little more education.

My own experience was typical only in so far as my condition resembled that of hundreds of boys, who come to Senior year in college with a distressing vagueness of aims, a feeling of incapacity, and one certainty—that they are not yet educated, that they are not yet ready to enter the world. As it happened, I was allowed to choose the path of the graduate school.

I entered uncertain, doubtful of what interested me, guiltily conscious that I ought to be earning ten dollars a week in an office or a mill. I found myself in a new atmosphere. We were starting over again; we were boasting of our ignorance; we were clamoring for knowledge; yearning for opportunities to study in a field which grew wider and wider under our touch. Far from separating ourselves from life, we seemed to grow for the first time acutely conscious of it. Reality, instead of being a simple affair of making money, marrying, and dying, began to grow vast, complex, and infinitely interesting. It was with difficulty that we held ourselves to the little segment which was assigned to us for study. Our thoughts leaped ahead—though still vaguely—to the practical, concrete work we must do, and we were distressed at the opportunities for knowledge which must be left behind us. Ennui became unthinkable; idleness a crime. Yet we were boys still, and intensely human boys. We sat late with beer and pipes, and talked nonsense far more effectively than in undergraduate days; we took up athletics, which in college we had left to the teams; we were even merrier because our mirth came as a reaction from hard work. When we compared experiences with the intellectually sympathetic among our classmates who had gone out into the world, we found that they, too,



had felt the spring and the stimulus of directed, purposeful endeavor. But except where they had already discovered a career, their enthusiasm was less than ours, their energies not so active; they did not seem to be on such good terms with life.

Of course, in a way, we were specialists, and this seems to remove my personal experience from the argument I am advancing for the luxury of a full education. In reality, I think, it does not. For we were specialists only by compulsion, because, since most of us were preparing for teaching or scholarship, we knew that we must confine most of our labors to one field. And I think that it was, and is, one of the defects of the graduate school that it drives too quickly into the more highly specialized branches of knowledge; that it puts all the emphasis upon preparation for scholarly production, just as the world outside puts all the emphasis upon money-making.

In fact, the graduate school looked with a hardly concealed contempt upon the candidates for a simple M.A. degree, who would not go to the bitter end of any one line of endeavor, who were seeking merely a further preparation for life. And that was its weakness. There it shared—though the accusation would have angered its professors—the American prejudice against the luxury of a general education. In all that seething intellectual life, with its burning interests and increasing powers, many of them saw no health except in the student dedicated to research. Those who left us by the way—for the law, for business, for diplomacy, or for literature—they regarded as strayed sheep.

No one who knows the results would be so blind as to attack the value of that specialization in research which has already placed our graduate schools beside those of Germany and France. But why have we failed to realize that in the means they offer for fulfilling a general education they can satisfy a real need of contemporary America? The life we tasted there would be better for many a thoughtful, hesitating Senior I have known since than a half-hearted plunge into a world which did not yet interest him; a year or so later it would have

sent him, eager and enthusiastic, into an activity which his broadening mind could have chosen for itself.

It is easy to blame America and the American parent for parsimony in education, but it is not very satisfactory. To begin with, it is futile to blame a tendency, and the American attitude toward liberal education is a tendency—and an inherited tendency, which makes it all the more difficult to escape. The American parent has, as a rule, but recently attained economic independence and ended his up-hill climb. His sons can start on the level; they will not have to climb as he climbed. But climbing is what he best understands; and he must be liberal-minded and a little prophetic in his vision if he does not send his boys to college to prepare for the needs, not of their generation, but his own.

It is easy to blame the undergraduate for not striving harder for the kind of education which will make him most happy and most useful. But to what advantage? The patient is not blamed when the wrong medicine, or too little medicine, is prescribed for him! And furthermore, that minority of our undergraduates who really need more education *are* asking for it, *are* struggling for it, though often in a blind and half-conscious fashion. Every college teacher not case-hardened in intellectual superiority knows and is rejoiced by this fact.

In truth, the college teacher must take his share of responsibility for the niggardliness of American education. I suppose that we realize the essential importance in contemporary life of the intelligence which comes from a full education, but I confess that I think we do not always act upon our realization. I find myself constantly resisting the temptation to say: "This, gentlemen, will not interest you: it leads to an appreciation of life; it shows how to rise to the possibilities of living; but it will never make a cent for you, and it is difficult. You must study it; but you won't be interested." I hate this hierophantic, better-than-thou attitude in myself or any other teacher. What right have we to assume that the higher realms of the intellect are reserved for the scholar and the theorist? What right



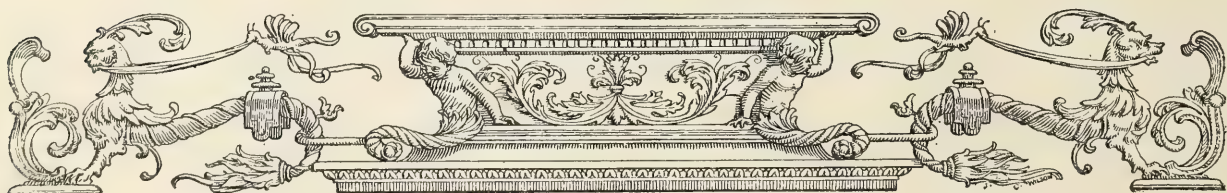
to smile superciliously at all interest in knowledge which does not lead directly toward scholarly production? What is gained by asserting that study must be bleak and austere; that learning must be unworldly and exclusive? The colleges also have been indisposed to allow the competent—who do not wish to become specialists—the luxury of a full education.

Conclusions will quickly be reached by those who take the trouble to look about them. We are not so rooted in our prejudice against work that is unmeasurable by cash as to have produced no examples of those who are profiting themselves or the country by the luxurious excess of their education. The young millionaire who is using his wealth efficiently, enthusiastically, wisely for social service and social knowledge, is no longer so rare as to be unfamiliar, though he is still a curiosity. He is drawing dividends for himself and others from a deeper comprehension of the needs of society than experience without education could have given him. And many a man not a millionaire, though master of his income, is using his business or his profession for broad and interesting services to the community, made possible by the knowledge and the interests with which education has endowed him. Less valuable, perhaps, and yet invaluable in a genuine civilization, is another and more familiar type: the business man or lawyer who has learned how to live outside his office; whose pleasures are not limited to the physical and the sensual; who has a *hinterland*, a background, as H. G. Wells puts it; who is a cultivated, sympathetic, intelligent, broad-minded man first, and a good business man or lawyer afterward. This, too, is a product of education—an almost

inevitable result of a full and true education, when the mind is capable of receiving and profiting by the riches of knowledge and the stimulus of ideas.

Observe, on the other hand, the sons of parents in comfortable circumstances, the boys who were guaranteed a fair start in life whenever and however they entered upon practical work, and who sought only the utilitarian in college. Have they gained by their loss of culture and a broad education? Are they more useful to the community, more interesting to themselves; are they happier? Those who left us when their interests were just awakening—have they gained by the year or so of time they have saved?

Consider those familiar figures in American life: the bored youth selling bonds "to keep doing something"; the half-hearted successor to a big business who lets his subordinates carry most of the work; the wealthy youngster who conducts a gambling business on the stock-exchange because he must have some excitement; the rich idler too intelligent to find the usual means of time-killing efficacious; the heir to a million making more money doggedly because he doesn't know what else to do. Some of these misfittings, no doubt, arise from difficulties of temperament, or defects in character; but many of them are due simply and solely to insufficient education. These men have not been raised intellectually to the level of their opportunities. Their interests are still dormant. Nothing very serious is the matter with them; they get along well enough according to common opinion. More education, whether in college or in graduate school, was not a necessity; it was a luxury; but it was a luxury they could well have afforded.





# Performing for Matthew

BY CLARENCE DAY, JR.



WHENEVER my brother Talbot comes to see us, it appears that Matthew must be ordered down from the nursery to perform for him. I can't say I like it. It's not especially good for the boy and it's tiresome for me.

Too much effort is put into all human intercourse, anyway; that's the amount of it. Social meetings should be effortless and easy; anxious attempts to please are a mistake. This is well understood at one's club. When men meet there they don't immediately sing or play for one another, or drag one another around the rooms pointing out the pictures. But in one's home—!

I am a man of strongly domestic tastes. Club life does not attract me. I like my home. On this question that I am speaking of, however, my wife's ideas and mine do not coincide.

And whenever, as I say, my brother Talbot comes to see us, it is always, "Now, Matthew, recite the 'Battle of Blenheim' for Uncle Teapot." (That's what they call him—Teapot.) Or, "Matthew knows how to conjugate his verbs now, Teapot. Wouldn't you like to hear him?"

My son Matthew is not a trick animal.

The other day, after one of these exhibitions, I said: "The next time you come here, Talbot, I vote that instead of having Matthew entertain you, you entertain Matthew. Turn and turn about, you know—that's fair play, isn't it?"

I did not make this suggestion seriously, for I knew it would scarcely commend itself to Talbot, but I thought it might help bring everybody to their senses.

"I entertain Matthew? What good will that do?" Talbot asked.

"What good," I retorted, "does this 'Blenheim' business do, if you come to that?"

Talbot, who is a bachelor and knows nothing about it, instantly plunged into his lecture on education. This lecture begins with a reminder that "educate" is derived from *e-duco*, meaning *I draw out*. "Not *I put in*, mark you," he always continues. Then there is a lot about "stimulating a boy's spirit" rather than "cluttering up his memory." And so forth and so on. As near as I can make out, he objects to information of any kind being imparted to the young.

"The only earthly excuse for teaching this boy such things as 'Blenheim,'" he said, "or verbs either, is that he shall at least have chances to recite them afterward. Reciting them cultivates his power of expression, his powers of flowering, his powers of giving out, mark you, not merely putting in."

"Well," I patiently answered, "you know how I feel about it. My opinion is that it's not especially good for the boy, and it's tiresome for us. But that is not the point at the moment. I am a reasonable man. Let us assume that you're right, and that it's beneficial and ennobling to behave like trick animals. What I say is: in that case, sauce for the gosling ought to be sauce for the gander. If it does my son so much good to perform for you, it might do you some good to perform for him."

"Bah!" Talbot said, looking at me suspiciously. "That's different, Niblo." He rose to go.

Matthew had been listening all this while—he is allowed to be around far too much, that boy. In his shrill, unpleasant voice, which he doesn't get from me, he now began teasing his mother to make Talbot perform, and she, being the boy's slave, backed him up. She said she thought "it would be very pleasant some day." So, presently, Talbot, who hates to be found unequal to any emergency, said, "Oh, very well, if you wish it"; and went off, giving me what I can only describe as an extremely huffy look.



That was the day before yesterday.

To-day Matthew had a little party in honor of his birthday. Ten or twelve children came. It was rather a nuisance, particularly as some of them refused our lemonade and cakes, owing to this hygienic craze, and ate pure-food tarts and health bonbons their mothers had sent with them; and when their little packages got mixed up, it made as much trouble as though we had been in India, feeding different castes. I started to simplify things by ordering every child present to eat exactly what I said. The little beasts! daring to sniff at cakes that I'd have gobbled by the dozen if I'd been a boy again or free of my dyspepsia. But Hattie, my wife, must needs put in her oar when she heard them crying, and insist on doing

things her own way. Very dogmatic she was, too—wouldn't even let me argue with her.

"Don't interfere, please, Niblo, on Matthew's birthday," she said. "You're spoiling the party."

I stated that I had no wish to spoil the party, and was marching out of the room when I met Talbot. He seemed in high spirits. I never care to be with fellows who are in high spirits; they have a feverish way of slapping one on the back and laughing at anything or nothing, as though they were unbalanced. I stood with my back close to the wall and merely nodded to Talbot.

Matthew's loud welcome made up, however, for my coolness. "Teapot's come, mother!" he called. "Now he'll perform, won't he!"



SOME REFUSED OUR LEMONADE AND CAKES, AND ATE PURE-FOOD TARTS THEIR MOTHERS HAD SENT WITH THEM

Strothmann



Talbot looked rather blankly at the assemblage.

"You didn't tell me there was a party, Niblo," he said.

"Stage fright?" I asked, amusedly.

"Oh," he answered, "I sha'n't mind if you don't. Only we'll have to make it more elaborate now."

"Who's 'we'?" I said. "Don't count *me* in on it."

"Oh, Teapot," said Hattie, coming up. "I'm so glad—you're just in time. It hasn't been going very well. Can't you do that entertaining we were speaking of? It might just save the day."

"I came prepared to, Hattie; but Niblo declines to help."

"Why, Niblo!" said Hattie. "Do you wish to spoil the party?"

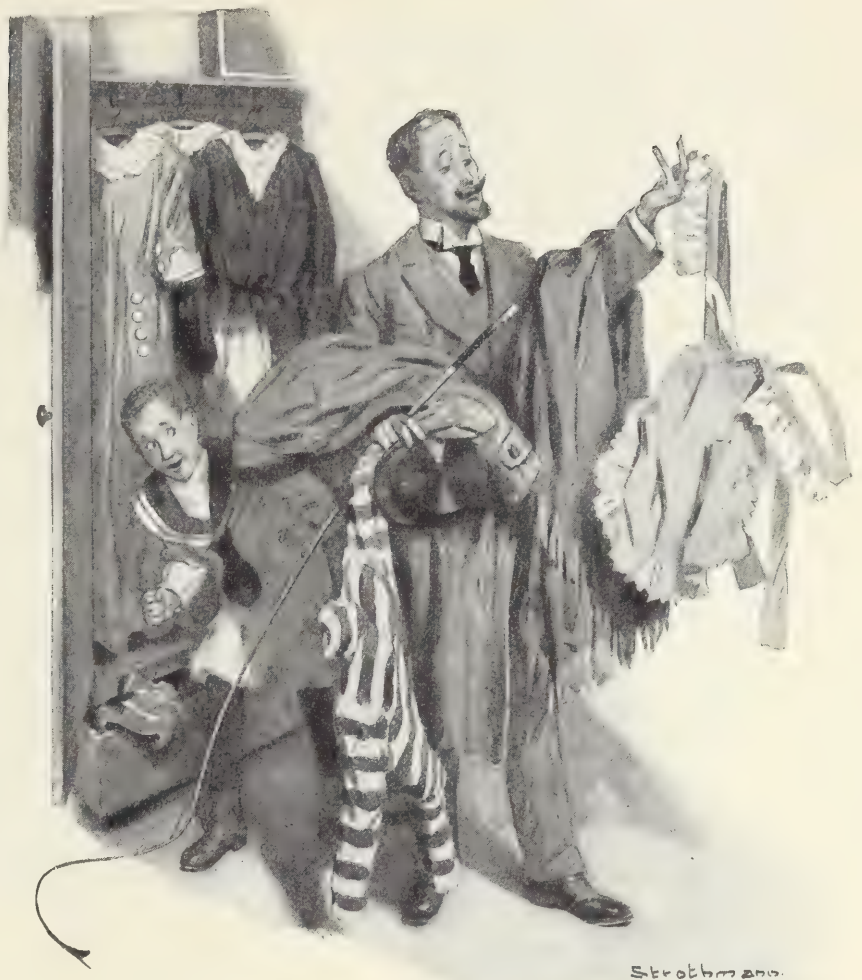
"I have already stated once," I remonstrated, "that I have no wish whatever to—"

"Oh, oh!" she exclaimed, her voice breaking, "it's the same old story. You two brothers are angry at each other again—on Matthew's birthday. I was awake at six this morning. I've worked harder than anybody knows to make it a success, and if you two are going to quarrel I think it's a pity."

"What is it you wish me to do, Talbot?" I asked. It had occurred to me that it would be the reasonable thing to ascertain just what he wanted before refusing.

"Let's see," he said. "Is there a long whip in the house?"

Hattie dried her eyes and reminded me there was a whip in the hall closet. "Do be nice and get it for us," she said, "I mustn't leave the children;" and back she hurried to save a small devil of a girl who seemed to be choking herself on a sanitary doughnut.



IT WAS NO CONCERN OF MINE IF TALBOT WISHED TO MAKE HIMSELF RIDICULOUS

I started to get the whip.

"And a high hat," added Talbot, "and an overcoat, and— Wait a minute, Niblo, now that all these people are here I must do this up brown. Ah, I have it!—an apron, and that old green shawl of Hattie's and a boy's cap and sweater."

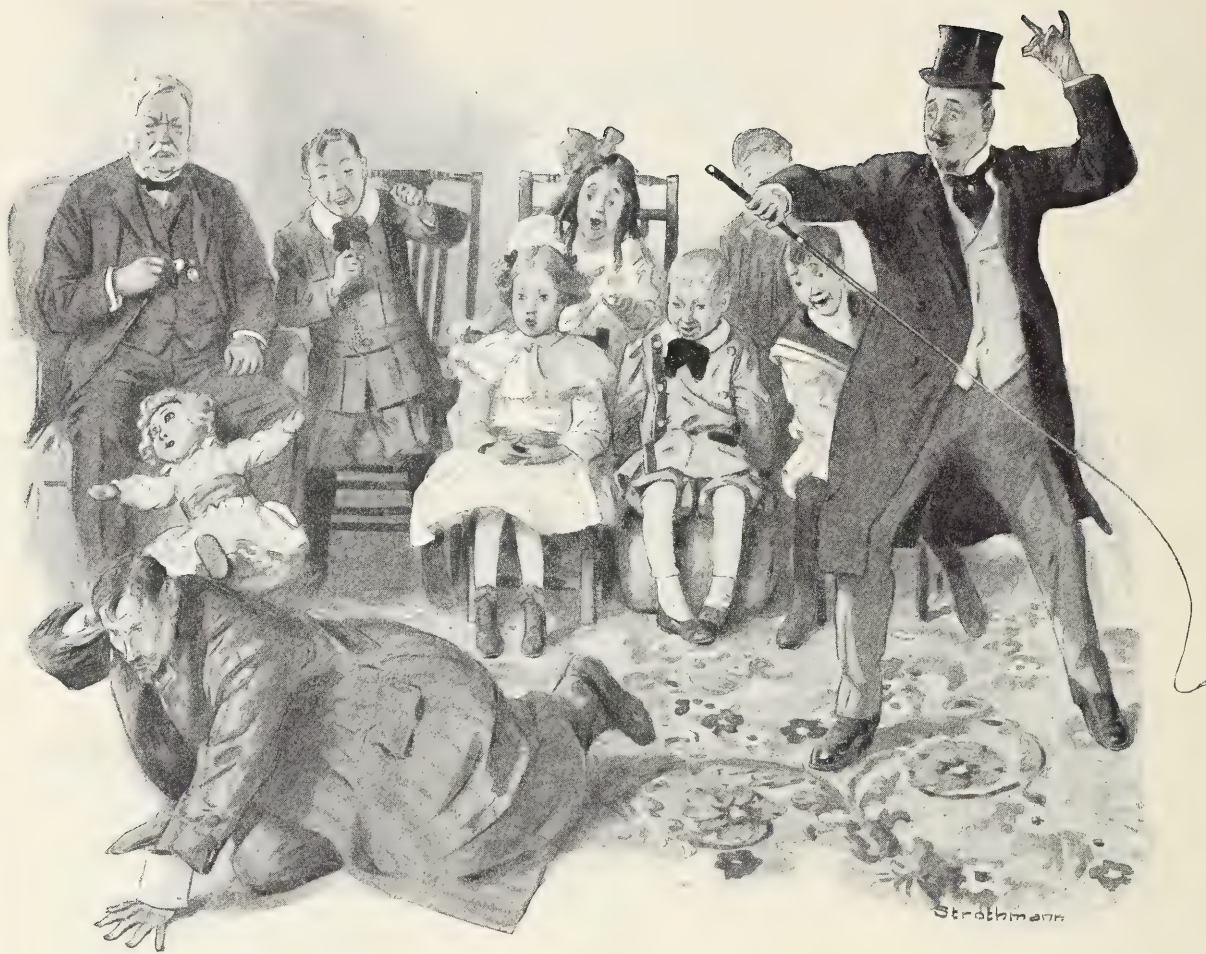
My brother Talbot is a very erratic sort of chap—I am never surprised much at anything he does. I checked off his items on my fingers.

"What kind of an apron?" I inquired.

He said any kind would serve.

Going through the wardrobe drawers, I found a short pink apron—if it *was* an apron—with lace shoulder-straps. I took it along. It was no concern of mine, I felt, if Talbot wished to make himself ridiculous. Returning with this and the other articles, however, I passed old General Northman in the hall, bringing in his two grandsons—well—





"NOW, FORWARD MY HORSE! RIDE, DAUGHTER! THE CIRCOOS. IT BEGIN!"

bred, quiet children—and the grave glance he gave me made me feel that that pink apron had put me in a false position. I shall learn some day, I hope, that it's just like touching pitch to become involved in any scheme of Talbot's.

The children were seated in two semicircular rows as I re-entered. Behind them I noticed Mrs. Craven, whose sister I used to know once, before she went to China; Mrs. Levellier; Miss Bostwick and her brother; and one or two others. Talbot was posturing before them with a large doll that he had just borrowed, apparently, from the audience.

"This entertainment is to be a play, children," he said, "about a motherless child whose father was a ringmaster and who brought her up very tenderly in the circus; only she got hurt one day, and some ladies in the audience took her away to cure her, and she was lost to

him for years. Now, Niblo, if you have the things there, I'll begin."

I put down the things and went over to shake hands with the new arrivals.

"Act One," Talbot announced. "This is at the circus, children." The children crowded. He took the doll in one hand, the whip in the other, and my high hat—which was too small for him—he perched on his head. "I am the ringmaster," he explained, and began at once telling the children how much he and the doll (his daughter) loved circus life.

"But see!" he cried, speaking, for reasons of his own, with a Franco-German accent. "Here comes zat great horse! La, la, my child, now we have the ride, is it not? Come, horsey, horsey! Put on the overcoat, Niblo; you're the horse."

I had started to take a chair, near Mr. Craven, when Talbot addressed me. "Nonsense," I said to him. Nothing was further from my intentions than to assist in his clowning.



I sat down, folded my arms, and smiled at the children. There were no answering smiles, I noticed. Talbot laid down the doll. "I'd do it alone if I could, I assure you, children," he said; "but as that is impossible, the play can't be given at all."

After a moment of silence one child began crying.

The next few moments I do not clearly remember. Hattie had been out on the piazza with two or three of the mothers who had just arrived. She and they now entered to find out what was wrong. The children began telling them, and bawling, and suddenly everybody seemed to turn on me. I have a recollection of arguing astoundedly with them, and being told I was ruining Matthew's birthday, and hearing a great confusion of talking and crying, and Hattie taking sides against me, as usual; and finally I found myself putting on the overcoat, like a man in a nightmare, and standing doggedly before Talbot while he said: "Down, horsey! down! You must not rear, pretty one. Down, so my daughter can mount."

I got down on my hands and knees. He placed the doll on my back and patted my head. I put up my hand to stop him. "That's right, hold her on," he whispered. "Now, forward, my horse! Ride, daughter! The circoos, it begin!"

In great annoyance I crept around the ring, as well as I could on my one free hand and my knees, Talbot loudly imitating a band and cracking his whip. "Faster! faster," he begged. I said I couldn't. "Ah, ladies and gentlemen," he shouted, turning to the audience, "you most help me make zis grand gentil horse go swift. Faster! fast-

er!" They all yelled "Faster!" in chorus, except, I hope, General Northman. I ground my teeth and exchanged my creeping progress for a sort of leaping kangaroo gait, with one hand paddling along in front on the carpet. Talbot danced about, whipping my overcoat tails. I don't know yet why an overcoat makes a man a horse.

"Sing, daughter!" I heard him call. "Always when you are happy, do you not sing? Come, Niblo, sing for her."

I stopped in my tracks.

"Now see here," I protested, sitting up, "I am striving to be a reasonable man, and a patient one, but I can't sing *and* gallop." ("And hold a doll on my back and wear a hot overcoat too," I might have added.)

Talbot said, "Why not?" and explained that it was necessary. It was a very important part of the plot. I asked why *he* couldn't do it, then. He said he wished to be reasonable as much



"HER SONG! AT LAST HAVE I FOUND AGAIN MY DAUGHTER!"





IN ORDER TO HAVE EVERY CHAIR STAND AT A CERTAIN ANGLE, A WOMAN WILL TOIL UNTIL UNFIT FOR HUMAN COMPANIONSHIP

as anybody, but he was already being the doll's father and a large brass-band. In short, between him and the women, I was compelled to acquiesce.

"Come on now, warble," said Talbot.

The song I first thought of was "Meet Me by Moonlight Alone," which Mrs. Craven's sister had taught me before my marriage.

"I can't think of anything at the moment," I said.

"You might give us 'Who's for the Inn?'" suggested Talbot.

"Really, Teapot," Hattie objected, "how could 'Who's for the Inn' be a small girl's song? Let Niblo sing something like 'The Little White Ba-a.'"

I couldn't say I didn't know that song, unfortunately, because Matthew has been sung to sleep with it ever since he was born. I was therefore obliged to resume my galloping, indignantly gasping out "The Little White Ba-a."

Rounding the turn by the sofa, the doll fell off.

"My daughter!" screamed Talbot. "Ah, pestilent beast, 'ave you keeled her?" The doll's owner scrambled forward. "See, see, see!" he continued;

"very kind ladies from audience will save my child. They will cure her in a lovely hospital for her father. Ladies, behold, I bow to you. End of Act One."

I took off the overcoat, exhausted.

"How many acts are there?" the audience began to call, jiggling up and down in their chairs. For sheer, malignant hard-heartedness, there's nobody like children.

"Three," said the ringmaster. "Act Two, the Road of Sighs."

The sighs in this act were furnished, with much gusto, by Talbot, who had lost track of his daughter, he said, and was

searching for her everywhere. I never saw a man enjoy himself more. My own part I needn't particularly describe. Much against my will I played the rôles of, first, a dying farmer (wearing the overcoat again, turned inside out); second, a convict (in the boy's cap and a sweater); and third, an ignorant Swede—repeatedly assuring Talbot in each of these rôles that I had neither seen nor heard of his missing daughter. Finally he consulted a soothsayer, myself, (in the green shawl), and was told to "follow her song." I then hoarsely sang "The Little White Ba-a" once more, while Talbot wept at this miraculous (he said) repetition of his lost child's favorite air.

In Act Three, Talbot had given up his wandering and become head fiddler in an orchestra. This was because his lost daughter, now grown to womanhood, was rumored to have become a prima donna, and he hoped to meet her some day in musical circles. He was old and broken, and very talkative, I thought; and he played a violin, hideously; and then, as you have guessed, I had to appear as a prima donna—in my shirt-



sleeves, decked out in that cursed pink apron with lace shoulder-straps; and stand there like an ass before all those people, and sing until Talbot cried, "Her song! Her song! At last have I found once more again my daughter!" and hugged me passionately, adding over my shoulder to the audience: "Curtain. That's the end."

Seated in my library, a little later, I waited for Hattie to finish her good-byes to the children and appear before me. She could hardly have failed, I felt, to appreciate the sacrifices I had made; and while she was in a grateful state of mind I wished to come to an understanding with her and put her on her guard against being so influenced by Talbot.

The guests departed. The sound of voices ceased. There followed the sound of chairs being put back in their places. I have learned that that is one of the sacred duties of women. In order to have every chair stand at a certain

angle, a woman will toil until unfit for human companionship.

"Niblo," I heard Hattie calling, "wouldn't you like a nice little dinner at your club to-night?"

I went to the library door and replied that I would not.

I am a man of domestic tastes; I like my home; and I don't pay a constant stream of grocery and butcher bills for the sake of dining out.

"Wasn't Teapot splendid?" Hattie went on. "I had no idea he could act so well; everybody spoke of it. We'll have to have him perform for us again."

"Hereafter," I said, "when there's any performing to be done, Matthew will do it."

"Oh, but don't say that, Niblo," she urged. "I have begun to feel lately that it's not especially good for the boy—and it's tiresome for us."

I quietly took my hat and went to the club.

## Understanding

BY ANNA ALICE CHAPIN

WHEN we are very young, and see the bird  
That craved the light fall hurt among the stones,  
And the young moth that late to life has stirred  
Die in the storm that through our garden moans:  
As though in contemplation of some blunder—  
We wonder.

When we are older, and have had some friend  
Who, we are told, has suffered and has lost;  
When we have seen a little of the trend  
Of Life, and watched the failures being tossed  
Into the past, the while Fate croons her ditty:  
Although we yet see little and know less—  
We guess.

And later, when the hours are grown to years,  
And our own wings have failed us near the light;  
And when our cheeks have learned the touch of tears,  
And our tired hearts find comfort in the night:  
Taught by the Life that leads us sure and slow—  
We know.



# The Unchanging Girl

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN



WE keep hearing that the world has changed so much; is changing so fast; and especially for girls. People wonder whether anywhere there are back-waters where children are being brought up as they used to be. The suggestion is abroad — very disquieting to a good many people — that everything in the world, including the institutions and the human beings, is about to be different from what it has been, and that the change is now in full course and going fast. Old-fashioned people are getting rattled, and begin to inspect one another, with the kind of attention that one pays to menagerie animals, as examples of a species about to become extinct.

Still, for the moment, it is permitted to deprecate these anxieties. Things do move, to be sure, but there are still considerations that may keep up hope in folks who have agreeable memories of the world as it lately was, and prefer that it should not do a lightning change into a brand-new place peopled with complete strangers. We hear of the great change in children: how differently nowadays they are taught, clothed, trained, by methods unfamiliar to most of their elders, to ends that seem hypothetical and untried. And especially the girls. We are constantly invited to predict what the girls are going to be and do and what is going to happen to the world in consequence. The old-fashioned girls got married and—well—here we are! But these new-fashioned girls that are just about to be—can our old-fashioned world be altered sufficiently to suit them? Can the venerable institution of marriage have enough tucks let out in it to be a loose enough garment for their audacious requirements? Can man be trained to be wise enough or of a sufficient submissiveness for them to marry? And when they are done, will wary young men dare to love them?

Of course, if the girls are going to be different it's a serious thing, unless the boys and all the rest of creation are nicely adjusted to the change in them. Either a sufficient proportion of the girls must match the rest of the terrestrial institution, or the institution must match the girls. Otherwise things can't go on.

I understand Mr. Cram, who built that handsome new church on Fifth Avenue, says in his book on the ruined abbeys of Great Britain that it was the monks who lived in those abbeys who really put the foundation under England and gave her such a start in the right course that she has not entirely left it yet. And the monks were celibates. Perhaps out of the contemporary ferment we shall have a crop of celibates, and especially of free and independent single ladies, who shall do a great work for our world and mightily improve it. That is a conceivable consequence of the extinction of old-fashioned children, and of girls becoming different, and of course nobody who looks about will disparage the powers of celibate ladies in the improvement of mankind.

Such as we are, however, and with all our prejudices against the notion that we are detrimental products of civilization, we lean toward the older-fashioned women to whom we owe our being, and hope, half piously and half in self-extension, that the likeness of them is not about to pass from earth. To back that hope let us seek such reassurances as there may be. And there are some. It looks on the surface as though old-fashioned children had followed the pterodactyls and dinosauruses out of life in the direction of geology, but surface appearances often fool us. Childhood is conservative. It has back of it endless generations of mankind, and processes of development akin to the processes by which the egg develops into the living creature. Such processes are cousins to instinct, and are stubborn affairs that do





*Drawn by Anna Whelan Betts*

Engraved by Frank E. Pettit

THE GOSSIP OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD



not readily yield to fashion or new conditions of life. A new baby now is no wise different from what new babies have been for time immemorial. The younger children are, the more likeness we find in them to what children were. And perhaps, so far as concerns young children,

vitality. I doubt if cat's-cradle has disappeared or ever will. Battledore and shuttlecock has probably bowed gracefully to lawn-tennis and awaits revival on a back seat, but in tennis the essentials of it are preserved. There are always novelties in the toy-shops, but the old stand-by's, the hoops and balls and marbles and skipping-ropes and blocks and dolls, are always there in force.

And the old-time interest in appearance continues without perceptible abatement. No less attention than formerly is paid to the hair of little girls, and no less pains taken to make them "look nice." Girls don't make samplers any more, but they still crochet and still knit and embroider. I know not whether little boys still occupy themselves sometimes with a cork with a hole through it, and four pins stuck in the upper rim, and contrive with that once familiar apparatus to weave colored worsteds into a wonderful tail which, curled up flat and with due stitches, made a lamp-mat. That was a good trick. I doubt

if it is taught in the public schools, but a little modern boy looking for entertainment on a rainy afternoon or a winter evening would probably take kindly to it.

Pantalets are gone, and a good rid-dance, and delightful bare brown legs of young children have emerged from them. Not even in the remotest back-water is there any longer a crinoline, which survives only on the stage in middle-of-the-nineteenth-century dramas. A bride, though, is still a bride, and glad to wear her grandmother's wedding veil, if there is one, and, though crinoline has passed



THE GRACIOUS DIVERSIONS OF THE VIRGINIA REEL

the changes in raising are more superficial than we are apt to think. Mother Goose is still a mighty popular author. Robinson Crusoe and Man Friday, Sindbad and Morgiana and Aladdin and their fellows, and Jack the Giant-killer, and all the fairies, and a lot of other old familiars keep ever moving into the new cerebral apartments of the rising generation. And the Bible, for all that people say the young don't know it, is still the best seller and more read than any other book.

As for games, they come and go and change, but the good ones have great



away, skirts have not quite gone yet, but are like the Sibyl's books in that diminution in quantity does not seem to make them cheaper or less interesting, or less necessary to provide and consider. There is no perceptible abatement yet in the interest of mothers in dressing their children. Clothes are just as important as they ever were; rather better than they used to be and quite as pretty, and, on the whole, more sensible; though as to sense, the fashions change and often seem to leave it out

Babies, then, being just the same as formerly, except that the great advance in medicine, surgery, sanitation, and such matters has improved their chances of growing up, and young children now being not so different as might be supposed from what young children used to be, one naturally wonders at what age the great changes in life (which are understood to be proceeding in this generation) begin to touch the girls and make them different. I inquired about that of an expert man who has to do with the training of the young, and always has a lot of them convenient for observation during their pupilage. "When," said I, "do the modern girls begin to feel the influence of their times and begin to be different from their grandmothers at their age?"



BATTLEDORE AND SHUTTLECOCK

He deliberated. "At about forty."  
"Then you don't see any change in



CAT'S-CRADLE WILL NEVER DISAPPEAR



young girls and young women? You've known them by the hundred, intimately and over long periods of time, studied them more than anything else for nearly half a lifetime, and you say the new girls are just the same as the old?"

"Yes; just the same. The fashions

is to be something that woman never was before. But that's a mistake. The girls don't change. They are just the same they always were, and they will keep on being so."

"And the New Woman?"

"Why, bless you! the New Woman is

just the old woman in a new bonnet, adjusted more or less to enormous changes in the physical and mental apparatus of the world, learned in new branches, a reader of newspapers and many books full of undigested suggestion, unedifying quotation, and very doubtful assertion. She used to ride on a pillion; now she rides in a motor-car, and often drives it herself. Of course she goes faster than she did. So does all the world. She keeps her place in an advancing line—that's all. Her relation to life has not changed, but it would have changed unless she had kept up with the times. We men are not the duplicates of our grandfathers.



THE ETERNAL FEMINE

change, but the girls don't. Sports have changed a little; studies have changed; but the girls haven't. They are still the same girls, and do things very much as they always did, albeit they do different things now from what their grandmothers did. Their grandmothers, also, in their day did different things from what *their* grandmothers did. The conditions of life change; employments change; education follows new fashions; new opportunities offer, old ones dwindle in importance; the girls as they come along take up the newer fashions in all things. That makes them look different, and people think they are changed, and are going to change still more, and that there is going to be the New Woman who

Where would we be, where find companions, if our contemporary women were just their grandmothers over again? They are their grandmothers modernized, as they should be, as they must be; and so fitted to sustain the same relations to life in this century as their grandmothers did to the last.

"Don't worry about the New Woman. Of course there are individual women now, as there always have been, who have strong impulses and the strength to follow them, and are pioneers for good or bad, and attain to starry crowns or come tremendous croppers. But the average, the standard, woman is not new and is not going to be. She is the same woman as heretofore, a conservative





*Drawn by Anna Whelan Betts*

Engraved by Nelson Demarest

WEAVING COLORED WORSTEDS INTO A WONDERFUL TAIL





WATCHING FOR THE POSTMAN

force like church or constitution or anything that has come down from old times, but she moves with the procession as she ought to."

I give you the impressions of this observer for what they are worth. Perhaps on another day they would have been different impressions. I find that my own are a good deal affected by the season and the weather, and on good days I am sure the girls will stay by us, and on bad ones I am apprehensive that they will bolt. No doubt they also have different moods about it, and at times give up mankind entirely, and are all for the independent life, and again relent and feel that there are better ways to warm cold hands than to sit on them. In all these matters that concern human relations we have to allow for the ebb and flow of feelings, and I think that just now we should also allow for the enormous contemporary development of the apparatus of vociferation. Time was when the still, small voice had a say. Now it is apt to be drowned out by the vast din of words in type. Think

of the steady clatter of the printing-presses,—thousands of them—printing from whirling rolls of paper, and not, as formerly, on one sheet at a time! Think of the presses and of the minds that feed them; what sort of minds they are—how wise, how far furnished with truths to impart, how far "speeded up" because the rollers are turning and must be fed! How far do modern newspapers reflect modern life, and how far are our impressions of modern life merely the reflections of modern newspapers? I could almost believe that the whole contemporary unrest of women is an extravaganza put out on the great stage of the world by newspapers and magazines, and that presently the curtain will drop on it and we shall forget that it ever was. I could almost believe that, but not quite; but it is true enough that, thanks to cheap paper, rotary presses, and cheap postage, shrill voices carry vastly farther than they did, and individual disturbance is able to assume the tones of a convulsion of nature.

Probably the old-fashioned child, if



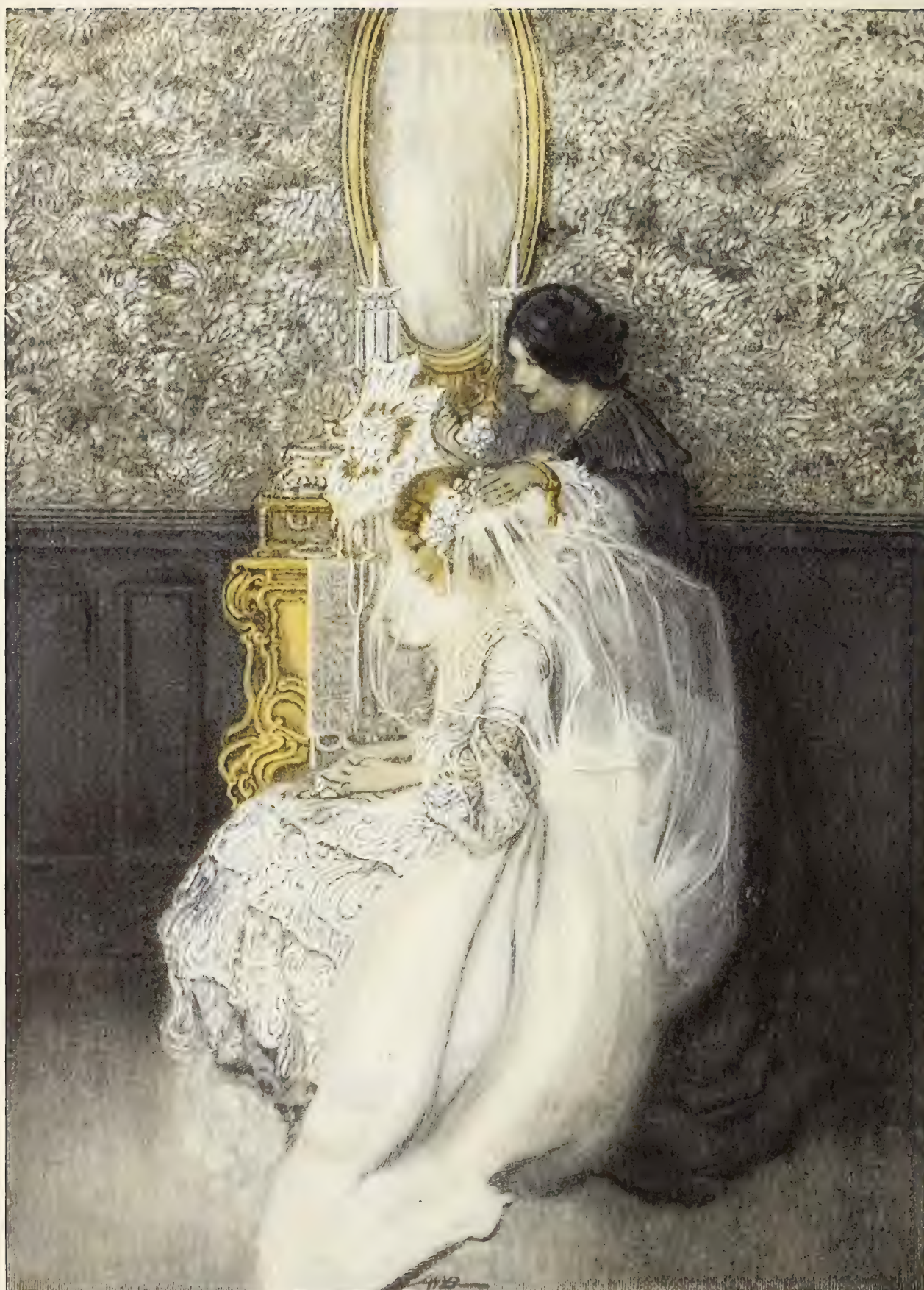


*Drawn by Anna Whelan Belts*

Engraved by F. A. Pettit

A BLUSTERY DAY FOR CRINOLINES





*Drawn by Anna Whelan Betts*

Engraved by F. A. Pettit

GRANDMOTHER'S WEDDING VEIL



we allowed her a few hours of preparation in a department store, would find herself less a stranger in our contemporary world than we think. When I started out of my own haughty front door this very afternoon two of the three nine-year-old young ladies who were occupying my proud brown-stone doorstep arose to let me pass. The third also started to rise, but I restrained her. She had a baby in her lap, as did one of the others. None of them resides with me. I think they reside hard by on Third Avenue, but they find my front steps more commodious than their own, and the air of our block better for their babies. They and their sisters come daily, after school-hours, when the weather is propitious, and it is a relief and a protection to have them, because while they are there the boys, who are much more destructive, cannot occupy our steps. They seem entirely old-fashioned. Maybe it is because they do not yet read the papers very much. Some of them are even polite and seem to attend when I beg them not to scatter apple-skins on our steps; and one bright-eyed taller girl, with whom yesterday I discussed the prevailing habit of keeping game-scores on our basement wall in colored chalks, was very encouraging in her responsiveness.

These children are old-fashioned under difficulties, for they have no really suitable place to play (though there are worse playgrounds than an asphalt pavement) and no animals except babies to play with. We should all be better, I think, and more contented if we associated more with animals. They are perfectly old-fashioned; they do not read the newspapers and they do not want to vote. They have other delightful virtues which Walt Whitman has enumerated. They think so much better of us than we are that it is an encouragement. They give so much to us in proportion to what they get that it shames our poor generousities. I respect considerably the idea that God made them to be, not exactly an example to us, but a suggestion.

"Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the mania for owning things.

"Not one is respectable or unhappy over the whole earth."

I suppose they will continue to live in our changing world in spite of machinery, and we will have the benefit of their society. We have the habit of eating some of them, which is a very painful thought, but insures their continuance. Think what could be said in the newspapers of our terrible habit of killing and eating the kind and seemly animals, if it could be brought into politics or it paid anybody to take it up. Mr. Bernard Shaw disapproves of it, I believe, but it is not a topic on which as yet he has enlarged very much. Think how easy it would be to demonstrate the machinations of the wicked Meat Trust to rivet the animal diet on society, just as the armament-makers are supposed to machinate to keep up war! But since we seem to be carnivorous we keep right on eating meat, and I suppose a good many of our other habits will keep right along in spite of enormous ink-sheds of remonstrance and expostulation, because we are so contrived.

We are all old-fashioned; fashioned long, long ago, with inbred needs so imperative that the satisfaction of them in some degree is the very price of life. People talk and write about men and women as though they were so much putty, that could be pinched into any new shape that was promised in a successful "platform" and voted by a reform legislature.

Not much!

Men and women were not made by hands nor made of putty. They are very tough, old-fashioned products, who have in them what was put there and must work it out according to laws which it is their business to discover. They cannot be repealed, those laws; they cannot be evaded; there is no escape from them; no recall of them by ever so large a vote; nothing to do but to discover and obey them.

And those great laws of life are our final defense against all ill-considered novelties. The novelties may make an immense din; they may cause a vast deal of temporary trouble, and "temporary" may be a word centuries long in the great affairs of human life. But only as novelties are truer to the great laws than the measures and customs they supplant can they prosper and endure.



Innovators can never upset the world. They did not make it. They can make a mess of things for a time; they can contribute to ends which they could not imagine, but in the long run the Great Mind has its way, and the lesser ones come to blight or honor according as they go that way or not.

Does it sound procrustean, this idea of mankind turned loose on the earth inevitably subject to immutable laws which it only partially comprehends? Does it seem like a story of rats in a trap? Perhaps so to the desperate and the blind in spirit. But as one comes to better knowledge of the great laws of life his conception of them changes, and he sees them more and more, not as cruel restraints, but as defenses of the glorious liberties of men, by obedience to which, and not otherwise, we may climb to all the heights there are; heights far beyond our present ken, and where as yet no human footprints seem to lead.

I suppose that is why the minds of men who have got what they would of the material things, and tried most of the ordinary experiments in the pursuit of joy, turn so often in the end to knowledge as the thing above all others to be desired, and the search for which is most useful to promote.

There are two great branches of knowledge: that which works to make the earth a fit abode for man, and that which works to make man fit to live in his abode. In both of them current progress seems amazingly rapid, and the progress in one helps progress in the other. But at any given time progress in one branch may outrun the record in the other, and things for a time may go lopsided in consequence. The case just now seems to be the one where material development has outrun spiritual and political development, and there is a scramble to bring the inhabitants of earth abreast of their

new opportunities and to fit them for the fuller life and broader liberties which lie ready to all hands that are fit to grasp them. In that scramble there are bound to be many false starts, much doubting of sound principles, much experiment with unsound ones. People pull apart who ought to pull together; people pull together who belong apart. But all the time the great movement is forward; a great charge of humanity up the heights; a charge in which many will fall and many be trampled on, but in which great numbers and great courage and devotion press on to attainment, and surely will attain much, for there is no great check in sight.

But that great, motley host is no army of new recruits. In it is all the best human substance that ever has been; all the courage and the wisdom of the centuries; the courage to drive on, the wisdom to direct and often to restrain. We must not tremble at modern life, for it is the same old life we have always known and read about, but traveling now on a new bit of road. If in its current development the powers of advancement seem to have outrun the powers of regulation, that is only a passing appearance, for they are geared together and both are equally a part of our inheritance.

And as the special need of the time is for development of that branch of knowledge which works to make men fit to live on earth, the great activity of women is the more readily understandable, for it is in that great province that their more important domain lies, and in that that their more important abilities are indispensable. New duties come to them of course; new thoughts assail and new decisions await them, but no new fashion can last that will swerve them from womanhood or leave the world unmothered.





# Coronation

BY MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN



JIM BENNET had never married. He had passed middle life, and possessed considerable property. Susan Adkins kept house for him. She was a widow, and a very distant relative. Jim had two nieces, his brother's daughters. One, Alma Beecher, was married; the other, Amanda, was not. The nieces had naïvely grasping views concerning their uncle and his property. They stated freely that they considered him unable to care for it; that a guardian should be appointed, and the property be theirs at once. They consulted Lawyer Thomas Hopkinson with regard to it; they discoursed at length upon what they claimed to be an idiosyncrasy of Jim's, denoting failing mental powers. "He keeps a perfect slew of cats, and has a coal fire for them in the woodshed all winter," said Amanda.

"Why in thunder shouldn't he keep a fire in the woodshed if he wants to?" demanded Hopkinson. "I know of no law against it. And there isn't a law in the country regulating the number of cats a man can keep." Thomas Hopkinson, who was an old friend of Jim's, gave his prominent chin an upward jerk as he sat in his office arm-chair before his clients.

"There is something besides cats," said Alma.

"What?"

"He talks to himself."

"What in creation do you expect the poor man to do? He can't talk to Susan Adkins about a blessed thing except tidies and pincushions. That woman hasn't a thought in her mind outside her soul's salvation and fancy-work. Jim has to talk once in a while to keep himself a man. What if he does talk to himself? I talk to myself. Next thing you will want to be appointed guardian over me, Amanda." Hopkin-

son was a bachelor, and Amanda flushed angrily.

"He wasn't what I call even gentlemanly," she told Alma, when the two were on their way home.

"I suppose Tom Hopkinson thought you were setting your cap at him," retorted Alma. She relished the dignity of her married state, and enjoyed giving her spinster sister little claws when occasion called. However, Amanda had a temper of her own, and she could claw back.

"You needn't talk," said she. "You only took Joe Beecher when you had given up getting anybody better. You wanted Tom Hopkinson yourself. I haven't forgotten that blue silk dress you got and wore to meeting. You needn't talk. You know you got that dress just to make Tom look at you, and he didn't. You needn't talk."

"I wouldn't have married Tom Hopkinson if he had been the only man on the face of the earth," declared Alma, with dignity; but she colored hotly.

Amanda sniffed. "Well, as near as I can find out, Uncle Jim can go on talking to himself and keeping cats, and we can't do anything," said she.

When the two women were home, they told Alma's husband, Joe Beecher, about their lack of success. They were quite heated with their walk and excitement. "I call it a shame," said Alma. "Anybody knows that poor Uncle Jim would be better off with a guardian."

"Of course," said Amanda. "What man that had a grain of horse sense would do such a crazy thing as to keep a coal fire in a woodshed?"

"For such a slew of cats, too," said Alma, nodding fiercely.

Alma's husband, Joe Beecher, spoke timidly and undecidedly in the defense. "You know," he said, "that Mrs. Adkins wouldn't have those cats in the house, and cats mostly like to sit round where it's warm."



His wife regarded him. Her nose wrinkled. "I suppose next thing *you'll* be wanting to have a cat round where it's warm, right under my feet, with all I have to do," said she. Her voice had an actual acidity of sound.

Joe gasped. He was a large man with a constant expression of wondering inquiry. It was the expression of his babyhood; he had never lost it, and it was an expression which revealed truly the state of his mind. Always had Joe Beecher wondered, first of all at finding himself in the world at all, then at the various happenings of existence. He probably wondered more about the fact of his marriage with Alma Bennet than anything else, although he never betrayed his wonder. He was always painfully anxious to please his wife, of whom he stood in awe. Now he hastened to reply: "Why, no, Alma; of course I won't."

"Because," said Alma, "I haven't come to my time of life, through all the trials I've had, to be taking any chances of breaking my bones over any miserable, furry, four-footed animal that wouldn't catch a mouse if one run right under her nose."

"I don't want any cat," repeated Joe, miserably. His fear and awe of the two women increased. When his sister-in-law turned upon him, he fairly cringed. "Cats!" said Amanda. Then she sniffed. The sniff was worse than speech. Joe repeated in a mumble that he didn't want any cats, and went out, closing the door softly after him, as he had been taught. However, he was entirely sure, in the depths of his subjugated masculine mind, that his wife and her sister had no legal authority whatever to interfere with their uncle's right to keep a hundred coal fires in his woodshed, for a thousand cats. He always had an inner sense of glee when he heard the two women talk over the matter. Once Amanda had declared that she did not believe that Tom Hopkinson knew much about law, anyway.

"He seems to stand pretty high," Joe ventured, with the utmost mildness.

"Yes, he does," admitted Alma, grudgingly.

"It does not follow he knows law," persisted Amanda, "and it *may* follow

that he likes cats. There was that great Maltese tommy brushing round all the time we were in his office, but I didn't dare shoo him off for fear it might be against the law." Amanda laughed, a very disagreeable little laugh. Joe said nothing, but inwardly he chuckled. It was the cause of man with man. He realized a great, even affectionate, understanding of Jim.

The day after his nieces had visited the lawyer's office, Jim was preparing to call on his friend Edward Hayward, the minister. Before leaving he looked carefully after the fire in the woodshed. The stove was large. Jim piled on the coal, regardless outwardly that his housekeeper, Susan Adkins, had slammed the kitchen door to indicate her contempt. Inwardly Jim felt hurt, but he had felt hurt so long from the same cause that the sensation had become chronic, and was borne with a gentle patience. Moreover, there was something which troubled him more and was the reason for his contemplated call on his friend. He evened the coals on the fire with great care, and replenished from the pail in the ice-box the cats' saucers. There was a circle of clean white saucers around the stove. Jim owned many cats; counting the kittens, there were probably over twenty. Mrs. Adkins counted them in the sixties. "Those sixty-seven cats," she said.

Jim often gave away cats when he was confident of securing good homes, but supply exceeded the demand. Now and then tragedies took place in that woodshed. Susan Adkins came bravely to the front upon these occasions. Quite convinced was Susan Adkins that she had a good home, and it behooved her to keep it, and she did not in the least object to drowning, now and then, a few very young kittens. She did this with neatness and despatch while Jim walked to the store on an errand and was supposed to know nothing about it. There was simply not enough room in his woodshed for the accumulation of cats, although his heart could have held all.

That day, as he poured out the milk, cats of all ages and sizes and colors purred in a softly padding multitude around his feet, and he regarded them





*Drawn by Walter Biggs.*

"YOU NEEDN'T TALK. YOU WANTED TOM HOPKINSON YOURSELF"







with love. There were tiger cats, Maltese cats, black-and-white cats, black cats and white cats, tommies and females, and his heart leaped to meet the pleading mews of all. The saucers were surrounded. Little pink tongues lapped. "Pretty pussy! pretty pussy!" cooed Jim, addressing them in general. He put on his overcoat and hat, which he kept on a peg behind the door. Jim had an arm-chair in the woodshed. He always sat there when he smoked; Susan Adkins demurred at his smoking in the house, which she kept so nice, and Jim did not dream of rebellion. He never questioned the right of a woman to bar tobacco smoke from a house. Before leaving he refilled some of the saucers. He was not sure that all of the cats were there; some might be afield, hunting, and he wished them to find refreshment when they returned. He stroked the splendid striped back of a great tiger tommy which filled his arm-chair. This cat was his special pet. He fastened the outer shed door with a bit of rope in order that it might not blow entirely open, and yet allow his feline friends to pass, should they choose. Then he went out.

The day was clear, with a sharp breath of frost. The fields gleamed with frost, offering to the eye a fine shimmer as of diamond-dust under the brilliant blue sky, overspread in places with a dapple of little white clouds. "White frost and mackerel sky; going to be falling weather," Jim said, aloud, as he went out of the yard, crunching the crisp grass under heel. Susan Adkins at a window saw his lips moving. His talking to himself made her nervous, although it did not render her distrustful of his sanity. It was fortunate that Susan had not told Jim that she disliked his habit. In that case he would have deprived himself of that slight solace; he would not have dreamed of opposing Susan's wishes. Jim had a great pity for the nervous whims, as he regarded them, of women—a pity so intense and tender that it verged on respect and veneration. He passed his nieces' house on the way to the minister's, and both were looking out of windows and saw his lips moving. "There he goes, talking to himself like a crazy loon," said

Amanda. Alma nodded. Jim went on, blissfully unconscious. He talked in a quiet monotone; only now and then his voice rose; only now and then there were accompanying gestures. Jim had a straight mile down the broad village street to walk before he reached the church and the parsonage beside it.

Jim and the minister had been friends since boyhood. They were graduates and classmates of the same college. Jim had had unusual educational advantages for a man coming from a simple family. The front door of the parsonage flew open when Jim entered the gate, and the minister stood there smiling. He was a tall, thin man with a wide mouth, which either smiled charmingly or was set with severity. He was as brown and dry as a wayside weed which winter had subdued as to bloom but could not entirely prostrate with all its icy storms and compelling blasts. Jim, advancing eagerly toward the warm welcome in the door, was a small man, and bent at that, but he had a handsome old face, with the rose of youth on the cheeks and the light of youth in the blue eyes, and the quick changes of youth, before emotions, about the mouth.

"Hullo, Jim!" cried Dr. Edward Hayward. Hayward, for a doctor of divinity, was considered somewhat lacking in dignity at times; still, he was Dr. Hayward, and the failing was condoned. Moreover, he was a Hayward, and the Haywards had been, from the memory of the oldest inhabitant, the great people of the village. Dr. Hayward's house was presided over by his widowed cousin, a lady of enough dignity to make up for any lack of it in the minister. There were three servants, besides the old butler who had been Hayward's attendant when he had been a young man in college. Village people were proud of their minister, with his degree and what they considered an imposing household retinue.

Hayward led, and Jim followed, to the least pretentious room in the house—not the study proper, which was lofty, book-lined, and leather-furnished, curtained with broad sweeps of crimson damask, but a little shabby place back of it, accessible by a narrow door. The little room was lined with shelves; they



held few books, but a collection of queer and dusty things—strange weapons, minerals, odds and ends—which the minister loved and with which his lady cousin never interfered. "Louisa," Hayward had told his cousin when she entered upon her post, "do as you like with the whole house, but let my little study alone. Let it look as if it had been stirred up with a garden-rake—that little room is my territory, and no disgrace to you, my dear, if the dust rises in clouds at every step."

Jim was as fond of the little room as his friend. He entered and sighed a great sigh of satisfaction as he sank into the shabby, dusty hollow of a large chair before the hearth fire. Immediately a black cat leaped into his lap, gazed at him with green-jewel eyes, worked her paws, purred, settled into a coil, and slept. Jim lit his pipe and threw the match blissfully on the floor. Dr. Hayward set an electric coffee-urn at its work, for the little room was a curious mixture of the comfortable old and the comfortable modern.

"Sam shall serve our luncheon in here," he said, with a staid glee. Jim nodded happily. "Louisa will not mind," said Hayward. "She is precise, but she has a fine regard for the rights of the individual, which is most commendable." He seated himself in a companion chair to Jim's, lit his own pipe, and threw the match on the floor. Occasionally, when the minister was out, Sam, without orders so to do, cleared the floor of matches.

Hayward smoked and regarded his friend, who looked troubled despite his comfort. "What is it, Jim?" asked the minister at last.

"I don't know how to do what is right for me to do," replied the little man, and his face, turned toward his friend, had the puzzled earnestness of a child. Hayward laughed. It was easily seen that his was the keener mind. In natural endowments there had never been equality, although there was great similarity of tastes. Jim, despite his education, often lapsed into the homely vernacular of which he heard so much. An involuntarily imitative man in externals was Jim, but essentially an original. Jim proceeded.

"You know, Edward, I have never been one to complain," he said, with an almost boyish note of apology.

"Never complained half enough; that's the trouble," returned the other.

"Well, I overheard something Mis' Adkins said to Mis' Amos Trimmer the other afternoon. Mis' Trimmer was calling on Mis' Adkins. I couldn't help overhearing, unless I went outdoors, and it was snowing and I had a cold. I wasn't listening."

"Had a right to listen if you wanted to," declared Hayward, irascibly.

"Well, I couldn't help it, unless I went outdoors. Mis' Adkins, she was in the kitchen making light-bread for supper, and Mis' Trimmer had sat right down there with her. Mis' Adkins' kitchen is as clean as a parlor, anyway. Mis' Adkins said to Mis' Trimmer, speaking of me—because Mis' Trimmer had just asked where I was and Mis' Adkins had said I was out in the woodshed sitting with the cats and smoking—Mis' Adkins said, 'He's just a door-mat, that's what he is.' Then Mis' Trimmer says, 'The way he lets folks ride over him beats me.' Then Mis' Adkins says again, 'He's nothing but a door-mat. He lets everybody that wants to just trample on him and grind their dust into him, and he acts real pleased and grateful.'"

Hayward's face flushed. "Did Mrs. Adkins mention that she was one of the people who used you for a door-mat?" he demanded.

Jim threw back his head and laughed like a child, with the sweetest sense of unresentful humor. "Lord bless my soul, Edward," replied Jim, "I don't believe she ever thought of that."

"And at that very minute you, with a hard cold, were sitting out in that draughty shed smoking, because she wouldn't allow you to smoke in your own house?"

"I don't mind that, Edward," said Jim, and laughed again.

"Could you see to read your paper out there, with only that little shed window? And don't you like to read your paper while you smoke?"

"Oh yes," admitted Jim; "but my! I don't mind little things like that! Mis' Adkins is only a poor widow woman, and



keeping my house nice and not having it smell of tobacco is all she's got. They can talk about women's rights—I feel as if they ought to have them fast enough, if they want them, poor things; a woman has a hard row to hoe, and will have, if she gets all the rights in creation. But I guess the rights they'd find it hardest to give up would be the rights to have men look after them just a little more than they look after other men, just because they are women. When I think of Annie Berry—the girl I was going to marry, you know, if she hadn't died—I feel as if I couldn't do enough for another woman. Lord! I'm glad to sit out in the woodshed and smoke. Mis' Adkins is pretty good-natured to stand all the cats."

Then the coffee boiled, and Hayward poured out cups for Jim and himself. He had a little silver service at hand, and willow-ware cups and saucers. Presently Sam appeared, and Hayward gave orders concerning luncheon. "Tell Miss Louisa we are to have it served here," said he, "and mind, Sam, the chops are to be thick and cooked the way we like them; and don't forget the East India chutney, Sam."

"It does seem rather a pity that you cannot have chutney at home with your chops, when you are so fond of it," remarked Hayward when Sam had gone.

"Mis' Adkins says it will give me liver trouble, and she isn't strong enough to nurse."

"So you have to eat her ketchup?"

"Well, she doesn't put seasoning in it," admitted Jim. "But Mis' Adkins doesn't like seasoning herself, and I don't mind."

"And I know the chops are never cut thick, the way we like them."

"Mis' Adkins likes her meat well done, and she can't get such thick chops well done. I suppose our chops are rather thin, but I don't mind."

"Beefsteak and chops, both cut thin, and fried up like sole leather. I know!" said Dr. Hayward, and he stamped his foot with unregenerate force.

"I don't mind a bit, Edward."

"You ought to mind, when it is your own house, and you buy the food and pay your housekeeper. It is an outrage!"

"I don't mind, really, Edward."

Dr. Hayward regarded Jim with a curious expression compounded of love, of anger, and contempt. "Any more talk of legal proceedings?" he asked, brusquely.

Jim flushed. "Tom ought not to tell of that."

"Yes, he ought; he ought to tell it all over town. He doesn't, but he ought. It is an outrage! Here you have been all these years supporting your nieces, and they are working away like field-mice, burrowing under your generosity, trying to get a chance to take action and appropriate your property and have you put under a guardian."

"I don't mind a bit," said Jim; "but—"

The other man looked inquiringly at him, and, seeing a pitiful working of his friend's face, he jumped up and got a little jar from a shelf. "We will drop the whole thing until we have had our chops and chutney," said he. "You are right; it is not worth minding. Here is a new brand of tobacco I want you to try. I don't half like it, myself, but you may." Jim, with a pleased smile, reached out for the tobacco, and the two men smoked until Sam brought the luncheon. It was well cooked and well served on an antique table. Jim was thoroughly happy. It was not until the luncheon was over and another pipe smoked that the troubled, perplexed expression returned to his face.

"Now," said Hayward, "out with it!"

"It is only the old affair about Alma and Amanda, but now it has taken on a sort of new aspect."

"What do you mean by a new aspect?"

"It seems," said Jim, slowly, "as if they were making it so I couldn't do for them."

Hayward stamped his foot. "That does sound new," he said, dryly. "I never thought Alma Beecher or Amanda Bennet ever objected to have you do for them."

"Well," said Jim, "perhaps they don't now, but they want me to do it in their own way. They don't want to feel as if I was giving and they taking; they want it to seem the other way round. You see, if I were to deed over my



property to them, and then they allowance me, they would feel as if they were doing the giving."

"Jim, you wouldn't be such a fool as that?"

"No, I wouldn't," replied Jim, simply. "They wouldn't know how to take care of it, and Mis' Adkins would be left to shift for herself. Joe Beecher is real good-hearted, but he always lost every dollar he touched. No, there wouldn't be any sense in that. I don't mean to give in, but I do feel pretty well worked up over it."

"What have they said to you?"

Jim hesitated.

"Out with it, now. One thing you may be sure of: nothing that you can tell me will alter my opinion of your two nieces for the worse. As for poor Joe Beecher, there is no opinion, one way or the other. What did they say?"

Jim regarded his friend with a curiously sweet, far-off expression. "Edward," he said, "sometimes I believe that the greatest thing a man's friends can do for him is to drive him into a corner with God; to be so unjust to him that they make him understand that God is all that mortal man is meant to have, and that is why he finds out that most people, especially the ones he does for, don't care for him."

Hayward looked solemnly and tenderly at the other's almost rapt face. "You are right, I suppose, old man," said he; "but what did they do?"

"They called me in there about a week ago and gave me an awful talking to."

"About what?"

Jim looked at his friend with dignity. "They were two women talking, and they went into little matters not worth repeating," said he. "All is—they seemed to blame me for everything I had ever done for them, and for everything I had ever done, anyway. They seemed to blame me for being born and living, and, most of all, for doing anything for them."

"It is an outrage!" declared Hayward. "Can't you see it?"

"I can't seem to see anything plain about it," returned Jim, in a bewildered way. "I always supposed a man had to do something bad to be given a talk-

ing to; but it isn't so much that, and I don't bear any malice against them. They are only two women, and they are nervous. What worries me is, they do need things, and they can't get on and be comfortable unless I do for them; but if they are going to feel that way about it, it seems to cut me off from doing, and that does worry me, Edward."

The other man stamped. "Jim Bennet," he said, "they have talked, and now I am going to."

"You, Edward?"

"Yes, I am. It is entirely true what those two women, Susan Adkins and Mrs. Trimmer, said about you. You *are* a door-mat, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself for it. A man should be a man, and not a door-mat. It is the worst thing in the world for people to walk over him and trample him. It does them much more harm than it does him. In the end the trampler is much worse off than the trampled upon. Jim Bennet, your being a door-mat may cost other people their souls' salvation. You are selfish in the grain to be a door-mat."

Jim turned pale. His childlike face looked suddenly old with his mental effort to grasp the other's meaning. In fact, he was a child—one of the little ones of the world—although he had lived the span of a man's life. Now one of the hardest problems of the elders of the world was presented to him. "You mean—" he said, faintly.

"I mean, Jim, that for the sake of other people, if not for your own sake, you ought to stop being a door-mat and be a man in this world of men."

"What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to go straight to those nieces of yours and tell them the truth. You know what your wrongs are as well as I do. You know what those two women are as well as I do. They keep the letter of the Ten Commandments—that is right. They attend my church—that is right. They scour the outside of the platter until it is bright enough to blind those people who don't understand them; but inwardly they are petty, ravening wolves of greed and ingratitude. Go and tell them; they don't know themselves. Show them what they are. It is your Christian duty."





*Drawn by Walter Biggs.*

THE TWO MEN SMOKED UNTIL SAM BROUGHT THE LUNCHEON







"You don't mean for me to stop doing for them?"

"I certainly do mean just that—for a while, anyway."

"They can't possibly get along, Edward; they will suffer."

"They have a little money, haven't they?"

"Only a little in savings-bank. The interest pays their taxes."

"And you gave them that?"

Jim colored.

"Very well, their taxes are paid for this year; let them use that money. They will not suffer, except in their feelings, and that is where they ought to suffer. Man, you would spoil all the work of the Lord by your selfish tenderness toward sinners!"

"They aren't sinners."

"Yes, they are—spiritual sinners, the worst kind in the world. Now—"

"You don't mean for me to go now?"

"Yes, I do—now. If you don't go now, you never will. Then, afterward, I want you to go home and sit in your best parlor and smoke, and have all your cats in there, too."

Jim gasped. "But, Edward! Mis' Adkins—"

"I don't care about Mrs. Adkins. She isn't as bad as the rest, but she needs her little lesson, too."

"Edward, the way that poor woman works to keep the house nice—and she don't like the smell of tobacco smoke."

"Never mind whether she likes it or not. You smoke."

"And she don't like cats."

"Never mind. Now, you go."

Jim stood up. There was a curious change in his rosy, childlike face. There was a species of quickening. He looked at once older and more alert. His friend's words had charged him as with electricity. When he went down the street he looked taller.

Amanda Bennet and Alma Beecher, sitting sewing at their street windows, made this mistake.

"That isn't Uncle Jim," said Amanda. "That man is a head taller, but he looks a little like him."

"It can't be Uncle Jim," agreed Alma. Then both started. "It is Uncle Jim, and he is coming here," said Amanda.

Jim entered. Nobody except himself,

his nieces, and Joe Beecher ever knew exactly what happened, what was the aspect of the door-mat erected to human life, of the worm turned to menace. It must have savored of horror, as do all meek and down-trodden things when they gain, driven to bay, the strength to do battle. It must have savored of the godlike, when the man who had borne with patience, dignity, and sorrow for them the stings of lesser things because they were lesser things, at last arose and revealed himself superior, with a great height of the spirit, with the power to crush.

When Jim stopped talking and went home, two pale, shocked faces of women gazed after him from the windows. Joe Beecher was sobbing like a child. Finally his wife turned her frightened face upon him, glad to have still some one to intimidate.

"For goodness' sake, Joe Beecher, stop crying like a baby," said she, but she spoke in a queer whisper, for her lips were stiff.

Joe stood up and made for the door.

"Where are you going?" asked his wife.

"Going to get a job somewhere," replied Joe, and went. Soon the women saw him driving a neighbor's cart up the street.

"He's going to cart gravel for John Leach's new sidewalk!" gasped Alma.

"Why don't you stop him?" cried her sister. "You can't have your husband driving a tip-cart for John Leach. Stop him, Alma!"

"I can't stop him," moaned Alma. "I don't feel as if I could stop anything."

Her sister gazed at her, and the same expression was on both faces, making them more than sisters of the flesh. Both saw before them a stern boundary wall against which they might press in vain for the rest of their lives, and both saw the same sins of their hearts.

Meantime Jim Bennet was seated in his best parlor and Susan Adkins was whispering to Mrs. Trimmer out in the kitchen.

"I don't know whether he's gone stark, staring mad or not," whispered Susan, "but he's in the parlor smoking his worst old pipe, and that big tiger tommy is sitting in his lap, and he's let



in all the other cats, and they're nosing round, and I don't dare drive 'em out. I took up the broom, then I put it away again. I never knew Mr. Bennet to act so. I can't think what's got into him."

"Did he say anything?"

"No, he didn't say much of anything, but he said it in a way that made my flesh fairly creep. Says he, 'As long as this is my house and my furniture and my cats, Mis' Adkins, I think I'll sit down in the parlor, where I can see to read my paper, and smoke at the same time.' Then he holds the kitchen door open, and he calls, 'Kitty, kitty, kitty!' and that great tiger tommy comes in with his tail up, rubbing round his legs, and all the other cats followed after. I shut the door before these last ones got into the parlor." Susan Adkins regarded malevolently the three tortoiseshell cats of three generations and various stages of growth, one Maltese settled in a purring round of comfort with four kittens, and one perfectly black cat, which sat glaring at her with beryl-colored eyes.

"That black cat looks evil," said Mrs. Trimmer.

"Yes, he does. I don't know why I didn't drown him when he was a kitten."

"Why didn't you drown all those Malty kittens?"

"The old cat hid them away until they were too big. Then he wouldn't let me. What do you suppose has come to him? Just smell that awful pipe!"

"Men do take queer streaks every now and then," said Mrs. Trimmer. "My husband used to, and he was as good as they make 'em, poor man. He would eat sugar on his beefsteak, for one thing. The first time I saw him do it I was scared. I thought he was plum crazy, but afterward I found out it was just because he was a man, and his ma hadn't wanted him to eat sugar when he was a boy. Mr. Bennet will get over it."

"He don't act as if he would."

"Oh yes, he will. Jim Bennet never stuck to anything but being Jim Bennet for very long in his life, and this ain't being Jim Bennet."

"He is a very good man," said Susan, with a somewhat apologetic tone.

"He's too good."

"He's too good to cats."

"Seems to me he's too good to 'most everybody. Think what he has done for Amanda and Alma, and how they act!"

"Yes, they are ungrateful and real mean to him; and I feel sometimes as if I would like to tell them just what I think of them," said Susan Adkins. "Poor man, there he is, studying all the time what he can do for people, and he don't get very much himself."

Mrs. Trimmer arose to take leave. She had a long, sallow face, capable of a sarcastic smile. "Then," said she, "if I were you I wouldn't begrudge him a chair in the parlor and a chance to read and smoke and hold a pussy-cat."

"Who said I was begrudging it? I can air out the parlor when he's got over the notion."

"Well, he will, so you needn't worry," said Mrs. Trimmer. As she went down the street she could see Jim's profile beside the parlor window, and she smiled her sarcastic smile, which was not altogether unpleasant. "He's stopped smoking, and he ain't reading," she told herself. "It won't be very long before he's Jim Bennet again."

But it was longer than she anticipated, for Jim's will was propped by Edward Hayward's. Edward kept Jim to his standpoint for weeks, until a few days before Christmas. Then came self-assertion, that self-assertion of negation which was all that Jim possessed in such a crisis. He called upon Dr. Hayward; the two were together in the little study for nearly an hour, and talk ran high, then Jim prevailed.

"It's no use, Edward," he said; "a man can't be made over when he's cut and dried in one fashion, the way I am. Maybe I'm doing wrong, but to me it looks like doing right, and there's something in the Bible about every man having his own right and wrong. If what you say is true, and I am hindering the Lord Almighty in His work, then it is for Him to stop me. He can do it. But meantime I've got to go on doing the way I always have. Joe has been trying to drive that tip-cart, and the horse ran away with him twice. Then he let the cart fall on his foot and mash one of his toes, and he can hardly get





*Drawn by Walter Biggs.*

SMOKING IN THE PARLOR, WHERE HE HAD LET IN ALL THE CATS



round, and Amanda and Alma don't dare touch that money in the bank for fear of not having enough to pay the taxes next year in case I don't help them. They only had a little money on hand when I gave them that talking to, and Christmas is 'most here, and they haven't got things they really need. Amanda's coat that she wore to meeting last Sunday didn't look very warm to me, and poor Alma had her furs chewed up by the Leach dog, and she's going without any. They need lots of things. And poor Mis' Adkins is 'most sick with tobacco smoke. I can see it, though she doesn't say anything, and the nice parlor curtains are full of it, and cat hairs are all over things. I can't hold out any longer, Edward. Maybe I am a door-mat; and if I am, and it is wicked, may the Lord forgive me, for I've got to keep right on being a door-mat."

Hayward sighed and lighted his pipe. However, he had given up and connived with Jim.

On Christmas eve the two men were in hiding behind a clump of cedars in the front yard of Jim's nieces' house. They watched the expressman deliver a great load of boxes and packages. Jim drew a breath of joyous relief.

"They are taking them in," he whispered—"they are taking them in, Edward!"

Hayward looked down at the dim face of the man beside him, and something akin to fear entered his heart. He saw the face of a lifelong friend, but he saw something in it which he had never recognized before. He saw the face of one of the children of heaven, giving only for the sake of the need of others, and glorifying the gifts with the love and pity of an angel.

"I was afraid they wouldn't take them!" whispered Jim, and his watching face was beautiful, although it was only the face of a little, old man of a little village, with no great gift of intellect. There was a full moon riding high; the ground was covered with a glistening snow-level, over which wavered wonderful shadows, as of wings. One great star prevailed despite the silver might of the moon. To Hayward, Jim's face seemed to prevail, as that star, among all the faces of humanity.

Jim crept noiselessly toward a window, Hayward at his heels. The two could see the lighted interior plainly.

"See poor Alma trying on her furs," whispered Jim, in a rapture. "See Amanda with her coat. They have found the money. See Joe heft the turkey." Suddenly he caught Hayward's arm, and the two crept away. Out on the road, Jim fairly sobbed with pure delight. "Oh, Edward," he said, "I am so thankful they took the things! I was so afraid they wouldn't, and they needed them! Oh, Edward, I am so thankful!" Edward pressed his friend's arm.

When they reached Jim's house a great tiger-cat leaped to Jim's shoulder with the silence and swiftness of a shadow. "He's always watching for me," said Jim, proudly. "Pussy! Pussy!" The cat began to purr loudly, and rubbed his splendid head against the man's cheek.

"I suppose," said Hayward, with something of awe in his tone, "that you won't smoke in the parlor to-night?"

"Edward, I really can't. Poor woman, she's got it all aired and beautifully cleaned, and she's so happy over it. There's a good fire in the shed, and I will sit there with the pussy-cats until I go to bed. Oh, Edward, I am so thankful that they took the things!"

"Good night, Jim."

"Good night. You don't blame me, Edward?"

"Who am I to blame you, Jim? Good night."

Hayward watched the little man pass along the path to the shed door. Jim's back was slightly bent, but to his friend it seemed bent beneath a holy burden of love and pity for all humanity, and the inheritance of the meek seemed to crown that drooping old head. The door-mat, again spread freely for the trampling feet of all who got comfort thereby, became a blessed thing. The humble creature, despised and held in contempt like One greater than he, giving for the sake of the needs of others, went along the narrow footpath through the snow. The minister took off his hat and stood watching until the door was opened and closed and the little window gleamed with golden light.





# The Telegram

BY THOMAS HARDY

“HE’S suffering—maybe dying—and I not there to aid,  
And smooth his bed and whisper to him! Can I nohow go?  
Only the nurse’s brief twelve words thus hurriedly conveyed  
As by stealth, to let me know.

“He was the best and brightest!—candor shone upon his brow,  
And I shall never meet again a man so high as he,  
And I loved him ere I knew it, and perhaps he’s sinking now,  
Far, far removed from me!”

. . . . .

The yachts ride mute at anchor and the fulling moon is fair,  
And the giddy folk are strutting up and down the smooth parade,  
And in her wild distraction she seems not to be aware  
That she lives no more a maid,

But has vowed and wived herself to me who have blessed the ground  
she trod,  
One who wooed her single-heartedly and thought her history known  
In its last particular to him—aye, almost as to God,  
And believed her quite his own.

So great her absent-mindedness she droops as in a swoon,  
And a movement of aversion mars her recent spousal grace,  
And in silence we two sit here in our waning honeymoon  
At this idle watering-place.

What now I see before me is a long lane overhung  
With lovelessness, and stretching from the present to the grave,  
And I would I were away from this, with friends I knew when young,  
Ere a woman called me slave.



# A Diplomat's Wife in Washington

DURING THE GRANT AND HAYES ADMINISTRATIONS

BY MADAME DE HEGERMANN-LINDENCRONE

Wife of the Danish Minister to Washington—1876-1880



Y DEAR MOTHER,—We have taken the Fant House for this winter. People say it is haunted. As yet we have not seen any ghosts, nor found any skeletons in the closets. The possible ghosts have no terrors for me. On the contrary, I should love to meet one face to face! But the rats are plentiful and have probably played ghosts' parts and given the house its reputation. Those we have here are so bold and assertive that I have become quite accustomed to them. I meet them on the staircase, and they politely wait for me to pass. One old fellow—I call him Alcibiades, because he is so audacious—actually gnaws at our door, as if begging to be allowed to come in and join us. We put poison in every attractive way we can think of all about, but they seem to like it and thrive upon it. Johan, having had a Danish sailor recommended to him, allows him to live in a room up-stairs and to help a little in the house while waiting for a boat. He is very masterful in his movements, and handles the crockery as if it were buckets of water, and draws back the portières as if he were hauling at the main-sheet.

Mr. Robeson (Secretary of the Navy), who ought to know *le dernier cri* on the subject of the habits of rats, told us that the only way to get rid of them was to catch one and dress him up in a jacket and trousers—red preferable—tie a bell round his neck, and let him loose. "Then," he said, "the rat would run about among his companions and indicate the pressure brought upon rats, and soon there would not be one left in the house.

This was an idyl for our sailor. He spent most of his days making a jacket

with which to clothe the rat, and actually did catch one (I hoped he was not my friend of the staircase) and proceeded to put him into this sailor-made costume, which was not an easy thing to do, and had he not been accustomed to bracing up stays and other nautical work he never could have accomplished the thing. However, he *did* accomplish it; he tied the bell on the rat's neck and let him loose.

The remedy (though uttered from an official mouth for which we have great respect) was worse than the evil. The rat refused to run about to warn his friends. On the contrary, he would not move, but looked imploringly into the eyes of his tormentor, as if begging to be allowed to die in his normal skin. Then, I believe, he went and sulked in a corner and committed suicide—he was so mortified. We said one rat in a corner was worse than twelve on the staircase.

The Outreys (the French Minister) had their diplomatic reception, and sent cards to every one they knew, and many they did not know. The ladies who went expected Madame Outrey to be dressed in the latest fashion; being the wife of the French Minister, it was her duty to let society into the secrets of Parisian "modes," but she was dressed in a simple, might-have-been-made-at-home black gown. This exasperated the ladies (who had gone with an eye to copying) to such a degree that many went home with pent-up and wounded feelings, as if they had been defrauded of their rights, and without supper—which, had they stayed, they would have found to be the latest thing in suppers.

WASHINGTON.

The grass on our small plot has reached the last limit of endurance and greenness, and is sprouting weeds at a



great rate; also our one bush, though still full of chirpiness, is beginning to show signs of depression.

We were invited to a spiritualistic *séance* at the L——'s *salon*. The Empress Josephine has consented to materialize in America after having visited the Continent. We

saw her, and a more unempress-looking empress I cannot imagine. To convince a skeptic she displayed her leg to show how well it had succeeded in taking on flesh. I have no patience with people who believe such nonsense. The famous spiritualist Foster is also here in Washington. He is clever in a way, and has made many converts simply by putting two and two together. We went, of course, to see him, and came away astounded,

but not convinced. He produced a slate on which were written some wonderful things about a ring which had a history in J.'s family. J. could not imagine how any one could have known it. Foster said to me: "I had a premonition that you were coming to-day. See!" and he pulled up his sleeve and there stood "Lillie," written in what appeared to be my handwriting in gore, I suppose—it was red. I urged Baron Bildt to go and see him, knowing that he liked that sort of thing. The moment he appeared, Foster, smelling a diplo-rat, said, "Madame Hegermann sent you to me," upon which Baron Bildt succumbed instantly.

Teresa Carreno, the *Wunderkind*, now a *Wundermädchen*, having arrived at the age when she wisely puts up her hair and lets down her dresses, is on a concert tour with Wilhelmj (the famous violin-

ist). He is not as good as Wieniawski, and can't be named in the same breath with Ole Bull. They came here to lunch, together with Schlozer, who brought the violin. I invited a good many people to come in the afternoon—among others, Aristarchi, who looks very absorbed

when music is going on, but with him it means absolutely nothing, because he is a little deaf, but looks eager in order to seize other people's impressions.

Wilhelmj played, and Teresa Carreno played, and I sang a song of Wilhelmj's from the manuscript. He said, "You sing it as if you had dreamed it." I thought if I had dreamed it I should have dreamed of a patchwork quilt, there were so many flats and sharps. My eyes and brain ached.

After a good deal of music Wilhelmj sank in a chair and said, "I can no more!" and fell to talking about his wines. He is not only a violinist, but is a wine merchant. Schlozer and J. naturally gave him some large orders.

Washington is very gay, humming like a top. Everything is going on at once.

The daily receptions I find the most tiresome things, they are so monotonous. Women crowd in the *salons*, shake hands, leave a pile of cards on the tray in the hall, and flit to other spheres.

At a dinner at Senator Chandler's Mr. Blaine took me in, and Eugene Hale, a Congressman, sat on the other side. They call him "Blaine's little boy." He was very amusing on the subject of Alexander Agassiz (the pioneer of my youthful studies, under whose ironical eye I used to read Schiller), who is just now being lionized, and is lecturing on the



MRS. RUTHERFORD B. HAYES



National History of the Peruvians. Agassiz has become a millionaire, not from the proceeds of his brain, but from copper-mines (Calumet and Hecla). How his dear old father would have liked to possess some of his millions.

Mr. Otho Williams told us how they shoot canvasback and redhead ducks in Maryland. Perhaps all ducks are shot in this way, and I may not be telling you anything new. The sportsman lies flat on his back in a sort of coffin, which has boards on the sides to keep it afloat. When the decoy bird has done its duty in attracting the ducks to the spot, the shot seems to come up straight from the surface of the water, as the man is entirely invisible. The redhead duck is a kind of caterer for the canvasback. They pick out of the marshes the wild

celery, and then the canvasback comes and eats it up without a word of thanks. Selfish bird! It is this celery that gives the extra-fine taste to the duck.

We also went to a *matinée* to hear Madame Gerster sing in "Faust." She sings well, but lacks something—magnetism, perhaps.

Sam Ward is the diner-out *par excellence* here, and is the king of the lobby *par préférence*. When you want anything pushed through Congress you have only to apply to Sam Ward and it is done. I don't know whether he accomplishes what he undertakes by money or persuasion; it must be the latter, for I think he is far from being a rich man. His lobbyism is mostly done at the dinner-table. He is a most delightful talker and full of anecdotes.

Mrs. Robeson's "Sunday evenings" are very popular. She has given up singing and does not—thank Heaven!—have any music. She thinks it prevents people from talking (sometimes it does, and sometimes it has the contrary effect). She prefers the talking, in which she takes the most active part. Mr. Robeson is the most amiable of hosts, beams and laughs a great deal.

The *enfant terrible* is quoted incessantly. She must be overwhelmingly amusing. She said to her mother when she saw her in evening dress: "Mamma, pull up your collar. You must not show your stomach-ache!" Everything in anatomy lower than the throat she calls "stomachache"—the fountain of all her woes, I suppose.

Mr. Blaine and Mr. Robeson, supplemented by General Schenck, are great poker-players. They are continually talking about the game,



OLE BULL

The famous Norwegian virtuoso as he looked during his residence in Cambridge



when they ought to be talking politics for the benefit of foreigners. You hear this sort of thing, "Well, you couldn't beat my full house," at which the diplomats prick up their ears, thinking that there will be something wonderful in Congress the next day, and decide to go there.

Mr. Brooks, of Cambridge, made his Fourth-of-July oration at our *soirée* on Thursday. This is the funniest thing I have ever heard. Mr. Evarts almost rolled off his seat. It is supposed to be a speech made at a Paris *fête* on the Fourth of July, where every speaker got more patriotic as the evening went on. The last speech was the climax:

"I propose the toast, '*The United States!*'—bordered on the north by the aurora borealis; on the east by the rising sun; on the west by the procession of equinoxes; and on the south by eternal chaos!"

WASHINGTON, 1877.

MY DEAR AUNT,—You want to know who we are going to have as President. It looks now as if we were going to have two. People about me say that Tilden has really had the most votes, but the electoral commission has decided that Hayes is elected. The Democrats seem to take it kindly and do not make any difficulties, though at one time, Johan says, it looked very stormy.

I hear enough about the elections, goodness knows, and ought to be able to tell you something. Washington is flooded with people who want to curry favor with the "powers that be."

Our friends the X——'s (you remember them from Paris) are here *pour cause*.

VOL. CXXVIII.—NO. 763.—14

They took a house and gave fine dinners, made by French *chefs*, and invited the members of the contending parties together.

Politics to Mr. X—— is like a millpond to a duck. He doesn't care what the water is as long as he is in it. At one of their dinners, in a lull in the conversation, Mr. X—— was heard to say to his neighbor (the wife of a prominent Republican), "I hope to see Mr. Hayes in the White House," while Mrs. X—— was purring in the ear of a Democrat, "All our sympathies are for Mr. Tilden."

But the worst, which wounded the feelings of society to the quick, was that at a *soirée dramatique*. They stretched a large blue ribbon across the room, indicating that only a chosen few—the influential Americans and the diplomats—would have the privilege of sitting in the

front rows. Every one thought it extremely bad taste, and it cost them the longed-for legation.

CAMBRIDGE.

Ole Bull (the great violinist) has taken James Russell Lowell's house in Cambridge. He is remarried, and lives here with his wife and daughter. He has a magnificent head, and that broad, expansive smile which seems to belong to geniuses. Liszt had one like it.

He and Mrs. Bull come here often on Sunday evenings, and sometimes he brings his violin. Mrs. B. accompanies him, and he plays divinely. There is no violinist on earth that can compare with him. There may be many who have as



TERESA CARREÑO

The eminent Venezuelan pianist during one of her American tours



brilliant a technique, but none who has his *feu sacré* and the tremendous magnetism which creates such enthusiasm that you are carried away. The sterner sex pretend that they can resist him, but certainly no woman can.

He is very proud of showing the diamond in his bow, which was given to him by the King of Sweden.

He loves to tell the story of King Frederick VII. of Denmark, who said to him: "Where did you learn to play the violin? Who was your teacher?"

Ole Bull answered, "Your Majesty, the pine forests of Norway and the beautiful fjords taught me!"

The King, who had no feeling for such high-flown sentiments, turned to one of his aides-de-camp and said "*Sikken vrövl!*"—the Danish for "What rubbish!"

Mr. John Owen (Mr. Longfellow's shadow) swoops down on us occasionally on the wings of poesy. I don't always comprehend the poesy, and sometimes would like to cut the wings, but Owen can't be stopped. Every event is translated into verse, even my going to New-

port by the ten-o'clock train, which sounds prosy enough, inspires him, and the next morning he comes in with a poem. Then we see it in the *Boston Advertiser*, evening edition.

WASHINGTON, March, 1877.

Now that President and Mrs. Hayes are settled in the White House, quarrels are ended and peace reigns supreme in the capital. We went the day before yesterday, at half-past ten, to the Capitol; Johan, in full gala uniform (looking like a blooming flamingo), went on the Senate floor with the other diplomats. We ladies sat in the diplomatic box with Mrs. Hayes. Before the end of the ceremony inside we went to the spectacle outside, where we sat on the platform with Mrs. Hayes. The President made his speech in a very dignified and quiet manner. Then we went to the other side of the capital to see the procession. The new President, midst booming of cannons, hurrahs, and much waving of handkerchiefs, drove away in his landau and four horses. The streets were lined



PRESIDENT HAYES AND HIS CABINET

From "Harper's Weekly," April 5, 1879



with people all the way down the Avenue.

The Diplomatic Corps is going to be presented all together the day after tomorrow.

Every one likes Mr. Hayes, who is a good and worthy gentleman, and Mrs. Hayes, who is a gentle and very pleasant lady. People think Mrs. Hayes unwise in making the White House a temple of temperance. It does not do *her* any harm, but it puts the President in a false light. But that is *their* affair.

WASHINGTON.

The long, balmy days of May suggested a picnic. It was a beautiful scheme, and all the diplomats jumped at it as one man. The place selected was, of course, Mount Vernon. We met at the wharf where the steamer was waiting for us. The first view of the stately Colonial mansion with its high portico impressed us very much. I had never before seen this historical shrine so dear to American hearts. We toiled up the slope of the extensive lawn which spreads from the front of the house down to the water's edge. I tried to picture to myself the great George walking up and down under the colonnade, working out national laws and systems, and the sweet Martha, with her frilled cap and benign smile, looking toward the setting sun in the glow-light. Many of the diplomats looked about them, hoping to catch a glimpse of a cherry-tree.

Senátor Bayard, who came with his daughters, helped to unpack the baskets, which contained, like all picnic meals,

too many things of one kind, like ham and cakes and preserves, and hardly bread enough to speak about. However, we enjoyed ourselves immensely, as people will do.

I said to Mr. Bayard, "I feel as if I had known George Washington personally."

"How is that?" asked Mr. Bayard.

"Because," I replied, "just a hundred years ago he took lunch in our house in Cambridge, before taking command of the army."

"Really?" said Mr. Bayard, "I thought it was in Longfellow's house."

"No," I said. "His headquarters were at Mr. Longfellow's, but he really did take his luncheon at our house. How could I speak an untruth on this truthful lawn! You see I know for sure, because my great-great-uncle sang an ode

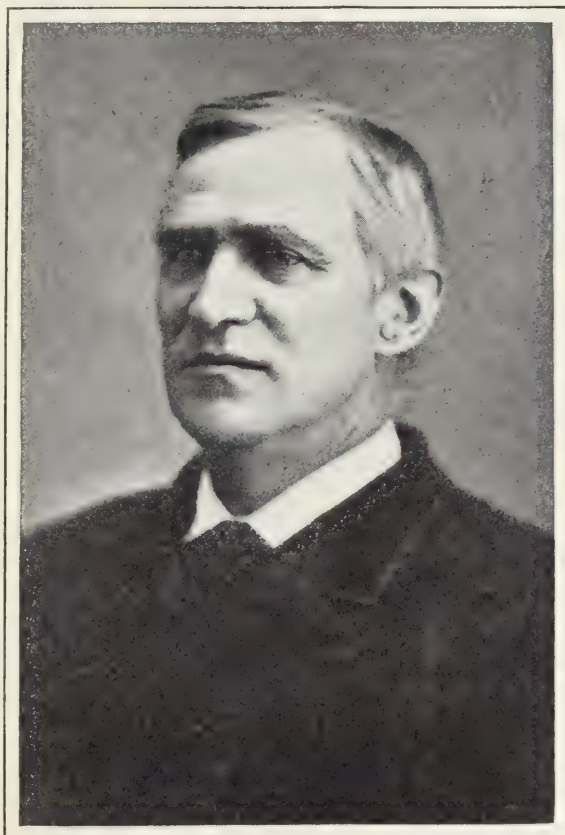
during the luncheon. It is one of the treasured annals of our family. That uncle was the only relative known to be musical."

"Which did General Washington take first, the luncheon or the army?" Mr. Bayard asked, laughing.

"It must have been the luncheon. The army was probably waiting on the Common to be taken command of."

We were interrupted by Mr. G— with even less tact than usual. "I thought you were discussing the Constitution," he said.

"We were," I said. "Mine! I told Mr. Bayard that my health was undermined each Fourth of July I spent in Cambridge. I was kept awake all night



THOMAS F. BAYARD

United States Senator from Delaware, 1869-85



by fireworks and patriotic guns and batteries.

"It must be very trying."

"It is killing!" I said. "I am obliged to go into the garden in the early morn, and bail out dipperfuls of water to thirsty members of guilds and societies, who have tramped out from Boston covered with badges and sashes. After drinking the water they shed their emblems, and cool off in their shirt-sleeves, and sing patriotic songs."

CAMBRIDGE.

A Dane, a friend of Johan's, who had come to America to write a book on American institutions, asked the consul to find him a quiet boarding-house in a quiet street. The consul knew of exactly such a retreat, and directed the Professor to the place. It was not far from the Revere House. He arrived there in the evening, unpacked his treasures, congratulating himself on his cozy quarters and his nice landlady, who asked such a modest price that he jumped at it.

The next morning, at four o'clock, he was awakened by a strange noise, the like of which he had never heard outside a zoological garden. At first he thought he was still dreaming, and turned over to sleep again, but the noise repeated itself. This time it seemed to come from under his bed, and sounded like a lion's roar. Probably a circus had passed and a lion had got loose and was prowling about seeking what he could devour! He thought of ringing up the house, but demurred, reflecting that whoever answered the bell would probably be the

first victim. Again the roar! Fear overcame his humane impulses; he rang, hoping that if the lion's appetite was appeased by the first victim, he might be spared.

The landlady appeared in the flesh, calmly and quietly. "Did you ring, sir?" she asked, placidly.

"I did indeed," he answered. "Will you kindly tell me whether I am awake or asleep? It seems to me that I heard the roar of a lion. Did no one else hear it?"

The landlady hesitated, embarrassed, and answered, "I did, sir—you and I are the only persons in the house."

"Then the lion is waiting for us?" he said, quaking in his slippers.

"I beg your pardon, sir," the woman answered. "I had hoped that you had not noticed anything—"

"Good gracious!" he said,

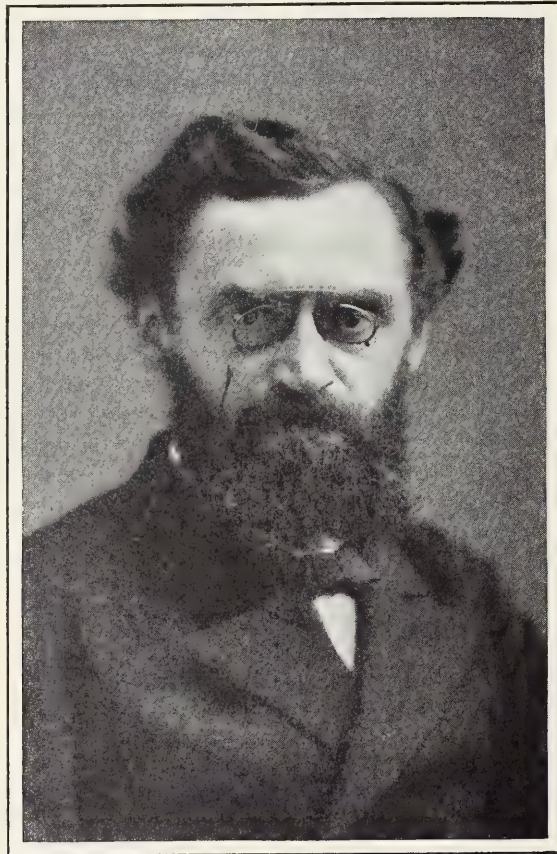
"do you think I can be in the house with a roaring lion and not notice anything?"

"He happens to be hungry this morning, and nothing will keep him quiet," said the kind lady, as if she were talking of her kitten.

"Madam," screamed the infuriated Dane, "one of us is certainly going mad! When I tell you that there is a lion roaming over your house you stand there quietly and tell me that he is hungry?"

"If you will wait a moment, sir, I will explain."

"No explanation is needed, madam. If I can get out of this house alive I will meet you in some other un-lion-visited part of Boston and pay you." And he added, with great sarcasm, "He is



CARL SCHURZ

Secretary of the Interior under President Hayes



probably a pet of yours, and your ex-boarders have furnished his meals."

Instead of being shocked at this, the gentle landlady's eyes beamed with content. "That's just it—he is a pet of mine and he lives in the back parlor."

"The lion is here in your back parlor, and you have the face to keep boarders?" shrieked the Dane.

"My other boarders have left me."

"I should think so, and this one is going to do likewise, and without delay"—beginning to put his things in his bag.

She said she was sorry he thought of going, but she could understand he was nervous.

Nervous! If he could have given his feelings words he would have said that never in all his life had he been so scared.

The meek lady before him watched him while he was making up his packages and his mind. What he made up was his reluctance to flee from danger and leave the lion-hearted little woman alone.

"I will not go," he said, in the voice of an early Christian martyr.

"You see, sir, this is how it happened," began the woman. "A very nice sailor came to board here, but could not pay his bill, so to settle with me he offered me his pet dog. I thought it a puppy, and as I had taken a fancy to the little thing—he used to drink milk with the cat out of the same saucer—I consented to keep it."

"And he turned out to be a lion? How did you first notice it?"

"Well, sir, I soon saw he attracted attention in the street. He wanted to fight all the other animals, and attacked

everything from a horse to a milk-pan. It was when I was giving him a bath that I noticed that his tail was beginning to bunch out at the end and his under-jaw was growing pointed. Then the awful thought came to me—it was not a dog, but a lion! This was a dreadful moment, for I

loved him, and he was fond of me, and I could not part with him. He grew and grew—his body lengthened out and his paws became enormous, and his shaggy hair covered his head. But it was when he tried to get up in my lap, and became angry because my lap was not big enough to hold him, that he growled so that I became afraid. Then I had bars put up before the door of my back parlor, which was my former dining-room, and I keep him there."

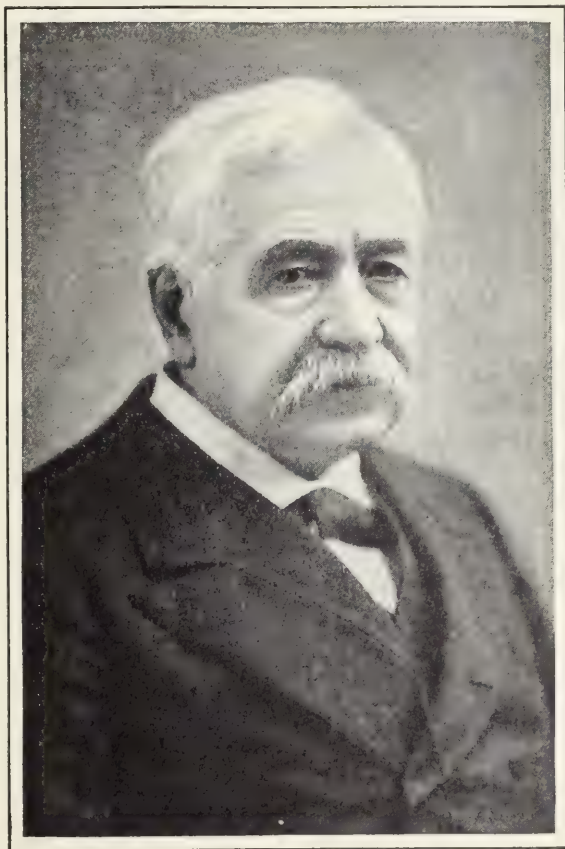
"Do you feed him yourself?"

"Yes, sir, but it takes a fortune to keep him in meat."

"How old do you think he is?" the Dane asked, beginning now to feel a respectful admiration for the lone woman who preferred to give up boarders rather than give up her companion.

"That I do not know," she replied, "but from his size and voice I should say he was full-grown."

"I can vouch for his voice. Will you show him to me?" He had never seen a lion boarding in a back parlor, and rather fancied the novelty. He told the consul afterward that he had never seen a finer specimen of the Bengal lion. To his mistress he was obedient and meek as a lamb. She could do anything she liked with him; she passed her hand lovingly over his great head, caressing



FERDINAND DE LESSEPS  
Initiator of the Panama Canal



his tawny locks, while the lion looked at her with soft and tender eyes, and stuck out his enormous tongue to lick her hand.

The Dane stayed on, like the good man he was. He had not the heart to deprive the little woman of the few dollars he paid for his room, which would go toward buying food for her pet. He himself became very fond of "Leo," and would surreptitiously spend all his spare money at the butcher's, who must have wondered, when he sent the quarters of beef, how such a small family could consume so much—and the Dane would pass hours feeding the lion with tidbits held on the end of his umbrella.

We were told afterward that the police discovered that the noises coming from the house were not the usual Boston east winds, and, having found out from what they proceeded, suggested that the Zoological Gardens should buy the animal, for which they paid an enormous price. So the sailor did pay his debt, after all!

WASHINGTON, 1879.

Mr. Schurz (the Secretary of the Interior) was to receive a conclave of Indians, and could not refuse Mrs. Lawrence, Miss Chapman, and myself when we begged to be present at the interview. They came to make some contracts. The interpreter, or agent, or whatever he was, who had them in charge proposed to dress them suitably for the occasion, but when he heard there were to be ladies present he added colored and striped shirts, which the Indians insisted upon wearing over their embroidered buckskin trousers. They caused a sensation as they came out of the clothes-shop. They had feather head-dresses and braids of hair hanging down by the sides of their brown cheeks. They wore bracelets on their bare arms, and blankets over their shoulders. They sat in a semicircle around Mr. Schurz. After Mr. Schurz had heard what the interpreter had to say, he and the other members of the committee (they call them "undershirts") talked together for a while and Mr. Schurz said, "I cannot accept," which was translated to the chief, who looked more sullen and treacherous than before. Then there was a

burst of wild Indian, and the chief held forth in a deep bass voice, I fancy giving pieces of his mind to Mr. Schurz, which were translated in a milder form. Mrs. Lawrence, who looks at everything in a rosy, sentimental light, thought they looked high-spirited and noble. I, who am prosaic to my finger-tips, thought they looked conceited, brutal, and obstinate. They all sat with their tomahawks laid by the side of their chairs. The chief was not insensible to the beauty of Miss Chapman, and sat behind his outspread fingers gazing at her and her jewelry. We were glad to get away from the barbarous-looking people. All the same, the interview was very interesting.

General and Mrs. Albert Meyer gave a dinner in honor of the President and Mrs. Hayes, to which some diplomats were invited. You know Mr. Meyer is the man called "Old Prob," because he tells one beforehand what weather one can expect for the next picnic.

This was the first dinner that the Presidential couple had gone to, and we were a little curious to see how it would be managed. As neither Mr. nor Mrs. Hayes drink wine, they were served all the different known brands of mineral waters, milk, and tea. But the others got wine. Mr. Meyer was very funny when he took up his glass, looked at it critically, and said, "I recommend this vintage." The President did not seem to mind these *plaisanteries*. We were curious to see what they would do when *Punch à la Romaine*, which stood on the menu in a little paragraph by itself, would be served. It was a rather strong punch (too strong for any of the diplomats) and the glasses were deep, but they seemed to enjoy this glimpse into the depths of perdition and did not leave a mouthful. Taking it, you see, with a spoon, made a difference.

The Lesseps were among the guests. There are thirteen little Lesseps somewhere; only one daughter is with them. Monsieur Lesseps is twenty-five years older than Madame, if not more. When the three came in the *salon*, young Miss Bayard said, "The girl is taking her mother and grandfather into society."

A weird menu was at the side of each plate; it was in French—on account, I



suppose, of the Lesseps. One of the items was *L'estomac de dinde à l'ambassadrice, pommes sautées*. Mr. John Hay, who sat next to me, remarked, ironically, "Why do they not write their menu in plain English?"

"I think," I answered, "that it is better in French. How would 'turkey to an ambassadress's stomach,' or 'jumped potatoes,' sound?"

He could find no answer to this.

Madame Lesseps confided to me in our coffee-cups that she and her husband were in "*Vasheengton en touristes, mais aussi, ils avaient des affaires.*" The *affaires* are no less than the Panama Canal.

WASHINGTON.

The question of the annual *diner diplomatique* was cleverly managed by Mr. Evarts. Mr. Hayes wanted to suppress wine and give tea and mineral water, but Mr. Evarts put his foot down. He said that the diplomats would not understand an official dinner without wine, and proposed instead a *soirée musicale*, in other words, a rout. The diplomats had a separate entrance (a novelty) from the garden side. There was an orchestra at the end of the "blue room" which drowned conversation when you

were near it. I noticed that most of the young ladies found it too near, and sought other corners.

The supper *ne laissait rien à désirer*, and there was a sumptuous buffet open the whole evening; punch-bowls filled with lemonade were placed in the different *salons*. On the whole it was a great success.

I think that the teetotality of the White House displeases as much our country-people as it does the foreigners. At one of our musical parties Mr. Blaine came rather late, and, clapping his hands on Johan's shoulder, said, "My kingdom for a glass of whiskey; I have just dined at the White House." Others call the White House dinners "the life-saving station."

Mrs. Hayes was very nice to me. She sent me a magnificent basket of what she called "specimen flowers," which were superb orchids and begonias. On her card was written, "Thanking you again for the pleasure you gave me by your singing."

WASHINGTON, 1880.

Johan is appointed to Rome. We leave Washington and our many good friends with regret and sorrow.

## A Winter Reverie

BY JAMES STEPHENS

I SAW the moon so broad and bright  
Sailing high on a frosty night:

And the air swung far and far between  
The silver disk and the orb of green:

And here and there a wisp of white  
Cloud-film swam on the misty light:

And crusted thickly on the sky,  
High and higher and yet more high,

Were golden star-points, dusted through  
The great, wide, silent vault of blue.

Then I bethought me God was great  
And the world was fair, and so, elate,

I knelt me down and bent my head,  
And said my prayers and went to bed.



# “The Toys’ Little Day”

BY GEORGIA WOOD PANGBORN



HERE was a strangeness about that November evening. It met the returning Daddy even on the threshold of his home-coming. The children stood oddly away from his suit-case, and no hands were thrust into his bulging pockets.

“We can’t have any more toys,” said they with that smug importance always assumed by the bearers of ill news. And when they had exchanged portentous stares with him over this, Ethel piled on another effect.

“All the toys have gone away,” said she.

“Not the lion,” amended Oscar, eagerly.

“No,” said Ethel, looking down at Oscar with kindly patronage, “the lion hid under the bed, and the rocking-horse was too big, and Poor Doll—well, Mother said *she* could stay. But all the others are in the dark place under the roof. The closet in the attic where the screens stay in winter and the Brownie lives. Now it’s called ‘the Place of Gone-aways.’”

“Why— How did it happen?” he asked with startled perplexity.

“We were naughty,” was the cheerful explanation in Ethel’s high, incisive tones.

“Naughty!” He looked upward at the silent but critical audience of one who stood upon the stairs.

“Tell Daddy how it happened,” floated down softly.

“We-ell,” began Ethel, slowly, “Mother told us to pick ’em up. And we didn’t.” She assumed a bravado in the recital that was as transparent as tears. It was evidently no light matter. “We were naughty.”

Oscar gave an illustrative stamp with his foot.

“I was *very* naughty!” said he with pride.

“Then,” resumed Ethel, “Mother said if we didn’t pick them up, she’d sweep them up. We said we didn’t care.”

“We said we didn’t care,” squealed Oscar, delightedly, jumping rapidly from the lowest step to the floor, and repeating the feat many times. “See what I can do,” he joyously commanded.

“Then Mother said,” went on Ethel, “that all the toys would have to go away until after Christmas and we couldn’t have any more until then, even if you brought some home to-night. And we said she could have them. So she did.”

At the close of her narrative Ethel made the gesture of one about to climb and was quickly swung to Daddy’s shoulder, whence she looked upward at her mother gravely for a moment, as the mother thought with a pang, critically.

As to the Daddy, his under lip did not exactly come out, but the shine of his glasses upturned to Authority was like the gleam of tears. Authority spoke hastily, with troubled but kind severity:

“Whatever you’ve got there will be all the nicer at Christmas. Santa Claus will be glad to use them then, I’m sure.”

Authority came down the stairs with a somewhat one-sided smile of greeting:

“I—I’ll talk it all over with you when they’re in bed,” said she.

“Oscar has taken the lion to bed with him,” said she, when the small, quiet hour of grown-ups was at last come and she sought him in the library. “Be careful if you go near the crib; its feet stick out six inches from the side. Ethel took Poor Doll. She’s got it all wrapped up in a hair ribbon like a bandage, because it hasn’t any clothes. Poor Doll was her very first, you know, and the only one to which she has shown the least faithfulness. Daddy, don’t you know those children have too many toys? At Ethel’s age I made paper





"ALL THE TOYS HAVE GONE AWAY," SAID ETHEL

dolls. I don't know what I'd have thought if I'd had one quarter as many toys as our children have."

"You'd have liked 'em, wouldn't you?"

"And I'd have liked unlimited candy, too, I suppose, but I'm not sure it would have been good for me."

"Toys," he murmured, thoughtfully. He shaded his eyes with his hand and marked idly upon the blotter with his pen. "I suppose it is selfishness, really, this bringing them home. The look of their faces when the door opens. . . ."

"It doesn't need the toys to make

them look at you like that!" she answered, quickly.

"Of course, I know—but—the moment is so wonderful. . . . One wishes to intensify and prolong it. And then I admit I count on that visit to the toy-shop. After a particularly exasperating day, as soon as I get in among that innocent painted trash I can cure myself of discontent with a couple of red and green rubber balls."

His eyes rested sadly upon the unopened suit-case. Mrs. Heath fidgeted—it was like punishing one of the children, yet she felt that she must not yield



her point, and she went on to plead rather querulously.

"It's getting on toward Christmas, you know, and when they seemed so indifferent about their toys to-day, I couldn't help wondering where their appetite for their tree was to come from if they are already so sated; and so when they were really naughty and disobedient I took that way of punishing them. And really, they've had more fun with the empty porch and the bare nursery floor. If you could have seen them!"

He nodded. "I can understand that. And yet—if I have made a mistake

in one direction—I should be still sorer, I think, to have made one in the other. Did I ever tell you about the skates I had when I was a boy?"

He lit his meerschaum, and settling into the comfortable depths of his chair, looked into the fire with twinkling reminiscence. "Poor little cuss!" he said, thoughtfully, then turned with quick defensive:

"My father was the best man in the world. Don't forget that, you know."

"Of course," she assented, but with mental reservations.

"But people of that day sometimes had great ideas about not spoiling children. I don't know—I suspect in many cases it was a question merely of the easiest way for the parents just as it is now; easy to withhold in times of less prosperity—easy now to give, when toys are many and cheap—easy always to find a principle to justify one's inclination. That wouldn't apply to my father, of course. He was well-to-do, and he cared greatly for his children. But the meager thrift of the Pilgrim Fathers was strong in him. He didn't intend to have us spoiled by indulgence. Well, we weren't. Not by indulgence." His face darkened thoughtfully, and she knew he was thinking of a dear black sheep.

"As to those skates of mine," he returned to his tale with a rueful laugh: "I was a little chap, and it took me all winter shoveling snow to earn the money for them. The violets had come by the time I had enough.



"YOU LEAVE THIS CHRISTMAS TO ME. I'VE GOT THINGS ALL PLANNED "



That next winter was so warm that I was forbidden to skate at all on account of the ice being thin. And the following winter when I tried them on they were too small. I exchanged them, got cheated in my bargain, and—well—I never skated at all when I was a boy. There's lots of health and strength for a boy to be had out of skating. Besides, that sort of disappointment has nothing wholesome about it so far as I have been able to discover. It discourages a kid; puts lead on his heels and elbows. I've been so afraid of doing something like that to 'em. I don't believe that laying the whole contents of a toy-shop at their feet could be worse."

He smiled—there was something furtive in the brilliancy of that smile—then grew very serious. "But I'd hate to have anything spoil their appetite for *this* Christmas. I want this Christmas to stand out as the archtype, this tree to be the one tree of their whole childhood that they will remember when they look back at it—no longer children; look back out of the lonely places, . . . for such there must be you know, my dear, and . . . we shall not be there." He had leaned toward her, his words coming in that subdued, eager hurry with which one offers the thoughts of one's inner sanctuary. "All lives have their places of 'sand and thorns.' We can't prevent it. Storms of temptation and despair . . . of physical pain. . . ." His face clouded with an old sorrow.

"I don't think the memory of a happy childhood would have hurt Connie when he lay dying in Mexico." Connie had been the black sheep and younger brother.

"You see," he went on, "how I remember those wretched skates of mine. I want to give them something to remember that will be bright, that will make them say, 'How they loved us!' and want to pass on the message to their own children. It won't be the toys that they'll remember then, it will be us, and they will understand a little of how much we—wanted good things for them."

She was silent before his fervor, but her imagination worried none the less over the bills, over needed repairs and household equipment outworn.

"But," she hazarded at last, almost with tears, "couldn't we make it bright and pretty without—spending much?"

He laughed oddly and avoided her eye. "You leave this Christmas to me," he commanded. "I've got things all planned. In fact," and he palpably blushed, "there'll be things coming 'most any time now. I've been ordering early, to get ahead of the Christmas congestion of traffic. So don't be shocked if things begin to come when I'm not here, will you? And—the tree—Trimming it is your job. I'd be an awful duffer at that. But make it shine, won't you? There'll be quite a lot of shiny stuff to do it with. I want it garish. It can't be too bright. The time of toys is so short. But they are such a tremendous power—the toys! And joy! A day all joy! no sad memories, no foreboding, no knowledge of evil! What a marvel we can make of it! Of course we've got to give ourselves too, or they'll get sated and tired and quarrelsome. This starvation diet you're putting them on"—he grinned slightly—"that's a pretty good idea. If they can hold out," he added.

"If *you* can hold out, you mean," she retorted, still unreconciled, for a dreary procession of gap-toothed china, ragged table-linen, and worn rugs passed sadly before her eyes. "And I don't think it's good business to wear the same overcoat four years."

"Oh! is it four years?" he said in some surprise. "To be sure. I got it the winter Oscar came."

"And if you're working this way at night just to buy them things they don't actually need," she went on, "what good would all the toys do if you were to break down?"

For she had been noticing, as he talked, how thin the line of his cheek was, and the thickness of the pile of manuscript that lay at his hand. The dreariness of legal work had never seemed so dreary.

"Oh, this—" He shifted a paper so that the pile was covered. "It rests me. Really it does."

He rose with the air of one who must be about his business, and kissed her, but still with that shy air of guilt.

"Don't you worry about Christmas, old lady," he reiterated.



And with that she had to be content.

Had one of the children cried? No, the faces in the night light were like sleeping June roses. The lion's feet still stuck out from the side of the crib, exactly as they had done two hours before when she had manoeuvred about them in order to reach a brown wisp of his hair with a kiss. The short arm lay relaxed over the brute's plush neck; no trouble there. And Ethel—her cheek lay softly against Poor Doll's hard one, and the eyes of the toys were the only open ones. But somewhere something was wrong. The instinct of the mother who sleeps with one eye and one ear ever alert could not be mistaken. Some need had called her—urgently.

She slipped softly to the stairhead. The clock struck two, solemnly, and light was still streaming from the half-open library door. And then while she hesitated, Daddy came slowly into the light. He was grasping the door-handle, leaning on it heavily, and one hand was pressed to his side. He looked up, and, meeting her anxious eyes, said, but softly, not to disturb the babies, "I'm afraid I'm ill."

It was a violent and terrifying illness. When the doctor finally came, the house was placed under military rule forthwith. The children were hurried off, barely with their breakfast, for an indefinite stay at an aunt's. Women with white caps came, and following hard upon them a load of strange furniture, smelling of dreadful cleanness.

They entered the nursery and stripped it bare. A great clean room it was, at the top of the house, light and airy. They changed it all about, refurnishing it grotesquely in white, and then they took Daddy up there—all alone; they wouldn't let her in though she pleaded ever so hard.

The first snow was graying the air. This reminded her of Christmas and yesterday's worry about the too many toys. Had she objected to his bringing home too many toys for the children? Had the wild ecstasy of their greeting seemed too much? Alas! there would be none to-night—nor to-morrow night—a great grim chance that it would never happen any more.

She wandered restlessly from room to room, her hands dragging about and about against each other. "Was it like this, then, when it was *I* who was shut away, and he waited and waited to hear?"

A heavy wagon drove up through the snow. She hurried down to prevent noise. An immense crate bearing the name of a toy firm was being delivered. She directed it to be set inside the dining-room door, and sat down before it, staring wretchedly. Would they never be through—up-stairs? The smell of ether crept down to her, whispering terrible things. Then as she looked at the crate there came an eagerness to see and touch the things he had thought pretty.

Restlessly, she found a hammer and pried off a board with as little noise as she could manage.

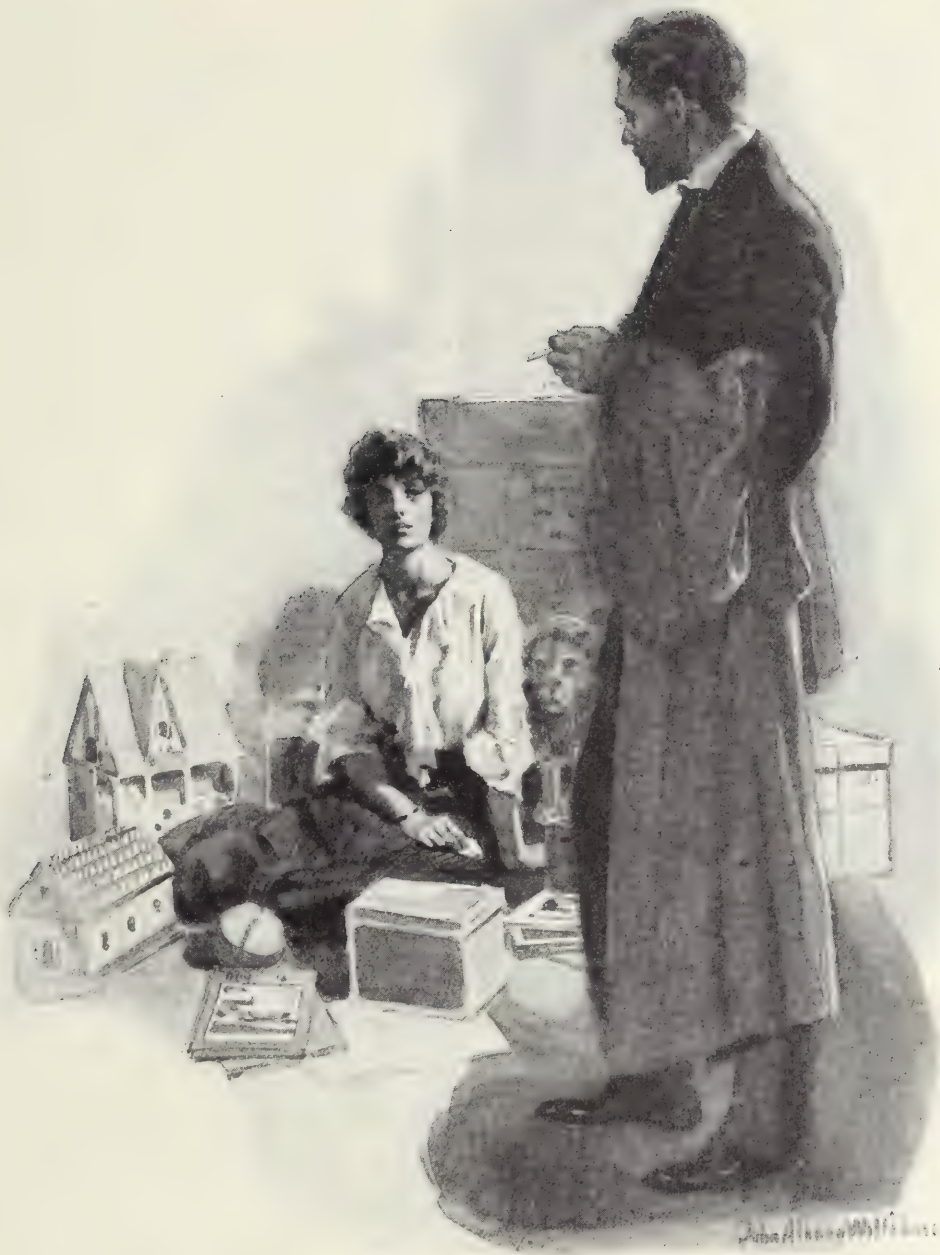
Something grumbled and groaned within a tissue wrapping, and then the dainty horns of a cow stuck out. A perfect little beast, some eighteen inches long, with an elfin perfection of detail and a tendency to low mournfully whenever you changed its position. She glanced at the price-mark, and pushed the lovely toy away with a frightened look. If the rest of the things were on the same scale, the sum total of them added to the heartbreaking expense of what was going on up-stairs would not leave very much of their year's income.

Then with a rush of different feeling she laid her cheek against the sleek side of the little cow and sobbed tearlessly. Oh—what did anything matter—anything—while Daddy was in danger! And—oh, why had she grieved him about the toys on *that* night of all others!

And so the surgeon found her, weeping among the toys when he came down to say: "Mr. Heath came through splendidly. He's one of those steel-fibered men who stand up to things that would send your trained athlete under. Christmas, eh? He looked admiringly at the collection. "Let's see, Christmas is— Why, he can make his first trip downstairs on Christmas Day—and a very jolly time you'll have of it, I expect."

The Heath babies were not supposed to be sung to sleep; nevertheless, it took





"MR. HEATH CAME THROUGH SPLENDIDLY"

a vast amount of it on Christmas Eve before their eyes would shut. "I saw three ships a-sailing," Mother sang patiently a dozen times; then, "Hark! the herald angels sing"; and, "O little town of Bethlehem." She was drooping with sleep herself long before she detected the welcome sound of Oscar's small but manly snore, or Ethel had found a comfortable position for Poor Doll; but when both cribs at last had ceased to shake she sang, "He shall feed His flock," above their unconscious little heads, and touched their soft hair once

more before she went down to trim the tree.

She must do it all alone, no matter how sleepy she was, for Daddy was saving himself, reluctantly, for the great to-morrow when he was to come down for the first time. From the isolated grandeur of the third floor he had stipulated that when she ordered the tree it must be a big one. He had promised Ethel, he said, that the tippest top was to touch the ceiling; and promises to children, he reminded her anxiously, must be kept with a rigidity of faith.



So the tippest top brushed the ceiling, Mother having craftily adjusted the star and the angel before it was lifted to its upright position.

"O morning stars together—" she sang under her breath as she mounted the step-ladder and began the festooning. The decorations were amazing; the opened box as it lay on the table shone out as if with the jewels of some lovely giant lady, and the tree, as one bright thing followed another, glittered and shimmered and blazed into the very king of all Christmas trees, a thing of jewels and cloth of gold, even as Daddy had instructed her. "Let it be garish. Let it shine all over as an archtype." Well, she could make it that, she thought, her eyes widening before the glitter. So she tied on stars until her arms ached, and then the balls like monstrous sapphires, rubies, emeralds, topazes—and hung the festoons as painstakingly as if she were trimming a ball gown.

After that came the placing of the gifts. The price-marks still spelled terror, yet she could enjoy them, too, reluctantly. They were all so pretty, so very pretty; so exactly what she herself would have loved to get for them. And of course you couldn't expect a man to realize the multitude of things about the house that were really necessary—and now the dreadful expense of his illness!

Such a doll! Mother hung it to the strongest branch, and even that bent perilously low with it. So she suspended it from two branches by means of strong black threads attached to its pink slippered feet and about its waist so that it would seem exactly as if making a flying jump out of the tree straight into Ethel's arms. A doll with a wonderful face—not the foolish, staring, black-browed, tooth-displaying person that is so tiresome.

"She can't abuse *that!*" said Mother, looking at the creature wonderingly as it swung lightly above her.

And there was a new lion. Fancy! As if the one they already had were not enough. This was because Ethel had complained that when she rode races with Oscar the rocking-horse could not really cover any ground, and so the lion always won. Well—if Daddy wanted to

see both his children careering about on lions—

The lion had to stand under the tree. He was too impossibly big to even attempt to stand among the branches. Then came the wonderful little cow for Oscar, lowing mournfully as it was placed among the stars. And then books, picture blocks, a toy stable, a doll house, a Noah's ark, paint-boxes.

But at last it was done. The tree stood, a thing of unbelievable brightness—so pretty, so pretty! she thought, smiling at it through tears. Was it a beacon that he had called it? Well, surely it should be that—something they would be able to see through the years. One would think it might be so.

"There's one present of yours you can open," he had said, with an embarrassed look. "It isn't much, but—it is the best I have."

Wondering, she now selected it from the pile of things, not toys, which she had been forbidden to touch. A small, flat package. With an amused smile she found when she opened it that it was merely one of the gift-books of the season: a collection of clever little essays about children, brightly illustrated in color, which she had already seen on the tables of other people but had not read. "I suppose," she thought, "he thinks it expresses some of his own ideas," and she settled down to read, so that she could talk with him about it in the morning. "The Toys' Little Day," ran the title.

But she was too drowsy to read. Irresistibly drowsy—hungry, too. If Paul had been able to trim the tree with her, he would have been making a "rabbit" now. But he was asleep (thank God, only asleep!) and she was too lazy to do it for herself. The golden tree blurred. Striving against her heavy lids to read in the little book she distinguished something that made her smile—it was so like Paul himself:

"Happiness is an enrichment that the young life needs just as a seedling needs the right enrichment at its very sprouting if it is to hold its own in a more indifferent soil later." And again, "It isn't by too much giving of toys that we spoil them so much as by neglecting to give ourselves at the same time."





*Drawn by John Alonzo Williams.*

THEY CAME WITH A SHOUT—THEN STOOD STILL, VERY STILL



Why! Those had been almost the very words he had used that evening before he was ill! For a moment the coincidence startled her awake and set her in the path of stern self-questioning. Was it her fault, then, that they had become confused with their riches? If she had played with them more instead of leaving them so much with Delia, might they not have been learning, their hands growing skilful, their sense of order developing? Perhaps toys were as important as the details of a well-kept house.

This thought followed her downward in the descending spiral of sleep, to a dream in which the tree still stood in its place, and she still sat before it; but there were two others in the room, a woman and her little child who seemed to have come in to see the tree. A poor woman—something odd and foreign about her. She and the child looked up at the tree with bright, dark eyes, not envious, not in any way disapproving, but seeming only happy in its beauty. And in the dream there was a shining about them, a brightness that grew and in which the tree grew even brighter; she thought that she knelt. . . .

There was a noise of children's laughter—Ethel's and Oscar's. She opened her eyes. The mysterious visitors were gone and she was in the easy-chair, the little book in her hand. The tumult increased—the light-heavy thudding of unshod feet overhead. That meant that they were running about with their stockings.

Somebody in the room laughed, and there was Daddy in his wheeled chair. "Merry Christmas!" said he. The windows were still dark, but the hall clock boomed six times.

"I'm so sorry we waked you," he said, with an eager ring in his voice. "But we can't hold back the children any longer. They've been awake since five, and are through with their stockings. You've certainly arranged things wonderfully." He looked up at the tree. "It does shine!" said he. "They'll remember it."

The nurse went out discreetly, and she let him pull her head down to his thin shoulder. He saw the book and touched it in an embarrassed way.

"Did you—read it?" he asked. "I put it in as a sort of explanation, you know—" As he lifted it and started to turn the pages, a card dropped out into her lap.

"What is this?" she asked. He looked at her oddly while she read.

"Hadn't you seen it before?"

"With a Merry Christmas from the author to his wife," she read. But even put as plainly as that, her understanding of it was slow to awake.

"Now you see why I plunged," he said. "It's—it's really quite a lot. I'd been doing these paragraphs for some time, off and on, for Burnham, not thinking much about it until he suggested they'd go well in a holiday book. And really, you know, it's surprising—there must be a lot of other people that care as much for children as we do—" He smiled whimsically.

"You!" seemed to be all that she could say.

"And you know," he went on, "that sort of thing pays when it does succeed. Why, I've fairly chuckled to myself as I watched the white-capped young persons pottering around here and counted up the surgeon's visits. It hasn't put us back a bit—Christmas and appendicitis: all covered and enough left over for your spring hat. . . . Here they come."

They came with a shout—then stood still, very still. The parents, watching the little faces, saw in their eyes a solemn wonder, a joy that answered any doubts as to the wisdom of their offering. So long they stood there, shy and reverent—then—No—they didn't go to the tree first, they went to Daddy and Mother, signifying by turning their backs and simply raising their arms that they were to be taken up. Mother took them (Daddy wasn't strong enough yet), and it was a long time before either was sufficiently recovered to descend from the easy-chair and investigate the shining wonder more closely.

The parents looked at each other across the soft heads, and the eyes of both were wet.

"They will remember," said Mother.





THE NOON-DAY REST

## Australian Bypaths

THE HEART OF THE JARRAH BUSH

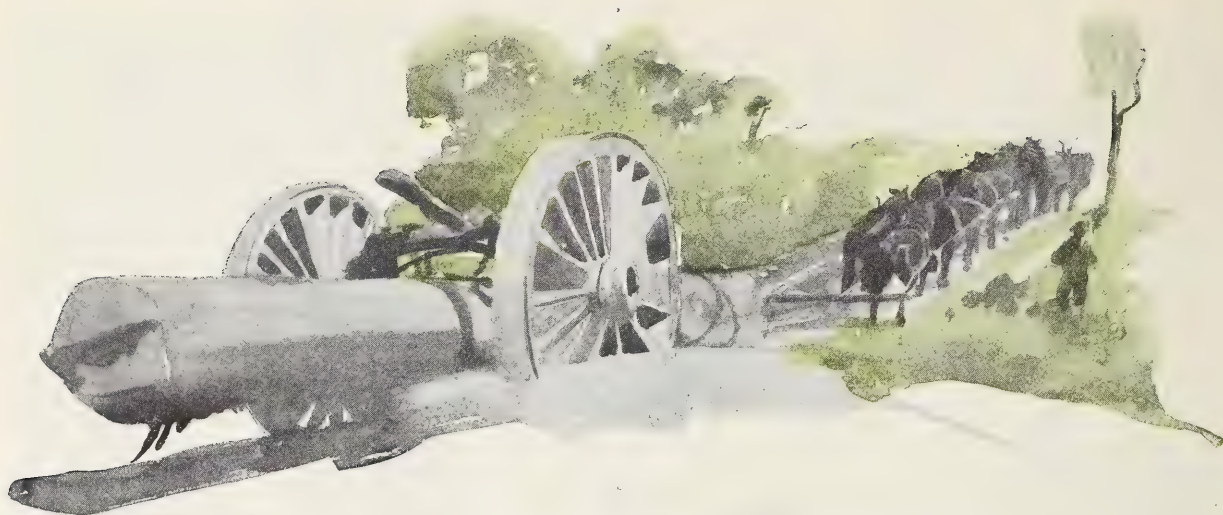
BY NORMAN DUNCAN



WHEREVER there is desperately rough work for timber to do, wherever there is a vast burden to be borne with dogged patience, wherever strain presses through a critical moment and goes past to return again, wherever the insidious onslaughts of marine-borers and white ants are to be resisted, wherever the sun warps and water rots, wherever skeptical engineers demand surely dependable service in sand, and swamp, and harbor water,

through long periods, there is a great cry for Australian jarrah and karri. Vast and raw as Australia is—its wooded ranges widespread and new to the ax, its bush rich and singular with sandalwood, rosewood, red bean, blackbutt, stringy-bark, tulipwood, satin box, silky oak, tallowwood, gum, ironbark, and pine, it is with the arid interior wastes to account for a most meagerly forested land. An area of three million miles; a forest area of one hundred and sixty thousand miles. Algeria is not one-half more impoverished in proportion. In





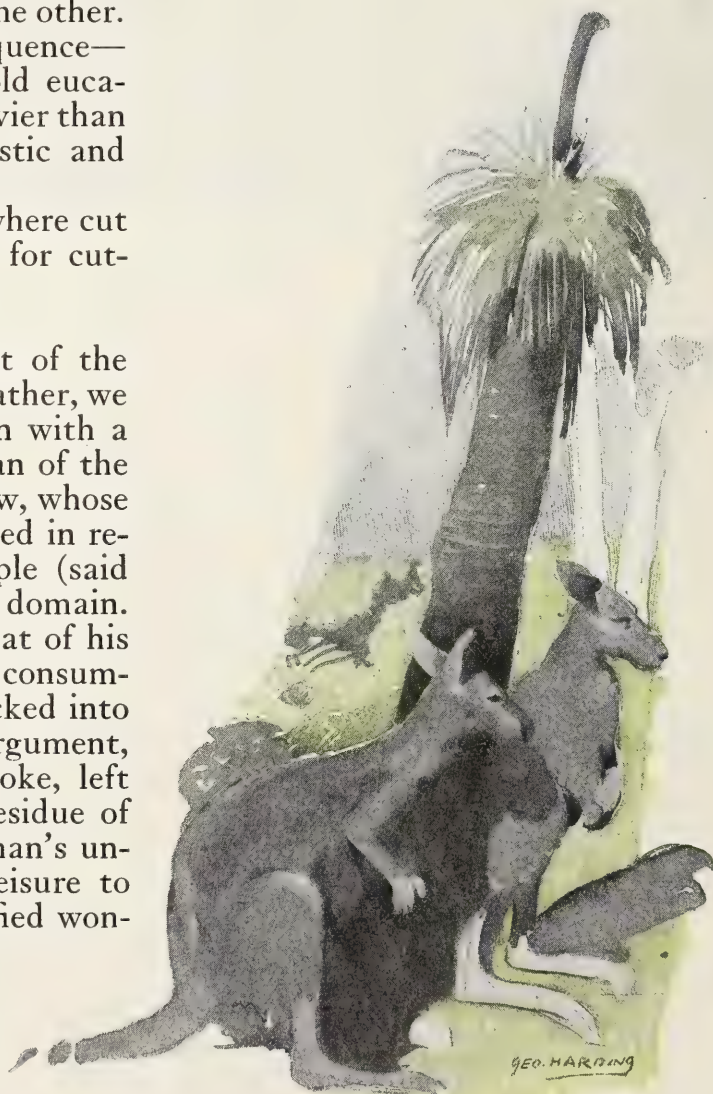
IN SLOW PROCESSION THE GREAT TIMBERS LEAVE THEIR HOME

the rolling, copiously watered country of the Australian southwest, however, into which the settlers are now penetrating, felling and plowing and planting as they advance, the forests are abundant with karri and jarrah, a great seacoast patch of the one, a wide, rich strip of the other. And these are timbers of consequence—sturdy, shaggy, gray-trunked old eucalypts, blood-red when sawn, heavier than water, tough in the grain, elastic and enduring.

Jarrah and karri are not elsewhere cut—nor do they elsewhere grow for cutting—in all the world.

Traveling south to the heart of the jarrah bush in hot January weather, we fell in at a dull wayside station with a brisk, bristling, tense young man of the country, a perfervid young fellow, whose convictions were mightily assured in respect to the rights of the people (said he) to the resources of their own domain. Opposition wilted in the red heat of his convictions: they flamed like a consuming fire. Contradiction was sucked into a roaring furnace of scornful argument, vanished forthwith in thin smoke, left nothing behind but a pitiful residue of ashes, upon which the young man's unhappy opponent was left at leisure to gaze in shamefaced and stupefied wonder. Jarrah, said he, was at once a disgraceful and exquisitely humorous example of the greed of private enterprise and the astounding futility of the traditional forms of administering the crown lands of

the colony. In this he was no mere saucy partisan; he was a furious evangelist. And his eyes blazed with zeal, and his face was flushed with indignation, and he was in a hot sweat of



KANGAROOS



energy to be about the business of reform; and the sharp slap of red fist into calloused palm, with which he pointed his declarations, disclosed the ruthless quality of his will to tear the world down and rebuild it in a flash according to the very newest Australian notions of what constitutes an efficient and agreeable world to live in.

Presently, said he, the state would be cutting jarrah and karri on its own

vate enterprise had smugly pocketed the profits. And whom should the jarrah forests properly enrich? Private enterprise? Bosh! Was it for a moment to be maintained that the people had enjoyed a fair share of all this wealth?

"Royalties?" I ventured.

"Royalties!" he scoffed. "Ha, ha!"

My suggestion was a vanishing puff of smoke. A snort of laughter had consumed the substance of it.



HUNTING KANGAROOS—A GALLOP THROUGH THE BUSH

account. And thank God for that! It was preposterous that the state had not long ago set up a mill in the jarrah bush—preposterously conservative, preposterously indulgent, preposterously wasteful, preposterously slavish and cowardly and wicked. What was the state for? Be hanged to private enterprise! Were we living in the last century? Were there no new ideas abroad? Had the people not awakened? Private enterprise, sir, had been exposed. Private enterprise had exported millions of pounds sterling worth of jarrah. Pri-

"Wages?" said I.

"Wages!" he roared.

My contention was ashes.

"Please God," the young zealot declared, gravely, "we'll wipe private enterprise off the map of Western Australia!"

"But—" I began.

"Man alive, there *isn't* any But! They're intolerable to social enterprise—these damned hampering Buts and Whys."

"But—" I tried again.

"My friend," said the young man,





*Drawn by George Harding*

AUSTRALIA'S WOODED RANGES ARE NEW TO THE AX



looking me straight in the eye, with disconcerting curiosity, as though I belonged to an antediluvian generation, and should be heartily ashamed to cumber the heritage of my aspiring descendants, "what we demand out here in Western Australia is Progress."

I capitulated to his suspicion.

"Out here in Western Australia," he went on, now putting his hand on my shoulder in the intimately benevolent fashion of a young country preacher, "we are engaged in a social experiment that will astound the world." He paused. "Give us fifteen years," said he, exalted, like a prophet—"give us just fifteen years, my friend, and we'll show this generation how good a place this little old world can be made to live in." Again he paused. "My friend," he concluded, with a flash of the eye so good

to see that it warmed our respect, "it's good to be alive; it's good, good to be alive, in these days—away out here in Western Australia! Australia,"



A CHOPPER

said he, "is the place where the big battle is."

We liked his breed.

Now, presently after that, in a compartment of the train, we encountered an old codger with an Australian "bung" (fly-bitten) eye and a marvelously surly disposition for a man of any age or condition. He was hunched in a corner, scowling and morose and scornful, sucking his pipe in a temper which seemed to be habitual, and biting the stem as though he had nothing better than that poor thing to punish in solace of his mood—a sour old dog with a great bush of indignant iron-gray whiskers. He had no prosperity; he was seedy and gray and malcontent; and as it turned out he was in boiling dissatisfaction with the government—the damned meddling government, said he. Too much law in the country, said he; and they were making new laws in Perth, for ever making more laws—pages of law, books of law, tons of law, miles and miles of law! It was no country for a man of spirit. It was a law-ridden country. There was no free play. A man couldn't follow his fancy. A man was regulated: his sitting down must be accomplished according to law; his rising up and going forth. What happened to a man of spirit—a man with the fire and ingenuity to strike out for himself and begin to get along in the world? Was he encouraged? Was he let alone? No, sir! The government straightway devised a law to deal with



DAN DOUGHERTY AT HOME



his enterprise. It was meddle, meddle, meddle! The government meddled more men into the poorhouse than it helped to keep out.

"Do you reckon," he demanded, "that a bloke can own a cow in this country?"

We reckoned that a bloke could.

"Naw," said he.

"Suppose," we proposed, "that a bloke bought and paid for a cow?"

"It wouldn't be his cow."

"To whom," we inquired, "would that cow belong?"

"Gov'ment."

"But—"

"Taxes," he elucidated.

It was still obscure.

"If I buy and pay for a cow," the old fellow went on, "I have a right to think that that cow is mine. And she ought to be mine. That's argument. You can't dodge it. But if I have to pay a license to the gov'ment every year for the privilege of keeping that cow, she isn't mine at all. Is she mine when she's two years old? Is she mine when she's ten years old? No, sir; she's never mine. That cow belongs to the gov'ment. I only rent her. I couldn't pay for her and own her if we both lived to be a thousand years old. I could milk that cow, and sell that cow, and kill that cow; but

that cow could never, never be mine. And that's why," he added, cunningly, "you don't catch *me* owning no bloody cow in this bloody country!"

We were landed deep in the bush, near dusk, from a preposterously diminutive coach, no larger than a stage-coach of the early days, appended as an afterthought to a jaunty little logging-train, which had tooted and squeaked and rather dreadfully plunged all this way as if on an hilarious wager to go as fast as it bally well pleased, clear through to the end of the road without once jumping the rails or damaging more than the composure of the passengers—alighting with three others, who tumbled out of third class, much to our surprise, with luggage enough, it seemed to the eye, to make a tidy fit for that small compartment of its own shabby bulk: a long man in rusty black, with melancholy eyes, blue cheeks, and a bottle nose, in company with a stout, bleached lady, peevishly managing a scrawny little girl with limp, flaxen hair, a spoiled and petulant child. We could by no means fathom the business of these singular persons. They had the look of old-fashioned strolling players. The man was a dank and grotesquely dignified personage of the old

school of strollers, as our fancy has been taught to picture those characters, and the child was pitifully lean and pallid. A troop of fine brown children followed them off—all the while bashfully eying the pallid little girl.

Here, remote from all towns and farms, was a community of jarrah cottages, weathered gray, huddled in a deep hollow by the mill, surrounded by a lusty bush which persistently encroached, like a rebellious jungle, for ever threatening to overrun and repossess the clearing on the sly, and must periodically be slashed back to its own quarters. It was a hap-



KANGAROO DOGS



hazard arrangement of little cottages, vine-clad and flowering, with winding lanes between, the whole inclosing a dry, irregular common, which they used for half-holiday cricket, some such provision being happily essential to the life of every community in Australia. And every cozy cottage of them all, we were amused to observe, was furnished with a monstrous wooden chimney, which had either been afire, being charred and eaten through, or was waiting to catch afire, to gratify a mischievous ambition, and was only deterred from doing so the very next instant by the presence near by of a long ladder and a bucket of water. Having supped with satisfaction at the boarding-house—a private parlor, even here, to be sure, in the English way, for guests of our obvious quality—we walked out into the moonlight and found our hands gripped and painfully wrung before they were fairly out of our pockets.

The author of this hospitable onslaught was a rosy young man in a bowler and decent tweed, now all out of breath with haste and lively emotion.

"'Twas your name that drew me to you," he gasped. "Man, man," he declared, deeply affected, "'tis a grand Scotch name! What part are you from?"

I confessed to a Canadian origin.

"*Colonial* Scotch!" said the young dog, disgusted. "Ah, well," more heartily, "you can't help it. I'm from Dumfriesshire myself. Was you expecting me?"

We had not been led to look for him.

"I'm thinking," said he, blankly, "that you've never heard of me."

"Well, you see—" we began.

"Losh! that's strange," he broke in, brooding.

With this we agreed.

"Did you not know I was here?" cried he, then, amazed. "Did nobody tell you? Man," says he, "that's incredible! Do you not know who I am?"

"Ah yes," said I, confidently; "you're the minister."

"Losh! that's stupid," says he. "Where's my white tie? Man, I'm the Scotch schoolmaster!"

We could not ease his pride; nor could we raise his spirits, which had fallen heavily; he was humiliated and homesick—wretchedly humiliated. We

praised his temerity in venturing so far from home in pursuit of a future of consequence; we praised his employment—his prospects, too; and with every word of all this heartening approbation, seeming first to weigh it delicately, to discover



A DENIZEN OF THE BUSH

its reasonableness, as a serious young man should, lest he be misled by flattery, he agreed in short nods of the head, as though he had long ago reached these inspiring conclusions for himself and was not to be surprised by anything of the sort. But he was not comforted. He had been for three months in the colonies—and was not yet conspicuous! Where was his energy to advance himself? What had overtaken his visions? For a time he ran on, his most inconsequential sentences wearing an air of desperate importance, in praise of bush life and the Australian opportunity—opportunity, he was careful to append, with emphasis, for young men of parts; but by and by, his mood gone dry of cheerfulness, he rose abruptly to take his leave. This he accomplished in the most gloomy fashion: he shook our hands, with much modified warmth, expressed his delight with our acquaintance, with an elderly air of indulgence, and moved solemnly down the path, head bent, pausing to brood at the gate, however, through a melodramatic interval which kept us expectantly waiting.





*Drawn by George Harding*

THE HORSES WERE MOVING OUT IN A CLOUD OF SUNLIT DUST



All at once he stiffened and flashed about on us with some show of passion.

"There's many a Scotch schoolmaster risen to fame from more unlikely places," said he, grimly. "You'll hear tell of me yet."

He stalked off.

Upon the surprise occasioned by the Scotch schoolmaster's ecstatic prophecy came the loud, tumultuous clang of a bell. It was no grave call to worship. No fear! It was a wild alarm—an agitated, urgent summons, flung far and wide over village and bush in appeal to all true men. There was warning in it. There was fright in it. It split the still night in a way to make one's heart jump and pound. It roused to action. Fire!—it could mean nothing less. Making what haste we could over the unfamiliar paths in the direction of the frantic clamor, stumbling and panting, we came breathless to the churchyard by the moonlit common; and there—clinging like a monkey to the top of a tall pole (which he had shinned)—we found a very small boy beating the great bell with the clapper by means of a short rope. Such was his energy, so precarious was his situation, such a mighty tumult was he raising, that we could not ask him what threatened; but we were almost immediately enlightened in another way: a second very small boy, ringing a hand-bell with all his feverish strength, came tumbling across the common at the top of his speed.

"Show's in town!" he bawled as he ran.

"What show? Where?"

"Melbourne Comedy Three! Town Hall to-night!"

And show there was, which promised beforehand, in the bold type of the hand-bills, to tickle the risibilities, to draw tears, to arouse roars of laughter, all without in the least degree offending the most delicate sensibilities—a refined comedy-concert, in short, performed behind kerosene footlights by the melancholy man in rusty black and the bleached lady and the scrawny little girl with the limp, flaxen hair. But the long man in black, though seeming longer and leaner than ever, was no longer melan-

choly, nor was he in black, fresh or rusty; and the little girl was no longer petulant, nor was she pallid, but rosy and smiling, and as for her limp, flaxen hair, it was cunningly become a tangle of dear, roguish curls. And the titters and tears and guffaws came from an audience self-respectingly clad in its best: ladies in pretty white gowns and gloves, sun-browned little girls in starched dresses, little boys in tweed and Eton collars (hands washed and hair plastered flat), and men with their workaday dungaree exchanged for respectable Sabbath habiliments—an astonishingly agreeable and polite and happy and prosperous company, altogether of a quality rare to see. And when the last tear was dried, when the last roar of laughter had subsided, the floor was cleared, as by a whirlwind kept in waiting, and there was a jolly, decent dance, tripped by young and old, all flushed and joyous, to the good music of an aspiring village orchestra.

Before dawn of the next day, being then bound to the works, twenty miles deeper into the bush, our teeth chattering more wilfully than they had ever chattered before, we were crouched aboard a flat-car, wretched and near numb with cold, yet moved to be alert in a shower of sparks from a devil-may-care little locomotive, which ate jarrah-wood for breakfast and breathed black smoke and flaming cinders in fine disregard of the consequences to the dry mid-summer bush through which it went roaring. That we were not consumed was due to the cunning with which we sniffed and kept watch, and the agility and determination with which we extinguished one another; and that we did not leave the rich forest ablaze in a hundred likely places in our wake was one of the most incredible experiences of our Australian journey. The valleys were still deep with night and clammy mist; but the ridges, high and shaggy, were beginning to glow, and through the gnarled trees which crested them the new day dropped shafts of gray light into the somber shadows below—like the glory of heaven, streaming into the dark and terrible places of the world, in the old engravings called "The Voyage of Life."



An outlandish gray shape shot through a patch of light; and lesser gray shapes, leaping from shadow to shadow.

"Kangaroo?"

"The first was a boomer—a big fellow. You'll see a dozen more"—which turned out to be true.

A group of tents, pitched for shade, and open stables, mere paddocks, was camp enough for this benevolent climate. There were no low log cabins, banked and calked against cold weather, as in the American woods; and the camp differed more conspicuously still in this, that the lumberjacks kept their wives and children with them, a school being provided even here for the brown little "scrubbers" by a solicitous government. The horses were moving out in a cloud of sunlit dust; and there were children about, in easy rags, and industrious poultry, scratching for their chicks, and a cloud and very plague of house-flies, and many great, lean kangaroo dogs. Beyond all this, in an open, ragged old bush, with dust and harsh grasses underfoot, with parrots and cockatoos screaming and squawking in the branches, and flitting brilliantly, too, through the blue sunlight, the sawyers and teamsters were at work, felling, hauling, loading, the heavy operation proceeding, now that the morning was well advanced, in a heat of 101° in the shade, yet drawing hardly more than a dew of perspiration from these seasoned laborers, as we whom the sun was bitterly punishing could hardly credit.

"Snakes hereabouts?" I chanced to inquire.

"Thaousands," said the sawyer.

"Deadly?"

"They tell me, and I believe it," he replied, weighing his words, "that the death-adder and tiger-snake kill in half an hour. I'm told," he drawled on, in harmony with the droning weather, "that a dog won't last no more than twenty minutes. The death-adder, now, he's a slow, stupid beast, and won't move along. The tiger-snake comes at you; but the death-adder, he's a slow, stupid beast—lies still and bites when you tread on him. There's the black snake, too, and the brown snake—they're deadly; and a few others, like the tree snakes, and maybe some

more. I reckon the carpet-snake is the only snake we got in this country that can't do too much damage."

"Mortality high?"

"What say? Oh! Well, I'll tell you, if you go hunting for snakes you're likely to be kept real busy; but if you mind your own business, and give the snakes a chance to mind their own business, and if you look out for them slow, stupid death-adders, you're likely to be let off. I heard tell of a kiddie being bit once. He put his hand in a rabbit-hole."

"Did the child die?"

"Ah, well, no; he took an anecdote."

It had been a mild abrasion: for these snakes—the black snake and tiger-snake and death-adder in particular—are more virulently poisonous than the rattle-snake or cobra. Yet death from snake-bite is by no means common in Australia.

To this pleasant, drowsy old bush—with its droning and sunshine and deep shade of jarrah and blackbutt and she-oak, its swift, flashing color, its sleepy twitter and shrewish screaming—a host of fantastic grass-trees, everywhere lurking, gave a highly humorous aspect. Blackboys, they were colloquially called; and truly they were comical fellows, distinguishing the Australian bush with the astonished laughter they could not fail to stimulate. They were thick as a man, tall as a boy or a man, naked as a cannibal, all growing in the infinitely diverse attitudes of men; and from the heads of the bare, black trunks, completing and pointing the remarkable resemblance, sprang thick tufts of grass, like the wild hair of savages, from which a long spike protruded in precise suggestion of a half-concealed spear. It seemed, too, that every shock-headed blackboy of the bush, in a paralysis of rage, suspicion, or amazement, was staring at us who traversed it: dwarf blackboys, absurdly corpulent blackboys, lean blackboys, giant blackboys, decrepit blackboys, blackboys pompous and timid and pious; toddlers, and saucy youngsters, and terrible warriors: peering with hostile intent, hiding behind trees, doubled up in some agony of horror, stooping to escape observation, heads thrown back in arrested convulsions of merriment—a human variety of emotion and behavior in the emer-



gency of our invasion of their secluded country.

"There," the Artist declared, pointing in horror, "are two disgracefully drunken blackboys!"

It was sadly true: those shameless blackboys had their long-haired heads close together, in the manner of young college men musically celebrating a victory in the privacy of some great city; and all their joints were loose, and their hair was fallen over their eyes, and their legs were conspicuously weak, and they were all too plainly deriving much-needed support the one from the other.

At noon we rested and refreshed ourselves from a billy of tea with the crew in the shade of a great blackbutt by the landing. They were British or Australian born, every jack of them; there was not an Italian in the company, not even a Swede. The Australian immigration is British—the Australian population ninety-six per cent. British or Australian born, or of one descent or the other. Though the peasant of southern Europe is warmly encouraged to adventure upon the land, he is regarded with that wary suspicion which attaches to dark strangers and is by no means indulged in the questionable practices of

his own land. "We'll teach *you*," said the Perth magistrate, passing merciless sentence upon an Italian who had lightly employed a stiletto in some small altercation with a countryman, "that you're

in *our* country now!" These men with whom we rested were like lumberjacks the world over—physically fine, hearty fellows, but hard rogues and wastrels. Their diversion was a furious debauch, from which, having "knocked down" their checks in the first public-house, they crawled back to long periods of healthful labor.

It being now shortly after Christmas, the talk had something to do with the long Christmas absence.

"Fined me a pound in Jarrahdale," said Scotty.

"A pound for bein' drunk!" cried the hook-man, indignantly.

"Ah, well," said Scotty, in honorable defense of the magistrate, "I was usin' profane lang-witch."

"Dod-blime me!" the hook-man protested, "they only charge ten bob for that in Perth!"

"Ah, well," said Scotty, "I talk fast."

In these simple surroundings Scotty kept us all laughing; he was the wit, and himself laughed harder than any. Once, said he, a new chum came to the jarrah bush. A new chum is a tenderfoot, specifically an English tenderfoot; he is



THE VILLAGE IN THE BUSH



of course the butt of every bush and mining-camp in Australia. And this new chum, disgruntled and blistered and homesick, fancied, said Scotty, that it would be more agreeable to pick up a fortune in Perth than to hew it from the bush. Forthwith he rolled his swag and prepared to return. It was not far to the railroad; a half-mile of hilly country—perhaps a bush mile. But in very natural alarm of being bushed the new chum sought out Scotty for precise directions. Precise directions Scotty cheerfully afforded, cross-country directions, more than ample for any bushman, but not at all to the liking of the new chum, whom the bush never failed to bewilder. Casting about for an unmistakable landmark—a landmark so placed and obvious that even a new chum could not fail to recognize and remember it—Scotty's eye fell by happy chance on a cow, placidly chewing her cud on the crest of a ridge in the right direction.

"See that cow?" says Scotty.

"I do," says the new chum, positively.

"Go to that cow," says Scotty. "When you come to that cow, turn to the right. You can't miss the road; it's within fifty yards of that cow."

"I go to the cow," the new chum repeated, providing against the chance of error, "and turn to the right?"

"Right-o!" says Scotty. "Good luck!"

That night Scotty was astounded to find the new chum once more in the jarrah camp.

"Why, what's up with you?" says he.

"Bad directions."

"Did you go to the cow and turn to the right?"

"I couldn't catch up with the cow!"

Kangaroo are hereabouts hunted for sport; for the hide, too, and for the somewhat unsavory delicacy of the tail, boiled in a pot to make soup and a jelly. It is not an heroic sport. It is exhilarating, perhaps—a gallop through the bush, taking the windfalls in full career, on the heels of a pack of kangaroo dogs, swift as greyhounds, powerful and ferocious as bloodhounds; and the kill—the quarry being a "boomer," a savage and desperate "old-man" kangaroo—provides the dogs with some entertaining moments. A kangaroo takes instinctively to water, where, at bay in depth enough, he drowns a dog in short order. At bay in

the bush, upright on one hind-leg and the thick curve of his tail, his back against a tree, he is at a disadvantage. But he is not defenseless. The long hoof of his free hind-leg is his weapon; and with this—having by good fortune trapped an unwary antagonist to his breast with his sharp-clawed fore-legs—he deals a terrible fashion of death. In flight, however, a kangaroo is easy prey: a knowing dog catches him by the tail, overturns him with a cunning wrench, and takes his throat from a safe angle before he can recover.

Notwithstanding the kangaroo's pop-



DRIVERS



ular reputation for speed, he is easily overtaken in the bush by a good horse (they say) within half a mile. A capable kangaroo dog—a lean, swift beast, a cross between a greyhound and a mastiff, bred to course and kill—soon runs him to bay. Without dogs it is the custom to kill with a cudgel. This is often accomplished by the sportsman from the back of his horse. Dismounted, however, with the kangaroo waiting alertly for attack, it is sometimes a perilous venture to come to close quarters. A slip—and the sportsman finds himself all at once in a desperate situation. One of the lumberjacks with whom we rested in the shade of the blackbutt showed us the scars of an encounter. He had ridden the kangaroo down, said he; and, being in haste to make an end of the sport, he had caught up the first likely stick his eye could discover, and he had stepped quickly and confidently in, and he had struck hard and accurately. And the next instant, caught off the ground, he was struggling, breast to breast, in the hug of the creature, frightfully aware that he must escape before the deadly hind-foot had devastated him.

“My club broke,” he exclaimed, “and the boomer got me.”

There were long scars on his back and shoulders, the which we were not very sorry to see, for we could not make out why any man should wish to kill a kangaroo for sport.

Of all the broken gentlemen that ever I met in my travels, of all the scamps and queer fish and gray reprobates, Dan Dougherty of the jarrah bush was the most bewildering and most poignantly appealing. He was a stableman, a stocky, grim, gray old fellow, clad like any bushman, in dungaree and wool—an old fellow of eccentric habit, which sprang, after all, for all I know, rather from a high and reasonable determination than a churlish disposition or any departure from good health. Whether Dan Dougherty was rake or hero, rogue or gentleman, no man could tell. He had no intimates; he would not so much as give a mate a nod or good-day, but lived the years through in a silence of his own making, a recluse in his bachelor tent by a she-oak near the stables. He

had never battled, they said, for indulgence. Yet his humor was not molested, for old Dan Dougherty had a clear, superior eye; and so well could he manage his glance, which struck, glittering cold and sharp as a blade, from behind brows so shaggy that he must clip them, and so straight and haughty was he, and so still and tense with menace, that the bullies and wits of the bush had never challenged his power to damage them.

And there was more—an uncanny thing; and by this Dan Dougherty's bushmates were thrilled to the marrow while they lay listening and peering and shivering in the darkness by Dan Dougherty's tent. Upon occasion Dan Dougherty would sweep his quarters and put his dooryard in order; and having disposed of the horses, which came in from the bush, limp with labor, in a cloud of yellow dust, he would cleanse and comb himself and dress up in his best, taking vast pains to accomplish a good appearance, as if in solicitous expectation of company. But no visitor had ever come—no visitor at all—no visitor in the flesh. Yet upon every occasion Dan Dougherty would clear his table, set out a candle, a bottle and two glasses, and place two chairs; and, having surveyed his quarters in search of some disorder (which he never could find), he would sit himself down to brood away the interval of waiting for his strange guest. But not for long. Presently he would start, as if there had come a knock; and he would listen, jump to his feet, sure, now, that there had come a knock indeed, and make haste to throw back the flap and peer out in welcome. There was never anybody to welcome—never a soul in the darkness.

Yet Dan Dougherty would behave precisely as though an old friend had dropped in for a gossip.

“Good evenin', Mister Dougherty!”

“Good evenin', Dan!”

“I hope I see you well, Mister Dougherty!”

“You do that, Dan. Bless God, I'm prime!”

This hearty dialogue was all the doing of Dan Dougherty. In the person of Mister Dougherty (the visitor) his voice was rounded and agreeably haughty—a



touch of condescension; and in the person of old Dan Dougherty it was decently humble, in the way of a self-respecting inferior addressing a natural and kindly superior.

"Will you come in, Mister Dougherty?"

"I will, Dan; I will that. You're good company, Dan, my boy."

"True for you, Mister Dougherty. I'm damned good company."

"You always was, Dan."

"Ah, well, Mister Dougherty, I've had all these years in the bush to make sure of it."

Then proceeding to the table, Dan Dougherty would with a pretty show of hospitality draw the chair for his ghostly visitor and himself be seated opposite.

"Will you have a glass of stout, Mister Dougherty?"

"I will, Dan—and thank you."

Very gravely Dan Dougherty would pour the two glasses full.

"Your health, Mister Dougherty!"

"Your health, Dan!"

Whereupon Dan Dougherty would drink off both glasses and resume the conversation. It seemed always to be an impersonal exchange. The listeners learned nothing. Mister Dougherty talked with dignity and reserve. Dan Dougherty matched him in both. They appeared to be a companionable pair; there was no quarrel recorded; but there was this mystery about it: that they talked as two friendly souls might talk who were both sadly aware of the disgrace of the one, but determined to preserve an ancient friendship at any cost—confining themselves to innocent topics and taking such poor solace as they could in mere proximity. "Your health, Mister Dougherty!" "Your health, Dan!" But the proceeding was usually temperate enough. It might be that a second bottle was opened. It might be that even a third cork would pop. And

it might be—the occasions being rare—that in quaffing for both Dan Dougherty would drink too much for his composure. At such times he would fall into a state of abject melancholy, his arms straight out on the table, his face buried between them, but not before there had been a last mysterious exchange between the wraith and himself, taking invariably the one form.

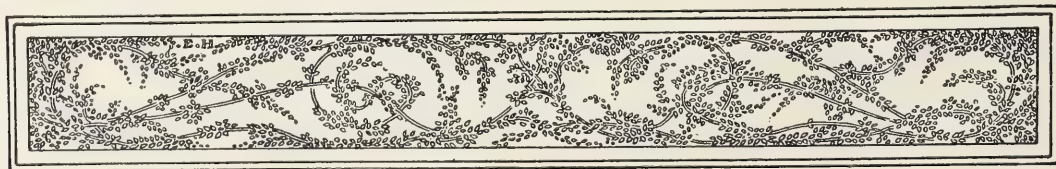
"And have you had letters from home, Dan?"

"I have not, Mister Dougherty."

"Ah, well, Dan, you'll be takin' a run over to the old country soon, no doubt?"

"I'm never goin' home at all, Mister Dougherty, God help me! The old country's well rid of me and the bush is no worse of my company!"

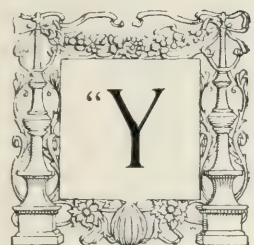
It was late when we were landed once more in the little hollow by the mill. There was an amazing sunset. For a space we stood stock-still and astounded. Dusk was near come. In the deeper places of the hollow it was already dark. The perpetual fires of red jarrah waste smoldered there, a living scarlet, and burst, intermittently, into vermilion flame, by which the slow, thick smoke was changed to rolling crimson clouds. And high past the deep color of these fires—beyond the black shadows—glowed the weird sunset light. Once on the north Atlantic coast a change of the wind all at once interposed a cloud of fog between our small craft and the flaring western sky; and every drop of this thin mist, catching its measure of crimson color, shone like the dust of rubies; so that with red hands we sailed a red craft in a world of red cloud and water. But here was a green sunset: a flat, green sky, all aglow—the light of emerald fires beyond the shaggy black trees on the crest of the hill; and our world was a world of shadows and red fires and the failing glow of green.





# Mr. Brinkley to the Rescue

BY ELIZABETH JORDAN



YOU will admire greatly the *pension* of Madame Bouvier," said Madame Olivier, "and you will like also that excellent woman herself. In appearance she is of a size remarkable; but her heart is no less large than her body."

Mrs. Reynolds Hartley, of New York, listened to this tribute with an absent smile, while she fitted her plump figure into a desirable corner seat of the compartment *pour dames seules*, to which the porter had just escorted her and her daughter. Her own French was uncertain, but "Maudie," she reflected comfortably, would talk to Madame Olivier. Maudie did everything. Maudie was an extremely pretty girl, slender and dark, with an efficient air that perched rather ostentatiously on the arrogant shoulder of her twenty-two years. In fluent and courageous French she now rose to the demand of the moment.

"You've been so good to us, Madame," she said, cordially. "I don't know what we'd have done without you during our two weeks in Paris. If Madame Bouvier makes us half as comfortable, we shall be fortunate."

Madame Olivier sighed and made a gesture consigning herself to an abyss of despair. She was genuinely sorry to see these Americans depart, and her regret was not wholly based on the loss of the temporary income they had given her. She expressed her appreciation volubly.

"And now it is to say good-by," she added. "You are comfortable, yes? And you have forgotten nothing? No, here are the packages, the journals, the fruit. *Au revoir*, then, *chère madame et mademoiselle*. It is but a ride of a few hours. At two o'clock you will be in Tours, in the home of the excellent Madame Bouvier. Had you changed your plans less suddenly, I would have written her. But you are sure of a welcome."

She shook hands with them again and departed, and an instant later the shrill whistle of the French engine sounded its final warning as the train began to move. The mother and daughter exchanged a look of quiet satisfaction.

"Well, we're off," remarked the older lady, comfortably. "Nothing to do for a few hours but to sit still and watch France pass by. I must say I'm glad of it. Another week of gadding about would have finished me. I hope, Maudie," she added, earnestly, "that you'll settle down quietly in Tours for a little while, and study your French, and let the châteaux wait till we're rested. They'll be here next month, which is more than I shall be if you drag me to see them to-morrow."

Maud Hartley laughed.

"Don't worry; I won't," she said, affectionately. "Snub every château in Touraine if you want to."

Her voice held the cajoling accents with which one addresses an infant of four. In the year of leisurely travel that had followed her graduation from a New York school, she had directed her mother's destiny according to the highest traditions of the executive American daughter. "She even thinks for me," Mrs. Hartley boasted, shamelessly.

"Now read," Maud directed, gravely, and handed her mother a magazine. And that lady, her mind at ease about the châteaux, dutifully read.

They reached Tours, as the time-table and Madame Olivier had predicted, about two o'clock. Once out of the train, Miss Hartley, as usual, took full command of their affairs. She directed her laden porters to a *fiacre*, which she selected from the congested mass of vehicles at the station. She saw to it that the cab was fairly clean and that the horse was in as good a physical condition as one could expect that hard-worked animal to be in France. To the driver she paid absolutely no attention. When



she had helped her mother into the cab, and had seen that the hand-luggage was packed around her and the cabman, she stood with one stout little boot on the foot-rest of the *fiacre* while, in her best French, she gave the driver Madame Bouvier's address. He had lifted the reins above the back of his lean horse. At her words he dropped them, while the look of one hopelessly bereaved fell upon his expressive features.

"But, Mademoiselle," he explained in mournful accents, "there is no longer in existence the Pension Bouvier!"

Miss Hartley regarded him, an annoyed crease disturbing the smooth outline of her brow.

"No Pension Bouvier?" she repeated. "But we have the address."

"The address, yes," explained the *cocher*, "but Madame Bouvier, alas, is no longer there. I trust," he added, piously, "she is in heaven. She died last month."

Miss Hartley reflected rapidly, her manner implying that the act had been inconsiderate of Madame Bouvier, to say the least—not at all what she had been led to expect of her.

"But her *pension*?" she asked, with a sudden gleam of hope. "Isn't some one else conducting that?"

"No, Mademoiselle, it is closed, locked, empty. It is of indescribable desolation." He waved his arms to indicate the width and depth of the desolation, and his steed, misinterpreting the motion, took two reluctant steps forward. Miss Hartley accompanied him, on one foot, preserving her balance by clutching wildly at the swinging cab-door as she hopped. The incident did not improve her temper, though it was warmly appreciated by a group of French urchins, who stood round and grinned delightedly, while a few men and women hurriedly added themselves to the select circle.

"I suppose there are some good hotels," murmured Miss Hartley, crossly, when the driver had checked his horse with a flow of language whose full eloquence was happily lost to her. She did not care to go to a hotel. It was, instead, her strong desire to be in a *pension*, where she could try her imperfect French on her helpless fellow-boarders, instead

of finding her opportunities limited to the usual hotel staff, who always leaped half-way to meet her meaning.

Of a certainty there were hotels. Her *cocher* rattled off an impressive list. But even while he was doing so a motherly Frenchwoman stepped out from the surrounding group, her broad face alight with good feeling, her hand on the head of a toddling baby whose fat arms fervently clasped her knee. She addressed Miss Hartley diffidently, but with a charming smile.

"If Mademoiselle and Madame desire a *pension*," she suggested, including the older lady in her deprecating bow, "possibly they will permit me to give them the address of a most excellent one." And as Miss Hartley hesitated an instant, she went on: "Does Mademoiselle desire that I tell her *cocher* to go there, that she may at least look at the place?"

Mademoiselle promptly decided that she did. To go and look at a *pension* could do no possible harm, and to go somewhere at once was highly desirable, as public interest in her affairs was already blocking traffic.

"If you please, Madame," she said. "And thank you very much."

Their good samaritan confided the address to the cabman, who received it with beaming approval. Maud entered the cab. The farewells, of somewhat extended beauty and ceremony, were finally over, and the depressed cab-horse started off, his mien suggesting that his darkest forebodings were realized. In something less than half an hour he stopped before a large, square, white house surrounded by a high wall, and set, as his passengers afterward discovered, in a garden which they entered by means of a wooden door. Mrs. Hartley remained in the cab while her daughter briefly investigated the attractions of the *pension*. These, she soon realized, were numerous. The garden was a delight, and the living-rooms of the house she entered were large and bright and furnished in admirable French taste. On the walks that ran around the garden two happy American children rolled French hoops. Within, several pleasant-looking Americans and a middle-aged English couple who, as





*Drawn by F. Graham Cootes*

GETTING HER FIRST IMPRESSIONS QUITE ALONE, AS SHE PREFERRED TO DO  
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Maud put it to her mother, "fairly oozed the domestic virtues," lounged comfortably in the long *salon*.

The appearance of the mistress of the house was equally reassuring. She was a dark-eyed, agreeable Frenchwoman, with the suave manner of her class. She confirmed with grief the announcement of the death of Madame Bouvier, her very dear friend; she sympathized with the Hartleys in the inconvenience it had caused them; she intimated that it would distinctly dim the celestial content of Madame Bouvier herself could she realize the annoying position in which she had placed these American ladies. For the rest, by a happy chance, she herself had now vacant two most desirable bedrooms and a sitting-room on the second floor, the whole being a suite sure to suit the exact needs of Mademoiselle and her mother. Mademoiselle permitted herself to be escorted to them, surveyed them, and promptly engaged them—paying for them a week in advance. This duty accomplished, she descended to the cab again, escorted by her new landlady and half the household staff, and within the next five minutes the Hartleys and their luggage were established in their new quarters, and their cabman, paid and extravagantly tipped, had gone his care-free way.

The travelers had lunched on the train. The *pension* dinner, they learned, would not be served until seven. To fill this dragging interval Mrs. Hartley promptly went to bed, murmuring something about a slight headache.

For an hour Maud busied herself, with the assistance of one of the maids, in unpacking bags, laying out the gowns she and her mother would wear at dinner, and moving the furniture about the rooms to give them the occupied effect they lacked. When she had done all this she went to a window and looked out. Below was the garden with the hoops and the children. Around it was the high, protecting wall. But off to the right were wonderful stretches of green and pink, French fields with almond-trees in full bloom; and farther away still was a curving silver line she knew must be the Loire. In the light spring breeze the branches of the almond-trees waved a salute to her, and she seemed

to hear the voice of the river calling her out into the open. Glancing into her mother's room, she saw that she was fast asleep. Without awakening her, she put on her hat, jacket, and gloves, and strolled out into the streets.

She would not, she decided, go into the country this afternoon, though that was where she longed to go. There would hardly be time. It was now about four o'clock. She would see something of Tours itself—getting her first impressions quite alone, as she preferred to do.

Comfortably and happily she strolled along, leaving the wide thoroughfares for quaint side-streets, which always most attracted her in foreign cities. She had her Baedeker in her hand, its telltale red back concealed by a special cover of dark, rich leather which she had bought in Italy. She did not open it, however; she merely wanted to absorb the atmosphere of Tours, to look at its people, to hear the click of their *sabots*, to admire the little red soldiers, to return the town's smile, indeed, until she was ready to go home.

Until she was ready to go home! A sudden reflection came to her, then caught her by the throat. Under its force she stood still in the street, momentarily aghast. When she was ready to go home, *where would she go?* She realized now, for the first time, that she had not the remotest idea. The kindly Frenchwoman who stepped out of the group at the station had given her new address, not to her, but to her driver, and he had driven her to the house. Incredible as it now seemed, when she reached there she had taken everything for granted. It had not occurred to her to ask the proprietress her name or the address. So, when she had left it, she—Maud Hartley, the capable, the executive, the experienced traveler—had ventured out into a strange world as irresponsibly as a baby, and with as little knowledge of how to return to that starting-point. For a moment the humiliation of the experience occupied her mind more fully than its practical aspects. Then, resolutely, she forced herself to think of these.

The house, she recalled, had been a large, white house, behind a high wall. Large, white houses behind high walls were to be found upon every hand



in Tours. Half a dozen of them faced her even now, as she stared around her trying to control the unpleasant little tremor that was shaking her nerves. This wasn't at all serious, she told herself. It was merely funny—a huge joke on her, which she would tell with gusto when she returned to America. But in the mean time there was that mysterious house to return to here in Tours, in which her mother was waiting.

She looked at her watch. Five o'clock! She had been walking more than an hour. She might be three or four miles away from that white house, wherever it was. She was obviously in quite a different part of the city. The white houses around her now looked old and grim and forbidding. They seemed to stare back at her with a strange aloofness, as if coldly repudiating any association with an American girl who was foolish enough to start out from a strange *pension* without making a note of its location. What should she do? What *should* she do?

She had been standing still for several minutes, in the middle of the sidewalk, unconscious of the curious glances of those who passed her. Now, realizing that she must not attract another crowd, as at the station, she moved uncertainly away. She had gone only a few steps when she caught the eager but respectful gaze of a young man who had been leaning against an old wall and quietly watching her. When their eyes met he at once came toward her, his tweed cap in his hand, his tanned, boyish face slightly flushed with embarrassment.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but can I help you? Have you lost anything?"

She looked uncertainly into his handsome, eager face, met the clear regard of his gray eyes, observed the diffidence of his American manner, and straightway felt at ease with him. As promptly, she dropped her burden of anxiety on his welcome masculine shoulders.

"Yes," she admitted, ruefully, "I've lost myself."

He smiled.

"That's very easy in Tours," he told her, "especially for strangers. But I know the place pretty well. If you'll tell me your address, I'll see that you reach it."

His tone and manner were exactly what they should have been—comforting, reassuring, matter-of-fact.

"But that's just what I can't do," she told him. "You see, I don't know my address."

"You mean," he asked, uncertainly, "that you've forgotten it?"

"No," she said; "I mean that I've never had it."

At the expression of his face she laughed outright. Then, as briefly as she could, she explained the situation. At first he laughed with her; then his eyes grew grave.

"But that's rather serious," he admitted, soberly.

"Would you think that any human being could be so silly?" she asked. "I'm afraid mother will never trust me again. Poor mother! She must be worrying about me dreadfully this minute. What shall I do? The worst of it is that I walked out of the house without my purse. I haven't a cent."

He gave his mind to it, his boyish face very serious. At first sight she had thought him about her own age. Now she decided that he was several years older, and found the reflection oddly interesting.

"The cabman might remember the address," he mused, "if we could find him." He faced her with sudden decision. "Will you let me take charge of the search?" he asked. "Let me see if I can find the place for you?"

"Oh, if you only will!" she murmured, gratefully. She felt like a lost and frightened child to whom a friendly hand had been outstretched. If he turned and left her, she told herself, she believed she would run after him, crying.

"I oughtn't to trouble you," she added, dutifully. "It may be ages before we find the house."

"Then we'll wander hand in hand for years," he laughed, "keeping up our mysterious quest while our hair turns white and our steps grow feeble. And if my end comes before we find it," he added, "I'll expect you to mourn for me and put a monument on the spot where I dropped."

She shivered.

"Don't," she begged. "I can see myself now, a helpless, heartbroken old



woman, weeping at the grave of my one friend."

"Would you be heartbroken?" he asked.

"Utterly," she smiled.

Their eyes met. The smile in both pairs faded. In his a sudden flash took its place. Why, in Heaven's name, he asked himself, did he feel at the end of half a dozen sentences as if he had known this girl all his life? He had never felt that way before about any girl, least of all one he had known only five minutes. With an effort he recalled himself to duty.

"Then it's all understood," he said, briskly. "For the time you're under my orders. We'll see how obedient you are."

He dropped into the big outside pocket of his Norfolk jacket the sketch-book he had been holding, and signaled to a cabman who was driving slowly past them, his eyes alert for passengers. When the man stopped, he helped her into the cab and took his place beside her.

"Drive to the station," he directed the *cocher*.

"Oughtn't we to walk while we're young and strong?" she asked, "and save the cab-fare for later years?"

Already the affair had begun to seem to her like a joke.

"I've figured that out," he answered, gravely. "We can spend freely now, while I'm strong enough to earn more."

"But with most of your life given to the search," she insisted, "how can you find time to earn more?"

He met her eyes again; then, dropping his own, caught the adorable effect of the lift of her upper lip over her teeth as she smiled. As if drawn by a force beyond his control, he leaned toward her.

"I'll have plenty of time," he said, quietly. "You see, the thing most men spend their lives looking for, I think I've found already."

She raised her eyebrows.

"Fame?" she asked.

He shook his head. "No, nor money," he told her.

Miss Hartley mentally retreated. Whatever it was, it was no affair of hers. She sat up suddenly, as one who has been dreaming and is rudely awakened.

"How far is it to the station?" she asked.

Under the rebuke he bit his lip. She should not have to pull him up again, he resolved. The unusually intimate note with which their talk had started at the first instant must be his excuse.

"Only a few blocks," he said. Then, in the same breath, he produced his credentials and his plans. "My name is Brinkley," he said. "Edward Brinkley. I'm an American, from New York, studying architecture in Paris. I've been in Touraine for a month, making notes and sketches." This introduction over, he passed on resolutely to the task before them.

"Would you remember your cabman, if you saw him again?" he asked. "The one you picked up at the station?"

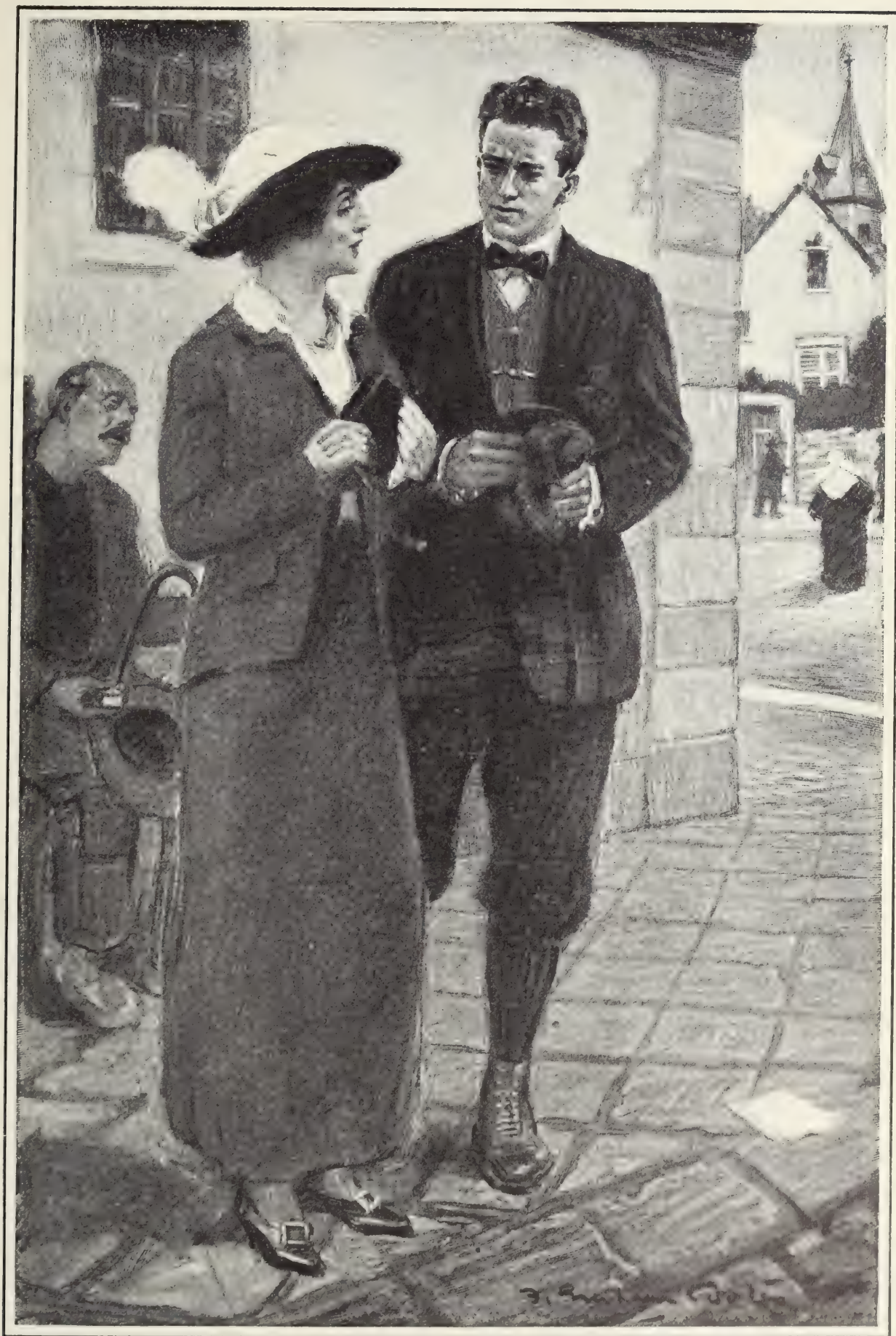
She nodded. "I think so," she said, doubtfully.

"If you can, it may be very simple," he told her. "Perhaps we'll find him at the station, if that's his stand; and if we do, the chances are that he'll remember the address."

His companion leaned back in the cab in restored peace of mind. Of course the cabman would remember it. That was beautifully simple. She would have thought of it herself, given a little more time. Meantime, from the corner of her eye she studied her companion, and he, as if conscious that such observation might still further reassure her, sat quietly by her side, looking straight before him. It was not going to be easy to find that *pension*, he reflected, if her cabman could not be discovered. To ask police help was unthinkable. The thing would be all over town the next day and the girl would be the talk of Tours. It might be necessary to get a list of *pensions* and visit them all. It would take some time—half the night at least. She wouldn't like that! Unconscious of his forebodings, his charge continued to study him, mentally tabulating her impressions.

He was tall, she observed—possibly almost six feet tall—erect and athletic. His gray-green jacket and knickerbockers were of heavy tweed, and his dark green stockings matched his tie. He looked extremely comfortable, but had evidently dressed with an eye to detail. The soft tweed cap he had replaced on





*Drawn by F. Graham Cootes*

"WILL YOU LET ME TAKE CHARGE OF THE SEARCH?" HE ASKED



his brown, curly hair was gray-green, like his clothes. His face was smooth, his eyes gray, his young jaw very firm, his smile quick and boyish. Altogether, he was distinctly reassuring. She was sorry she had snubbed him, but he had brought it upon himself. However, he was evidently forgiving. He flashed his brilliant smile upon her now, as if he had understood her close scrutiny.

"Will I do?" he asked, teasingly. "Or would you prefer a *gendarme*?"

She shuddered. "You'll do," she said, emphatically, and looked it.

"Keep an eye out," he advised her, restraining the response on the end of his tongue. "If your man isn't at the station, he's driving somewhere in these streets, and you may catch a glimpse of him at any minute. Was there anything noticeable about him? Anything distinctive, I mean?"

She thought there wasn't, but she described him as well as she could. The description fitted perfectly the man who was driving them at the moment, as well as a dozen other cabmen they passed. She was equally vague in her memories of the house. It was white, and behind a wall. As she brought out these banalities she was conscious of a tingling sense of humiliation. What an idiot she must seem to him! Even to her it seemed incredible that she or any other girl could have been at once so absent-minded and so blind. But he appeared to think it all the most natural episode in the world, and, comforted, she began to accept his view. Certainly, it seemed oddly natural to be riding about with him now.

At the station they both looked around eagerly. There were several cabmen lounging on the boxes of their *fiacres*; none of them stirred the chords of memory. Nevertheless, Miss Hartley's escort alighted and made numerous inquiries. The minds of the cabmen, stimulated by the swift passage of coin from hand to hand, grappled eagerly with the problem presented to them. But after a great deal of talk nothing had been discovered beyond the fact that none of these was the right man, and that none knew who the right man was. Their combined mental effort finally evolved the theory that the lady's cabman might be Marcel Frechette, a new-

comer among them, who had gone home sick an hour ago. He had mentioned having had a good day, and had boasted that he could afford rest when he required it. He lived, they said, in the suburbs of Tours, five miles from the station, and they gave minute directions for reaching the spot.

"We'll go and look him up," said Mr. Brinkley, blithely. "Meantime we can watch the streets and the other cabmen, and see if you recognize yours. Go slowly through the town," he added to the driver.

Hope again whispered her welcome message in Maud's ear. Frechette must be the man. The generous payment he had exacted for handling eight pieces of luggage, combined with the usual fares and her handsome tip, had made him feel like a capitalist, and he had gone home to the delights of well-earned repose. Brinkley, to whom she confided this theory, was as confident as she was. It was hard to be pessimistic, or even practical, when her mere presence beside him was making his heart sing in his breast. She was here. He had found her, and almost at the first glance he had known her for his own. What did anything else matter? He remembered how often he had scoffed at the notion of love at first sight. Well, he knew better now. For twenty-five years he had been wholly indifferent to girls; now, in an instant, his whole life seemed hanging on this girl whose very name he did not know.

He wondered what she was thinking of. Was she worrying, or was she trusting him? Was there any echo of his feeling in her heart, or was she wholly indifferent? He stole a glance at her. She was sitting with absent yet happy eyes fixed on the far horizon line, relaxed, content. He knew how quickly an unwise word of his would change that attitude of perfect trustfulness—for she did trust him, he realized that now. And, though she was not yet conscious of it, there must be some response in her to the depths she had stirred in him. Silently he studied the lines of her face, the arch of her black eyebrows, the soft curve of her lips. He knew how cold a look those brown eyes could hold; he had seen it only half an hour before. He



never wished to see it again. Was it possible that he had known her only half an hour? He felt as if he had known her for centuries. It was hard not to be able to tell her so. But he must be careful—very careful. Only—how could a fellow be careful when the Only One had come at last, and when he was wholly alone with her in a world of almond-blossoms, and when she smiled like that?

She had, he decided, the most charming smile he had ever seen. It came often—whenever he spoke to her. To keep it in play, he chatted of his work, his life in Paris. He told her about his family. It would save time later, he reflected, wisely, to tell her such things now. Also, he drew her out about herself. She talked of America, and of her travels. They discovered that they liked the same countries, the same pictures. At the end of an hour they both felt an extraordinary sense of long acquaintanceship, even of intimacy. The pleased cabman, grasping his opportunity, also, drove them on and on, reaching his destination by long detours, each detour representing at least fifty centimes added to his account. Occasionally, as in duty bound, Brinkley directed Miss Hartley's attention to some object of interest which they were passing.

"That is the church of St. Martin," he remarked, when that venerable shrine of pilgrims loomed before them. She cast a half-hearted glance at the sacred spot. There were moments, she had just decided, when his eyes looked almost brown, instead of either blue or gray. She liked his nose, too, and his way of throwing back his head when he laughed, and his little trick of compressing his lips occasionally, as if he had started to say something and had suddenly checked himself. She did not know what eager words were trying to make their way past that firm barrier.

The cabman's expedition had frankly resolved itself into a drive about Tours, and Brinkley, suddenly realizing this, quieted his conscience by reflecting that his charge might recognize her street or her own cabman at any moment. He added to his companion's knowledge by discoursing learnedly on the *Maison de Tristan l'Hermite*, pointing out its picturesque façade, and by showing her the

remnants of Plessis-les-Tours, at which she hardly looked, and the cathedral, and the birthplace of Balzac, all of which left her cold. Historic ruins, she felt, paled before the charm of the new world in which she was driving with this stranger who fitted so wonderfully into it. It was a very beautiful world, a world wholly without care or convention. It seemed to be a world without memories, too, or she might have recalled some reason why she should not be wandering through it in this detached and happy way.

Neither of the two realized how late it had grown; but darkness was falling when they reached the rural home of Marcel Frechette and summoned that unattractive person to its forbidding exterior. He had been asleep and apparently intoxicated, but his manners were better than his appearance.

Alas, no. He had not had the pleasure of driving Mademoiselle from the station. Indeed, he had never had the extreme felicity of seeing Mademoiselle before. He could not have forgotten her if he had. If he might be permitted to say so, the face of Mademoiselle was one that must be engraved for ever on the memory of one fortunate enough to behold it—

Brinkley checked his flow of Gallic eloquence, gave him a franc, and ordered his driver to depart. As he lashed his weary horse into a jog, both his passengers were startled by a sudden realization of the swift coming of the night and the nearness of an approaching storm. The fields around them lay dim and silent; lights winked meaningly at them from the windows of scattered cottages, the wind began to sweep the dust in a small whirlwind before it, and the sky, which had seemed so near and friendly an hour ago, was obscured by ominous clouds. Even as they stared up at it the first heavy drops of rain began to fall.

"By Jove!" said Brinkley, with deep contrition, "I'm making an awful mess of this. I ought to have had you home long ago. Did you realize it was so late?"

"No," she said, gently, "I didn't."

He stopped the cab and asked the driver a question or two, and that personage responded with a flow of rapid





AT THE END OF AN HOUR THEY BOTH FELT AN EXTRAORDINARY SENSE OF LONG ACQUAINTANCESHIP

and urgent French, of which she caught only occasional words. Brinkley turned to her with a worried look.

"The *cocher* says," he explained, "that he thinks it's only a passing storm, over, probably, in an hour. There's a good inn half a mile farther on. He suggests that we go there and wait till the worst of the storm is past. Incidentally, we can get something to eat."

With a sigh Maud Hartley awoke from her dream. They *had* made a mess of things—there seemed no doubt about that. They should never have come out into the country on this wild-goose chase. But they were here, and the storm was here also, and two hungry men and a starved and weary horse were dependent upon her common sense. Very well, she decided. They should rest and eat—for an hour. If at the end of that time the storm was not over, they would start for

Tours if the old horse had to swim. Once in Tours—but now her imagination refused to pass the point of their arrival in Tours. She communicated her decision to Brinkley, and he, seeing her pallor, and appreciating both her panic and her courage, gave his orders to the *cocher* between set teeth, and swore to himself that in some way, *any* way, he would have her with her mother before ten o'clock.

It was raining hard when they reached the inn, and the wind was shrieking around the corners of the old stone building. But the dining-room to which the landlord led them had a fire on the hearth, and the glow of candles on table and mantel was reflected in the polished wood of the paneled walls. The meal he brought them was of the perfect kind found in France alone, but neither did it justice. They ate absently and almost



in silence, listening to the gusts of wind that seemed to shake the building, and to the rain that dashed itself against the window-panes. Both had the odd sense that sometimes comes in life of having been in the same situation before, and together. There was no self-consciousness in their long silences. They had reached the point where words were not necessary.

When they went out into the dripping court of the inn, the storm was at its worst. But their cabman was awaiting them, enveloped in a huge waterproof cape, and the old horse, cheered by his rest and meal, and protected by a heavy blanket, seemed ready for the road. The driver helped them into the rickety cab, and fastened its curtains securely around them. Sitting close together, on the back seat, they were protected from the storm, enveloped in the darkness of the night, and drawn together by an extraordinary sense of interdependence and intimacy. Yet, secure in this safe retreat, started toward Tours, and with arrival there in an hour fairly certain, Maud suddenly buried her face in her hands and burst into tears. A full realization of her situation had rolled over her, as clearly as it had done in the first moments on the street of Tours. And now, as then, she found herself in the clutches of an incipient panic.

When they reached Tours, where should she go? She was as far from knowing as she had been five hours ago—and during those impossible, incredible five hours she had been blithely, happily, driving around the countryside with a strange young man. What must he think of her? What could she think of herself? What must her mother be thinking now?—her distracted mother, whom she had almost forgotten. A childish gulp broke from her, and at the sound the wretched young man beside her grew desperate. Seizing his handkerchief, he drew her hands from her face and wiped her eyes. Then, resolutely, he held the hands that tried to draw away, and bent toward her, his eyes shining into hers in the dark. Frightened, she shrank from him.

"Don't!" she cried.

He held her hands tightly in his. "Why not?" he asked, gently.

She wrenched her hands away, and faced him with sudden decision.

"I don't know what I've been thinking of," she cried. "It's night, and I'm lost, and I'd forgotten all about it, and I'm miles from home—wherever home is. Oh, how could I have acted this way! And you didn't care. It was all a lark to you!"

"You know better than that," he said, quietly. "You know perfectly well that the reason we both forgot your little predicament was because we were facing something bigger—the biggest thing in life. You know that, don't you?"

She shook her head.

"You do," he insisted. "Do you think anything else would have made you forget? Do you think I don't understand that? I loved you the minute I saw you, and something in you answered. I knew it when we got into the cab and drove away. Home is any place where we two are together. That's why you weren't afraid. You know it. Say you know it! Say you love me!"

The old horse stumbled, and was jerked up by the impatient cabman, with winged words of protest. The storm was growing wilder, but neither of them noticed it.

"Say it," he whispered. She drew her hands away, but very gently.

"Wait," she murmured.

"But there's so much I want to tell you," he urged. "We've got our whole future to plan!"

She smiled in the darkness. "Wait," she said again. Her voice held both a promise and a command. He exulted in the one and obeyed the other.

For a long time they sat in silence, while the horse made its weary way toward Tours. Impassive against the stormy sky, the huge back of their cabman rose above them. He did not know where they wanted to go next, and he thought it did not matter. The rain beat upon him, but he did not feel it. His reins slack on the back of his aged animal, his chin on his breast, he almost dozed. Behind him, Brinkley looked at the white oval of her face in the darkness, and told himself that he and she had been together, just like that, for a thousand years, and would be together, just like that, for a thousand years to



come. He could not picture life without her, here or hereafter. With an exultant thrill he told himself he need not try.

"We're very near town," he said, suddenly. "Can you remember anything else about the house—anything you haven't told me?"

"There was a garden," she murmured, dreamily, "with a straight path from the gate to the house, fringed with almond-trees. There was a little fountain at the left, but it wasn't working; the basin was held up by cherubs. I think the iron lamp over the wooden gate was held by cherubs, too. And—"

The old *fiacre* creaked under his sudden start. He gave the driver a quick order. "Why didn't you remember that before?" he asked, smiling at her.

"I don't know," she said. "I suppose it was because at first I was so nervous and frightened. I couldn't think of anything except that I didn't know the address or the woman's name."

"And then," he explained, "when you stopped being afraid it began to come back. Your memory developed the photograph it had unconsciously taken. Doesn't that sound impressive?"

The cab stopped before a large, white house set in a walled garden. Brinkley paid the driver and followed her through a wooden gate, under an iron lamp supported by cherubs.

"This must be it!" she cried. "And here's a number on the gate-post—37. I remember now," she said, proudly, "that there was a number—37, I think."

"Of course it's 37," agreed Brinkley, placidly, and accompanied her into the house.

"But how did *you* know?" she de-

manded. "And how did you happen to recognize the fountain when I described it?"

"By the luckiest of chances," he laughed. "You see, I happen to be boarding here myself!"

"Hello, Mr. Brinkley," shrieked a shrill-voiced American boy from an upper window. "You're dreadfully late for dinner. And everybody's worried about Miss Hartley!"

Brinkley waved his hand to him and pursued Maud along the hall to the foot of the wide stairs.

"Mayn't I come up for a moment and meet your mother?" he begged. "I don't want to wait till morning."

Mrs. Hartley, wide-eyed and excited, heard her daughter's voice and opened an upper door as he spoke. Her torrent of questions was checked by the wanderer, who accounted for her adventure in one pregnant sentence, and introduced Mr. Brinkley, of New York.

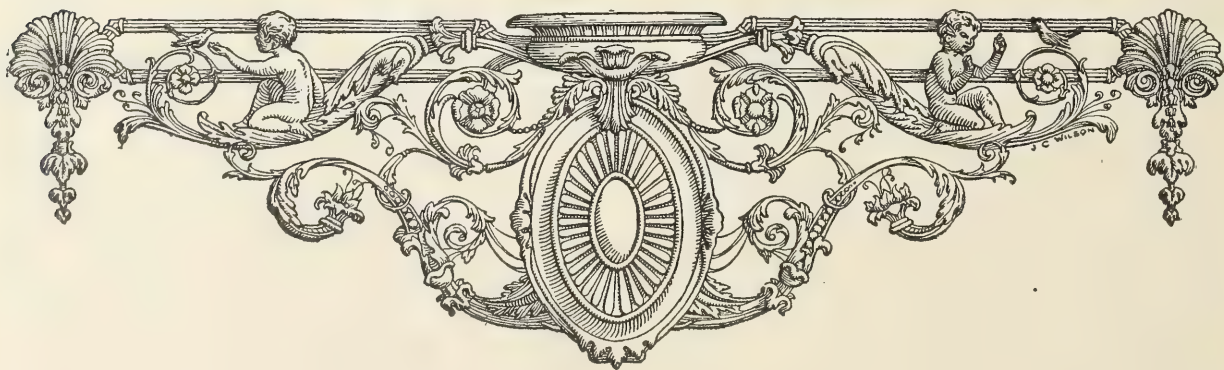
"But what I can't understand," said Mrs. Hartley, after she had shaken hands and thanked him, "is why it should have taken you so long to find the place."

"There's a reason," admitted Mr. Brinkley, gaily. "Our minds weren't on it!"

Then, as she stared at him, uncomprehendingly, his manner changed.

"We were a little slow in that," he explained, gently, "but we made record time in another matter. It took us five hours to get here—but it didn't take us half as long to find each other!" And to Maud he added, urgently, "Now that you're safely home, *admit* it!"

She admitted it.







THE constant reader of these papers will recall with perhaps more distinctness than the writer our reluctance in owning, some six or seven years ago, that the earth might be the only inhabited planet. We had been brought to this pass by Dr. Russell Wallace, whose work on *Man's Place in the Universe* was then newly given to the only world presumably in a position to accept or dispute its doctrine. His authority for his presumption, based upon a lifetime of scientific research, had its influence with us, and there was something in his occulted share in the binary glory of the Darwinian theory which moved our ready sympathy. Yet we remember that we surrendered at his bidding, very unwillingly, and with a sense of personal loss, our chance of some time, or some eternity, meeting a cousin from our Mother Earth's brother or sister worlds in space. The sun and the moon, of course, had not, for obvious reasons, seemed the home of a kindred generation. Jupiter was too remote to appeal to us with the hope of a common humanity in his children; Venus, forever coyly turning half her face from our astronomers, did not promise more than the kindness of a maiden aunt; but Mars with his colossal system of internal improvements; his mighty canals drawing the vital fluid from the melting frost-caps of his poles, and by means of his prodigious hydraulics distributing the water-supply over a surface which visibly responded with vegetation; Mars with his unquestionable atmosphere: Mars, was as a friendly uncle with whose numerous and highly intelligent family the earth's enterprising children might hope for increasingly intimate relations.

It was a peculiar pang to part with Mars and we did so with some faint belief in a possible mistake on the part of Dr. Wallace. As the years passed, we remained in this reservation, which rather increased than diminished; we hardly

know why. Now, however, comes a little book, like that larger book, from England, asking the dread question, *Are the Planets Inhabited?* The writer, again of authoritative eminence, is Professor E. Walter Maunder, Superintendent of the Solar Department of Greenwich, and author of well-known astronomical works, somewhat popular in character and rather religious in spirit. If any reader of ours is lingering fondly in our saving doubt or our superstition concerning the fact, and values such comfort as we have found in it, we can only advise him not to read Professor Maunder's little book, for it answers its question with a denial, inexorable beyond the denial of Dr. Wallace, in the case of each planet considered. The Sun, the Moon, our poor, dear Mars, Venus, Mercury, the Asteroids, and the Major Planets (such distant relatives of the earth as Jupiter, Neptune, Saturn, and Uranus) have severally and collectively their patient hearing, and are then successively dismissed to eternal sterility and solitude.

The case made out against them is that in none is there water that flows. On Mars there is frozen water, ice, in superabundance; Venus is veiled in thick clouds, vapor in precipitation, but neither ice nor vapor will do; it must be water that flows. As for the stars and their systems in nearer and farther space, the inquiry does not meddle or make with them; there may be a few scores or hundreds of fruitful earths among their satellites, but that is hardly our affair. The only moral question involved seems to be whether the Creator "would have created so many great and glorious orbs without having a definite purpose," the only such purpose being "that it might be inhabited." But as to this Professor Maunder invites us to observe that not one inhabitant has been found on our own Antarctic Continent, and he asks if that fact has any theological bearing,



"and why should it be different with regard to the continents of another planet?" There seems a good deal of force in this, and the stubbornest believer in the habitability of the planets falters somewhat before it. The lifelessness of our Antarctic Continent does not, indeed, account for the lifelessness of the planets, but it seems to form some sort of excuse for it, and we must own for a moment at least that Professor Maunder's ground is rather strongly taken.

He comes back to the same phase of the inquiry in the extremely interesting chapter where he deals more specifically with this matter of apparent waste in the universe, and finds that the apparent waste is no waste apparently, but much more probably a useful and necessary conditioning. Before we blame Omniscience and Omnipotence for a universe swarming with stars and planets where no man, or the like of him, breathes, or ever did, or ever will, or any beast or bird or fish, he would have us consider the vast waste areas of our most inhabited continents, which, so far as we know, exist only to condition that small part of the earth where any life is, brute or human. From this suggestion there will come for each of us in the measure of his knowledge and power, conjecture upon conjecture, whether and how this is the rule of everything that is. There is a fascination in pushing our guesses this way and that, in all the reaches of the moral conundrum which we call life, and proving apparent waste the conditioning of every form of good and beauty. If we must abandon so much to it, we may find it a consolation to believe that waste rightly considered is often use in disguise, and will explain many hitherto insoluble difficulties. In this view dim vistas light up with meaning where there was none before, and hope springs eternal with more than molecular activity where despair once blocked the way.

Professor Maunder descends in his exemplification of the usefulness of waste to such a particular as the fact that "our barren moors and bleak hillsides are absolutely necessary as collectors of the water by which we live," though he says nothing of the sport which they foster in the form of grouse-shooting and deer-stalking. Such a consideration would

appeal rather to his English than his American public, and it might leave us still, if he urged it, a prey to the error that "the highest use to which land can be put is to build upon it," and to a misgiving of the creative wisdom which could work with such bewildering, such inscrutable prodigality of means to such comparatively small ends; or which could lavish a universe of suns and planets upon the happy conditioning of one insignificant orb like that we live on. The best we can do under the circumstances is to acknowledge that the facts appear to be with Professor Maunder while we reserve a secret conviction that the reasons are with ourselves, and turn to our inquiry whether throughout the moral world, as the physical, apparent waste is really the conditioning of things.

Such an hypothesis would satisfactorily account for innumerable things, as, for instance, why in the whole range of man's achievements there is usually one beautiful thing for a myriad of ugly things. The soul of him that in passing through almost any exhibition of pictures is bowed down with grief for the immeasurable preponderance of vulgar and silly, and feeble things, might take comfort in the presence of one fine, strong thing; might console itself with the thought that without those thousands of vulgar and silly and feeble things this one fine strong thing could not have been. As our earth is a human home because of the frozen lumps or smoldering masses, forever sterile and solitary, wandering through the realms of thoughtless and speechless space, so that sole masterpiece may be the indirect effect of those leagues of daubs. If we leave one of these "vasty halls of death" with its single spark of life, and take our way through the cities of our loved and admired country, we shall hardly find more than one beautiful edifice amidst the ugly and sordid housing of a vast nation, which had hideously to be, in order that it might exquisitely be. But this will not offer a sufficiently vivid image of the terrible preponderance of imperfection in the skies, where the flaming and frozen corpses of dead worlds wheel through the firmament with no office but to condition the life that looks at them from one little sphere.



For some conception of that waste we must turn to the literary world, where millions of worthless books condition a single good one.

But we men, arrogant sons of the only inhabited planet, do not quite admit the final necessity of waste, of failure, as the conditioning of our successes. We think that somehow all the pictures, buildings, and books can yet be excellent. We poor human creatures refuse to look round on the works of the divine Creator, and read in their imperfection, their unsucccess, their adaptation of stupendous means to trivial ends, the lessons which our own endeavor interminably repeats. Do we somehow think, then, to be wiser than God in our methods and completer in our works? If we do, we are doomed to perpetual disappointment. After centuries of travail the race produces among billions of mediocrities or nonentities a few men who can really paint or write or build beautifully, and we are very glad and proud of them, so glad and proud that we are loath to own that they do not always paint and write and build beautifully. When we do own the truth, we take refuge from it in the praise of some one supreme masterpiece. But if we scrutinize this masterpiece we find that it is masterly only in a few points; the rest is comparative failure, apparent waste. The most perfect poem has one line of pure poetry; the rest is padding, mere conditioning.

For one lovely essay of Lamb's, or wise one of Emerson's, there shall be Easy Chair papers like this without end, where the writer dimly gropes his way from thought to thought, which may no more be real thoughts than the markings on Mars are veritable canals and pumping-stations. Then, descending in the scale to yet lower levels, for one reader of even these inferior papers there shall be hundreds of thousands of void and formless minds browsing in a species of chemical reaction, like that of caterpillars, on such fodder as the ordinary fiction of commerce. Are these products, and consumers of them, the conditioning of the two or three elect intelligences and performances of a century? Something like this waste in the psychical universe would be the pale image of that devotion of myriads of worlds in the space

to the conditioning of life on the one little planet where men sparsely dwell.

Pale as it is, the image is too dreadful, and after its moment of submission the Soul revolts against the notion that the Creator works with no more economy of means than His creature in a universe one part life to a billion parts death. The Soul requires greater proofs than any that the latest astronomy brings before it will finally believe that there is no life anywhere, plant or brute or human, except that which flowing water nourishes. "How do you know, how do you *know*, Professor, that there is not some sort of life which is not dependent upon your Water Wagon?" the Soul demands. "Could not He who suffered the frozen Mars to lapse from the state of a burning mass like Jupiter invent kinds of life which should be not only possible, but comfortable in both? Must I, who have adjusted myself to the theory that a globular earth wheels round the sun, against the evidence of my senses, believe now that it has no sentient compeer in its revolution? Is there no drink for life but water that flows, no divine elixir, no cup of nectar which the heavens should offer to the thirst of those freezing or burning worlds and put or keep life in them?" Very likely Science might bid the Soul not talk stuff, but accept as fairly ascertained facts the evidences which it does not pretend are complete or irrefutable proofs; and as far as Science is tolerant, we should be with it. But we should still hold with the Soul, a little. The author of the very interesting book which we have been considering himself holds no little with the Soul, and so far he seems wise as well as kind. He does indeed wrench our habitable planets from our fond grasp, as idle toys, and dash with water that flows our lingering faith in them. But at the end of his fascinating inquiry he tells the Soul that Science cannot answer its questions, because it has no experience of the facts; and Science is experience. Apparently he worships a Redeemer who shall restore the lost proportion between use and waste in the spiritual universe. Yet, how will it be if faith can scientifically accept the Resurrection only from experience, knowledge, ascertained fact?





WHEN we are freshly reminded, as we often are, of the multiplicity of novels and short stories, rapidly increasing from year to year, we regard the fact as interesting rather than as an occasion for either protest or regret.

But why should we be surprised at all by this multiplicity, which is an increase in variety as well as in the aggregate output? Evolution implies specialization. The number of philosophical, scientific, historical, biographical, and industrial books constantly increases, and there are many reasons why works of fiction should far more increasingly abound. The desire for entertainment is universal, while that for information is limited even among the literate, being prompted mainly by a sense of the need and usefulness of learning.

Story-telling antedates literature in the childhood of the race, as the relish for it is manifest in the individual child before it can read. History was orally recited before Herodotus. As late as the Elizabethan era the audience of Shakespeare's historical dramas was mostly illiterate.

History, when it addressed itself directly to readers, retained much of its earliest dramatic and picturesque investment, so that Clio was justly reckoned as one of the Muses. It is only lately that history has sacrificed romantic charm and rhetoric in the interest of naked truth, admitting as dominant factors of human progress elements of political economy which have affected the moods and conditions of plain people, and in doing this it has availed itself of the finest art of modern journalism, never quite surrendering the interest and charm of the story.

The desire for entertainment is not altogether a craving for amusement. Tragedy preceded comedy. The child, before it has sufficient experience or a

widely enough developed consciousness to relish wit or humor, has by that very paucity large room for sensibility to awesome impressions conveyed in masque, as in story or pantomime, so that it seems to love to be afraid, or at least to enjoy the hollow similitudes of fear. Later, when words and images come to be charged with their full meaning, and this meaning is emphasized by association and experience, the sensation is deliberately courted in all forms of representation and is to-day abundantly supplied on the stage, in fiction, and in the daily newspaper.

The sense of the comedy of life grows in complexity and refinement with our intellectual progress. It has passed through many stages of development, from the rude and grotesque susceptibilities of village roisterers, through periods of keen wit and satire, to our modern sensibility with its deeper culture of the sympathies—the fertile ground, therefore, of genial and abundant humor and of a kindly reasonableness. The comic sense is social and begets companionability. It has to do with the near and contemporaneous. While we may well be glad that so much of actual pain is hidden from us and prefer that the pathos of human life should appeal to us remotely through representative art, we delight in direct contact with the pleasures of others. The comic representation of life in literary and dramatic art gains by the selection and elimination which makes it art, and a good part of our pleasure in it is the sharing of it with others. The tragic representation concentrates attention and reflection, isolating each reader or beholder.

The comic sense is not only by its own nature expansive, but it so consists with life's growing complexity that, apart from its increasing prominence in the play and the novel, it more and more tends to pervade the entire range of



social sensibility. Pathos is always near to tears, but the field of comedy spreads far beyond that of laughter or even of gaiety, including, on the one hand, subtle nuances of intellectual perception and, on the other, impressions and interpretations created by our sympathy, till it blends with our sense of the pathetic. In fiction these elements of comedy find room for unlimited development and refinement. The novels of the two greatest masters within the memory of this generation—those of George Meredith, in their intellectual appreciations, and those of Thomas Hardy, in their sympathetic characterizations—distinctly show the advance beyond their predecessors in the eighteenth and in the early nineteenth century. We note a like advance in the wise interpretations of Mrs. Humphry Ward, the intuitive analysis of Henry James, the companionableness of Howells, and the vital humor of Mrs. Deland. The comedy of situation and character was never better illustrated than in Arnold Bennett's *Buried Alive*. The best of current fiction shows how far wit has subdued the ancient epigram, and humor those stage-like exaggerations which warped Dickens out of natural perspective.

Why is it, then, that, with all this expansion, this wonderful evolution, of the comic sense in life and literature—in the descriptive and philosophical essay as well as in drama and fiction—comedy must always bow its head to tragedy?

Perhaps the answer is simply, Old Mortality. Does the child, in the nursery and before it has fairly entered upon life, begin to coquet with Death? Is this why he so keenly relishes the gruesome folk-lore offered him?

The Egyptians nonchalantly displayed skeletons at their feasts, and the child-like medieval imaginations played with Death in association with all festivities, as shown in Holbein's famous sketches. But the child needs no such bright foil for its parlous enchantment; it has not entered upon any of life's festivals, yet welcomes the rash encounter.

The provision of this abundant folk-lore in which, as in the Bluebeard fable, mortality has such ghastly visualization, seems to be instinctive, as if sure of the

child's response. We ask what meaning it can have for the child, and our question assumes the dignity of a psychological problem.

In these nursery tales death is never natural, the inevitable incident, which to the child is a shock too inert to seem tragic; it is always violent death, escape from which is conceivably possible, through compliance with fixed conditions, through superior cunning or agile evasion, or through a turn of the tables upon the antagonist, as in *Jack the Giant-killer*, where the boy despatches the bogey. These stories are made for the child, who could not invent them or give them their definite shape. But why does just this kind especially and infallibly appeal to it? The ground of the impression, or enchantment, is indefinable and so independent of acquired experience that we must regard it as hereditary. Death is the theme of mortality—not as static, but as violently quick. Death, the great challenger to adventure, imagination, and faith, for ever presenting himself to be wrestled with to wonderful advantage. Why should not the child—itsself embodying the advantage of the endless encounter—have the innate sense of this race-heroism? In the fable and story of degenerate peoples the heroic element is lacking, giving larger place for cunning and for superstitious dread.

As physiologically the sense of pleasure begins in that of pain, so in their fundamental ground and in their first manifestations the tragic and the comic sense do not seem divided by any sharp distinction. The psychology of laughter is not far from that of tears—that is, in their beginnings. The child's delight in terror is an illustration of this natural confusion. A wholly natural sensibility is to be presumed; an abnormally sensitive child may be thrown into convulsions by an abrupt shock which is an occasion of fearsome delight to its healthy companions. There is indeed a kind of convulsiveness in both sobbing and laughter.

In their development tragedy and comedy grow apart, taking distinctive lines, as determined by circumstance and experience. Tragedy keeps nearer to its elemental ground, its original ten-



sion, while comedy, in its expansion and refinement, becomes a relaxation. Both lose their native grotesquery. Thus tragedy, too, has its refinement, as human sensibility broadens with our expanded consciousness and deepens with our feeling of life's profounder meanings, and a pathos attaches not only to violent crises but to all mortal vicissitudes, becoming a subdued sadness felt in the brightest moments.

Thus, in so far as our sense of life gains in reasonable naturalness, tragedy again blends with comedy. Shakespeare conjoined them, not in defiance of the canons of art, but in obedience to "the art which nature makes."

Thus violent death has slackened its ancient hold upon human sensibility. The sharpness of its tragic edge is in our day blunted even for the young person by the newspaper record of murders and fatal accidents, these latter increasing constantly in number with the accumulating perils of progressive mechanics and locomotion; and as the casualties themselves, except in singular instances, like the sinking of the *Titanic*, have no heroic association, the old tragic sense degenerates into a love of sensationalism. The stabs and thrusts men get in moral and spiritual conflicts have a stronger appeal to normal modern sensibility. Something enters here which is not wholly mortal, and which, while it grows out of the hereditary ground of the tragic sense, far transcends it.

It was inevitable that romantic love should in time—as it most emphatically did in the Middle Ages and even down to the nineteenth century—come to be associated with death in heroic legend and story. Here, too—in the case of love as in that of death—the child, before it has any such actual experience as would account for it, is wonderfully impressed by the representation conveyed through the romantic ballad or by a novel like Miss Porter's *Scottish Chiefs*, and the tragic circumstance is imperatively demanded by the child's imagination, to accentuate the impression, there being no foil to love like death, and—though it did not seem necessary to early Greek sensibility—no foil to death like love. And, in the case of love as in that of death, the impression, which in the

child seems so elemental and hereditary, is, in the adult modern sensibility, transmuted to a higher plane, where it is associated with ideals that transcend all mortal issues.

We see, then, what an immense and diversified field is open to modern fiction—a field which it shares only with drama. It includes all that comes within the range of sensibility, with the expansion of which fiction is developed in all its variations. The greater the general craving for mere information, the more the literature designed for its satisfaction comes to be condensed in cyclopedic form; but fiction cannot be codified, it must be read, and its diffusion is limited only by the number of readers. Science and philosophy can never usurp its functions in the presentment of nature and life. History can become its rival only by its imitation, by becoming as dramatic and picturesque, but it can never become so fully and intimately interpretative, especially of contemporary humanity. The essay may more nearly approach it in this office of interpretation, by assuming its dramatic guise and concrete personation. Something of this sort began with Plato and was more humanly achieved by Steele and Addison in the eighteenth century, though only as a reflection of contemporary manners; to-day in the creative criticism of life it not only co-operates with fiction, but becomes an important part of its texture.

If novels and short stories were written only by master creators and interpreters there would be very little fiction. The popular demand will always be met short of such high attainment; too many readers do not yet even insist upon so much of the creative quality as is essential to the reality of fiction. Sensationalism is driven out of the field since it can no longer compete with the actualities of life as journalistically reported. Unhappily, a deluge of banalities is welcomed in its place.

It is well, nevertheless, that comedy has to such a degree gained upon tragedy and that so much of fiction lightly serves for entertainment. The play of life is next to its buoyant hope, next to its faith, and most responsive to the modern note of sympathy.



# EDITOR'S DRAWER

## The New Ballad of the Ancient Mariner

BY *BURGES JOHNSON*

**A**S I was hasting on my way  
To catch the early train,  
I met a man all bent and gray  
Whose brow was knit with pain.  
He hoarsely croaked, "Ahoy! Belay!"  
And seized on me amain.

Like glowing ember was his eye,  
His beard like Spanish moss;  
"Old crab," said I, "if you'll brush by  
I'll try to bear the loss."  
"Be there a bird," he made reply,  
"They calls an albercross?"

With his wild stare he held me there;  
It chilled me through and through;  
"I'll miss my train," I begged in vain,  
"Let go, thou bearded gnu."  
"If ye miss the seven-three," said he,  
"Ye kin git on the eight-two."

He fixed his talons on my cuff:  
"One year ago," said he,  
"Cap' Hanks agreed he'd sailed enough,  
And built a house next me;

'Twas full of souverneers an' stuff  
He fetched from over sea.

"He'd everything, upon my word,  
From an ugly Chineee joss  
To a South Sea spoon that nearly stirred  
His own hot gravy sauce.  
But his special pride were a gawky bird  
He called an albercross.

"At first he built a little coop  
Whar she were safely stowed;  
He clipped her wings and fed her soup—  
Great catfish! how she growed!  
She took to roostin' on the stoop,  
And pecked at folks, an' crowed.

"Last month Cap' Hanks he took a trip  
To be some weeks away;  
He trusted me to guard the ship  
And that lank bird o' prey.  
I swore to nurse her through the pip,  
An' feed her every day.



"I FED HER FISH, AS WAS HIS WISH,  
SECH SCRAPS AS I COULD GET;"





"I TELLS YE NAWTHIN' BUT THE FAC'S—  
'Twas THREE STRONG MEN TO ONE!"

"I fed her fish, as was his wish,  
Sech scraps as I could get;  
An' chicken bones an' sand an' stones,  
But, Gosh! she et and et.  
I took some pride in her inside—  
'Twas copper-lined, I bet.

"She had a Roman style of beak  
That swallered flounders whole;  
I fed her ninety times a week,  
An' twixt them meals she stole.  
Although her look was mild an' meek,  
I fed her with a pole.

"Sam Tibbs, who lives next door but one—  
His temper's kinder quick—  
Set out his goldfish in the sun;  
She et 'em at a lick.  
She et each day what come her way,  
An' nawthin' made her sick.

"Cap' Higgins lost a ten-pound ham,  
An' Cap' Ezekiel Hall  
He hed a scoop-net full of clam—  
She et the net an' all.  
All through that street the folks you'd meet  
Was comin' round to call.

"Last noon, when I got home, I found  
That things hed growed intense;  
A deppytation set around  
A-whittlin' on the fence;  
They all was men that Jumbo-hen  
Hed put to some expense.

"Cap' Higgins broke the pause an' spoke:  
'Us all was friends fer years,  
But that thar bird, upon my word,  
Has set us by the ears.  
So us or she, by Gum!' sez he,  
'Must leave this vale of tears.'

"The looks of all of 'em was bad—  
They wasn't there fer play;  
Thinks I, 'Tis eloquence, my lad,  
That's got to save the day.'  
(I kinder allers thought I had  
A diplomatic way.)

"Sez I, 'Our busoms ought to stir  
With joy an' civic pride,  
In havin' sech a bird as her  
A livin' by our side.  
Observe her Roman beak! an', sir,  
Observe her haughty stride!"

"I let the oratory rip—  
Sez I, 'Thet bird's a king!  
You're jealous of my guardianship;  
Why, if her spread of wing  
Ain't seven foot from tip to tip,  
I'll eat the bird, by Jing!"

"I didn't mean it, goodness knows,  
'Twas just a way of speech,  
But all ter once my courage froze  
As each one winked at each.  
They gits a yardstick, and they goes  
To learn that birdie's reach.

"Sam Tibbs, I see, gits out an ax,  
Honed fer the deed they done.  
That low-down bird three inches lacks,  
And I'm too old to run.  
I tells ye nawthin' but the fac's—  
'Twas three strong men to one!"

"Speak up," I cried, "thou gray-faced man!  
Why art thou at a loss  
To tell thy tale? As in a gale  
Thy timbers heave and toss!"



He broke the pause—"With these here jaws  
I et that albercross.

"I et her broiled an' stewed an' fried—  
An' fricasseed on bread;  
They fed me hash until I cried—  
Two bullies held my head.  
I cracks no jokes on foreign folks  
That's forcibully fed.

"I've walked all night—I've got the shakes  
Fer breakin' of my trust.  
My conscience an' my stomach aches—  
I dunno which is wust.

So don't git mad, fer goodness' sakes;  
I stopped ye cuz I must.

"I tells my tale along the way  
To git my courage strong;  
Cap' Hanks is coming home ter-day—  
He dunno nawthin's wrong.  
I wrote him plain I'd meet his train  
And bring his bird along!"

I wrenched me from his grasp and ran,  
Nor paused to say adieu.  
A madder and a wiser man,  
I caught the 'leven-two.

#### At First Sight

**PADEREWSKI** tells of an amusing incident which occurred while he chanced to be dining at a famous restaurant in New York. It so happened that the members of a large national trade association were holding a celebration dinner in another part of the building, and at the close of the feast one of the guests made his way to the cloak-room, where he encountered the famous pianist.

The new-comer stared for a long time at the fair-haired Pole, and at last said:

"You are very much like Paderewski. Do you know him?"

"I am Paderewski," rejoined the other, modestly.

"What!" shouted the stranger, and, dashing at him, he shook both his hands.

Before Paderewski sufficiently recovered from his surprise the man stepped to the door and, calling the others of his party, yelled: "I say, Brown, Wheeler, Carey, all of you come here! I want to introduce you to my friend Paderewski."



The Yearly Tribute





### That Delicious Moment

*When you are walking with your married sister and her children and meet the beautiful stranger you have been so anxious to impress*

#### Easy

MISS WILKINS, the primary teacher, was instructing her small charges.

"Name one thing of importance that did not exist a hundred years ago," said the teacher.

Ralph Franklin, an only child, who was seated in the front row, promptly arose and answered:

"Me."

#### Hardships Indeed

THE class in history was wrestling with the terrible experiences of the Continental Army at Valley Forge when the teacher asked some one to describe the hardships of the patriot army. A small girl finally volunteered an answer, brief and comprehensive: "The hardships at Valley Forge were very hard ships, they were the hardest ships in all the world!"

#### Used to Motors

ESTHER'S aunt had some difficulty in persuading her to cross the railroad track where an engine was puffing off steam. When her attention was called to the fireman standing by it, who "wouldn't let it start

when a little girl was on the track," she ran across and, holding tight to auntie's hand, called back, "Now you can c'ank 'er up."

#### The Villanelle

I DOTE upon the villanelle,  
Whene'er the Muse I wish to woo;—  
It's like a little tinkling bell.

Since first I learned to speak and spell,  
And memorized a rhyme or two,  
I dote upon the villanelle.

In verse it has no parallel,  
(Let captious critics cry, "Pooh-pooh!")  
It's like a little tinkling bell.

Some persons love a sweetish smell,  
Others adore an oyster stew—  
I dote upon the villanelle.

It never *was* a college yell,  
And, favored by the cultured few,  
It's like a little tinkling *belle*.

You see, it pays me pretty well,  
And takes so little time to do:  
I dote upon the villanelle;  
It's like a little *tinkling* bell.

—W. T. LARNED.



## The Story of Gracia

THE long-expected baby had arrived, and the father was invited in to see his little daughter. He had hoped that it might be a boy.

"What will you call the little one, sweetheart?" said he.

"I think I'll call her Gracia," said the mother. "I always have liked that name."

"Oh no!" said the father. "I wouldn't call her Gracia! It's such a fancy name. Why not call her Helen, after your mother."

"I don't mind," said she.

So they christened the baby Helen.

In due time another little one was announced, and the father was invited in to see his second baby daughter. He longed exceedingly for a son and heir, but was almost reconciled when he looked at the mother as she cuddled the little girl to her side.

"What will you name this one, dearest?"

"I think I'll call her Gracia," said the mother. "I always have liked that name."

"Oh, I wouldn't call her that!" answered the father. "It's such a foolish name. Why not give her a sensible one. We might call her Ruth after my mother."

"All right," she agreed; "I think Ruth would be a nice name for her."

And the records named her Ruth.

In the fullness of time a third little one awaited the disappointed father's welcome in the darkened chamber.

"Well, what will you call this one?" he asked, as he looked down at the baby girl.

"I think I'll call her Gracia," said the mother. "I always have liked that name."

"Oh no! I wouldn't," he said. "Her aunt Bertha will be real disappointed if we don't name it after her."

"Well, I suppose that's so," answered the mother. "We'll call her Bertha."

Time passed on, and a fourth little one came to claim a welcome. The father could hardly hide his grief when the doctor announced, "It's a girl," but he tried to look pleased as he stepped softly into the darkened room. As he pressed his wife's hand he asked, "And what will you call this little—girl?"

"I think I'll call her Gracia," said the mother. "I always have liked that name."

"Well, for Heaven's sake, CALL her Gracia!" he exploded, "and perhaps THEN we can have a boy!"

And she did! And they did!



If We All Attempted to Pay Our Debt to Santa Claus



## A Matter of Precaution

A CLERGYMAN in a suburban town was considerably surprised to receive a summons to attend a woman who had been taken suddenly ill, more particularly as he knew she was not of his parish, and was, moreover, known to be a devoted worker in another church. A few minutes elapsed before he was shown into the sick-room upon arriving, during which time he became engaged in conversation with the little boy of the household.

"It is most gratifying to know that your mother thought of me in her illness," said he. "Is your minister out of town?"

"Oh, no, answered the lad, in a matter-of-fact tone. "He's home; only we thought it might be something contagious and we didn't want to take any chances."

## Proof Positive

LITTLE Ada came in to her mother from her play, and asked:

"Have gooseberries any legs, mother?"

"Why, no, dear," replied the mother, "of course not. Why do you ask?"

Ada looked solemn as she raised her face to her mother's.

"Why, then, mother," she said, "I've been eatin' caterpillars!"

## A Novel Method

LEMMY WILLIAMS, a little colored boy, was caught in several petty delinquencies and was at last sentenced to a short term in the reform school, where he was taught to learn a trade.

Shortly after his return home, he met a prominent woman, who asked:

"Well, Lemmy, what did they put you at in prison?"

"Dey started in to make an hones' boy out'n me, ma'am," was the reply.

"That's good," replied the woman, approvingly. "I hope they succeeded, Lemmy."

"Dey did, deedy, ma'am."

"And how did they teach you to be honest?" queried the woman.

"Why, dey done put me in de shoe-shop, ma'am," explained the boy, "nailin' pasteboard onter shoes fo' soles, ma'am."



"What do you think you're doing—playing quoits?"

## Saved by Science

YOUNG Francis's class at school had recently been undergoing instructions in hygiene and first aid to the injured. It was about this time that the lad's father found it necessary to apply the strap to his offspring. As it was about to be administered, however, Francis interposed firmly:

"Father, unless that instrument has been thoroughly and properly sterilized I desire to protest." This caused the old man to pause, strap in mid-air. "Moreover," continued Francis, "the germs that might be released by the violent impact of leather upon a porous textile fabric, so recently exposed to the dust of the thoroughfares, would be apt to affect you deleteriously."

The strap fell from a nerveless hand.





## A Christmas Story Without Words

### Too Open About It

TWO little girls were playing together one morning, and another girl passed by.

"Oh, she is a horrid girl!" said Marion. "She's always wishing that she was a boy."

"Well," replied Flora, "I'm sure I wish I was, too."

"Of course," said Marion, "but she wishes it out loud, so the boys can hear her."

### High Praise

ELLA, the faithful maid, was arranging her mistress's hair one afternoon when she mentioned that she had heard Miss Allen sing in the parlor the evening before.

"How did you like her singing, Ella?" asked the mistress.

"Oh, mum!" sighed the maid, "it was grand! She sung just as if she was gargling!"





LADY BOUNTIFUL: "Poor man! You must be half frozen. Here's one of my husband's old evening vests"

#### The Unwise Christmas

'T WAS the night before Christmas, and  
all through the house  
One creature was stirring, and that was  
a mouse.  
The stockings that hung by the chimney  
with care  
He'd nibbled the toes of them, pair after  
pair.  
He ate all the candy, six candy canes, too;  
Not a morsel was left when that mouse  
had got through.

The moral of which—if you know what a  
sight is  
A mouse that has perished of acute gas-  
tritis—  
That Christmas itself may be called into  
question  
If carried so far it creates indigestion.

—RALPH BERGENGREN.

#### Unimportant

ONE of the fair passengers of a yachting party observed that the captain wore an anxious look after some mishap to the machinery of the craft.

"What's the matter, Captain?" she inquired, solicitously.

"The fact is," responded the captain in a low voice, "our rudder's broken."

"Oh, my, don't fret about that," replied the young woman, consolingly. "As it's under the water nearly all the time, no one will notice that."

#### "Turn About"

THE young wife approached her husband a few days before Christmas and confided in a little whisper:

"Dear, I just can't wait till Christmas to tell you what I've got you for a present."

"Well, what have you got me?" he inquired.

"I've got you a new coffee percolator, and a new pair of the dearest lace draperies for my room. Now, what are you going to get for me?"

"Well," he answered, contemplatively, "how about a new safety razor and a mug?"

#### A Different Usage

WHEN the proofs of a certain new dictionary were sent to Yale University for revision, suggestions, etc., the following definition caught the eye of one of the professors:

"*Belial*: A word of doubtful meaning in the Scriptures . . . worthlessness . . . wickedness. . . .

"Now the *sons of Eli* were the sons of Belial (R. V. margin, wicked men), they knew not the Lord."—1 Samuel ii., 12."

This was too good an opportunity to let slip by. He had only a small space, but that was large enough to add an additional quotation: "The sons of Belial had a glorious time."—DRYDEN









*Painting by C. E. Chambers*

Illustration for "The Price of Love"

AS SHE ENTERED HE LET THE NOTES DROP INTO THE LITTERED GRATE



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## A Sub-antarctic Island

BY ROBERT CUSHMAN MURPHY

Curator of Mammals, Museum of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences



THE grayness of an antarctic spring day was deepening, and the watch at the bow of the *Daisy* peered, with renewed keenness, into the tenebrous mist ahead. The old, black, New Bedford whaling-brig rolled jerkily on her light-ballasted keel. There was hardly enough wind to fill her canvas, but the dull waters of the South Atlantic were still troubled by the memory of a four days' storm. Masses of brown kelp and scattered bits of worn floe ice heaved with us on the surface of the sea and slowly fell astern; a gleaming-white snow-petrel (the first we had seen) brushed the rigging in its flight, and three graceful, sooty albatrosses circled round and round the vessel, poising successively above the ball on the foretopgallant-mast. Both the signs and the reckoning told of the proximity of land, and we were all expectancy after five months of sperm-whaling through three zones of the mighty Atlantic.

"Land-ho!"

I rushed to the bow at the welcome cry, and gazed into a monochrome of gray. Dimly, gradually, a long, dark line loomed out, and above it an area of intangible whiteness blending with the soft sky. Before we could see distinctly,

evening closed in with a wet snow-squall, so we wore ship and stood offshore, knowing, however, that our outward voyage was about to end, for through the darkening haze we had caught a glimpse of the blackish coast hills and illimitable snow-fields of South Georgia.

A small speck near the bottom of an unfamiliar map may be all that South Georgia means to most Americans, and yet for more than a hundred years American seafarers have voyaged regularly to that far-away isle, and some of them have grown wealthy on its spoils. About the size of Long Island, New York, lying in a blustery ocean twelve hundred miles east of Cape Horn, South Georgia is one of the chain of sub-antarctic islands which almost encircles the south-polar axis of the earth. These isles are bleak, treeless, mountainous, and essentially antarctic in all features save that their fauna and flora possess an interest all their own. The islands form the transition zone between the south-temperate and the polar regions, the habitat of the great-winged wandering albatross and the myriads of other sea birds of the southern hemisphere, the breeding-grounds of fur seals and sea-elephants, and the range of the southernmost flowering plants.

South Georgia was discovered and named in January, 1775, by Captain





THE WHALING-BRIG "DAISY," OF NEW BEDFORD

James Cook while on his historic voyage round the world in H. M. S. *Resolution*. It had certainly been sighted and reported before his time, perhaps as early as the year 1500, when Amerigo Vespucci's galleon was driven by furious storms many hundred miles southeastward from Patagonia; but it was Captain Cook who first explored and charted the forbidding coast of the new land, and who, going ashore, "took possession of the country in his Majesty's name, under a discharge of small-arms." Cook believed at first that he had reached the *Terra Incognita Australis* which he was seeking, but on finding the ice-capped, lofty region to be merely an island of seventy leagues in circuit, by which, he observed, no one would ever be benefited, and which was eminently "not worth the discovery," he naïvely entered in his journal: "I called this land the Isle of Georgia in honor of his Majesty" (George III.). He then proceeded on his quest of the Antarctic Continent.

For a century after Cook's voyage the only visitors to South Georgia were members of passing antarctic expeditions, or lonely wind-jammers in search of seals. Yankee mariners, mainly from the seaports of Connecticut, were the first to disprove the great discoverer's statements concerning the utter worthlessness of his first antarctic landfall. They subsequently, however, did all that lay within their power to make the island worthless, for during the first few years of the nineteenth century they killed more than a million fur seals. Intermittent slaughter since that time has completely extirpated these animals at South Georgia. By the time the height of the fur-seal massacre was over, the "elephant oil" harvest had commenced—that is, the traffic in the high-grade lubricating oil made from the blubber of the antarctic sea-elephant. The numbers of the latter species were also seriously reduced, but its recent status was unknown, and in order to study this



largest and strangest of seals, as well as to observe and collect other forms of life on South Georgia, I made my long voyage thither in 1912.\*

November 24th, the morning after we had "made the land," dawned bright and blue, a happy change after the dismal mists through which we had been coursing. A thin fog half veiled the valley glaciers and the bases of the steep, bare coast ranges, reddish-brown in the sunshine, but the white mountain ridges and ice-sheathed pinnacles beyond gleamed in clear detail against the bluest of skies. As we cruised before a gentle breeze along shore we passed close by several dazzling, water-worn icebergs, in the crevices of which the swelling seas made symmetrical mushrooms of spray as tall as our masts. All about us on our way were great numbers of water birds, the kinds that had been seen by Captain Cook on a morning so many years be-

fore. There were blue-eyed shags with their immaculate throats and breasts, albatrosses and petrels wheeling over the sea, and flocks of terns and screaming kelp gulls along the shore rocks. At midday we came abreast the entrance of Cumberland Bay with its background of white, pointed mountains, Mount Paget and Sugar Top rearing their unclouded outlines seven or eight thousand feet in the midst of a dozen lesser peaks. We knew that Norwegian whalers had located within Cumberland Bay, and we lay in the offing until the little whaling steamer *Fortuna* hailed us and took us in tow. Late in the afternoon we dropped anchor in King Edward Cove, the "Pot Harbor" of old-time sealers.

The extent to which the enterprising Norwegians had carried their industry into the far south was a complete surprise to me. Whaling at South Georgia was instituted about ten years ago by C. A. Larsen, once captain for both Nansen and Nordenskjöld, and leader of the *Jason* antarctic expedition. The

\* The expedition was sent out by the Brooklyn Museum of Arts and Sciences and the American Museum of Natural History.



GRYTVIKEN LIES UNDER HIGH HILLS AT THE HEAD OF KING EDWARD COVE



success of his whaling venture soon led to the establishment of other stations in various fjords of the northern coast. "Grytviken," which is the name of Captain Larsen's station, lies under high hills at the head of King Edward Cove, and is a hamlet of considerable pretensions. There, in addition to the "whale slip" and oil factory, we found docks and a marine railway, dwelling-houses, dormitories for two hundred men, carpentering and coopering shops, metal-workers' forges and machine-shops, cattle and poultry shelters, a telephone and electric-lighting plant, a library and chapel, an infirmary, and other amenities of civilization. On the west shore were the headquarters of the resident British magistrate and an observatory of the *Officina Meteorologica Argentina*. When we first entered the residence of Captain Larsen and his staff our illusions of the rude, inclement antarctic were shattered for the time by luxuriant palms and blossoming plants which banked the walls and windows of the rooms. A glance through the window of the billiard-room brought us still more within the pale of civilization, for

"The maid was in the garden hanging up the clothes."

She was the sole representative of her sex on the island, however, as we afterward learned.

The whaling industry at South Georgia is, of course, of the modern Norwegian type, the whales being killed with bomb-harpoons shot from cannon. Through the kindness of Captain Larsen, whose courtesy and hospitality were unfailing, I spent twenty-four hours

on board the *Fortuna*, the first whale steamer that ever hunted in South Georgia waters. When we arrived, about the middle of a bright December forenoon at the bank where the whales feed, some thirty-five miles off the coast, we saw an astonishing number of spouts in all directions, the thin, high spouts of finback whales being readily distinguishable from the bushy spouts of the fatter, more desirable humpbacks. Eleven other steamers were within sight of us when we began hunting, and often two or three would start in pursuit of the same spout. After much manœuvering Captain Lars Anderson succeeded in bringing the *Fortuna's* prow over a pair of rising humpbacks, and, tipping up the breech of the swivel-gun, he sent the eighty-pound, bomb-pointed harpoon crashing into the lungs of the larger animal.

The hemp harpoon line, coiled on a platform in front of the cannon, unwound more quickly than the eye could follow, and almost as soon as the smoke had cleared away the whale lay dead upon the surface. The second whale, which had dived at the discharge, rose near by and lingered near its mate for a few moments, but made off before the gun could be reloaded. For just such cases as this the newest steamers are equipped with two guns, one on either side of the bow. During



WANDERING ALBATROSSES AT THEIR NEST

the whole morning of this day on the Georgia banks the distant "bang! bang!" of harpoon-guns was unceasing, and we were continually crossing the bows of steamers lying-to, winching in struggling whales, or making their catches fast alongside with fluke chains. We passed





THE "DAISY" STATIONED IN CUMBERLAND BAY UNDER THE SHELTER OF MT. PAGET

others of the bloodthirsty little vessels with two or three huge carcasses trailing on either side, and the point of a harpoon projecting ominously from the gun, ready for more. By day the *Fortuna* herself was towing three air-distended humpbacks, one of which had cost two harpoons. Sometimes even three or more shots are required to kill one whale, and the gunner always notches the dead whale's fluke stump once, twice, or thrice, to indicate the number of irons, in order that the flensers may subsequently recover them.

From the *Fortuna's* bridge the view of South Georgia, lying forty miles to the southward in the full rays of the noon sun, was magnificent. The atmosphere was of rare clearness, and it seemed as if one could almost toss a stone to the steeps of those sparkling alps. But the vista was of short duration, for presently the sleety, chilly mist of the southern ocean rolled upon us, and for the remainder of the day we twisted in calm,

ghostly grayness through the squadron of our dimly seen companion steamers, the cannon reports becoming less and less frequent, and, like Captain Cook's *Resolution* of old, we were encompassed by a vast number of "blue petrels," or whale-birds, whose food consists of the same "kril" (crustaceans) on which the various species of whalebone whales subsist. These petrels were about us in such incredible numbers, I venture to say millions, that they resembled the flakes of a snow-storm, and several were knocked into the water by every discharge of a harpoon-gun. Tens of thousands of wandering albatrosses, mollymokes, night petrels, Mother Carey's chickens, and Cape Horn pigeons were likewise in the murky air and on the water. All the swimming birds took wing in parting clouds before the steamer's bow except the albatrosses, which preferred to paddle to one side, at the risk of being run down, rather than to undertake the exertion of launching into





HAULING A FINBACK WHALE ASHORE

flight. Many of the albatrosses were "gamming"—that is, meeting in flocks on the water, rubbing their bills together, raising their longest of wings, and chattering and squealing to their heart's content. Penguins, too, were about in great numbers, but visible only as momentary flashes whenever they leaped porpoise-like above the surface. The *Fortuna* took no more whales that day. At evening we headed toward Cumberland Bay, and after an excellent supper, including a penguin-egg omelet, I turned into my snug berth. We arrived at Grytviken about three o'clock next morning, and as soon as the whales had been moored the *Fortuna* stood out to sea. Following a more successful day's hunt, I have seen this good little steamer come laboring into port surrounded by a raft of nine or ten whales.

The country around Cumberland Bay is representative of most that South Georgia affords of geological features and vegetation. The folded, clay-slate strata of the hills, reddened by iron oxide and whitened by rifts of snow, are rugged and

bare, but the lower tracts are well covered with tussock grass, the red flower heads of "Kerguelen tea" (*Acæna*), a few ferns, and a variety of brilliantly colored mosses and lichens. A sheltered lake region lying in an ancient moraine near the west fjord of the bay is particularly attractive. Meadows of delicate grass and pillowy mosses watered by clear snow streamlets, over which swarms of Mayflies tremble in the sunshine, make one forget the latitude; and the bold, shrubless landscape possesses a unique charm. To one standing on the farthest headland below the west fjord moraine, the view is extremely beautiful. In the foreground are the rough and crumbling rocks covered with gray and orange lichens, and footed with strands of golden brown kelp upon which the ice-filled ocean breaks. Beyond are rolling tussock knolls with their blossoming grass, and dotted among them the quiet blue lakes contrasting with the brighter, greener bay. Close on the left a jagged range of dark, bare rock shuts in the scene, and there, on talus slopes six or



seven hundred feet up, the shy kelp-gulls gather and watch trespassers among their lakes below. Behind the lakes the verdant, irregular valley, with its network of rills and cascades, rises just high enough to show only the snowy peaks of the distant inland mountains.

Six glaciers come down to the sea in Cumberland Bay, the largest of which is Nordenskjöld Glacier, in the south fjord. From the face of this, and the others, ice is continuously breaking with a perpendicular cleavage, filling the bay with floes that drift hither and thither before the wind. More rarely a large piece, worthy the name of berg, sunders off entire and sails away gloriously until stranded on a lee shore, where the harrying waves soon undermine it. The south coast of the island, which never knows much sunshine, owing to the loftiness and sharp incline of the mountains, gives birth to icebergs of the grand, ocean-ranging type. The fragmentary ice, which I met constantly, to the peril of my dory, in South Georgia bays, is curiously marked and worn by the water. It commonly assumes bowl shapes, with staghorn-like fronds projecting above the rim. Other pieces are roughly spher-

ical chunks, but in either case the flinty surface is evenly pitted all over with polygonal facets—like an insect's compound eye. In the upper mountain valleys about Cumberland Bay are numerous hanging glaciers whence streams of water tumble down all the gullies. Some of these valleys contain also sloping snow-fields, where on Sundays and moonlit evenings throughout the year the hard-working Scandinavian whalers can enjoy their national pastime of skiing.

The principal business of the *Daisy's* captain was to stow away for the second time in the old brig's hold a cargo of sea-elephant oil. The Cumberland Bay region had ceased to be good hunting-ground for these much-persecuted seals, and so, in mid-December, the *Daisy* got under way for regions more primeval. Old Glory, the blue cross of Norway, and the Union Jack on the snug little home of the British magistrate dipped thrice in gracious farewell as we passed from the milky snow water of King Edward Cove to the blue outer bay and stood to sea. Several days later we dropped anchor in the broad, hitherto uncharted Bay of Isles, which lies near the north-



THE WHALING-GUN ABOARD THE "FORTUNA"

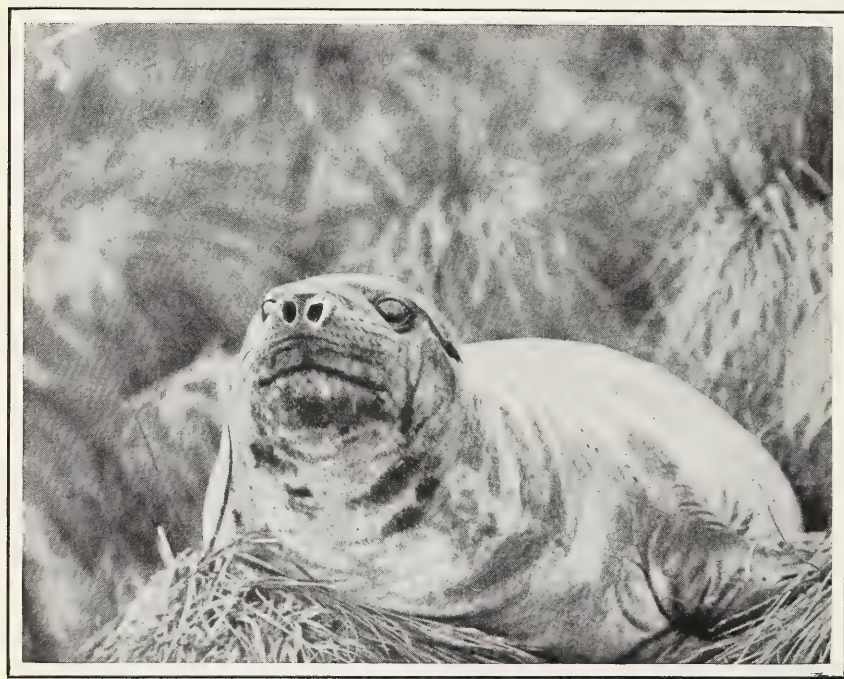


western termination of South Georgia, beyond the last of the whaling stations. As viewed from the ocean, it would be hard to imagine a more cheerless sea-board than this, for the only green spots visible were the hilly isles of the bay, about a dozen in number. The coast of the mainland seemed bleak and frozen throughout, even in midsummer, with snow-fields inclining four thousand feet from the gorges of utterly inaccessible hills almost to the level of the sea. Four glaciers came down to the bay, all but one of which actually entered deep water, the other terminating at high-tide line on a sandy beach. The westernmost, and by far the largest, of the glaciers, which I charted on the first map of the Bay of Isles as "Brunonia Glacier," in honor of Brown University, filled a profound valley, and the splendid crystal wall of its front, several miles in length, formed the square coast-line of

it had promised from afar. Near our anchorage a small, rock-inclosed basin, calm even when the surf was heaviest elsewhere, offered a good landing-place for my dory, and in a fairly dry gulch of a neighboring promontory we built up a drainage platform and pitched a tent which for nine weeks was my headquarters ashore.

Below my solitary tent the grassy bank sloped sharply to a milk-colored glacial stream entering an inlet of the sea only fifty yards away. A quarter of a mile across the inlet stood the perpendicular front of a beautiful valley glacier, coming down between peaked white hills from the lifeless, silent interior. All summer long, hundred-ton ice-blocks fell from its front with the sound of a Presidential salute, and the columns of its ever freshly cleaved surface were prisms which flashed back each of the dazzling colors that make up sunlight. Penguins

bobbed out of the sea below the glacier and were my most interested callers, for their curiosity could not resist a human being. Sea-elephants crawled unconcernedly up the stream below me and went to sleep among the hummocks on the beach. Above the tent, on the plateau of the little promontory, seven pairs of albatrosses carried on their courtship and nesting, along with giant petrels, skuas, kelp-gulls, and the pretty little antarctic titlarks, the only land birds of the far South, whose cheerful song was almost the sole homelike sound.



AN ADULT COW SEA-ELEPHANT

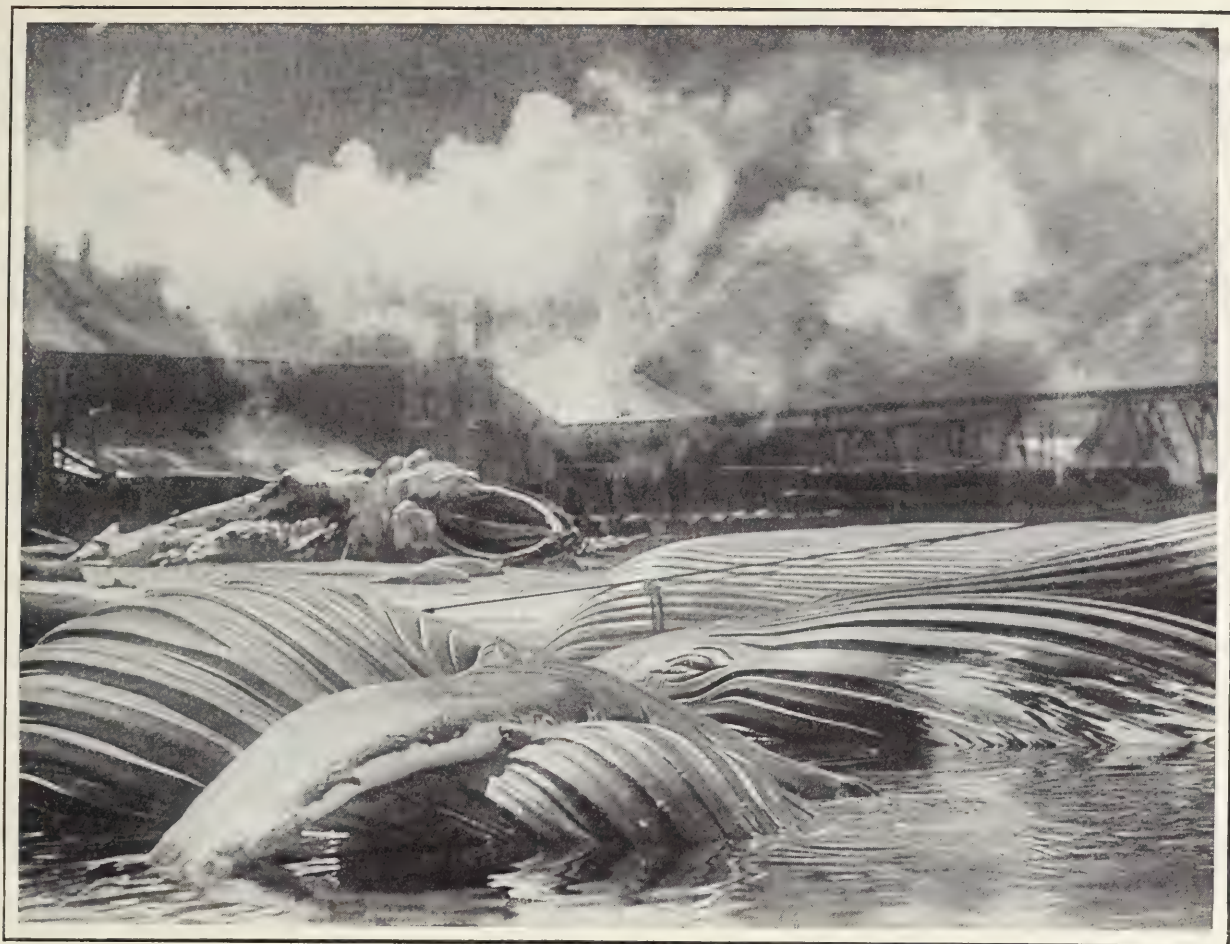
the head of the bay. Above it a spotless, undulating desert of snow, crossed by nothing save freezing winds and evanescent illuminations and shadows, rose to a far-away divide so soft and dim at its sky-line that it often blended invisibly with a background of clouds.

Fortunately, the shore of the Bay of Isles proved slightly less desolate than

For a naturalist the situation could not have been improved upon.

The herds of sea-elephants distributed over near beaches were a source of continual interest. The "pups," as these offspring of "bull" and "cow" sea-elephants are incongruously termed by sealers, had been born early in the Southern spring, and by the time of our arrival





A "CATCH" OF WHALES IN THE SLIP AT GRYTVIKEN

had become rather independent, frequently entering the water and playing with one another in schools, particularly at night. During the day whole nurseries of fat pups four or five feet in length lay asleep on their sides or backs, often piled one upon another. Even when I walked among them and stepped over them, they usually slumbered as though anesthetized, rarely stirring except to scratch themselves with the nails of their flippers, or to yawn. A vigorous prod would arouse them, but, after momentarily attempting to look ferocious by showing their ridiculous little peg-like teeth, they would fall back again with closed eyes and a sigh of resignation. They did not object very seriously even to having their chins scratched.

The fathers and mothers lay apart from the weaned pups, most of the cows beside a few of the larger bulls. The latter were huge beasts, some of them measuring eighteen or more feet in length, with a girth but slightly less. Their seamed necks and breasts were covered with fresh lacerations as well as innu-

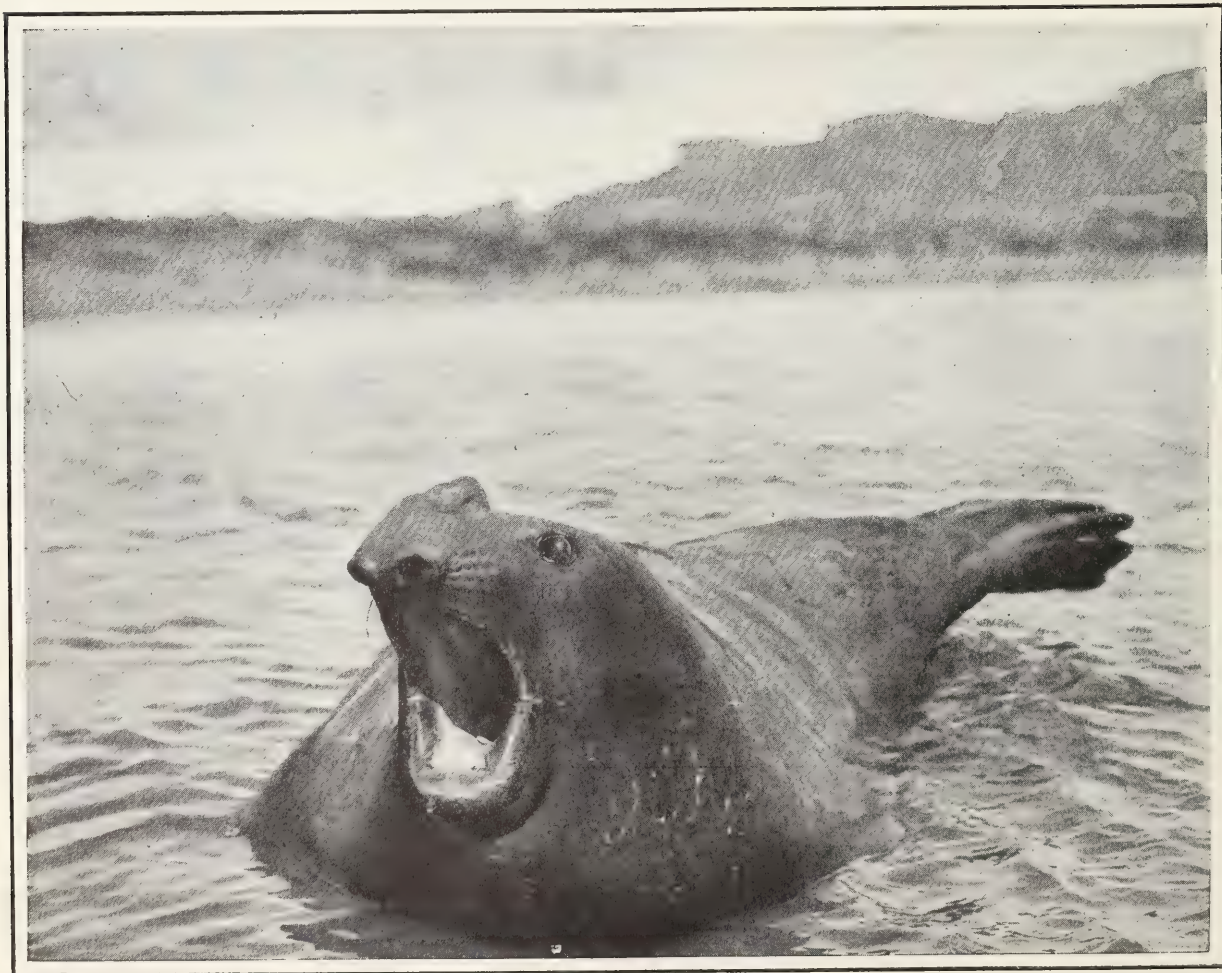
merable old scars, marks of constant battles with rivals. Whenever I approached too closely they reared up on their fore flippers, thrashed their hinder parts about, contracted their trunk-like snouts into tight, bulging folds, opened their pink maws to an angle equaled among all mammals only by the Pleistocene saber-toothed tigers, and finally uttered their vocal expression of displeasure, which cannot be suggested by any English word.

Bull sea-elephants settle the question of possession of the cows by fighting; but they fight from other motives as well, or, one might be tempted to say, from no motives at all. They are instinctively ill-tempered mammals, and seem never to become accustomed to the society of other creatures. They snarled, for instance, altogether unnecessarily, at any poor familiar penguin which happened to walk near them along the beach of the inlet. From the tent I frequently saw half-grown bulls wake from peaceful naps and instantly start quarrels with near neighbors; and the youngest pups



were quite as likely as their elders to be rearing and bumping against one another, glaring with infantile ferocity into one another's eyes. In the ordinary contests of the bulls, which seemed to be of a purely calisthenic nature, the two champions met closely and reared up until only the hinder part of the belly rested on the ground, and then hurled themselves one against the other, clashing their breasts and raking each other's thick-skinned necks with their heavy lower canines, at the same time flinging their tail ends into the air. Occasionally they came to a clinch by pressing the sides of their necks together, and so took a breathing-spell. All the motions were clumsy and lumbering; a good deal of threatening and sputtering occurred between the clashes, and sometimes they merely rose up on the toes of their fore flippers and stood rigidly, with heads held back and mouths wide open, until each collapsed from weariness without a blow having been struck. Thor-

oughly angry bulls, however, clamped jaws on their rivals, badly lacerating one another's pelts. I saw one big fellow which had lost a good portion of the wall of his snout. If a group of sea-elephants were annoyed, they sometimes gave way to uncontrolled passion, thrashing about blindly, biting the ground, running amuck, and tearing the backs of all their companions. When I shouted and swung my arms in front of a bull, vexing it until it had become thoroughly excited, its behavior recalled a toy rocking-horse, for the enraged seal swayed in a similar manner, first rising until its fore flippers were far above the ground, then rolling forward until its hind flippers were curved up over its back, but as a rule only rocking, and not moving away from one situation. All the while the beast's bloodshot eyes were blazing with rage, the trunk was drawn up into a bonnet above the gaping mouth, the tusks gnashed viciously on the sand, and the whole expression was truly hideous. Generally



A BULL SEA-ELEPHANT LYING ON THE BOTTOM OF A FRESH-WATER POND





THE AUTHOR'S CAMP AT THE BAY OF ISLES

their tactics with regard to human beings were wholly defensive, but occasionally I met a jealous or pugnacious bull which sought trouble from the start. Once I observed from a hiding-place an unusually fine sea-elephant come out of the cove below my tent and work its way up among the tussock hummocks. I wanted its skeleton for the Museum, but, unfortunately, had left my rifle aboard the brig. However, as soon as the lazy animal had found a satisfactory berth and had fallen asleep, I descended all unsuspectingly with a camera and a seal-lance, and, after making ready for a head-on snapshot, I whistled to awaken the brute. The effect was greater than I had bargained for. It opened its eyes casually enough, but instantly, upon seeing me, it rolled over with a snort and bounced toward me so quickly that I had barely time to avoid the charge. I dodged aside, but it continued to bump along steadily after me with homicide in its eye. Setting the camera on a hummock, I attacked my ardent pursuer with the lance, and the brute snorted and bellowed as it reared two or three feet above my head and hurled forward its

two tons of weight in an effort to crush me to a pulp; but after perhaps five minutes of desperate attacking, lunging, dodging, and retreating on my part, the great beast sank down in a pond of its own blood and expired.

Although it was December, the June of the Southern world, when the *Daisy* dropped her two enormous anchors, originally designed for vessels of thrice her tonnage, the skipper's wisdom in planning such substantial moorings was demonstrated ere many days had passed. Cape Horn may be more notorious for its gales, but South Georgia is no less deserving of fame. Coming up from the antarctic wastes lying southwest of the island, the icy winds cross the barren mountain ranges and howl down the northern steeps and across the fjords with such force that sea-water is torn in sheets from the surface, and the air is filled with water-smoke. Gales accompanied by blinding snow and sleet are so frequent that one must always be alert; a calm may give place to a blizzard without ten minutes' notice. On December 21st—the longest day of our year, and the windiest, I hope—I went



ashore early with the crews of two whale-boats, twelve men in all. The morning was quiet and gray, with light westerly winds, when suddenly we spied the storm flag going up on the rigging of the *Daisy*, and immediately the experience and discipline of south-sea sailors revealed themselves, prepared to meet an emergency. A few short commands, and one of the whale-boats, carried quickly up the steep beach, was half filled with stones and sand, in order that it could not be blown into the sea. Then into the second boat we all sprang, and with two men at each of the five long oars, swung our bow toward the ship. The cold sou'wester struck us just as we started, after which there seemed to be as much salt water in the air as in the bay, and we were whisked along, pulling as best we could with heads bowed down before the biting sleet, until we scurried past the brig and the end of a rope flung from the deck was seized and made fast. We swung alongside, scrambled aboard, wet but safe, and hoisted our whale-boat after us. For the following thirty-six hours the *Daisy* tugged madly at her cables while the bay seethed under the lashings of the wind and the stinging, granular snow. We were cooped up helplessly on our little vessel, with all our hopes in two iron chains; but the glorious albatrosses, scorning the gale, were rioting over the bay, sailing like superhuman monoplanes before, across, against the wind, as though all directions were to them down-hill.

One afternoon, when two of our whale-boats had gone to a distant beach, a similar storm sprang up and the crews could not return. We on board spent an anxious night, striving to hope, however, that the men had seen the approaching wind in time, and had camped ashore. By dawn the gale had abated and the sun rose into a clear sky, yet from the mast-head of the *Daisy* we could see no sign of boats or men. Going ashore to my tent, which had again been blown flat by the wind, I climbed the promontory and scrutinized all shores of the Bay of Isles through field-glasses. Eventually a group of penguin-like figures, standing disconsolately on an ice-bound point miles away, resolved itself through the powerful lenses into men.

Within an hour we had them all on board, where their misery was soon forgotten under the effects of hot coffee and warm berths. It seemed that the boats, laden with sea-elephant blubber, had been overtaken by the first gust while they were several miles from land. The blubber had been speedily thrown overboard, but the boats had, nevertheless, been driven helplessly down the long, wild fjord; and only the utmost exertions of rowers and helmsmen had kept them from being dashed against the ice wall of Brunonia Glacier. In attempting a landing on a rocky beach adjacent to the glacier, both boats had been stove in, the anchors, guns, and other outfit lost, and the men left floundering in the water. Fortunately all had reached shore, but they had spent a wretched night on the beach in the gale and the wet snow.

But, after all, the prevailing tempestuousness of the weather only enhanced those rare summer days when South Georgia lay in breathless calm, and wraith-like mists hung over the glaciers and the glittering hills; when penguins sat bolt-upright along the beach and dozed away the sunny afternoons; when young skuas and giant petrels in the nest found their coats of long down uncomfortably warm, and lay panting beneath the sun's rays. Once, late in the summer, such a clear, quiet sunny day lengthened into evening and then into full night without a breeze or a snow flurry to mar its beauty. I climbed the promontory after dark, startling a pack of giant petrels which had settled there to sleep. The ugly, clumsy birds, squawking in alarm, dashed pellmell over the brink and down the long bank to the sea, like the swine of the Gadarenes. For the first time at the Bay of Isles I could see the full vault of the Southern sky with all its unfamiliar stars, the mysterious Clouds of Magellan, and in the zenith the four luminaries of the Southern Cross.

From every isle and headland through the still night came a sweet, bell-like piping—the singing of numberless petrels and whale-birds in their burrowed nests. At South Georgia it took the place of the katydids, the whippoorwills, and the frog choruses of summer nights at home.



# The Honorable Sylvia

BY HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER



HE punka jerked and flapped, puddling the warm, dead air and sucking up, every now and then, a wavering wreath of smoke from the shaded candles. It did not make things much cooler, unless thoughts of the perspiring coolie who pulled it tended to produce that result. From the foot of her table in the shabby, grandiose dining-room of the Raffleton Residency, the Honorable Sylvia could see, through the open window, a patch of brilliantly moonlit lawn which had a gray stone in the middle of it.

She didn't mind the look of it so much in the daytime. It was at night, under the moon, that it had the power, sometimes, to fascinate her, to hold her eyes and not let them get away. She had once or twice entertained the notion of turning her table around so that she couldn't see it. Only, in the first place, her husband would have wanted to know the reason; and in the second place, she couldn't be sure that it was not better to sit where she could see it than where she could not.

She had had two years in which to get used to it all—to the exotic, paradisaical beauty of the hillside upon which the Residency looked down, with its grass-grown lanes, its debauch of flowering trees and shrubs; the band of indigo sea beyond the peninsula which locked the harbor, and the mirror of brighter blue within the harbor itself, which the countless billions of animalculæ that dwelt in it turned to living fire at night.

She was beginning to take the people for granted, too: the big, white-turbaned Sikh police, with their melancholy black faces; the small, shifty, contemptuous Malays—even the swarming Dyaks; the little, splay-footed, brass-corseted women, degraded by pain and labor and abuse into a condition of stupidity that one could not call animal, and the naked

men with their wiry thatches of hair, their lowering eyes, their bestial, savage lips. She could pass them in the crowded little market now without a shudder.

According to the gossip of the Tropical Far East, the Honorable Sylvia distinctly had "made good." That gossip is a searching and terrible thing, because the Tropical Far East is nothing but a village vastly dispersed in space. Your nearest neighbor may be two hundred miles away, but he remains your neighbor simply because there is no one else in between. Sylvia's story was bound to be repeated. The daughter of a great English family, with a brilliant social future before her, she had fallen wildly in love with young Carew during the progress of a tour of the East, and in spite of frantic appeals and of every influence short of force that could be brought to bear upon her to prevent so maniacal a calamity, had stayed in the East and married him.

Carew himself was just an ordinary, upper-middle-class young Englishman with a genius for governing savage peoples that had taken him out of the ordered life of the Indian Civil Service and caused him to be loaned here and there as the services of some such talent happened to be required. There is no future, in a big way, in that sort of thing. You do better by sticking close to the great ones and pulling the right sort of wires. Certainly, Carew was no sort of match for an Earl's daughter, and that is what Sylvia was. But if she liked it, of course it was no one else's business.

The consensus of opinion had been that it couldn't last very long. A girl like that could never stand the loneliness, the monotony, the total isolation from everything that made up her own world, which was involved in living in Raffleton. Raffleton, of all places!

People had entertained great expecta-



tions of Raffleton once—thought it was going to be another Singapore. And the memorials of these blighted expectations—the scale and pretension of the shabby old Residency, for example—made its present decay all the more depressing.

No, the unanimous verdict of the club verandas, arrived at during the contemplative imbibition of long gin-ingers, was that one of two things would happen: either Carew would behave like a sensible man, chuck up his job and go back to England with Sylvia, where her family would have to take care of him decently, anyhow; or else the Honorable Sylvia would chuck him and go back alone.

Well, two years had passed since then, and the verdict of the verandas had had to be reconsidered. The Honorable Sylvia had shown the traditional pluck of her class. She had sat tight and, apparently, got used to it. That was about as near right as such verdicts ever are.

She had, indeed, got used to a good deal. She could ride out with her husband to the place where civilization stopped, see him off, alone, into the jungle to reconcile two warring villages, and canter back through the town without letting the curious observe a single tear-mark or a look of apprehension on her face. She could spend days in the Residency with no company but an imperturbable Chinese butler and a garrulous Malay maid, and never once betray the panics of loneliness that beset her sometimes, even now. She had got used to, though she still resented, the watchful curiosity of the other members of their little official society, alert for some token that she regretted her bargain; to the jealousy of the wife of the Superintendent of Police, to gossip, to queer visitors, to the spectacle of a daily consumption of alcohol on the part of most of the men, and some of the women, of their circle that made occasional drunkenness impossible. She had got used to the regular rainstorm that came every day at eleven o'clock and was over at two, to the dampness that grew a green mold on patent-leather shoes in twenty-four hours, to canned butter and condensed milk, and to the odor of the durian, a fruit which throws connoisseurs into ecstasies, but which always

leads the uninitiated to suspect that there is something wrong with the drains.

Chief among the items to which the Honorable Sylvia had *not* got used, was her husband. She had not, in the first place, at all got over being wildly in love with him. One need hardly be told that it was not the sort of thing that expressed itself in half-furtive public endearments, nor in looks and sighs; and she was neither servile nor tyrannous in her attitude toward him. There was nothing on her sleeve for the daws to peck at. But the exaggerated sensitiveness to him which is characteristic of the ecstatic beginnings of a love affair, the almost painfully vivid consciousness of him, of his moods and his desires, of his mere physical nearness or farness away, the passionate eagerness to give him and be to him all he wanted, and to fend pain and danger and disappointment away from him, were all just what they had been in those first blinding days after they had found each other.

That being so, one would have expected her to resent a little the fate that had thrown two vagrant Americans upon their hospitality and made them guests to-night at her dinner-table. Carew had come back only the day before from a two weeks' excursion into the jungle upon an errand of peculiar danger and difficulty. He had come back to find the South Asiatic Squadron of the British fleet at anchor in the Raffleton harbor, and the admiral and his staff being officially entertained at the Residency by his wife. He had stuck a couple of scratches together with adhesive plaster, got out of khaki into ceremonial white, and taken part in a lawn party, a dinner, and an impromptu ball, at which the meager resources of their official society had been supplemented by a handful of planters and their wives, who had either come down the river in their motor-boats, or along the little narrow-gauge, weed-grown railway on their private hand-cars, pushed by perspiring coolies.

The squadron had steamed away only this afternoon, and the planters had returned to their plantations. But there remained two wandering Americans, a man and his wife, who had come into Raffleton about the time the squadron



did, in a ramshackle launch which they had hired or borrowed from the Brooks Mines, a hundred and fifty miles down the coast. You couldn't let people, who were any sort of people at all, stay at the Rest House without some attention, so there was nothing for it but to insist on bringing them up to the Residency for dinner.

The visitors had made a polite resistance, of course, but equally of course they had yielded in the end. And here they sat now at her table. She hadn't scrutinized them very closely, was aware of them hardly more than as presences interposed between herself and her husband and keeping him a long way off. The thing that startled Sylvia, that made her heart beat, was the realization that she was glad to have them there in that capacity. Glad, actually glad, of a buffer between herself and John Carew; glad that the man was keeping her husband's eyes away from her, making him talk, finding out what it meant to govern a race of savages single-handed.

Even when the woman began talking about the *General Reyes*, and drew Sylvia's gaze away from that gray stone on the lawn to confront a present situation that might have an element of danger in it, she still felt that the subject was a respite, because it engaged her husband's attention.

The *General Reyes* was an American cable ship, and the expectation had been that she would make a call at Raffleton. It was in the hope of meeting her here and getting transportation on her to one of the way-stations of civilization, that these two guests of theirs had borrowed the Brooks' launch and come to Raffleton themselves. As it turned out, the *General Reyes* had run into the harbor the day before the squadron arrived, but stopped only long enough to send a boat ashore for her mails and then steamed away again, under urgent orders from Manila.

"We felt pretty blank about that," the man observed, picking up the story of their misadventure. "It seemed just at first as if we'd never find a ship bound our way. We thought we might about as well get a *sarong* and a *kameja* apiece and settle down here permanently—

forget that there was such a place as Illinois on the map."

The Honorable Sylvia got herself together.

"You can't expect us to be very sympathetic about things like that," she said, "because if they didn't happen, we'd hardly ever have any visitors at all. And as long as we've just missed Captain Burch, it is only right that you should be provided instead."

And then Carew wanted to know if they had known the captain very long. "He's a great friend of ours," he added.

Their guests explained the situation. They had only just met Captain Burch. It was his two passengers, the Thorn-dyke-Martins, whom they knew. The four of them had come all the way around from Naples together.

The Honorable Sylvia expressed a mild curiosity to know what the Thorn-dyke-Martins were like. "One hears such a lot about them, of course," she explained.

"It's fortunate for us you don't know them," said the woman. "You'd never take us for substitutes if you did. She's lovely. Very simple, for all her clothes, and lots of fun."

"It would have been a treat to get a good look at her," Sylvia admitted. "We take the fashion magazines out here and order our clothes out of them by mail, from London. They never get here, and when they do. . . ." She stopped there, rather abruptly, and added, "I suppose we think twice as much about them as she does."

"She likes to buy them," the other woman explained, "but after that she loses interest. She bought some things in Paris that have been following her ever since and haven't caught up yet—or hadn't at Singapore, and she didn't seem to care. But of course, when you've got to the point where anything is smart just because you've got it on, you don't need to worry."

Sylvia didn't mean to look at her husband—meant not to look at him, and just for that reason she did. She met his eye and interpreted the affectionate, quickly suppressed smile that flashed for a moment across his face. It said, she knew, "That's true of you, too, you wonder, you delight! Perhaps the clothes



you ordered by mail from London were awful, just as you said, until you put them on. But after that no one would have known it, because you were so beautiful in them that they became a part of you."

Carew wasn't articulate enough to have said a thing like that, but he could mean it and look it, and Sylvia knew what he meant. She felt herself flush up to the hair, a deep, tingling flush that you'd have thought they'd all notice. She had a terrifying impulse to blurt out the truth, here, now, in the presence of their guests, when he couldn't say anything until afterward. The strength of the impulse frightened her pale again. And then Carew turned his eyes away.

The American, evidently under the impression that the topic of clothes, now fairly launched, would keep the women amused for a while and give him a chance to get some more real information out of the Resident, turned to him and asked a question about head-hunting. But his wife wanted to hear about the head-hunters, too.

So Sylvia got a chance to pull herself together. Over her husband's shoulder, out there in the middle of the moon-silvered lawn, she deliberately fixed her eyes on that grim-looking gray stone. That other woman out there—wife of the man who had been Resident at Raffleton before her husband came—if Sylvia could tell her the story, now, she'd understand.

Carew was glad to talk about the head-hunting. His attitude toward his Dyaks was a little that of a parent toward a houseful of unruly children. He disciplined them himself when it was necessary, but didn't want them misunderstood by outsiders.

"There's one thing you've got to get firmly in mind to begin with," he said, "and that is that, from the Dyaks' point of view, head-hunting, if it's a crime at all, is a crime against property. A man has a property interest in his own head, of course, and equally in any other head he can collect. If he can show fifty of them—fifty human heads, hanging by the hair and drying in clusters on poles outside his hut, he's a man of consideration in the community, much, I suppose, as one of your railway magnates is with

you. Everybody else wants to take them away from him, and nobody quite dares. Of course, in a country like this, where people's physical wants are very few, property is practically all trophies."

"You mean, then," asked the American, "that when a man goes out and cuts off somebody's head, the act is not dictated by any ill-feeling against the victim; it's simply a question of adding to the man's possessions?"

Carew nodded, and the American looked a little startled. He had meant the question ironically and had not expected a direct affirmative answer like that.

"Here's an illustration," Carew went on. "One of the villages back here in the jungle broke loose some time ago, raided another village twenty miles away, and took nine heads."

"Fresh heads?" asked the American.

"They took them from the shoulders of the villagers and not from the poles in front of their houses, if that's what you mean," said Carew. "Well, the people of the second village, instead of attempting a direct reprisal, came down and complained to me, which is what I always try to get them to do. I went up to the first village, made them give up their nine heads, and took them back to the village they had been taken from. That made everything all right again—averted a feud between the two villages that might have gone on for years."

Both their guests were looking puzzled.

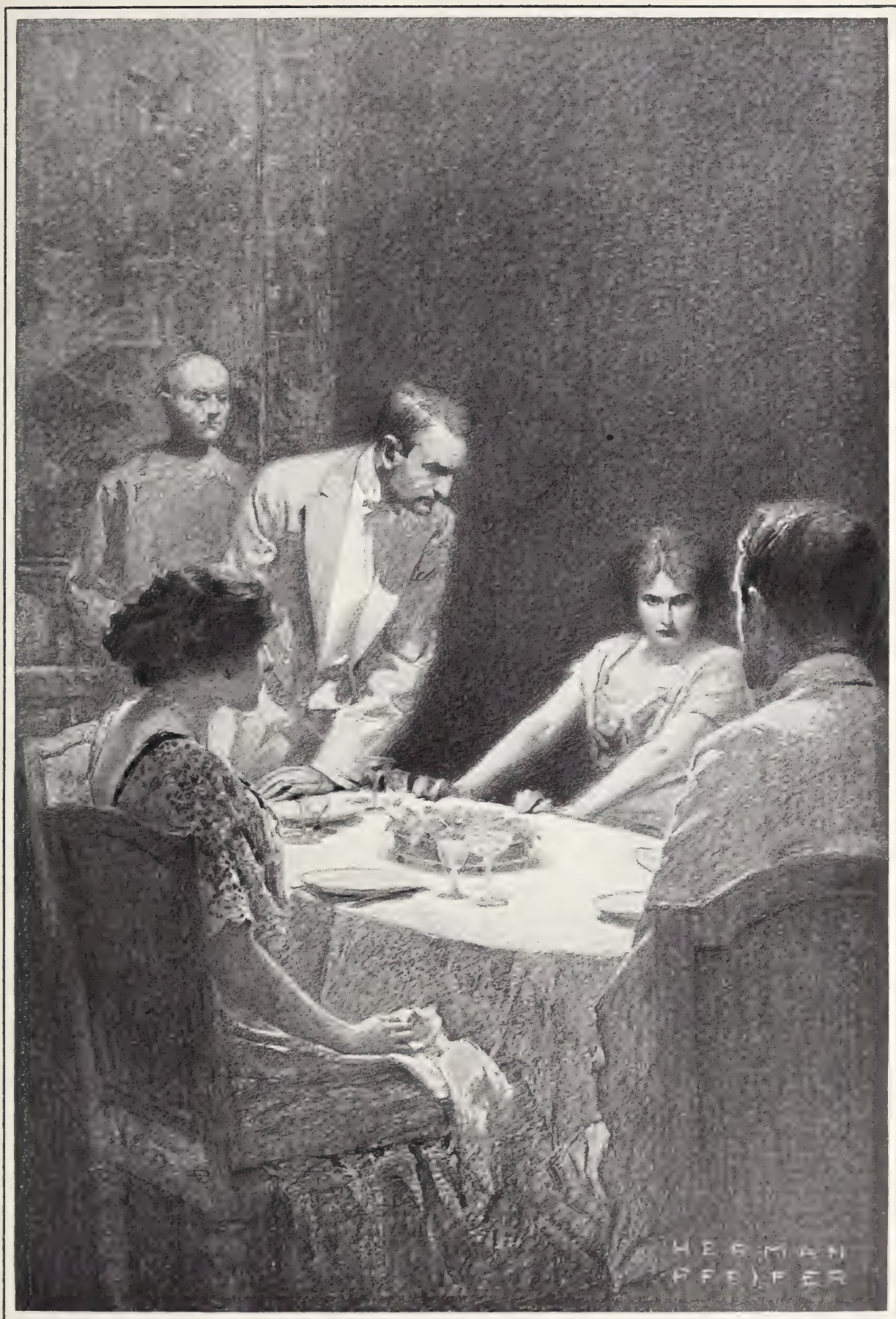
"Don't you mean," asked the woman, "that you beheaded nine people in the first village?"

"No, no," said Carew. "What would be the use of that? I took the same nine heads, put them in a bag, and carried them back to the relatives of the people that they had been taken from."

"Do you mean to say," questioned the American, "that that restitution satisfied their sense of justice? You couldn't bring the people to life again who'd been murdered."

"That's the point exactly," said Carew, patiently. "A human life more or less isn't worth getting excited about. That's revolting to our notions, but you have to take people as they are. You can't make these people regard life as





*Drawn by Herman Pfeifer*

HER FACE HAD GONE WHITE AND SHE WAS CLUTCHING THE TABLE WITH BOTH HANDS







sacred. What religion they have is against it, and the logic of the situation is against it, too. They don't work, so a life has no labor value. And in other respects it's about the cheapest, commonest thing there is. But they have got a sense of property, and the one hope of building a civilization for them is to build it on that. As they begin to learn to want things, their property will take other forms than heads—finery and trinkets to begin with. But one has to go slow, and at present I respect their property in heads. I claim that a man has a property right in his own, and I punish head-hunting just as I do any other theft."

"I should think, though," objected the American, "that there'd be more glory in taking a live head than a dead one."

"Not so much," Carew explained, "because a man would defend any head he possessed just as enthusiastically as he would the one that grew on his shoulders. He'll guard a grave . . ."

He broke off there with an apologetic little glance at Sylvia.

"Oh yes," she said, smiling readily, "tell them about it. They'll be interested."

Carew turned and pointed out through the open window.

"It comes rather close home," he said. "And I think it must be rather hard on my wife, though she pretends she doesn't mind. My predecessor's wife died out here and is buried there in the middle of the lawn. He had to bury her—or thought he did—right under the Residency windows, and he inclosed the grave in sheet-iron and put that big granite slab on the top of it to make sure that it wouldn't be rifled by Dyaks. He made me promise, when I came here to take the post (of course he was half mad at the time and the precaution was really unnecessary) to have it watched day and night. You can see the Sikh out there now. At least you can make out his white turban—there, under the tree."

He turned back from the window again and seated himself at the table.

"It is rough on Sylvia," he repeated, "a *memento mori* like that. But I don't know what to do about it. I gave the poor chap my word, you see. And, after

all, the moral effect on the Dyaks is good. I must guard my own property, you see, as sacredly as I guard theirs. It's one of the things my prestige depends on. And my prestige is practically the only thing I have to govern with."

The Chinese butler had come in as he finished, and stood, grave as a stone image, in the doorway, awaiting recognition.

"Jalan," said Carew, "what is it?"

"Come one piece pleeceman," said the Chinaman.

"To see me?" asked Carew, getting out of his chair. "Where is he?"

He did not wait for an answer, but crossed the room and followed the Chinaman out.

There was silence in the big dining-room for a minute or two after Carew went. The American woman had been staring out at the grave on the lawn ever since Carew had first called attention to it. Now she turned around and looked at Sylvia with a wide wonder in her eyes—a look which, from what she saw in Sylvia's face, flashed instantly into an understanding pity. She wasn't so very much older than Sylvia herself.

The warm gush of sympathy, coming unexpectedly like that, got over Sylvia's defenses. She gave an irrepressible shudder, and pressed her hands against her eyes, as if, for just a moment, to shut out a vision.

The man guest, who had risen when Carew did and had remained standing, somewhat at a loss, moved quickly away to the window and stood there looking out. The two women might have been alone together.

"You're such a wonder," said the American woman, unevenly. "You're so cool and perfect that one can't realize what it means, unless you let them see. But I understand now."

"You don't understand. You don't know," said Sylvia.

Her guest did not press the point.

"Has he gone down to the town?" she asked. "It isn't likely to be anything serious, is it?"

"Oh, just a murder or something," said Sylvia. "It's too quiet down there for it to be anything very bad."

The man turned away from the win-



dow. "He is sending the policeman away and coming back," he said, quietly, and took his place again at the table.

Sylvia sat up straight again, and once more pressed her hands against her eyes. She hadn't cried enough to discolor them. She looked from one to the other of her guests with a shaky little smile.

"Thank you," she said, for each of them had done her a service.

Carew, coming back into the room, found everything just as he had left it.

"It was nothing, after all, then?" asked Sylvia.

"I'll have to go down after dinner," said Carew, "but everything's all right for the present. The woman's locked up and both the men are dead."

He drank half a glass of wine in a meditative way, then turned to the American.

"It fits in rather with what we were saying," he began. "A Sikh policeman tried to arrest a woman, and a Malay who was with her slipped a kris into him. The Malay is very excitable, and once he lets his kris taste blood . . ."

He turned to the woman. "Do you know what a kris is? One of those wavy-bladed daggers."

She nodded and shivered at the same time. "We've bought a whole collection of them," she said.

"Well," Carew went on, "once his kris tastes blood, he's likely to turn perfectly irresponsible. Westerners call it 'running amuck.' It is really nothing but a feeling that, since he has broken loose, he may as well make a thorough job of it and kill as many more as possible before they can get him. That is what he started to do in this case, and there was nothing for it but for another policeman to shoot him."

"What had the woman done," the American wanted to know, "that the first man tried to arrest her for?"

Carew smiled, and turned to Sylvia.

"You will be interested in that," he said. "She's a woman who's been working for you up here. She had set her cap for this Malay, and, in order to fascinate him, she had stolen—what do you suppose? A dozen brass curtain-rings. She was wearing them for bracelets half-way up her arm when the policeman arrested her."

"There's the irony of things," said the American. "An absurdly trifling act like that, and two men dead as the result of it."

"No," said Carew, "you mustn't look at it that way. Not if you're going to get the East straight. Of course it's too bad about the policeman. He was a valuable man. But he lost his life doing his duty and that's an ending we foreigners have to take more or less for granted. Of course he's as foreign to this situation as I am. But the Malay doesn't matter. You can't blame him for what he did, and he'd be the last person (provided you could consult him) to complain about the result. That's all in the day's work."

"The thing you have got to treat seriously is the theft. The fact that the things she stole were perhaps worth about sixpence, and that we'd never have discovered the loss of them, doesn't enter into the case. They were very beautiful to her, no doubt—highly polished and all—and tempted her. Taking them constituted, from her point of view, a serious theft, and—this is what I want you to see—it's her point of view that I've got to treat it from."

The point absorbed the interest of both men—Carew in explaining to one anxious to learn, the American in trying to realize another of the fascinating paradoxes of the East.

But the American woman had only about half listened. She had hardly taken her eyes from Sylvia's face since Carew had returned. Now she thrust her chair back from the table rather abruptly.

"No," said Sylvia, "it's all right. Sit still."

At that both men looked around at her, and Carew sprang to his feet.

"My dear!" he cried, in consternation. "What's the matter?" For her face had gone as white as flour and she was clutching the edge of the table tightly with both hands.

But she shook her head at him and said, "No," in a half-inarticulate plea that he stay where he was. And in a moment she got command of her voice. "I—I just want to be sure I understand what you mean," she said. "You don't mean that you're going to punish



that woman seriously for—for nothing? Because it was nothing. They weren't worth anything to us. We're using wooden rings in the place we got them for. And—and perhaps they meant—everything to her."

Carew answered gently, but it was as if from a long way off:

"Don't upset yourself about it, my dear. You've had a pretty hard week, I suspect, and you're badly overwrought."

Sylvia's color came flooding back again. He was apologizing for her to their guests. The real issue had not got his attention yet at all. He did not realize that there was an issue.

"I'm not tired nor overwrought in the least," she said as steadily as she could. "I don't want you to think about me. I w-want you to think about that pitiable little woman. Can't you see? She had to have those things. That's something that might happen to—to anybody. And she was afraid to ask me for them. That's the heart-breaking part of it. And now her man's dead—that she took them for. They killed him, I suppose, before her eyes. And you talk of punishing her!"

Now it was Carew whose color faded out under his coat of tan.

Their two guests, forgotten, afraid of each other's eyes, stared at their empty glasses.

"If you want to debate it as an abstract proposition," said Carew, slowly, "I'll say that if the woman is allowed to keep the spoils, she can probably attract another man who will suit her just as well. I think you'd recognize that, if she happened not to be somebody you knew as an individual. I have had to punish before, in cases that were personal to me. I've done it because I knew that the only hope for beginning to civilize these people is the justice that I hold in my hand. There are two or

three hundred thousand of them up-country there, who are beginning to take my law. They don't know it as an abstract thing. It's something of mine. If they don't raid and murder as much as they did, it's because they are beginning to take my notion that it's better to



SHE WAS WEARING THE CURTAIN-RINGS FOR BRACELETS

leave another man's goods alone. And if they see I don't believe it myself . . ."

He brought his hands down softly, but solidly, on the table.

"Even as a matter of self-preservation," he went on, "the thing is important. Against a quarter of a million of them, I've got a hundred and twenty-five Sikh policemen who would stand up and be butchered for my word. One of them lost his life that way to-night."

There was a silence after that. The American drew in a long breath and let it out with a rush. Finally Sylvia spoke, doggedly and dully, not as one who hopes any more, but as one who plays his last card.



"You're right in general, I suppose. I hadn't—thought of it that way. I wish you'd told me sooner. But, just for this once, I'm going to ask as a favor that you don't punish the woman who stole—the curtain-rings."

For just a moment a blaze of cold fire lighted up Carew's blue eyes and then it faded. He pressed his lips together before he spoke.

"We'll talk about it in the morning," he said, gently. "And you won't ask me that favor again. You will have seen by then what it means."

"There's s-something else," said Sylvia. But Carew had pushed back his chair and risen from the table.

"I think I'd better go down to the town," he said, addressing his guests, "and see that it is really quiet. We don't want any more murders to-night."

Sylvia said, "Wait!" But it was only in a whisper and he was already gone.

The silence lasted until she had seen him pass the window and cross the lawn. Her two guests, searching desperately for something—just the one right, casual thing to say, to cut the cord that bound this tense silence—looked neither at her nor at each other. But they were aware that, very still and white, she was gazing at the point where he had disappeared. At last she spoke.

"You see—I am a thief, too," said the Honorable Sylvia.

"You don't mean literally?"

It was the man who asked the question from a throat that he found unexpectedly dry. But apparently he knew she did, because her bare nod of assent was enough to answer him. He did not go on to ask what she had stolen. After all, it didn't matter.

And now she waited for her husband to come back from meting out justice—logical, necessary justice—upon the little Malay woman who had stolen the curtain-rings. He was all she had—all she loved or wanted in the world. And she was alone with him in that remotest corner of it.

I suppose situations like that are not uncommon, especially when a man and a woman are left alone in a strange and hostile environment. Probably many an odd corner of the lower latitudes

could produce a story something like that, only, as a rule, one does not know about them. This one is getting told because it just happened that my wife and I were the two American guests at the Residency that night, and that Sylvia, after John Carew had left her there to go down to the village, told it to us—told it in many ragged little fragments, under a pressure of panic and desperation that forced her to forget traditional reticences and to clutch, in the welter, at anything that looked like a sympathetic hand.

The story was simple enough.

Two days after her husband had gone off into the jungle to secure his nine heads and return them to the village that had been feloniously despoiled of them, the *Mainz* from Singapore came into the harbor at Raffleton. The new monsoon, at forty-five miles an hour or so, was blowing at the one precise angle which gave it access to the harbor, and two big packing-cases, both addressed to the Residency, were dropped overboard in an attempt to land them. By the time they were rescued and got ashore, the consignee's marks were pretty well obliterated. But both of them were brought forthwith to the Residency.

Now, the Honorable Sylvia expected a box. She had come out to the Far East on the grand tour more than two years before, amply equipped for a casual glance at the tropics. As you know, she had varied the plan by staying and marrying Carew. At the end of two years the necessity for replenishing this wardrobe became pressing and she did what every permanent resident in that part of the world is forced to do, ordered more clothes by mail from London. One of the two boxes undoubtedly contained those clothes. But, in view of their recent immersion in sea-water, it devolved upon the Honorable Sylvia to open both boxes at once.

As it happened, the box she opened first contained the purchases which Mrs. Thorndyke-Martin had made in Paris: a lot of seductively lovely stockings and underclothes, a couple of frocks, and a certain miraculous hat. They had been beautifully packed and the brief immersion of their box in the water of the harbor hadn't damaged them a bit.



For one delirious moment Sylvia thought they were hers. But it didn't need, really, the discovery of the Parisian modiste's bill to convince her of her mistake.

Then she opened the other box, which contained her own purchases. She found them undamaged, but just as ghastly and provincial and absurd as in her worst anticipations she had pictured them.

And it was while they were all spread out in her big, shabby boudoir in the Residency that the butler had brought in the wireless message announcing the prospective visit of the South Asiatic Squadron at Raffleton.

You will have to stop and think a minute to realize just what that visit imported to Sylvia.

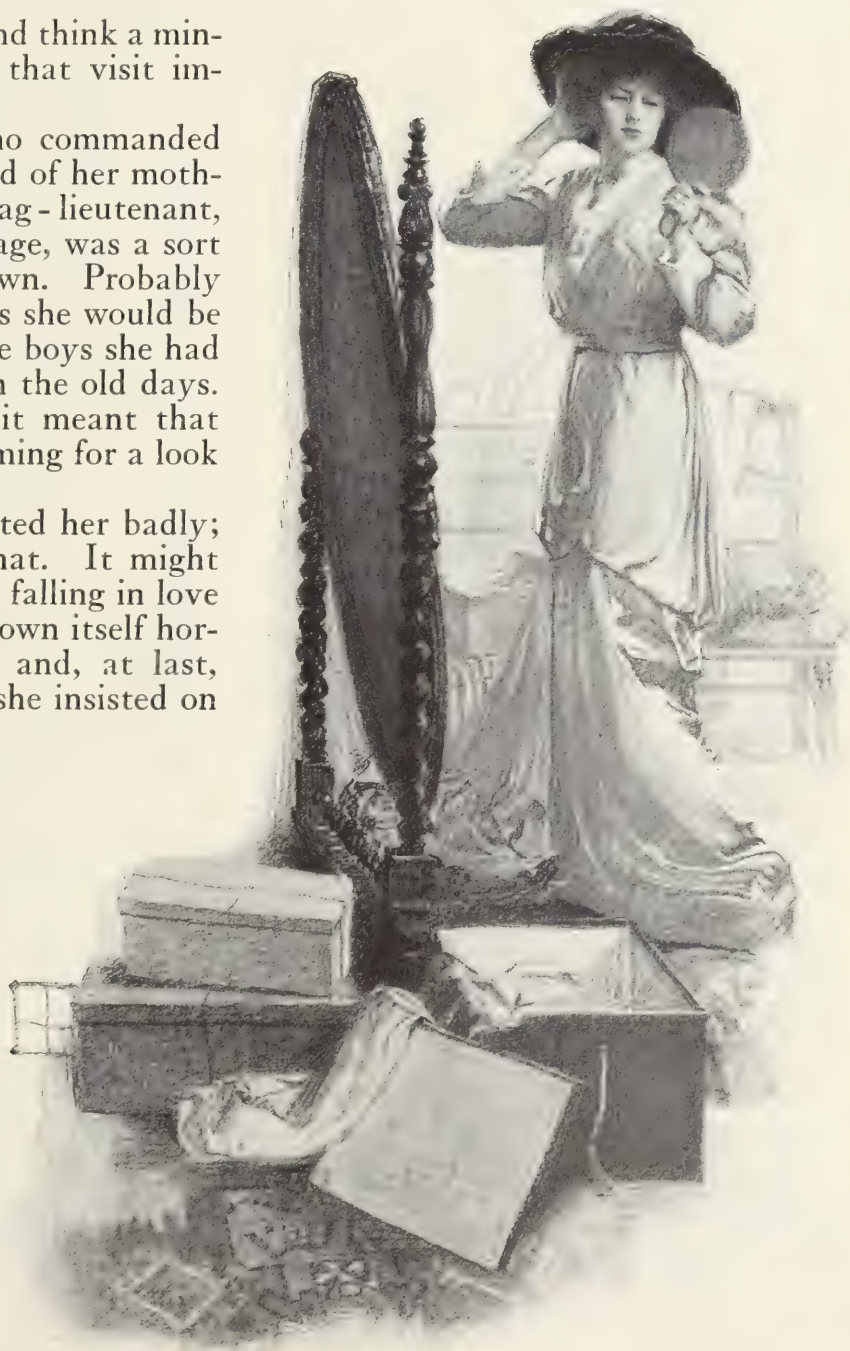
Admiral Etheridge, who commanded the fleet, was an old friend of her mother's. And the young flag-lieutenant, who had signed the message, was a sort of second cousin of her own. Probably half a dozen of the officers she would be expected to entertain were boys she had danced and flirted with in the old days. In a word, then, the visit meant that Sylvia's old world was coming for a look at her.

Her old world had treated her badly; there was no doubt of that. It might have pitied her a little for falling in love with Carew, but it had shown itself horrified, coldly implacable, and, at last, insolently derisive, when she insisted on marrying him.

It had not been hard, indeed it had been fiercely satisfactory, to send that old world overboard, in the wonderful blaze of passion and pride and self-abandonment that had given her to Carew. And those fires were blazing still. He had never disappointed her once. The price she had paid for him, in the loneliness and monotony of his absences, in the panicky terrors of her strange surroundings,

in the contemptuous abandonment of her old world and the skeptical curiosity of her new, weighed not a grain against the complete and poignant happiness he brought her. Her old world was welcome to come and look.

But—and here the bright red burned in her cheeks, and her finger-nails pressed hard into her small palms—they must not be allowed to come and *laugh*, for their laughter would be at her husband rather than at her. “We remember the Sylvia he took. And this is what he has made of her—this pathetically dowdy little Colonial, trying to dress as she imagines people are dressing back home.”



SHE SAW HERSELF FULLY ARRAYED IN HER SPOILS



She looked at the things that had come in her own box from London, and her eyes flushed with the tears of pure, helpless anger. And then she looked at what Mrs. Thorndyke-Martin had bought, to pass the time, in Paris. They must be nearly alike in size and figure, and clothes don't have to fit nowadays, anyway. A half-dozen deftly placed pins would make everything right. Dressed like that, how she could face that old world of hers! How serenely she could smile at it from under that hat! How confidently could she bid them welcome, and entertain them, and send them away again, wondering—even if her husband did not return in time to see his triumph, and make it perfect.

Because you can understand, can't you, that it would be *his* triumph rather than hers?

The Honorable Sylvia put on the hat, took it off and rearranged her hair, and put it on again, and a great resolution formed itself in her soul. The Thorndyke-Martins were coming. They were expected to get in on the *General Reyes*, along with Captain Burch, a day or two before the squadron arrived. Sylvia would go to Mrs. Martin and buy, or beg, or borrow those clothes. Whatever happened, when the admiral and the flag-lieutenant and the rest came ashore they should find her wearing them.

And then something happened that she hadn't counted on. The *General Reyes* came into the harbor and, without dropping anchor at all, sent a boat ashore for mails. There was no time to explain, to beg or borrow, or to offer to buy. The Honorable Sylvia could either wrap up Mrs. Thorndyke-Martin's clothes and send them aboard, or she could steal them, which latter act involved, you will observe, doing precisely nothing at all—just letting the boat go back without them. And that is what she did.

She did not, at first, scrutinize the moral quality of the act at all. She flushed and smiled at herself in the glass when first she saw herself fully arrayed in her spoils, with nothing more than an amused sense of mischief. Her husband was away at that time, you are to remember, out in the jungle, collecting his

nine heads. It was not until he came back, on the afternoon of the garden-party, and she saw the look that came into his face as he caught his first glimpse of her, that the first misgiving came. She had meant to make her confession as soon as they had a moment together, time to turn away and smile and then turn a pair of demure faces back to their guests. Somehow, at that one look of his she had realized that it could not be done that way.

One of the elements which went to make up her adoration of him was something akin to fear. At the very core of the man, accounting perhaps for his almost miraculous power over savage peoples, was a saint-like sort of austerity—something that was inaccessible to the intrusion of merely human loves or fears. Sylvia knew it was there, knew that even her hand might not be laid upon the veil before it. But it was only gradually that she realized how this act of hers would look when brought for judgment before that shrine. The misgiving slowly deepened into a fear, and by the time the squadron had steamed away and the planters returned to their plantations she was ready to interpose even the presence of two casual, vagrant Americans between herself and the necessity for telling him.

It seemed like the mockery of a malicious fate that gave the subject of their talk the turn it had taken. Here was a deadly parable that the Prophet Nathan himself could hardly have improved upon. The poor, frightened little native woman who had had to steal in order that she might be finely arrayed—would John Carew be willing to show one of those women thieves more mercy than he was prepared to show the other?

The sudden flare of cold anger that had come up into his blue eyes answered that question, if it had not been answered before. The man was a fanatic, of course; he had in him the quality of logically carrying out a valid idea to remorseless and inhuman conclusions—a quality that has planted many a stake and set the torch to many a pyre.

Oh, it was simple enough, and easy to understand. But what was one to do?

I tried, in a futile sort of way, to think up a phrase or two: "To comprehend all



is to pardon all," and a few generalities like that, but their flat futility kept me from uttering them, and there was a silence for a while after Sylvia had come to the end of her story.

I looked across at my wife. She was thinking, too, and, it presently transpired, to better purpose. Luckily women have not our passion for abstract morality. They act on the particular event.

"If you will pack up those clothes," said my wife, "I will take them back to Mrs. Martin, and then, you see, you will only have borrowed them—not stolen them at all."

There was another little silence after that. Sylvia had stopped sobbing, but her face was still buried in her arms. I saw my wife smile.

"For that matter," she went on, "I don't see why you haven't really borrowed them from me. I'll take the responsibility for Mrs. Martin—I know she won't mind a bit. I've lent them to you, and now, if you're through with them, I can take them back. It doesn't matter whose clothes they are. There's nothing wrong about that, is there?"

After a moment she said again, as one repeats a lesson to a child:

"You borrowed those clothes from me. And now, if you're through with them, I'll take them back."

Sylvia sat up and gazed out through the window at the lighted patch of lawn with the big granite slab in the middle of it. Then she rose.

"I'll get them for you," she said.

My wife went with her, and I lighted a fresh cigar and strolled out on the balcony.

As it happened, we didn't see Carew again. Our cab came for us before his return from the village, and we drove down to the Rest House under a heap of bandboxes. The *Sarah Bird* came in during the night, and we sailed on her the next morning for Cebu.

We found the Thorndyke-Martins in Manila and gave Mrs. Martin her clothes. We had to tell her the story, more or less, to account for the way they were packed, and it needed all but forcible restraint to keep her from shipping them straight back to Sylvia. She was indignant with us for not having given them to her.

Many of the places we have visited at one time or another seem a long way off, when contemplated retrospectively from our domestic hearth, but Raffleton seems farther than them all. It seemed like a message from another planet when, last Christmas, we got a little card of greetings from Mr. and the Honorable Mrs. John Carew.

"Much love," Sylvia had written on it, "and a world of thanks."

"I have always wondered," said my wife, "whether she told him."

"That is because you have no real interest in morality," said I. "Now, what I wonder is, whether she *ought* to have told him."





# Why Do We Have a Diplomatic Service?

BY DAVID JAYNE HILL

Former Ambassador of the United States to Germany



NOT many months ago, in a little after-dinner company at Washington, the conversation fell upon our foreign service. The comments made were chiefly of a personal character, consisting of references to the qualities and peculiarities of our diplomatic representatives in foreign capitals. Only one general observation illumined the dismal gossip of the evening. As the party was about to break up, a newly elected Senator, who had maintained an interested silence during the conversation, suddenly remarked, "I don't understand why we have those fellows, anyway."

This observation, which evoked an outburst of laughter but elicited no response, has the threefold merit of being just, kindly, and honest, which is saying much in these days of searching criticism upon questions relating to public life. It is just, because it clearly indicates the proper starting-point of a discussion regarding our diplomatic service. It is kindly, because it places without discrimination all the representatives of our country engaged in that service in the same large, generous category of "those fellows"—which, if slightly lacking in respect, at least does not imply any opprobrium. It is honest, because it is a frank confession of ignorance, betokening a state of mind at once docile and unassuming; and, if not keenly curious, implies no unconquerable prejudice.

At a small gathering in a well-known club in the city of Washington, where the Senator's observation was quoted, it was caustically remarked that when that gentleman had been longer in politics he would discover the practical reasons "why we have those fellows."

The obscurity of this observation, cou-

pled with the expression of countenance with which it was uttered, moved a young lawyer not long out of the law-school to ask for an explanation; whereupon the first speaker remarked that every one who had had practical experience with politics understood what he meant, and that it was not a matter for public discussion.

The vague smile with which this remark was received by those present plainly indicated that it was not agreeable to hear a branch of the public service spoken of in this manner. They could not help remembering that they were American citizens, and that not only public officials, but the manner of conducting public affairs, were being made the objects of a covert, yet not very covert, sneer. The young lawyer seemed especially annoyed by the speaker's insinuation, and asked what he meant by such a statement.

"I mean," was the reply, "that the entire vocabulary now in common use regarding this subject indicates that the country has no serious interest in the diplomatic service. It has been assailed in Congress as "purely ornamental." It has been retained only because of its utility to party politics. It is the very life of a Presidential election."

"And you believe in continuing this system?" asked the young man.

"Sinecures," was the reply, "are necessary to the life of a political party. The indefinite character of the diplomatic service renders it particularly useful; for, while it appeals chiefly to men of leisure, it stimulates aspirations which awaken an interest in public affairs that might otherwise never exist; and, since the service has no standard of qualification or efficiency, there is no limit to its political usefulness."

"You think, then, that this system is a public advantage?" asked the lawyer.



"I shall not say a public advantage; the public has no interest in it. But it is a political advantage, both before and after elections."

"How is that?" inquired a man who had been trying to read a newspaper.

"Why," answered the first speaker, "you look to the Executive to promote legislation. If Congress becomes lethargic, the diplomatic service is there to be used as a stimulant. You like a strong Executive, do you not? Well, what gives a stronger hand than the power to bestow and the power to withhold? Nothing serves to quicken interest like—"

"But," broke in the young lawyer, "do you think it is right to apply such motives?"

"It is always right to obey the will of the people, and the Executive is the expression of the people's will. They have placed him in the seat of power. It is unreasonable to expect him to make bricks without straw."

"How about the legislators? Have they no mandate from the people?" queried a voice from a corner of the room.

"Personally, I believe in a strong government," replied the first speaker, "and nothing strengthens a government like offices that can be vacated and filled at will. The purists, with their foolish diffusion of power, are bringing politics into disrepute."

"The founders of our government did not regard public office from your point of view," replied the young lawyer, earnestly. "Public positions were created for the service of the nation, not for party or personal advantage. I do not pretend to know whether the diplomatic service is useful to the country or not. But it makes no difference to my contention. If it is useless, it ought to be abolished. If it is useful, it ought to be respected, and not made an object of traffic. We have had in the foreign service of our country men of the greatest personal eminence and of the highest qualifications, who were not chosen for the reasons you have intimated. Adams, Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe, not to mention Franklin—men who have been honored with the Presidency—were among our earliest ministers abroad. The service has been adorned by some

of our most illustrious writers, such as Irving, Bancroft, Motley, and Lowell. To the greater Powers we have habitually sent our most distinguished citizens—a long roll of eminent men who were not politicians in any narrow sense, though many of them were statesmen of a high order. Your insinuation is unjust to them, to our Presidents, and to the American people."

"You young reformers are always talking about the 'people.' What do the people know or care about these things? They only want to be left alone. Nobody cares who has the offices. But without offices what would become of politics?"

A clergyman who happened to be of the company, fearing that the debate was becoming too heated and might lead to scandal, thought it advisable to turn the current of talk into a different channel, and said: "I think it is not always profitable to discuss too freely the motives of men. Is it not better to consider their difficulties and embarrassments, and try to remove them? I have always supposed that every deliberate provision of government has some purpose of distinct public usefulness, and I suppose this one has; but I am very much in sympathy with the sentiment expressed by the new Senator. I do not understand fully why we have ambassadors, except for social purposes, and I should very much like to be informed."

There was a long silence, finally broken by an elderly gentleman of scholarly appearance whom every one addressed as "Judge." "If I remember rightly," he said, "the Constitution of the United States, in Article II., Section 2, Clause 2, makes the same provision for the appointment of ambassadors and other public ministers as for judges of the Supreme Court. The natural inference is that the framers of our form of government regarded them as equally important, and it is certain that they invested the selection of the persons who should serve in this capacity with precisely the same safeguards as were applied to the choice of the highest judicial officers of the nation, namely, nomination by the President and confirmation by the Senate. It was probably intended that the President should observe the



same care and be actuated by the same motives in both cases, and that the Senate would see that he did his duty in this respect. There is no evidence that these offices were designed to serve any merely partisan or personal purpose, and it is fair to suppose that it was not even imagined that any other motive than a desire to secure the most efficient public service would ever affect such appointments."

"That is all very fine," interrupted the propounder of the political-reward theory, "but it does not touch the question as it stands to-day. It is useless to speak of the provisions of the Constitution. The Fathers took care to provide offices enough to go around!"

The young lawyer's eyes blazed with indignation as he exclaimed: "The Fathers would feel contempt for us if they could know the spirit in which their labors are considered. The system which you openly defend would have been regarded with horror by the framers of the Constitution. They did everything in their power to prevent such a system. I feel a sense of shame in hearing these accusations as I recall the words of Washington when he took command of the army: 'I will keep an exact account of my expenses; those, I doubt not, will be discharged, and that is all I desire.' The Fathers gave us a country to defend and honor by service and sacrifice, and set us the example of unselfish patriotism."

The Judge's face remained calm and placid as he turned alternately toward each of the belligerents, who seemed determined to infuse fire into the discussion; and, as if to hold fast to some line of reasoning, he promptly added: "Those men were engaged in a great task, and their minds were filled with a deep sense of responsibility. We were then a small and weak country. We had profited greatly from the diplomacy of the Revolution. Lord Acton is of the opinion that without the aid of the French fleet our independence might not have been established, at least not so early; and many American writers agree with him. But we do not need to enter upon a debate on this point. The delegates to the Constitutional Convention remembered with gratitude what Frank-

lin had done for us. Our first attempt in diplomacy had borne rich fruit. It had also taught us many lessons, and a cautious foreign policy promised still to be necessary; as, indeed, it proved to be. It was a matter of common consent that 'ambassadors and other ministers' would be needed, and in the article of the Constitution I have cited their appointment was provided for before that of the judges of the Supreme Court. No objection to providing for them was offered, but the creation of the Supreme Court was a thorny question. The power to send and receive ambassadors had been distinctly accorded in the Articles of Confederation and required no debate, for it was an essential attribute of a sovereign nation. The Supreme Court, on the contrary, was a new institution, as novel in its conception in 1787 as an international court appeared to be a century later. It should be further remembered that in the first draft of the Constitution the power to appoint ambassadors and judges of the Supreme Court was given to the Senate alone; and that it was by subsequent modification, unanimously adopted, that the power of appointment by the President, with the advice and consent of the Senate, was conferred. The intention to place such appointments upon the highest possible plane, and to invest them with the highest degree of responsibility, is, therefore, very clear."

It was not until the Judge had pronounced the words "Constitution of the United States" that a clean-shaven, gray-haired man, carrying on a conversation in a corner of the room with another gentleman, had knocked the ashes from his cigar and turned to listen. It was a well-known Representative in Congress from a state of the Middle West.

"What you have just said, Judge," he observed, "is very interesting from an historical point of view, but it seems to me that times and conditions have changed entirely since the Constitution was framed and adopted. First of all, we have greatly changed as a nation. Then we were weak and small, now we have become strong and great. We have no neighbors who would ever think of attacking us. We fear nothing and want less from Europe. What need, therefore,



have we of ambassadors and the paraphernalia that goes along with them? We are a plain and peaceable people, with whom no one is likely to interfere. And not only that, but conditions have changed. We have the telegraph, not only the transatlantic cable, but now the wireless telegraphy. All this has greatly simplified communication and rendered ambassadors and the whole costly outfit superfluous. Worse than that, by leaving ambassadors nothing to do it opens the way to all sorts of folly: the vanity of women, the even greater vanity of men, with their foolish taste for uniforms—which Congress has positively forbidden them to wear; and decorations, equally forbidden, but sought for and worn just the same. It is time to stop this nonsense, which makes us ridiculous abroad and ashamed at home. And now these people want palaces to live in at public expense! I want to abolish the whole thing.”

A long silence fell upon the company. The Representative's ardor and fluency rendered a reply difficult. No one seemed to have the courage to speak. He was known to be a keen debater, and not too tolerant of opposition. His resources of ridicule in this case were twofold—the bold, direct rhetoric to which he was accustomed, and the salient points of attack afforded by the subject, which was not lacking in picturesque material.

The discreet remained silent, but the young lawyer, in that splendid spirit of knight-errantry which scents with joy the breath of battle, ventured to remark: “It seems to me that much, if not all, of our legislation might be handled in a similar manner. It is, after all, simply a question of choosing between what you want and what you don't want. Let us abolish Congress; let everybody make his suggestions for new laws to a bureau of law-writers in Washington, to be put by them into the form of bills; let these be printed in the newspapers, with a coupon attached on which to express a vote, and let the laws that have a majority for them be published for the information of the people. It seems very simple.”

This sally was greeted with a general laugh, in which, however, the Rep-

resentative did not join; and he was evidently annoyed by the attempt at sarcasm of one so young and so little entitled to hold the floor.

“That is, of course, ridiculous,” he said, with the flicker of a smile, “and not meant to be taken seriously. Legislation by such a method would be impossible. Without party councils, conferences, debates, and compromises, no laws could ever be passed. The personal element and the associative element are both essential to any understanding, and every law fit to be inscribed on the statute-book implies an understanding. In foreign relations it is different. Each nation is represented by some one person. These persons have only to communicate to one another their views, arguments and decisions. That ends the matter.”

“Is there, then, to be no understanding between nations? Or can it be reached without personal contact?” the young lawyer asked, rather eagerly.

“The decisions of sovereign States are necessarily final, even though they may conflict,” retorted the Representative. “Take our own decisions, for example. Do you suppose that we are going to be influenced by what any man sent to Washington may say to us? We know our interests and mean to defend them. We know how to make up our minds, and when we have made them up it makes no difference to us what anybody else may think. Everything we have to do with foreigners can be done by telegraph directly between the heads of the governments.”

“And our diplomatic correspondence,” said the young man, “when published in the Red Book, would read something like this:

“Emperor William, Berlin: You have too many ships in the Caribbean Sea. We request you to reduce the number.—Wilson.”

“President Wilson, Washington: We run our navy from Berlin. Work on your canal.—W. I. R.”

“King George, London: You need to teach your Canadians manners. Remember we have treaties about the Great Lakes.—Wilson.”

“President Wilson, Washington: Our people are accountable to us alone.—George R.”



The majority of those present laughed heartily, but the Judge looked very grave. There had been so much truth spoken in this dialogue, without any judicious formulation of it, that the Judge had begun to fear for the good humor of the company, and was about to arise and try to break up the gathering. It would never do to let the sharp but rather undisciplined intelligence of the Representative and the impertinent sarcasm of the young lawyer bring on a thunder-storm, which was evidently brewing; for they both had that peculiar glitter of the eye that so much resembles the gleam which palpitates between two electric wires when a contact is almost complete.

Happily, just at that moment, there entered the room a man of distinguished appearance, evidently a foreigner, although a well-known figure in Washington. It was Count Brysterand, the Ambassador of a great European power.

All the gentlemen arose respectfully; salutations were exchanged; a comfortable arm-chair was offered, and the Judge said, promptly: "Your Excellency, we have been conversing on the subject of diplomatic relations between foreign countries, rather unprofitably, I fear, for none of us is an expert in such matters. We know how great your authority upon this subject is, and I am sure it would be a delight to all of us if you were kindly disposed to express your views."

The Ambassador took the seat that was offered him, smiled genially, and said: "You do me an honor in wishing to have my opinions; and I shall be pleased, as far as my limited knowledge goes, to take part in your conversation. I always like to discuss matters with you Americans, you have such a faculty for getting to the point of things and seeing straight."

"We were speaking of the duties of ambassadors, Your Excellency, and we have only the vaguest idea of what they are."

"That depends upon what circumstances make them," said the Count. "Often they consist chiefly in accepting kindnesses and in trying to be pleasant in return. Diplomats would be very happy if it were always like that, and we

consider that our greatest success is to maintain that condition.

"But between friendly countries, why should it not always continue?" asked the Representative.

"Certainly, it should. But things *will* happen, you know; unexpected things, sometimes trivial things, which for a time threaten to upset relations. Then we have to explain, if we can, and it is not always easy."

"In our state of civilization, one would think, people would be disposed to be reasonable, and would understand that, even if unpleasant incidents occur, the whole nation is not to blame," broke in the Representative.

"Yes, but sometimes, unfortunately, whole nations become much agitated over small matters, not to speak of great misunderstandings. It is then often difficult to satisfy the public mind, but the ambassador is there for that purpose. I do not need to cite instances, but you will all recall them. What is required in such circumstances is action—prompt, cool, considerate, reassuring. It is well if it occurs simultaneously at both ends of the line. Diplomats, you know, are expected always to remain friendly—at least until matters have gone beyond diplomacy. An unfriendly diplomat must always be immediately recalled, and a more friendly one be at once sent in his place. If a vacancy thus created remains long unfilled, it is understood that the government so acting is offended. There are but three steps between international friendship and international hostility. They are: (1) the permanent recall of the head of the mission; (2) the recall of the *chargé d'affaires*; and (3) the complete rupture of diplomatic relations, which is the immediate prelude of war."

The Representative started perceptibly in his seat. "Do you mean to say," he asked, "that if we abolished our diplomatic service entirely it would give offense?"

The Ambassador looked at him a moment in surprise, as if struggling to catch his meaning. Then he said: "Certainly, no nation would do that without a reason. What reason could be sufficient?"

"Why," said the Representative, "you



seem to think that some reason would be expected. My point is, what reason is there for having ambassadors, that is, always having ambassadors? Why not wait until there is a trouble to smooth out, and then send a commission to fix it up?"

The Count looked for a moment as if he suspected that he was being trifled with; but noticing the kind, sincere, and even earnest expression of the Representative, he replied with a pleasant little laugh: "Do you neglect to look after your automobile until you have had an accident? It takes a great effort to convince an unfriendly person that what seemed an insult, or an injury, was not intended to be one; but much is overlooked between friends. Your suggestion appears to be that something may be done to heal enmities, but that nothing need be done to prevent them, or to maintain friendship. The diplomatic body throughout the world is an expression of friendly relations, assumes that they exist, and tries to deepen and extend them. When this is well done, there is something positive to break the shock produced by some unfortunate incident. To destroy that body universally would be to undo all the past and make no provision for the future. As between European governments, such a step would at once lead to a state of hostilities. The nations of the world form a society of states—not too well organized, it is true—but a real society. You know what it means to withdraw abruptly from a society without a reason; and what reason could be given?"

"Economy," said the Representative; "that and the incompatibility between democratic ideas of doing things and monarchical ideas. You Europeans have your ways, and we Americans have ours. I mean no offense, but you have so many frills; there is so much gold lace about it all, so much silk and diamonds, so much high living in marble halls—you understand I don't mean to be offensive."

The Ambassador looked somewhat amused, broke into a laugh, and said: "I know perfectly what you mean. You are perhaps right. All the world is coming to think that too much show and ceremony is undesirable. If you will

permit me to be as frank as I am sure you would like me to be, let me say that it is your own compatriots who are driving us a little in Europe just now. You have improved some of our hotels, but you have made them impossible to us Europeans. They have become too expensive for us. It is true, our courts have their ways; but I know of no instance where they have been made really uncomfortable to your American representatives, when they have simply been themselves and exercised their good taste as American citizens—and your women are always charming."

"Your Excellency flatters us," said the Representative, blandly. "My trouble is fundamental. We Americans do not want to be unsocial or to give offense, and, above all, to seem in any respect mean. But the point is this: We want reasons for what we do. My constituents are plain, but kind and sensible people. If this society of States of which you speak is a real thing, we want to be in it. We Americans believe in peace, and want to help the cause of peace and good feeling in the world, but we don't want merely to *seem* to do it. Now that we have The Hague Tribunal, can't we settle all our differences there? Why do we not all go on simply attending to our business; and, if disagreements arise, keep on with our business, and let The Hague Court settle them?"

"A court," said the Ambassador, "seems to me a very necessary institution, and it is pleasant to hear from a member of the Congress of the United States such noble sentiments as you have just expressed regarding the utility of The Hague Court; but while I, too, believe in the usefulness of an international tribunal of justice, I have sometimes thought that the true nature of its highest utility may be very easily misapprehended. My own private feeling is that the best people do not frequent courts of justice; that the best friends are not those that meet oftenest in the law-courts; and that it is the aim and endeavor of the most thoughtful people, as much as possible, to avoid going there altogether. You will, of course, recall that the convention which established The Hague Court provides only for the adjudication of such differences as it has



not been found possible to settle by diplomatic negotiations. Judging by the small number of cases that have been brought before the Court, and of course excluding those racial conflicts which no court could prevent, it would seem as if diplomacy were not an entirely useless art."

"Now that is interesting!" exclaimed the Judge. "It would save us judges a great deal of time and labor if private differences could be settled in that way, instead of crowding our court calendars. By the way, Your Excellency, what is it precisely that you mean by diplomacy?"

"Definitions are rarely satisfactory," replied the Count, "but I suppose we might say that diplomacy, in its narrow sense, is the spirit of conciliation in the transaction of international business. In its largest sense, it is the endeavor to accomplish our ends by intelligence rather than by force."

"That is, by deception and bluff," remarked the advocate of the theory of political rewards.

"No, not that; deception and bluff may have had their day. They have had it in business as well as in international matters, but their time has passed. Public enlightenment has made mendacity as dangerous as it is dishonorable. Diplomacy, like every other art, has passed through many stages of development, and has reached a higher altitude than it has ever occupied before."

"Will not Your Excellency give us a little sketch, in a few words, of what it is that modern diplomacy aims to accomplish?" asked the Judge.

"I have just been reading a book by one of your American writers, in which that is so clearly stated that I copied it. Here it is," and he drew a scrap of paper from his inside coat-pocket. "Shall I read it?"

"States are independent entities which, in their powers of mutual benefit and injury, and their attitudes of friendliness and hostility, are much like natural persons. They need, therefore, to recognize and maintain, as it were, social relations outside of their jural relations. These must be mediated through living persons, for good neighborhood can never be reduced to mere mechanism. There is required a constant interchange

of courtesies, of friendly communication, of reassurance, and of explanation. This is the function of diplomacy."

"But," said the Representative, "so long as we get our rights from our neighbors, what is the use of all these so-called courtesies, which, after all, are mere bowings and scrapings. Can't people be friendly without always leaning over the fence to say so?"

"I think," said the Count, "the writer I was quoting has made a point in reply to that. May I read another paragraph?"

"It is precisely in the sphere of interests that are not yet perfect rights that the diplomatist finds his chief field of usefulness. He represents interests far more than established rights. He frames and interprets treaties, which furnish a positive foundation for rights. He recalls their existence, sees that they are applied, and where they fall short seeks to extend them, or at least to see that the nations continue to be on speaking terms by furnishing in his person a channel through which reason, kindness, and mutual comprehension may have free passage."

"It sounds very fine," said the Representative, "but is this, after all, any more than some man's idea of what diplomacy ought to be? Does it represent any reality? Has it ever done anything?"

"There are still a few words in the passage I have copied that seem to answer that question," said the Ambassador.

"Through a continuous intermediation, which can never judiciously boast of its success, and thrives best when least ostentatious, interests are not only transformed into rights, but become mutually recognized as such. Whatever there is in the world to-day of International Law and of treaty obligations has been gradually brought into being by diplomacy; and, together, in their aggregate, imperfect as they still are, these results constitute one of the finest and most precious fruits of civilization."

"Oh yes," said the Representative, "such conferences as those held at The Hague advance the thought of the world by centuries, and even outrun the course of events. Such meetings once in a while may do good, but that is different



from keeping it up all the time by having a lot of embassies and legations."

"You seem to think it may be a good thing to be religious on Sundays, but have your doubts about practising religion on week-days," said the young lawyer, with a snap in his voice that somewhat irritated the Representative.

"It seems to me," said the Judge, "that the conferences just referred to can do nothing more than register the progress already made in the theory and practice of the governments up to the time when those conferences were held. If it were otherwise, a single one would be as useful as a dozen; for it could simply decree what was ideally right once and for all. As a matter of fact, however, each conference advances a little on the last, merely because public opinion and diplomatic practice have advanced. I believe the writer His Excellency has quoted is right when he traces the development of international law and treaty obligations to the continuous action of diplomatic intercourse. If that be so, it is of the highest importance that such action be made continuous. To interrupt it would be like cutting off the electric current and still expecting the light."

"Well," said the Representative, "there may be something in all this of which I had not thought before, and I am very much obliged to the Ambassador for what he has said to us. If he is as plausible in what he says to our Secretary of State as he is in what he has said to us to-night, I imagine he could get about anything we could afford to give him. But, as I have said, my trouble is fundamental. Somehow we in America do not seem to be fitted for diplomacy. A reader of our newspapers would certainly get the idea that it is all a good deal of a farce for us to take part in it. They gild our diplomats about their personal affairs, make scandals about their behavior, set the public mind agog about who will go here and who will go there, or what they will do or not do when they arrive at their posts. This is wearisome. It does not seem to happen in other countries. Will not Your Excellency kindly tell us why that is?"

"The subject is rather a delicate one

for a foreigner, and especially a foreign diplomat, to touch," said the Ambassador, "but I appreciate your interest in it, and I feel sure that you will not fancy me in any sense critical if I frankly state to you my point of view. You will understand that it is purely personal, that my government would never dream of passing any criticism either upon your methods or their results, and would condemn me for doing so. Your question is, why do some annoying circumstances, which the Representative has mentioned, not attend changes in the diplomatic service of the European governments?"

"The question is not difficult to answer. Our diplomatic service in Europe is as completely separated from party politics as the army and the navy. There is nothing in any respect casual or extemporized about it, because it is rigidly standardized on the basis of a strictly governmental representation, from which the merely personal element is absolutely eliminated. It is understood that an ambassador, whoever he may be, will live precisely as his government ordains; that he will do a certain number of previously determined things; that his personality will be absorbed in his office; that he will do nothing of, or by, or for, himself. In short, his line of conduct is minutely prescribed for him by the foreign office of his government."

"Isn't that bureaucracy?" asked the clergyman, rather timidly.

"Not exactly," was the reply. "It resembles the duty of a missionary to observe the ordinances of the church that sends him out and supports him in the performance of his work. The rules and requirements are not arbitrarily laid down by irresponsible persons. They are the result of careful study and deliberation in council by the highest authorities."

"What then does Your Excellency mean by 'standardizing' a service?" inquired the Representative.

"Just what I have described: providing by government action for everything necessary to the service beforehand; determining in what kind of a house the ambassador shall live, how it shall be furnished, how and by whom it shall be cared for; what he shall do officially in the way of entertainment: in fact, con-



trolling the whole situation according to well-considered rules and principles."

"That seems to exclude an ambassador's personal inclinations almost entirely," observed the Judge. "I doubt if our American ambassadors would submit to that."

"Of course, you understand," observed the Count, "that I would not presume to make any suggestions regarding your country or your methods. I am only trying, and very inadequately, to describe what is usual in Europe. You know that our system positively excludes personality, as such, from any representation on its own account. Our diplomats are not permitted to do or claim anything as private persons. They represent the sovereign or the government, speak and act in their names, and claim their privileges accordingly. They are like officers of the army or the navy in their strict subjection to the State."

"But," remarked the Representative, "you seem to have a class of persons specially adapted to this kind of service: men of rank and of great wealth, who fit into such positions and can afford to hold them."

"As to rank, that was once more commonly considered than it is now; but no rank except that of a royal prince is equal in Europe to that of an ambassador. Representing the sovereignty of a co-equal nation, he comes before all others in rank, except the members of the royal family. He gives the *pas* to no one else."

A look of astonishment was on every face. "What?" said the clergyman, "does he outrank a bishop? How strange some of our American representatives must feel! Do they not recoil from this?"

The Count could not repress a hearty laugh, in which all joined. When mental equilibrium was restored, he proceeded: "So far as I have observed, they usually take to it very kindly; and why should they not? Do they not represent a sovereign power? And, even more than that, are they not in your democratic theory themselves sovereigns?"

"But the uniforms, the gold lace, the cocked hats, the swords worn by the great functionaries, and by their own colleagues, do they not—our Americans, I mean—feel strange and out of place?"

The Count smiled, but looked a little embarrassed. "In Europe," he said, "members of the diplomatic corps wear uniforms partly to indicate their rank, like officers of the army and navy, but chiefly to mark their character as belonging to a particular branch of the public service. It is merely a matter of custom, and there is no invariable rule. Those countries which prefer to give their diplomatic officers more of a civil, and less of an official, character, and to place upon them the stamp of equality, do not prescribe uniforms. With certain European countries they are merely traditional. Originally, as you know, they were designed to signalize the fact that the wearer was a servant of the monarch. Those who are proud of this service are, naturally, proud to wear them."

"You have spoken of titles and dress, Excellency, but what of the means of keeping up the expense of embassies?" inquired the Representative.

"At the present time diplomatic officers of every rank are rarely men of great wealth, and usually contribute nothing to the maintenance of their embassies and legations. In former times monarchs often employed their wealthiest nobles for this service, partly to impress foreign peoples with their wealth and power, and partly to save the drafts on the royal treasury which a splendid representation required. They regarded these wealthy subjects as in some sense their own property, and used them accordingly. But now this is rare. The constitutional States—and practically all, imitating your American example, have become constitutional—do not exploit private wealth in that way. It would be contrary to the object they have in view, which is, to show by their missions the friendly feelings and intentions which the governments, as such, have for their neighbors. They wish it understood that it is the government, not an individual, that is represented; and they therefore build embassy and legation buildings in one another's capitals, and make liberal provisions for maintaining them."

"But what happens to government property of that kind if a war breaks out?" asked the Judge.

"The fact that such pledges of amity



exist is a token that it is not expected that a war will break out. They are so many perpetual reminders of peace and good-will. If war does occur, there is a mutual interest in respecting these properties. When the fighting is over the diplomatists are the people who are to make peace, and the resumption of normal relations is facilitated by the existence of these buildings. The assumption of modern civilization is that war is an anomaly, and should be of the shortest possible duration. The normal relation of civilized nations is one of peace and good-will."

"Can a poor man—that is, a man without a large private fortune—rise to the highest position in the diplomatic service of a European nation, and sustain it?" inquired the young lawyer.

"The majority of our heads of missions are not rich men. They do not need to be, any more than generals and admirals in the other branches of the public service. They are generally entitled to pensions at the end of their period of activity, according to their rank, and their widows also, and they not only accept, but frequently need them."

"But the cost of all this. It must be immense, the houses, the maintenance, the pensions. I should think the plain people would rebel," remarked the Representative.

"We do not seem to rebel at our pensions," remarked the young lawyer.

"There is no country in the world," continued the Count, "whose property in this form would greatly exceed the cost of a single first-class battleship, or whose budget shows a greater net annual expenditure for the entire foreign service than one-half the cost of such a vessel. The best war-vessel ever built is regarded as fit for the scrap-heap after a few years of existence, but the value of all the embassy and legation properties owned by foreign governments in the different European capitals has increased since they were acquired from twenty-five to several hundred per cent."

"Does Your Excellency think," inquired the Judge, "that if more attention were given to diplomacy it would be possible to discontinue military and naval appropriations?"

"The question of national defense,"

said the Count, "is always a relative one. Wherever a dangerous enemy exists, means of defense are necessary, unless one is willing to be dictated to by a foreign power; but the kind and amount of armament needed depend entirely upon the extent and distribution of territory to be defended. The power to act effectively often renders action unnecessary. The strong nation that is known to have peaceful intentions is not only safe, but respected."

"Well, Excellency," said the Representative, "we seem to be somewhat behind the rest of the world in some of these matters. What would you advise us to do?"

Count Brysterand arose, lighted a cigarette, and said: "Gentlemen, I thank you very much for your patient attention to my ill-expressed remarks, and also for the profit I have received from your interesting observations. I am sorry to quit your company, but it is getting late. I am sure you will not draw any wrong inferences from what I have said. My admiration for the institutions of your country and for the spirit of your people is such that I often wish that some of your ideas and practices could be imported into my own country, where everything American is always greeted with a hearty welcome. Good night, gentlemen." And, cordially shaking each one present by the hand, the Count withdrew.

"He didn't seem disposed to give us any advice," remarked the Representative.

"I think," said the young lawyer, "he meant to give you all the information he could; but felt it would be unprofessional to venture upon advice to a legislator of the country to which he is accredited."

In the coat-room the Representative said to the Judge: "Judge, I am going to introduce a bill at the next session of Congress for the standardization of our diplomatic service."

"You will be much older than you are now when you get your bill out of committee," remarked the first speaker of the evening.

"If it does not come out in a reasonable time," was the reply, "I shall have something to say both to the committee and to the country. Good night."



# The Rules of the Institution

BY SUSAN GLASPELL



HE could not decide what to wear. Never having known such an occasion, or any one who had known a like occasion, how could she tell? She decided against the gown she was wearing, in which she had poured at her sister-in-law's tea that afternoon, as possibly seeming to suggest her own blessings. But after she was dressed in plain shirt-waist and skirt as most in keeping, she took them off as too significant in their plainness. She hated the way she had grown self-conscious about it, and saying to herself, "I'll wear just what I would if going to spend the evening with any of the girls I know," put on a simple blue silk frock of which she herself was particularly fond.

Her mother came in and looked her over doubtfully. "Going to wear that? Well, I don't know; I was thinking something plain—not to make her feel the difference. And still, as some one was saying the other day, perhaps the poor need to see the nice things we have. I suppose it is one way of giving them pleasure."

Judith had flushed. "Mother, don't look at it that way! I don't want to get it in my mind that way. I'm simply going to make a call—going to see a girl and have a little talk with her."

"Well, that's very nice of you. That is the democratic way, I suppose. And still, when you know what's underneath it—"

"But I'm trying to forget what's underneath it," answered Judith, brightly.

The brightness was not convincing, for her mother remonstrated: "I don't think they should have asked you to do it. I just hate to have you go—a young girl like you, and all alone."

"But that was the point," said Judith, with deft little twists at the blue dress—"my being near this girl's age. Mrs.

Emmons proposed it—though it was her husband's idea, she said. That surprised me. I didn't suppose he had any ideas."

"Well, really, my dear," retorted Mrs. Brunswick with that asperity which edges the defense of a contemporary to a critical younger generation, "I don't know why you should say that. I went all through the high school with Charlie Emmons, and I can assure you he had a great many ideas."

"Did he? He seems such a—booster," laughed Judith.

"Well, he wasn't born a booster. And, for that matter, he didn't want to go into business. His folks forced that on him—and mighty disappointed he was for a while. Probably he's all over it now; people do get over things," was her comfortable conclusion.

"What did he want to be?" inquired Judith, not that she cared particularly about knowing, but that she might hold her mind from the thing before her.

"Oh, I don't know exactly; go on studying, I believe. Write, maybe. Anyway, he loved books."

Judith was silent for a moment. Then, "I hadn't known that," she said, simply, as if wanting to do justice where she had been doing injustice. Something about it was holding her mind, for her mother had to ask twice,

"Going to wear your black hat?"

Mrs. Brunswick followed her daughter down-stairs, continuing to deplore her errand. "Now my dear,"—voice and manner curiously sharpened in saying it—"if she says anything horrid to you, just get right up and leave!"

"Oh no, mother," laughed the girl. "That isn't the idea."

"Judith," her mother commanded, "I forbid you to stay there if she is—unpleasant to you. Simply tell her that she must keep the rules of the institution, or leave. It's simple enough, I'm sure."



Her brother sauntered out from the living-room. "Off to see the erring daughter?"

She turned sharply. "Fred, I don't think that's a very nice way to speak of a girl!"

"No, Fred," admonished his mother. "It was not—respectful."

"You would have put it stronger than that if it had been one of the girls of our crowd, mother," said Judith, abruptly turning away.

Her mother followed to the door, patting her arm. "There, there, dear, you're a little upset, and no wonder. Well, Henry's here with the car."

Judith drew back. "Mother! I don't *want* the car. I don't want to go there in an automobile!"

"Nonsense! Why, what nonsense! She probably knows you have an automobile. Don't get silly notions. Henry, you are to take Miss Judith to Severns Hall. The home for working-girls on High Street," she added, as light did not break over Henry's face. After the motor had started down the driveway she called, "Just tell her she's got to keep the rules!"

The thing had grown intolerable to Judith; her brother's flippant phrase, her mother's attitude, forced it upon her in the very way she had tried not to think of it. Reprimanding a girl for staying out late at night! She stayed out late at night herself. How utterly foolish she would feel, sitting there talking goody-goody talk to that other girl. Drawing up before this "working-girls' home" in an automobile, and tripping in and laying down the law to a girl who worked for her living!

"Henry," she suddenly called, "let me out here. Yes, right here. And you needn't come for me. I have another arrangement for getting home." As she slammed the door of the car she took a vicious satisfaction in the consciousness that certainly Henry would think it queer.

She gained a measure of composure in walking slowly through the soft April night. There was no use fussing about it now; she would be as pleasant as she could with this girl—just as natural and nice about it as she knew how to be. She would simply speak of how, in a

place like that, there had to be rules; how, if one broke them, another would; of how life had to be arranged for the greatest good to the greatest number. She took heart in repeating "the greatest good to the greatest number."

But her few minutes in the reception-room with the matron disheartened her again. The woman's official motherliness irritated her. She was too self-conscious in the delicacy with which she spoke of the errand on which Miss Brunswick had come. Judith hated the atmosphere of conspiracy, the assumption of superiority, into which she was taken.

"I do hope," Mrs. Hughes murmured, as Judith rose to go to the girl's room, "that you will not find her disagreeable."

"Why, that hardly seems likely," was Judith's rather cool response.

The matron shook her head. "I think I should warn you that you may find it harder than you think. I have tried to get Mary's confidence, but—" She paused, shaking her head. "I am very much afraid there is something in her life we do not understand. There's something queer about her."

With this, after she had been in the girl's room five minutes, Judith was in private agreement. And it was true that it was harder than she had thought. The moment the girl looked at her she wanted to run away; that was not because of rudeness, or any tangible offense, but because something in this girl made her own nicely laid little plans fall back as inadequate. She tried to be pleasant; she was conscious of being very pleasant indeed, and of being at the same time rather futile and absurd as she talked, for example, of spring's having come.

It became the more difficult to go on because a gleam in Mary Graham's black eyes suggested an amused understanding of her visitor's predicament, a vexing appreciation of the situation.

"I came to talk with you about something, Miss Graham," she said, with dignity.

The girl nodded—for all the world as if discreetly amused.

Judith, doing her best to rise out of her ruffled feelings, stated the case with gentleness. In a place of that sort there must be rules. One of the rules—and considering the greatest good to the great-



est number it seemed a wise one—was that the girls living in the house must be in at nine o'clock at night—unless they had stated in advance that they would be out beyond that hour, telling why. To be sure—she hastened to add, Mary Graham having raised her eyes from the tassel on her visitor's dress to her face and then lowered them again—sometimes things arose one had not known of in advance; certainly that might happen, and, if explained, would be met with understanding, she was certain. But where it happened continuously, and was not explained, even when explanation was requested, it seemed a wilful violation of the regulations.

She paused, but the girl to whom she had been speaking did not reply. As if there was nothing to reply to! She did not know why she, who had come with the kindest intentions in the world, should in some intangible way—there was the grievance—be made to feel on the defensive and ridiculous. Her voice was less gentle as she said,

"If one lives in an institution one must expect to keep its rules."

Mary Graham looked at her then as if that were something really to meet. Her interested gaze was a penetrating one. "I suppose so," she said, as if weighing it. "Well"—her eyes left Judith and wandered around the room—a plain but attractive room. Her glance lingered for an instant on the white bed. Then she said, quietly, "I'll leave."

It startled from Judith a quick, "Oh, not that!"

The girl's eyes were lowered again and she did not raise them as she repeated, "I'll leave." After a moment she looked up at Judith with a glance that seemed to be inquiring why she remained.

"Why, not that," faltered Judith, but did not know how to go on. It was not easy to talk when one had the sense of talking only to the outside of a person. Yet she could not bear to go. Nor was it her pride alone which rose against her going like that. Something in the girl strangely drew her. She wanted to reach the things locked in.

"You haven't liked it here?" she asked, timidly.

Again the girl raised her eyes, and, as if sensitive to change, did not immedi-

ately lower them. "Why, yes, I've liked it here—in most ways," she said. She appeared to forget Judith and to be brooding over her own situation; the heavy brows drawn, her face was almost menacingly somber. After a moment there escaped from her a violent, "I hate it down-town!"

Immediately she drew back into her retreat, so far within it that Judith could sit watching her, fascinated by that smoldering quality, drawn by something that in a rude sense seemed power. She observed details about her—those little things that often point the way. There was no working-girl's finery, but neither was there anything that seemed contrived in her plainness; cheap white shirt-waist, black serge skirt—evidently her interest was not in clothes. She had a great deal of black hair which was done low and uncaringly. Her color was not good and her features were too heavy for beauty. Judith felt that she would be quite different if what smoldered within blazed through. She wanted to know more of her—more than there seemed any chance of her knowing. She was about twenty, Mrs. Emmons had said, and worked in the corset-factory, where she was skilful and had a good position—as those positions went, she had hazily added. Yet she was not a success as a worker, Judith had been told; she had lost several positions through what seemed shiftlessness—staying away and being late. "There seems something unruly about her," Mrs. Emmons had said; "not," she had charitably added, "that you can put your finger on anything wrong."

"But if you like it here better than down-town," Judith ventured after a moment, "why do you change?"

The girl raised sullen eyes and replied with a short, disagreeable laugh. "Forgot what you just said?"

Judith flushed, but replied, quietly: "I didn't say leave. I meant stay here and keep the rules."

"Oh yes, stay here and keep the rules!" she mocked. "It's easy enough, isn't it?"

"The others do," said Judith.

"The 'others'!" she scoffed, adding, under her breath, "Don't talk to me about the 'others.'"



There was a pause, and then Judith, nervously, somehow feeling herself to be speaking as a child speaks, began to say how Mrs. Hughes was reasonable, and if once in a while something came up one had not known of in advance—

"You always know, when you start out anywhere, how long you're going to be gone?" came the savage interruption.

"No," honestly replied Judith. After a minute she forced herself to say, "And yet, if there are, as you implied, advantages in living here, might it not be worth while to give in on that point and—"

Again she was interrupted; not at first by words, but by the blaze of passion in the girl's eyes.

"Give in'!" she cried. "Give in'!—that's just it. That's all there is to life—this 'give in,' and 'give in' and 'give in.' *What's left?* That's what I'd like you to tell me! That's what I want to know before I 'give in' any more!"

Judith, staggered, could not reply, and the girl, powerless to hold back what had been loosened, broke out again: "I tell you I'm tired of giving in! It's nothing but 'give in.' Why"—her eyes narrowed as she shot this through the tumult of her feeling—"the whole *thing's* an institution, and you're to keep the rules of that institution, and to do that you give in, till after a while you aren't *there*. I tell you I know! You go!"

A little cry escaped from Judith Brunswick, sitting far forward in her chair. "Why—I know that," she gasped. "Why—I know that!"

"I'll tell you where I go at night sometimes." The other girl tossed her head, as if defending her inmost stronghold. "I'll tell you where I was the other



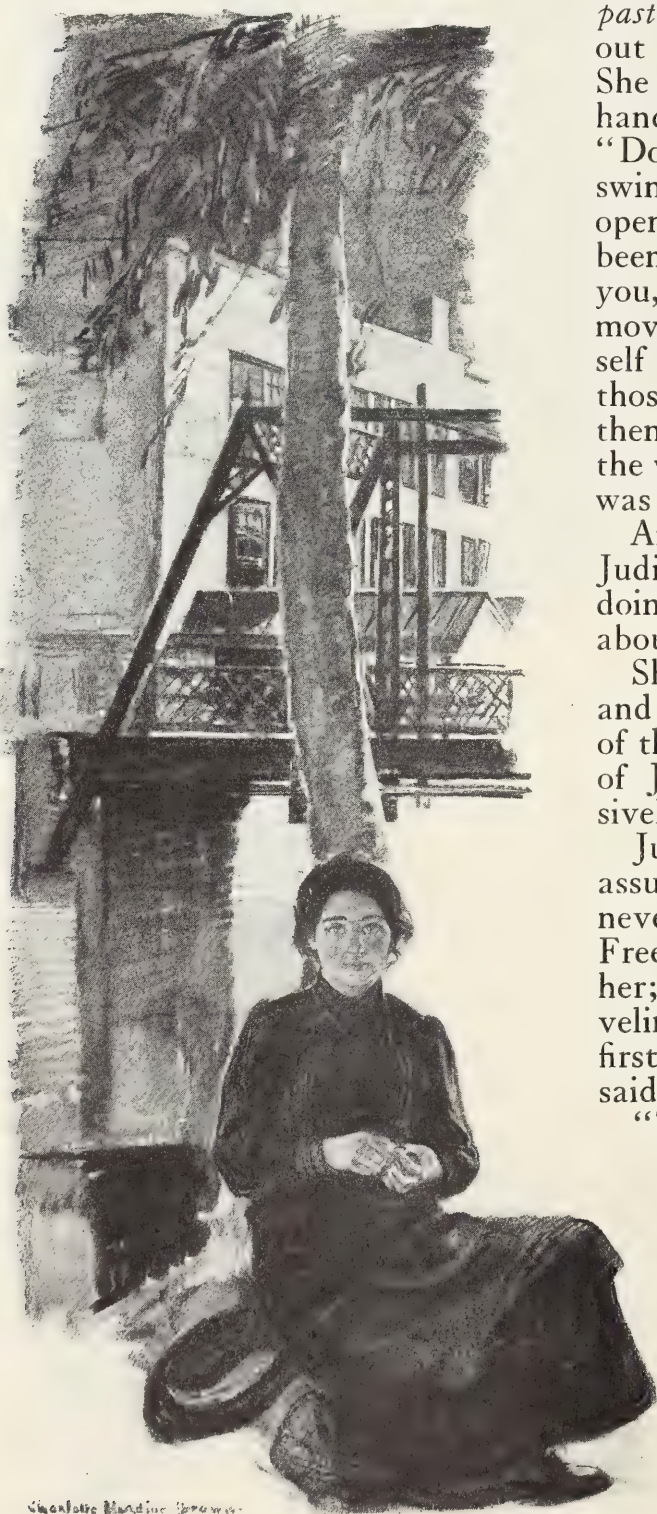
"GIVE IN!" SHE CRIED. "THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO LIFE"

night when I came in after eleven and Mrs. Hughes said she would have to 'speak to the ladies.' I wasn't at a dance-hall"; she laughed, mockingly. "Though I would have been," she threw in darkly, "if I'd wanted to be. I wasn't with a man at all. I—"she halted, then said, so simply that it was moving, "I don't know any man I'd care about being



with. I was by myself. I took a walk. I was trying"—the defiance had fallen from her, leaving her quite exposed—"trying to get back to myself; back—" There was a break in her voice, but her eyes went on.

"I walked a long way up the river; up to a place I know, where you can see far things. It was moonlight. I sat on



Charlotte Harding Brown

"I SAT A LONG TIME—WONDERING"

a hill a long time, not thinking about what time it was. I was—" Again she broke off, shook herself as if in disgust at her poor powers, then demanded, with a little laugh at once wistful and hard, "When you're educated, can you tell things?"

But Judith's reply was checked by the new feeling that flamed in the girl's face. "Do you ever feel it?" she cried. "That life's rushing past you?—rushing right past you? Do you ever want to reach out with your two hands and *take* it?" She was leaning forward, clenching her hands as if seizing upon something. "Do you ever feel that something's swinging shut? Something that won't open again? Like something in you had been beaten back?—something really you, beaten back till it doesn't often move any more? Oh, I *try* to make myself a wooden thing! But there come those times when you *know*—and then—then—" She came to a stop. "Then the wooden thing gets smashed a little," was all she could say, and tried to laugh.

After a moment she looked up at Judith to say, "I'll tell you what I was doing the other night. I was thinking about God."

She laughed, partly in embarrassment, and sat there tilting one foot on the tip of the other. Then, as if not quite sure of Judith, after all, she added, defensively, "Not like church."

Judith only nodded, but her eyes reassured that in Mary Graham which had never before ventured from its fastness. Freed now, it swept up and possessed her; hushed before it, she sat there marveling. Then, not wanting to lose this first touch with another human soul, she said, timidly,

"The other night—up the river there, I—I was wondering."

She was as if bathed in mystery when she slowly repeated, in a voice touched at once with the pain and the glory, "I was wondering."

At three o'clock that next afternoon Judith Brunswick was to report to the house committee of the Woman's Club on the case of Mary Graham—what she had been able



to "do" with her. What had she been able to "do"? It was not until after she had said good night to the matron, whose deference did not conceal her disappointment in not being confided in, had closed the door of Severns Hall behind her, and was out in the fragrant night that she thought of the house committee and how she had failed it.

When she got home she had been relieved to find that her mother was at a neighbor's. She could put off her brother, who teasingly inquired, "Find out all you wanted to know about the unfortunate sister?" She went up to her room, wanting to be alone with what she had found out about Judith Brunswick. A whole new world was opening from the fact that the very thing that pressed against the surface of her own life was there—more powerful, more passionate in the life of Mary Graham. It was the same revolt against the eating in of custom, against the closing down of routine around one; the same outreaching from grooves of living one had been forced into, that same flutter of the soul against the "giving in."

For two years Judith Brunswick had been home from college; they were two years of giving in. This was what Mary Graham shot home to her now: "Give in—give in—give in! *What's left?*"

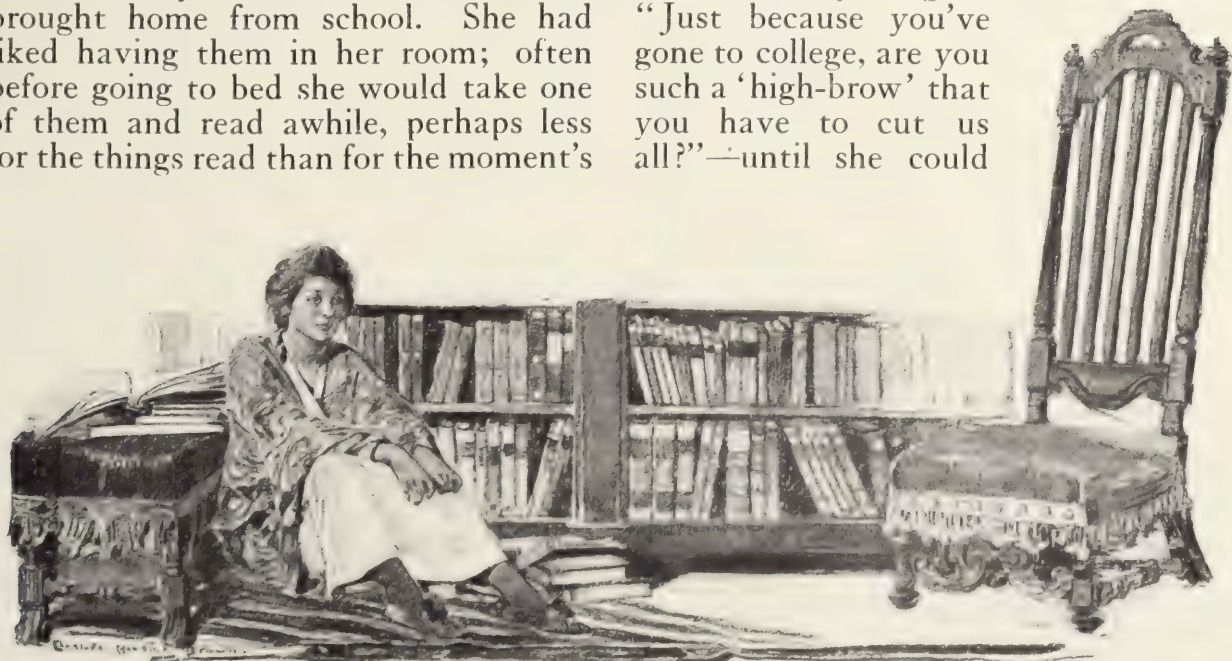
She stood before the bookcase, running her hand across the backs of the books. They were the books she had brought home from school. She had liked having them in her room; often before going to bed she would take one of them and read awhile, perhaps less for the things read than for the moment's

touch with things that seemed slipping from her. Sinking to the low chair before the shelves, she sat there for a long time.

She had come home from school with that fine sense of life as not a fixed thing, but a thing of continuously unfolding possibilities; conscious of herself as alive and the world as wonderful, eager to be a living part of the fecund age she had a sense of living in. Life was a thing to do with to one's utmost. She was going to "do something."

Then she got home, where things were all shaped ahead and she was expected to form herself into a pattern that had been made for her. She was the daughter of a well-to-do man of a middle-Western town. It was no part of her plan to shut herself in with the money her father had made. That money might express her father; it in no sense expressed her. She would form her own place, and in her own way.

Looking back to it now, it was both interesting and terrible to her to see how one little thread and then another had been thrown around her, drawing her into the pattern formed for Judith Brunswick, "society girl" in that town. Her married sister was deep in society; so was her sister-in-law, and so were all the girls she knew. It had been: "But of course you're coming to *my* tea?"—"But, Judith, why *wouldn't* you go?" "Just because you've gone to college, are you such a 'high-brow' that you have to cut us all?"—until she could



THE OLD SENSE OF THE WONDER AND IMPERATIVENESS OF LIFE BROKE THROUGH



fairly feel herself fitting into the pattern formed for her. She had wondered at times, longingly thinking of her college friends, if it was because all of them had been out of the places formed for them that they had seemed so much more individual and alive than girls she knew in this other way. Mary Graham had said it: something had been swinging shut, something that might not open again; life was going past her; she was not reaching out and taking it. She had made poor little attempts—such as joining the Woman's Club. Even that laid her open to the taunt "high-brow"—the way her young social set dismissed all things it had neither brain to cope with nor spirit to aspire to. She grew more and more sensitive about revealing her dissatisfaction when it seemed she could not even define, much less attain, the things she did want, until at last, unable to see the path, she grew timid in asserting her wish to get there. She had no sense of movement now, only a going round and round in one small place. And that place claimed a toll from her spirit: powers unused becoming enfeebled, enthusiasms unclaimed growing dimmed, things unattained becoming less real. The very doing of things gave them a hold on her. She grew disgusted with herself, and that sullened her spirit; distrustful of herself, and that was weakening. It seemed she had not been worth anything else, after all, or she would not have been caught like that. She saw the absurd side of her predicament, and that was quenching. "Poor girl—her family don't understand her! A prisoner in one of the finest houses in town! Forced to wear stunning clothes and spend her time enjoying herself!"—so would go the town's laugh for it.

And now this Mary Graham had brought things to life again! The old sense of the wonder and the imperative-ness of life broke through. Once more life challenged her and the old sense of power surged up to meet the challenge. She had known there was a fight; through Mary Graham it was made real to her that it was a fight for freeing life. She laughed at herself for having felt "sensitive" about her dissatisfaction with life gone stale. Not ridiculous because wanting something she did not

have, but ridiculous because not getting that something! Her mind shot out into this plan and that; she would go to the city—study, work, look up some of the girls who had gone on, get her bearings. She would find her own. Well, Mary Graham was her own. She would reach her—would break through the separate crusts place and custom had formed about them. And Mary Graham must find her own; Mary Graham must find her place. She glowed with thoughts of what the girl might come to mean if her passion were directed to that new feeling in the world that would free life from the rules of the institution.

The next afternoon, while getting ready for the meeting, she realized that the things she had been feeling would not be easy to put into a report to the house committee. And when finally sitting with the four women who, with herself, comprised that committee, she was newly and horribly conscious of how hard it would be to say the only things she had to offer. Perhaps it was just part of what she scornfully called her spinelessness (her friends would call it her sweet nature)—but other people did complicate things so! It was so much easier to be fine and fearless by yourself than with people who assumed you were like them. If only one could be at all sure of "putting it over"—not having one's feelings go sprawling about in ridiculous forms of expression. The very cut of Mrs. Emmons's new spring suit seemed to seal one in—so confident and serene it was. And the aigrettes on Mrs. Van Camp's hat and the way that appallingly efficient little lady held her hand-bag beat back all things one could not put into exact terms. Then there was Miss Hewitt, who worked with her mother in the church guild and whom her mother called a "lovely woman." And the fourth member, Mrs. Stephens, made it no easier, for Judith had been assured Mrs. Stephens had a delicious sense of humor, and what she knew of her made her feel it was not the humor to break out into understanding, but the kind that stays within and settles to self-satisfaction. They were not women to whom it would be easy to talk of Mary Graham—or Judith Brunswick.

As she listened to other reports about





"MARY GRAHAM CAN'T VERY WELL KEEP THAT RULE," SHE SAID

the Home their complacency became an irritant to her own uncertainty. *They* did not find life complex—perplexing. They seemed so sure of themselves; an assumption of their own superiority was apparently the groundwork of their endeavors. There shot into her mind a wicked little desire to see that groundwork shaken. She had not known what she was going to say, and now, as she listened to Mrs. Van Camp's perfect little plan for making something move on in just the way it should go, she saw that she could "give them a jolt."

VOL. CXXVIII.—No. 764.—26

Mrs. Emmons said Miss Brunswick would tell them of the girl at the Home who had been so unruly.

Judith leaned forward in her most engaging manner. "Mary Graham can't very well keep that rule," she said. "You see, when she goes out she can't tell just when she may care to come in. After all," she added in a warm, cordial voice, "how *can* one?"

Mrs. Emmons dropped her handkerchief; Judith stooped and returned it to her with a smiling nod. All were staring at her. Mrs. Van Camp's mouth





SHE COULD SEE THE FACTORY  
WHERE MARY GRAHAM WORKED

had fallen a little open. Then it shut up tight and she straightened.

"But—but, my dear Miss Judith," Mrs. Emmons finally gasped; "but—when—"

"When one lives in an institution," cut in the incisive voice of Mrs. Van Camp, "one must keep the rules of that institution."

Judith turned to her, sweetly earnest. "That's just what I thought before I talked with her. But you see I came to see it was not good for her soul to keep the rules of the institution." She leaned back in her chair, nodding a little, as if she had cleared that up.

"Well, we can't help it about her soul," sharply began Mrs. Van Camp, but, at a movement from the chairman, stopped.

"Her soul," gently corrected Mrs. Emmons, "is just what we care most about. But will you please make clear to us, dear Miss Judith, how there can possibly be any harm to her soul in keeping the rules of that institution?"

"She takes walks at night," said Judith, and saying it swept her back to her deep feeling for the thing itself until she forgot her use of it as a spiritual bomb. "She does this that she may find herself; that life may not completely shut her in. It is the life in her breaking through. The other night she walked a long way up the river and sat where she could see far things." She hesitated, then finished, even more quietly, "She was thinking about God."

"I don't believe it!" came the quick retort from Mrs. Van Camp.

Mrs. Emmons cleared her throat. "We shouldn't say that we do not believe it, perhaps," she began, uncertainly. She looked at Judith, helplessly and in appeal. "It does seem—most unusual."

Mrs. Stephens's sense of humor was not illumining to the discussion that followed, satisfying itself in amusement at the humorlessness of her fellow-members. Miss Hewitt looked frightened and pained; and yet there was one moment when Judith looked at her, as she was looking out of the window, which made her suspect that something buried under the years that made her a "lovely woman" stirred. Nothing remained buried, however, in the breast of Mrs. Van Camp. In the first place, she briskly and capably attacked it; it was



not safe. Why, the girl might be arrested! It would give the Hall a queer name. Even if she did go out to think about God the rules could not be suspended. It would just make an opening for other girls to get out to a dance-hall. Why couldn't she think about God in the house? Or there was the yard—a nice yard. Where did she go to church? Her minister should look into it. She should not be encouraged in such queer things—it would take her mind from her work. Mrs. Emmons was more mild, but no less perturbed. It was deeply disconcerting not to be able to condemn a thing that led to the breaking of a rule.

Judith felt her antagonism against them rising. They stood for the things holding her in—things that held every one in. They arranged an order; that order must be subscribed to. They made rules; those rules must be kept. There was no sympathy with a thing that broke into things as they had planned them. Why should one wish to do a thing that was not customary?

"You think it altogether absurd?" Judith asked, her voice sharp-edged. "Quite absurd, you think, that she should not find her life satisfying?—should want more from it than she is getting?"

Mrs. Emmons murmured something about pleasures and classes for the working-girls.

Judith shook her head; she knew that she could not make it plain; she was not considering that, but was being drawn back to Mary Graham—a living soul beating against the things that shut her in. Sitting here with these women she had a sharpened sense of what those things were. It was as if there was

represented here the whole order that locked one away from life. And with that came anew the sense of the wonder and the preciousness of life—life that could persist through so much, bear so much, and go on wanting. She spoke from out this feeling when she murmured, "The other night—up the river there—she was wondering."

Her face was so puzzling, her voice so strange, that there was a moment's silence before Mrs. Van Camp demanded, "What about?"

Judith was to have gone to a tea after the committee meeting. She did not want to go; neither did she want to go home. She took a car to the outskirts of town and walked a long way up the river road, climbing a hill. She was sure this was the hill from which Mary Graham had seen far things.

But she kept turning from the far things of that open country to the town that also was there. She could see the house she lived in; she could see the factory where Mary Graham worked. Those things were there. They

were. A long time she sat looking back at that town, and something in its fixity was quelling. It seemed that she, and Mary Graham, and all the other people there, had been caught by that town. It made her wonder if she hadn't been unfair to those club women. What, after all, did she expect them to do? That was the way things were. Things were already built up, just as that town was built up—fixed. Precious life had been caught in that building, but was there escape from things so powerful in their fixity? As she continued to look, there forced itself upon her a sense of how all things



SOMETHING IN HER LEAPED  
UP AND MADE HER STRONG



were related. That relation of things was what towns expressed. It was no small thing, after all, to disturb the lives of a number of other people, people who loved her and whom she loved. It seemed that affection and obligation were agents holding one to one's place, as if they had some subtle cohesive power that interlay and held together the material things making that town. It was not so simple. It was not simple at all. Walking slowly back down the river road, it was hard to put down the questioning whether she was not held by things stronger than herself.

She stepped aside for an automobile to pass. Realizing that she knew the man rushing by in it, she bowed, but it was not until after he was past that she wondered if it was not Mrs. Emmons's husband. The car had come to a crunching stop and there were hurrying footsteps. She was considering whether to turn, when her name was called and she looked back to see that it was indeed Charlie Emmons, as her mother called him—he who had suggested that Judith be sent to see Mary Graham.

"I beg pardon, Miss Brunswick," he was saying. "Hope I didn't startle you, but I was so interested in that meeting of yours this afternoon—about that girl. I met my wife and took her home in the car; she was telling me about it—some of the things the girl said to you. I don't know why I should be so interested," he laughed, after an instant's pause in which Judith had not known just what to say, "but something about it does interest me. Maybe because I used to have somewhat the same feeling myself—when I was young."

He laughed, embarrassed at the confession, and some quality in that embarrassment made it easy for Judith, once into it, to tell of Mary Graham. He kept nodding, as if understanding. His face looked as though he did understand. "Well," he said, "it's a feeling that comes to some of us—when we are young." He laughed again, and was looking off at the river.

"But we get over it," he said, coming back, and speaking in a voice nearer his usual brisk businesslike tone. "We have to play the game, you know—and, yes, we *do* have to keep the rules."

As much as anything else it was the change in him in saying it that summoned everything in her to resist it now—that same thing to which she herself had been close just a little while before.

"Even though it might be the finest thing in us tried to break through?" she asked, the fighting edge to her voice.

"Oh—the finest thing in us. . . ." he muttered, and was again looking off at the river.

She watched him. Here was one who had given in, overcome by things that were fixed; held, perhaps, in the mesh of affection. And now he was something different; something made by the things he had given in to.

Sharply it came to her that that was the price paid for the giving in. One changed; some things died down, other things developed, until the balance was different. One's quality changed. She knew that, for she had begun to change in just two years. One settled down into the feeling that one couldn't do any differently and wrested a certain mournful satisfaction from the sadness of surrender. She straightened for combat, throwing off the drugging effect of those false satisfactions.

"No," he came back to her again, "we have to play the game, and to play the game we have to keep the rules."

As he said it she knew with simple certitude that it was not so. She knew it for the great human error and weakness; knew that it was wickedly wasteful, fairly unholy in its blundering tampering with life. It *took* life. Was that not enough to say against it? And life was more valuable than anything that would shut life in—yes, and stronger than built-up things that held it in! Why, she owed no allegiance to an order that held life in chains! As she saw the live things falling back in this man, and the things of custom once more shutting down around him, she knew her own way out. In the fight for freeing Mary Graham she would free herself.

He said again, putting down something stubbornly insurgent in himself, "You see, we do have to keep the rules."

And something in her, freed by saying it, leaped up and made her strong as she looked at him and triumphantly answered, "I don't have to!"



# Australian Bypaths

A DAY OR TWO IN THE DRY-LANDS

BY NORMAN DUNCAN



RIDING in Christmas weather from the arid gold-fields country of Western Australia eastward to the edge of the habitable places and somewhat beyond, we came at last to a rocky elevation from which the land fell sharply to a flat alkaline wilderness. From this desolate hill, for the moment appalled by what we saw, we looked off in the long, dry direction of the center of the continent—those many of miles of still disreputable country, concerning which many confusing tales are told, these having variously to do with grass-lands and stony deserts, with wide, hopeless wastes of scrub and dust, with new domains of pastoral land, awaiting settlement, and with good-pastured stock-routes and waterless tracts of sand and spinnifex. Whatever quality these lands may at last turn out to have, here, at any rate, four hundred miles from the fertile coastal reaches and well past the remotest desert mine, was the end of the Western Australian world. There were no habitations beyond: no path led on to the east.

From the crest of the hill we had a glimpse of the very sorriest habitable Australian country.

We faced a flaming wilderness—a red prospect, splashed with the green of hardy scrub, its distances, where a sullen wind was stirring, lying in a haze of heat and crimson dust, out of which the sky rose pallid, vaulting overhead high and hot and deepest blue. Behind us the lean trees—the quick and the dead—ran diminishing to the north and there vanished, discouraged. From the salt-land to the south they seemed to shrink aghast—to huddle back upon themselves and deviate over the horizon in fright and haste. There was a vast salt-pan below, somewhat forward into the waste,

stretching an ugly length farther than sight could carry from the crest of the hill, with straits, bays, bluff shores, meadows of white slime—a chain of dry, incrustated lakes, most treacherous to cross, being in wide spaces coated thin above quagmires of salty mud, the shores a quicksand, the surface foul and deadly (they said) with a low-lying, poisonous vapor.

All this was of no very grave significance in relation to the whole.

Presently it will be possible to land at Fremantle of Western Australia and pass by railroad to Sydney much as one might go from San Francisco to New York by way of New Orleans. But there is no overland trail going east and west through the central dry-lands; nor ever was—nor ever can be. These inimical lands, which now glowed red-hot beyond us, are a wide, effectual barrier, stretching from the middle southern shores, which are uninhabitable, far up toward the abundant tropical country in the north, which is hardly inhabited. No mild traveler could adventure far to the east of where we stood and for long endure the miseries of his journey. An expedition of proportions, outfitted with experienced precaution—a seasoned leader with his camels and bushmen and black fellows—could not advance through the center from Kalgoorlie and come safely to the nearest settlements of Sydney Side except by grace of those fortuitous chances which men in the extremity of distress call the goodness of Providence.

Returning afoot from this depressing prospect to a new point of departure, we came soon to a shallow gully which I fancied we had not penetrated on our devious course to the crest of the hill. And here our bushman—himself regarding the feat as a meanest commonplace



of the bush—displayed a certain astonishing aptitude. Truly he was a very dirty white man, a monstrously lazy fellow! Yet in a way most highly to commend him he was given to industrious reflection upon all the faint little traces of desert life he encountered as we went along. These absorbed him, occasionally, much as an interval of deep thinking sometimes abstracts a scholar from his company. He would interrupt himself to stare at some small space of earth; and at the end of the pause, having achieved an inference to his satisfaction, he would abruptly resume his way and conversation. As I look back upon him—listening again to his slow revelations—it seems to me that he coveted bush lore more than a man should wish for anything and seek it at a price.

"We did not come this way," I maintained.

"Ah, yes," he yawned.

I insisted that this was not so.

"Ah, well," he drawled, eying me with amusement, "I see the tracks, right enough."

Now the ground hereabouts was of red earth mixed with gravel and outcroppings of ironstone which nearly matched its color. It was baked so hard that the press of a heel left no trace that I could descry; and it gripped the stones so fast that to be dislodged they must be kicked out. It seemed that a man would leave no trace whatsoever of his passing. I returned a little upon our immediate tracks, looking for some sign of our passage of this path which I knew we had followed; but though the search was both deliberate and diligent, it did not reveal to me the slightest indication that the ground had in any way been disturbed. Altogether baffled—somewhat incredulous, too—I demanded to be shown the tracks which the bushman had observed. And he pointed forward a matter of six paces. Yet after a period of painstaking observation I could distinguish nothing; nor could I find the sign until the bushman advanced in impatient disgust with my incapacity and put his finger on it.

It was a dislodged pebble, no larger than a peach-stone, the measure of its disturbance in its mold being not more, I am sure, than an eighth of an inch.

"Why, dod-blime me," the bushman exploded, "I could follow this track on a gallop!"

Off he went, on a sort of a slow run, to make good this gigantic boast; and make it good he did, sure enough—coming now and again to a sharp standstill to indicate the whereabouts of an overturned stone or a broken twig of dead brushwood. The display of this sharp, sure sight, swiftly engaging its object, was a more amazing performance of the sort than I had ever hoped to behold. Presently he stopped to declare that half a dozen paces beyond I had on our outward course halted to make a cigarette. When he pointed out the fresh-charred stub of a match it was of course obvious that one of our party had in that place begun to smoke. But why I? A few flakes of my peculiar tobacco, which I had not observed—nor had I observed the stub of the match—sufficiently disclosed my identity. It was evidence enough to hang a man. Yet it was not a difficult inference. The bushman's feat was this: that as he ran he had caught sight of the stub of the match and the flakes of tobacco.

After that he paused once more to say that I had at that point "made a note in the little book." I did not recall the circumstance. It was, at any rate, my custom to make jottings secretly. And, moreover, I had not walked with the bushman to the crest of the hill. He had been far ahead. How, then, should he be aware that I had at any time "made a note in the little book"? My eyes could discover no indication of the fact. But it was no great mystery. Some scattered chips of cedar, which I had failed to detect, disclosed that a pencil had there been pointed. That the pencil had been employed was an inevitable inference. It was all so very obvious, indeed, that the presence of the cedar chips thereabouts should in the first instance have been instantly inferred from the bushman's remarks. In all this, it will be noted, the inferences were easily drawn. Yet to infer immediately was something of an achievement. And to pick up these obscure indications in swiftly passing was an extraordinary triumph of observation.

"These 'ere tracks," said the bush-



man, as we resumed our way, "is all my tracks."

Among the evidences this man was following, the mark of a heel or toe would have been eloquent—to say nothing of its prolixity—as compared with what confronted him. But there were no imprints. There was nothing whatsoever except here and there a dislodged stone and here and there a broken twig. It is obvious that a freshly disturbed stone indicates surely enough the track of a man in a land in which no considerable beasts can be imagined to have traversed. That it should disclose the identity of the passenger is quite as obviously out of the question. I was not aware that I was in the habit of disturbing the earth in a peculiar way. Nor could I conceive that the Artist was accustomed to set his foot on a twig in a fashion to betray him as the author of the fracture. Nor could I observe that in his progress the bushman himself dislodged the stones in a manner so singular that he could confidently recognize the work of his toe as his own.

It was a mystery of the Australian bush. I made haste to solve it.

"How do you know?" I demanded.

"I *made* 'em!" he scoffed. "*Think I aren't got sense enough to know my own tracks?*"

In a baffled attempt to reach the center of the continent, one of the first explorers, being forced long ago to summer in this selfsame latitude—much as an Arctic explorer winters on his ground—found far to the east of where we journeyed a shade temperature of  $132^{\circ}$ , which rose in the sun to  $157^{\circ}$ . The mean temperature for January, in that situation and exceptional season, was  $104^{\circ}$  in the shade. "The ground was thoroughly heated to a depth of three or four feet," he records; "and the tremendous heat had parched all vegetation. Under its effects every screw in our boxes had been drawn. Horn handles and combs were split into fine laminæ. The lead dropped out of our pencils. Our hair, as well as the sheep's wool, ceased to grow, and our nails became brittle as glass. The flour lost more than eight per cent. of its original weight. We were obliged to bury our

wax candles. We found it difficult to write or draw, so rapidly did the fluid dry in our pens and brushes."

Truly a shriveled and terrible world to journey through!

It was now Christmas weather. We were not much more than a fortnight into January. It was, therefore, hot and dry. The land was at its worst. With a previous experience on the gold-fields as a basis of approximation we made sure that the temperature was reaching for  $120^{\circ}$  in the shade and would triumphantly achieve it before the day was out. Yet life was far better than tolerable. Though the sun blistered—blistered quick and sure and painfully as a mustard-plaster—it did not strike any traveler down. Coming out through the Indian Ocean, we had been told of a young gentleman who had sacrificed his life in a supererogation of gallantry by raising his helmet in farewell to a lady at the wharves of Colombo. In the humid tropics fear of the sun is instinctive. But here in this dry open the sun showed no grave menace. And we were not oppressed. That day we drew breath with ease and satisfaction. If we were not excessively exhilarated by the quality of the weather, we were at least greatly amused.

All at once a diminutive whirlwind took life under our very feet and went swishing and swirling to the east.

"What's that?" cried the Artist, astounded.

It might have been a partridge whirling to new cover.

"A little willy-willy," said the bushman.

It was a singular phenomenon. Its force and activity were amazing; and the noise it made—the swish and hum and crackle of it—astonished us no less. We watched its erratic course. Its outline was definite. Its path no man could guess. And it moved swiftly, only occasionally stopping in indecision to spin like a top. It darted, it swerved, it circled. Had it returned upon its tracks—and there was no certainty that it would not immediately do so—we should have taken to our heels! It was so visible and small that, having short warning, we might have leaped aside and escaped. And a man would earnestly desire to



elude it. It had a fearsome violence; it caught up the twigs, it scattered the pebbles, it tore at the scrub, it gathered a cloud of dust. When at last it vanished, a thick, red mist, high in the air, we laughed heartily at this comical little six-foot cyclone, as we were then disposed to regard it.

Traveling subsequently in the midst of a host of these small winds, we had no laughter left.

Precisely speaking, the willy-willies are those destructive cyclones which originate in the ocean to the north of the continent and, blowing to the southwest, fall heavily on the northerly Western Australian coast from December to March. Off Ninety-Mile Beach, near Broome, the pearl-fishers call them Cock-eyed Bobs. Five years ago two visitations of the willy-willies sent sixty luggers to the bottom and accounted for the disappearance of three hundred men and more. It is now the custom of the pearlers to lie discreetly in harbor during the willy-willy season. If, however, the great willy-willy, instead of following the coast-line in a southerly direction, deviates to the east, as sometimes happens, it crosses the continent to the Great Australian Bight, on the south coast, and its course is marked by torrential rains. A fall of as much as twenty-nine and one-half inches has been recorded. All the dry-lands—where, too, we traveled—are in this way sometimes refreshed.

Retreating westward, we were presently confronted from the trunk of a gnarled dead tree by a singular wayside sign-board. It announced the proximity of a public-house, three miles distant into the bush, and bade all wise travelers leave the road and seek entertainment for themselves and beasts in that direction, to live and let live being the true policy of the establishment. So quaint was the flavor of this, and so astonishingly out of the way was the situation of the inn, that we were at once enlisted to visit it. Having in lively expectation accomplished these slow miles, we were dashed to find the tavern-keeper absconded and his house closed by the sheriff and fallen into ghostly disrepair. We were deeply chagrined, indeed; for here was a rarely

mysterious tavern, drearily alone and remote in this sand and scrub—no half-way house, but the last dwelling of these parts; and we wondered what manner of rascal had kept the place, what peculiar villainy he had practised, what strange variety of patronage he had drawn from the waste. No highwaymen were riding the country—nor had ever ridden the country—to stimulate the imagination concerning this forsaken inn. Its secrets were not those of a romantic rascality—of nothing but the sordid villainy of foully robbing drunken travelers of their gold. Vile traps these are—these lonely inns of the remote Australian back-blocks.

On our way back to the trail we encountered a hairy, dusty, ragged fellow, pedaling a bicycle through the scrub, a swag on his back. He was all in a lather with the labor of his haste. Whether he was miner, prospector, cattle-man, or sundowner (tramp), there was no telling. At any rate, he was riding for liquor, as he was quite frank to say, and fast going mad for it. It was "a case of the dry horrors" with him (said he), and he was vastly disgruntled with our news that the tavern was closed up. Perking up, however, in our company, he seemed in no bad way, after all, and presently told us, as we went along, that some days before, traveling the edge of the "nigger country" to the north, he had fallen in with a roving band of gins (black women) with whom he had enjoyed an astonishment which still kept him laughing. What these savage women were about, wandering the country without men, far from their tribe, he could not discover; but as they were daubed with clay he concluded that they were mourning some death. What amused him was this: that as he rode near he was, to his dumfounded amazement, addressed in lackadaisical English by a young woman (he vowed) who was not only the dirtiest, but quite the nudest and most primitively unconcerned of all the chocolate "mob."

"Really," she drawled, "don't you find the weather rawther oppressive?"

At this the swagman blasphemed his surprise.

"If you were to address me in French," said the young woman, with sweeping





ON THE EDGE OF THE DRY-LANDS

dignity, "I should have no difficulty in comprehending you."

It turned out that this aboriginal maiden had, according to her story, been reared from childhood by a lady of Adelaide; that she had reverted to the bush and was then with her tribe. Whether for good and all she did not know; she might return to the lady some day—to play the piano. And she tittered like a school-girl (said the swagman); and she

VOL. CXXVIII.—No. 764.—27

chaffed and giggled and chattered in the most flirtatious manner of the settlements, not in the least perturbed, moreover, being now in the bush, by the shocking fact that she was in the garb of the bush. Now this was the swagman's tale. It is not mine. But there is no great reason to doubt it. It seems that aborigines of both sexes, employed in the towns—the employment of aboriginal women is rigorously restricted by



the government—must periodically return to the bush. They remain content for a time, sufficient servants, in some cases, if lazy. And then the inevitable interval: off they scamper, without warning, and they strip themselves of the last clogging connection with civilization, and cache their garments against the time of return, and run wild to their satisfaction, returning, by and by, as if they had not been absent at all. Everywhere on the edge of the wild lands tales are told like the swagman's story of the tittering ward of the good lady of Adelaide—told with scorn of this philanthropic endeavor.

"Just beasts," said the swagman.

And he abandoned our slow course, being in haste, as he confessed, to ease his pitiable state in the first public-house he could manage to discover.

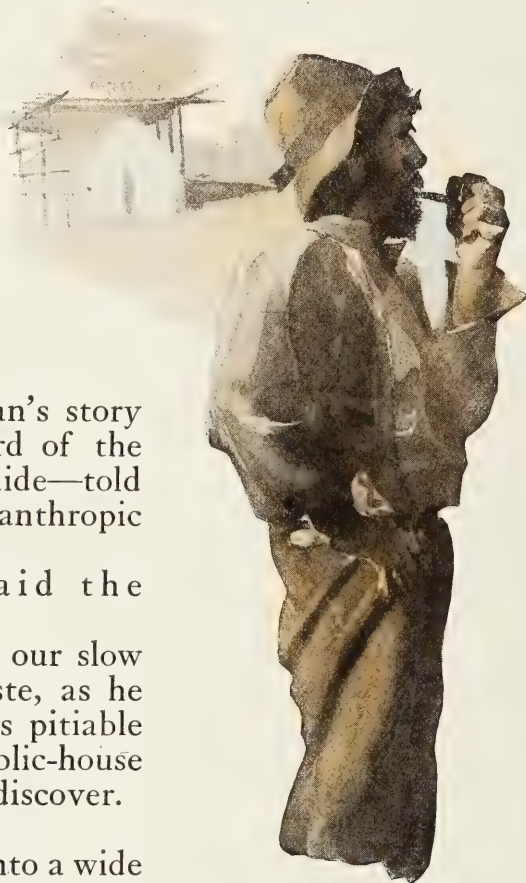
One day we rode into a wide reach of primeval bush which not even the wretched gatherers of sandlewood had combed for the dead branches of their meager living. From a rise of the land, slowly down and far away, it was like a moist jungle, a low, impenetrable tangle; but it thinned, as we entered, into an open growth of slender, delicately lovely and diminutive trees, springing in blithe health from the sandy earth, many of them peculiar to the Australian world, like the kangaroo—she-oaks (said the bushman) and gimlet-trees, salmon gum, mulga, tea-trees, thorny spinnifex, and succulent sage-bush. A stretch of dry, blazing days, intolerable to an American forest, had not in the least diminished the spirit of this hardy bush. Not a leaf was wilted, that we could see, nor did any branch droop. These pretty mid-gets were as fresh and clean and fat with their small nourishment as from the

rain of an abundant yesterday. We saw no ailing tree, but only the green shades of good health—a curious variety of color, against the red and blue of the world, deepening from a tinge of gray to the darkest shade of green. Yet there were many gaunt dead, mingled with the

quick, which seemed to have died of sheer old age: burly, gnarled dwarfs, bleached white, so old that we ached to contemplate their length of days, striving in this mean desert land.

In the thin shade of a salmon gum we rested for an hour with a bushman who had a hut in the scrub on the edge of the salt-lands and was then trudging to a broken mining-town of the neighborhood for a sack of flour. He lived with the blacks (said he)—a condition so degraded in Australia that few men challenge its obloquy—and was even married with them according to their customs and his own. A red-bearded, vacant fellow in filthy tweed: he was a disgusting creature,

without sensibility, thus fallen too low for pity. He was outcast. What future he had lay with the bestial savages in the inferno of sun and sand beyond the frontier. And these savage brothers—there had been some bloody heathen ceremony of initiation to tribe and family—he now cursed for mistrusting him. Brothers? Ha, ha! *Brothers*—were they? No fear! They would tell a white man precious little (he sneered) of their mysteries. How much would a black fellow tell a white man about magic? Huh? Haw, haw! And how about message-sticks? How much would a black fellow tell a white man about message-sticks? They'd lie—oh yes, they'd lie! And from all this we made out that our outcast was newly returned from a protracted visitation



A BUSHMAN





Drawn by George Harding

A CAMP IN THE DESERT





A ROVING BAND OF GINS

with his savages and was in the worst of humor with his welcome.

"Out back," he complained, sullenly, indicating the desolation to the east with a petulant sweep, "they got everything fixed."

"Who?"

"Who?" he echoed. "Why, the dashed old men!"

"Specifically what?"

"It's all fixed to keep the old men comfortable," said he. "What's right and what's wrong, I mean. It's mostly religion—magic. I reckon their religion was *made* by old men. If I was an old man I'd make one just like it if I could. Don't you reckon that what's right and what's wrong depends on who has the power to say so? I do. I'm a Socialist.

"Take grub. Grub's a good example. Grub's scarce with the black fellows, isn't it? Well, the old men get the best of the grub. That's law—that's religion.

It's one of the Ten Commandments. A young fellow can't eat a nice big snake. It wouldn't be religious. He's got to take that snake to his father-in-law. Why? Because a snake's *good*. And there's a whole lot of other good things that a young fellow can't eat. He can't eat anything at all that's nourishing and real fat and juicy. He can't eat a lizard. If he ate a lizard it would be just the same as crime, and that's the same as sin, isn't it? If they didn't catch him? Oh, they've got *that* fixed! They teach the little shavers that if they eat lizards they'll swell up and bust. And it works, too—just about as well as the same sort of thing works with us.

"You see, they've got their own notions of right and wrong. But their notions of right and wrong are not the same as our notions of right and wrong. And that's queer. Why shouldn't they be?"



There was an interval through which the outcast bushman heavily pondered.

"I wonder what *is* right," said he, perplexed, "and what *is* wrong."

We left him in the thin shade of the salmon gum—doubtless continuing to contemplate this grave problem. And we inferred that he had been piously reared.

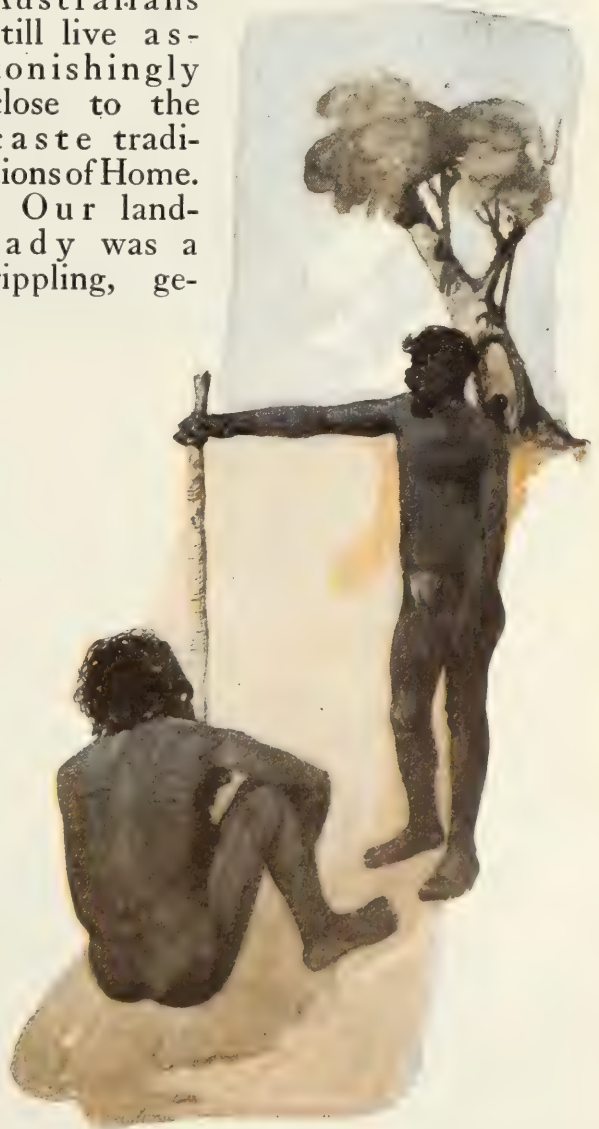
In the heat of mid-afternoon we came to a broken mining-town. In its brief day of promise it had made a great noise in the Western Australian world. They had planned it large, with quick, leaping enthusiasm, in the Western Australian way; and though it was here set far back into the desert, they would surely have made it large, with Australian vigor and determination to thrive big and powerful, had the earth yielded a good measure of its first encouragement. Its one street, up the broiling, deserted vista of which the bitter red dust was blowing, was wide enough for the traffic of any metropolis; and the disintegrating skeleton of a magnificent boulevard, conceived with high courage in these dry-lands, implied a splendid vision of that lovely maturity to which the town had never attained. The town had lived fast and failed. It was now as pitiable as the wreck of any aspiration—as any young promise which has broken in the test and at last got past the time when faith can endure to contemplate it. The people had vanished, taking their habitations with them, in the gold-fields' manner, to new fields of promise. They had not left much to mark the site of their brave ambition. A hot, listless group of corrugated-iron dwellings remained—a public-house, too, and a spick-and-span police-station and a sad little graveyard.

A fat landlady, performing the office of barmaid, resolutely interrupted our way to the public bar and bade us into the parlor, which was better suited (she said) to our quality. In this her concern was most anxious. It was apparent from her air of indulgent consideration that, perceiving us to be strangers, she had, with great good nature, made haste to rescue us from a breach of gentle behavior.

It seems that, remote as this far

country is from the usages of Home, one is still expected to choose one's pot-house company with self-respect and decent precision. And a variety of opportunity is frequently afforded—bars, outer, middle, inner, and parlor. No thirsty man need stray from his established station. Should he drop into company beneath him, he may blame himself; and should he intrude among his betters, let him take the scowling consequences! The parlor is, of course, the resort of unquestioned gentility; but precisely what distinctions admit a patron to the qualified respectability of the inner bar, and what lack of quality banishes him to the outer, I could not by any means make out. The moral of it all, though it be derived from nothing better than a pot-house arrangement and the solicitude of a mining-town landlady, is broad: the Australians still live astonishingly close to the caste traditions of Home.

Our landlady was a rippling, ge-



NATIVE TYPES





THEY WOULD TELL A WHITE MAN PRECIOUS LITTLE OF THEIR MYSTERIES

nial body, flushed and smiling with intimate and honest hospitality, and did what she could to refresh us according to our temperate humor. This was not much. She had no ice; no ice could survive the red-hot journey to that town; and as for the beverages of discretion—she laughed long to shame us from such callow and injurious habits. Her parlor was darkened—a grateful relief from the blistering agony of the white light of day; and it was happily separated from the public room by nothing more than a stretch of bar and the small difference between a sixpence and shilling per glass of tippie, drawn from the same cask. Here we fell in amiable conversation with a casual miner who had dropped in from some desperate little show (mine) of his for the refreshment of a glass of lukewarm

ale. He was not a parlor patron; in appearance not at all of parlor quality, being frowsy, plastered and speckled with dried mud, a little the worse of life. From the public room he talked across to the shadows where we sat in rather embarrassed superiority, not used to these accepted distinctions; and he ran on in a free, lively fashion, his accent and vernacular more nearly resembling those of an Englishman, it seemed, than they approached the cockney speech of the Australian back-blocks.

"It is remarkable," he agreed at last. "I can't account for it."

Our mystification had to do with the men who perish of thirst. They strip themselves, poor wretches, in their desperate wanderings; and stripped to the skin the trackers find them, stark naked, their hands bloody with digging,



their eyes wide open and white, their tongues swollen clean out of their mouths. Nor are these deaths occasional. They are frequent. It is a dry land—all these wilderness miles. No rivers water it. There are no oases. A rainfall vanishes like an illusion. Travelers beyond the tanks venture recklessly. They must chance the rainfall; and failing the rare rains they must find water in soaks and gnamma-holes, or perish in their tracks, the soak being a basin scooped in the sand at the base of a granite rock, and the gnamma-hole a great cavity in the granite from which the last rain has not evaporated. And all the water is illusive: it fails or changes place—being here and there, or not at all, as the seasons run. A punctured water-bag is sentence of death. Many a man, lost alone, has died alone, cursing a thorn: convicts of the old days, escaping without hope over the desert to the settlements of South Australia, and prospectors of the days of the rush, pushing the search beyond the boundaries of caution. Travelers returning from the deserts—the prospectors of these better-informed days—casually report the skeletons.

It is all true of the country we rode—these worst Australian lands.

“A chap got lost out here in the early days,” the miner went on. “Came out

PEDALING A BICYCLE THROUGH THE SCRUB

from home, you know, and struck an everlasting fortune at Kalgoorlie. Wild times, those days. My word! I saw the ‘Hand-to-Mouth’ squandered. They sold that show to an English syndicate for £30,000 and dissipated every bally shilling before they quit. Everything free to everybody; and every barmaid a harpy and every publican a leech. It didn’t take long. And the ‘Australia.’ They were so hot to get rid of that mine that they paid £1,200 for cablegrams—experts’ reports and all that—before the deal was closed in London; and there wasn’t anything too good for the gold-fields while the £24,000 held out. But what should this chap I’m telling you about do but fall in love with a musical barmaid and squander a fortune on her.



A TRAGEDY OF THE DESERT





*Drawn by George Harding*

WE CAME TO A BROKEN MINING TOWN THAT HAD LIVED FAST AND FAILED



Well, what should she do, when he'd knocked down his cash, but raise the fantans and throw him over. And back he came to the gold-fields to get another fortune. No chance. What should he do then but take to the bush. Prospecting, you see. We waited a decent bit and tracked him. First thing they do, when they go mad, you know, is take off their boots. But we couldn't find *this* chap's boots. We found his hat, his jacket, trousers, shirt. When we found *him* he was stripped—feet all cut to shreds and his boots in his hand."

"Dead?"

"No fear. But there was an inch of big black tongue sticking out of his mouth, poor old chap!"

It is a land no man should penetrate distantly and alone unless he has mastered the last subtleties of Australian bushcraft. A Canadian woodsman would find nothing in his experience to enlighten him. A North American Indian would perish of ignorance. A Bedouin of the sandy Arabian deserts would in any dire extremity die helpless. Australian bushcraft is a craft peculiar to the Australian bush. It concerns itself less with killing the crawling desert life for food—and schooling a disgusted stomach to entertain it—than with divining the whereabouts of water in a land which is to the alien vision as dry as a brick in the sun. A black tracker, said our bushman, once turned in contempt from the corpse of a man who had died of thirst. He had no pity; he spat his abhorrence of the stupidity of this dead wretch. The man had died within arm's-length of water—the moist roots of some small desert tree. In the deserts to the northeast of us, mid-continent, when sun and dry winds suck the moisture from deep in the ground and all the world runs dry—the soaks and gnamma-holes and most secret crevices of the trees and rocks—the aborigines draw water from these roots by cutting them into short lengths and letting them drain, drop by drop, into a wooden bowl. But the worst may come to the worst—there may be no "water trees," or the roots may shrivel and dry up.

"What then?"

"Ah, well," said the bushman, "they do with what they have."

"What *have* they?"

"Ah, well, they lick the dew from the leaves and grass."

Failing the rains, failing soaks and gnamma-holes, failing roots and the morning's dew, the aborigine of the central dry-lands has a last occasional source of supply. It indicates the desperate hardship of his life and discloses the quality of his cunning. It is related by a celebrated Australian traveler and anthropologist, Baldwin Spencer, that, having come in a dry season to a dry clay-pan bordered with withered shrubs, his company was amazed by an exhibition of aboriginal craft which seems to have been beyond compare in any savage land. There was no water, there even was no moisture, within miles; and the clay was baked so hard that to be penetrated at all it must be broken with a hatchet. A keen native guide presently discerned little tracks on the ground—faintest indications of life, apparently, like obscure fossil traces—and, having hacked into the clay to the depth of a foot, unearthed "a spherical little chamber, about three inches in diameter, in which lay a dirty yellow frog." It was a water-holding frog; and it was distended with its supply—a store sufficient, perhaps, to enable it to survive a drought of a year and a half. And the water (says the anthropologist) was quite pure and fresh. If they are squeezed, these frogs may yield a saving draught to lost and perishing travelers.

"Find a nigger," said our bushman, when, as we rode, we told him this tale, "and you'll get water."

"What if the aborigine is obdurate?"

"Ah, well, if the nigger *won't* tell," the bushman explained, "you rope him by the neck to your saddle. When he gets thirsty he'll go to water right enough!"

In the back-blocks of central Western Australia, to the east of the few discouraged little government tanks of the gold-fields country, and, indeed, in the dry-lands to the north and south of this, there are no fixed, fresh wells, generally dependable, as in the African and Arabian deserts; and consequently there



are no determined routes of travel, like the caravan routes of the Sahara—no main-traveled roads from point to point. Nor is there any traveling back and forth. It is a wilderness. It would, however, be a rash traveler who dared generalize concerning so vast and varied a domain—a million square miles. The dry-lands which we rode in a midsummer drought indicate nothing at all of the quality of the tropical north; nor do they any more hint at the forests and hills and green farms of the southwest than the Arizona wastes imply the rich corn-lands of Kansas. All the while, all Australia over, now more confidently than ever before, the settlements are pushing in from the coast, amazed to discover beneficent areas where deserts were expected; pushing up from South Australia, down from the Northern Territory, doughtily westward from Queensland and New South Wales; but here in this parched, blazing red country, baffled by the perilous and dry monotony of the land, they seem long ago to have stopped, dismayed, and never to have taken heart again.

It is a vacant land—the whole raw, wide state. Within a radius of fifteen miles from the capital city of Perth, in the fertile and established southwestern country, the population exceeds one hundred thousand, and the population of the East Coolgardie gold-fields, of which the good city of Kalgoorlie is the center, approaches one hundred thousand; so that what remains of the total population of three hundred thousand, subtracting the population of the old town of Albany on the south coast and the population of the thriving Geraldton district on the middle west coast—roughly, a remainder of eighty-five thousand—peoples what is left of the million square miles of territory. The little towns are scattered remotely. Wyndham, in the north, for example, with a population of one hundred and five, two thousand miles away, as one travels by camel and coach and sea; and Hall's Creek, where sixty-three whites are exiled in twenty-five hundred miles of distance and many weeks of time, happily and prosperously, no doubt, and in the

good health of the open. Consequently land is cheap to the settler, cheap and wide. In the Kimberly and northwest divisions pastoral leases may be had of the government in blocks of *not less* than twenty thousand acres at a rental of ten shillings a thousand acres a year; and in the central division, too, where we rode.

"What's the cheapest land in the state?" we inquired of an old prospector.

"Three shillings," said he, "down in Eucla."

"An acre?"

"O Lord, no! A thousand acres!"

"Any good?"

"Not to me," he laughed. "I'm a miner."

We came with regret to the last amazing day of this midsummer dry-lands riding. It was a waste place—wide, parched, empty—yet it charmed us, with its color and isolation and many singular aspects, as any desert will, and we wished we were riding east into the midst of it, where the savage life of the land is, rather than turning tamely to the dead town of Coolgardie. It was hot. It was still. Yet a hot wind blew in rare, bewildering gusts. The touch of dust burned like sparks of fire. We traveled an oven of the world. There was a coppery haze, as though the impalpable particles of the air were incandescent and visible; and sky and scrub and earth were all aglow—molten blue and green and red. In contact with the hot sand the air went mad. It seemed to be streaked and honeycombed. We fancied that we rode from areas of relief into streaming currents and still pockets of heat. Those extraordinary atmospheric conditions which break in cyclones were here operating multitudinously and in miniature to raise a host of little whirlwinds. It was an astounding spectacle, that blazing red expanse and its thousand little dusty tempests circling and darting far and near. They went whirling past, enveloping us, screaming under the feet of our discouraged beasts; and far away, swirling and swelling in the last places we could see, they raised a dust like the smoke of a forest fire.



# The Statesman

BY MARIE MANNING



HER triumph was summed up in the notice on the elevator that read, "Reserved for Representatives and Their Families." It was before the present Speaker did away with the happy privilege of allowing Congressmen and their relatives to enjoy a national elevator exclusively, and Mrs. Stackpole stepped within the car, serene in the assurance of being the wife of a Representative. The elevator was crowded to suffocation, it being the first Monday of December and the opening of Congress; but she was unaware of this, as, dressed in her blue broadcloth, a shade too light, a trifle too tight, she felt intensely conscious of embodying Congressional family life.

She was delightfully cognizant of the multitude of eyes that followed the car in its upward flight—eyes of those not entitled to ride in a special elevator. The same delicious deference awaited her at the door of the House gallery—the parley with the doorkeeper, the production of the talismanic card, and the crack opened wide enough to admit the privileged blue broadcloth, and the crowd again left behind.

The proceedings that launched this particular Congress on its right-of-way were as usual. The chaplain prayed in a sonorous bass that the deliberations of this august assemblage should be marked with wisdom and justice. And groups of men made their way to the Speaker's chair and held up their right hands in affirmation of the oath of office. And some one offered resolutions of respect for two or three members who had died during adjournment—and the thing was done.

Judge Stackpole, who was waiting to take his wife to lunch in the House restaurant, was not sharing any of her splendid emotions; it was his tenth term in Congress, and the inaugural proceed-

ings had become for him largely routine. The Honorable Amos looked almost made up for the part, he was so typically the "Southern statesman." His face, Roman in character, was free from any sordid suggestion; the mouth large, mobile, and promising eloquence—the type of mouth whose appeal is to the heart rather than to the head. He wore a black tie floating like a pennant across a bulging shirt bosom, and his full-skirted frock-coat had long since given up the mission of trying to establish a waist-line.

He had never been known by that equivocal epithet of the man of affairs, "honest." No one ever spoke of him as "honest Amos Stackpole," but his people put their unqualified trust in him, and he had proved worthy. He had never accumulated any money worth mentioning; there were always so many young men to help, so many women left untrained, untried, unprovided for, who had to have a "loan" for this or that chimerical enterprise, that at fifty-eight years of age Judge Stackpole found himself with a few thousand dollars and a young wife whose spending capacity was of the beyond-the-dreams-of-avarice kind that has had its inception in abject poverty.

"I'd give something to have some of Aunt Jane's fried chicken," the Judge announced, shouldering a way for her through the crowd.

"Do be careful about referring to Aunt Jane. Mamma told me it would never be understood here."

"Understood?" he blustered. "Why, good Lord! every one at home knows, and what the blazes does the rest of creation matter?"

The Aunt Jane referred to was not a poor relation; she was the black cook at Mrs. Pepwood's boarding-house, and Mrs. Pepwood was Mrs. Stackpole's mother. This lady had, of course, that first great requisite for taking boarders:



she had "suffered reverses." When her husband had died, under a financial cloud, leaving as his only available assets a pair of dueling-pistols, nine hunting-dogs, a rifle, and his engrossed speech delivered at the Chattanooga rally of Confederate veterans, Mrs. Pepwood begged to be allowed to die. And as the appeal had certain realistic references to the duelling-pistols, friends sat with her in relays day and night. In the mean time, kindly disposed persons put the house in order for the reception of "paying guests," and Mrs. Pepwood, still protesting against living, found herself at the head of a prosperous establishment, with no further pains to herself than to change from her bedroom wrapper to her weeping black.

Judge Stackpole, as life-long friend of the deceased, was prevailed on to give up his comfortable rooms in the "Southern Palace" and take Mrs. Pepwood's most expensive suite. The Judge had endured much, in the name of widow and orphan, but nothing had been quite as sacrificial as giving up his comfortable, rather down-at-the-heel quarters at the hotel and becoming Mrs. Pepwood's first-floor front.

The specialties of the house were excellent, if unpunctual, meals and tears at all hours. The widow wept, or rather delicately drizzled, continually; it never seemed to interfere with anything, not even with her complexion. It merely humanized her matronly, wax-doll type of face and seemingly conferred the attributes of tender womanhood.

Mary Alabama was the temperamental opposite of her mother. She sang where her mother cried, worked where the older lady gloomily idled. She always carried the Judge's lamp to his study every evening at twilight and stayed long enough for a little gossip. Whether there was any conscious rivalry between mother and daughter in their individual rôles of tears and smiles, not one of the boarders could say definitely, though there was considerable speculation. But whatever might have been the feelings of the two as rivals, if such they were, the discord of the skirmish was lost sight of in the tremendous issue of "marrying a statesman."

But after Mary Alabama was settled

in Washington, her sense of perfect triumph suffered a chill. There were so many Congressmen all believing themselves, and in turn believed by their families, to be "statesmen," that the Judge did not stand out with the effulgence she had expected. There were even ex-Congressmen who relished the statesman myth so keenly that they could never bring themselves to leave the national capital, but stayed on and prophesied to an hour the time when the country would go to the dogs. That it was not well for man to be alone seemed to have been written with special reference to the Congressman. He was never alone; if he had no wife, he was more than amply provided with sisters, cousins, and aunts, all crowding into the limelight. What chance, therefore, had Mary Alabama with her trousseau, made by mamma and Miss Simkin (who came in by the day)?

At home Mary Alabama had regarded the Honorable Amos as a great man; he was endeared to his people by a hundred acts of kindness; his honesty was proverbial. But in Washington these qualities became rather negligible virtues when taken in conjunction with a lack of material prosperity. Other Representatives had grown rich in public life; their houses, motors, wives' jewels, opulently illustrated the opportunities for amassing wealth by a servant of the people. Why couldn't her husband have had a little ambition?

The apartment in which they finally set up housekeeping was small, but in a good neighborhood, and for a time Mary Alabama was almost happy in doing up the drawing-room in pink and gold; there was a great deal of gold; it rather suggested the lavish display of precious metal used by old-fashioned dentists. But there were other dental-looking drawing-rooms in Washington, quite a number of them. Under a more seasoned wing, Mrs. Stackpole made the official calls and then sat down and waited for them to be returned. Her Tuesdays were not a marked success; she had no social specialty—she wasn't rich, beautiful, witty; she had no spectacular mission; she wasn't even a little "gay." She was just a little woman with the average leavening of good looks who



liked to wear paradise plumes in her hats because they looked expensive.

Her social tuition moved in slow if regular progression; she passed from teas to luncheons, from luncheons to dinners. It looked beguilingly easy to pack one's house with agreeable people, and it filled her with a spirit of emulation. The little dinners with good talk, good service, and a good menu—numbers of women managed them on small incomes; why not she?

She saw, on every side, women sailing the social high seas, with an impressive spread of canvas, unembarrassed by dragging marital anchors. Mrs. Amos longed to spread a sail, to become one of that vast fleet that dipped and raced and conquered by the sheer force of the flier. There were not wanting pilots eager for the responsibility of pointing the way. Some had lost their own sailing-papers by reason of social shipwreck, some by financial failure, and some were natural pilots who enjoyed the adventure of steering unknown vessels into difficult waters more than they relished the sailing of their own well-established craft.

The eagerness of local tradesmen "to run an account" for a Congressman's wife made sailing on credit possible. It seemed, temporarily at least, the easiest solution of that trite impossibility—having and eating one's cake simultaneously.

The invitations to Mrs. Stackpole's first dinner fluttered forth, like the dove from the ark that found no resting-place. The imposing list of "fashionable" semi-acquaintances to whom they were addressed declined to a man. Down these dizzy heights they sped in short flights until graciously received at less rarefied levels. Mary's social drag-net finally revealed the following prandial haul: The bachelor Senator of a State so remote and Western that its very name seemed fictional in character—a mere background to a noble drama of sombreros and hearts of gold. There was the wife of an assistant secretary of something; the numerical degree at which he supported his chief was uncertain, but her unbending attitude hinted that it was well down the line. And there was the usual leavening of "nice" people—social pilgrims ascending and descending the ladder, who for

the time being meet at houses like the Stackpoles', which in Washington may bloom into a center of importance or decline in a day. There was also Josie Haven, the woman playwright, and there was J. Lothrop Weld, who "went everywhere," but whose mysterious sources of income were open to speculation; he was accredited with having much influence in certain quarters at the Capitol. The list of diners concluded with Mrs. Blair-Smith, who divided opinions regarding herself even as she divided her name.

Judge Stackpole did not know much about "little dinners"; big banquets with political speeches were more in his line. But he looked the part of host to perfection; his fine old Roman head, which even the most gifted of cartoonists' pencils could not wholly rob of its nobility, lent distinction to any gathering.

J. Lothrop Weld, who "went everywhere" and who was regarded by the "interests" he represented as "efficient," strained an ear through the light hail of chatter for the least rumbling of speech on the part of his host. What would this little goose of a wife do with the incorruptible old Roman? The little dinner proved that she was ambitious, and ambition required money, and money the old Roman had none.

There was no Southern State more prosperous, or richer in natural resources, than the one Judge Stackpole helped to represent in Congress. His first term had begun before that inpouring of Northern capital and unlooked-for uprising of Southern enterprise that turned her from an improvident day-dreamer into a humming hive of money-making. The cotton-mill had drawn large sections of the population to feed its unsleeping energies: beetle-browed men, unshapely women, and pale-faced children, caught like flies in the web of its gigantic spinning; human automata dragged by the endless monotony of constant repetition of movement to a level with the machines they tended, machines that repaid an instant's inattention by maiming and death.

Though the Judge's constituency was gradually turning from agricultural to manufacturing interests, as the younger



generations of the old families allied themselves with the cotton industry, still he never wavered from the stand he had taken in the beginning against child labor—as Mr. J. Lothrop Weld knew to his cost on a certain occasion that Stackpole chose to forget when he met him to-night, apparently for the first time.

Josie Haven decided during dinner that she would like to write a play about the cotton-mills; the people must be so picturesque. Would the Judge ever have time to give her the necessary data?

"She confides so much more than she composes," Mrs. Blair-Smith remarked to her neighbor Weld; "the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker hear of the plays that are never written."

"But she did write one once, didn't she?"

"How like a man to remember her first false step—but hear! hear! she's started the Old Roman on a peroration."

"His narratives are always longer than they are broad." And Weld relaxed rather limply while his host held forth on the congenial theme. It was the era of reform, and Representatives were outdoing one another, like competitive salesmen, in handing bones to the under dog. But Stackpole had been handing them long before that kind of benevolence had become popular.

Now he was begging his guests, much as he would have pleaded with the House of Representatives, to take a lesson from the pages of modern history—the history of England during the Boer War. England had sapped the vitality of her children for generations by working them in coal-mines, in mills, in factories, and the far-seeing political economist had cried his warning in the wilderness. Greed had had no ears to hear, no eyes to see. Legislative measures for the conservation of the life and health of English children were defeated, year after year, in Parliament, and when the acts governing child-labor in England were finally passed young Johnny Bull had lost his square frame, his deep chest, his broad shoulders. It was not till the Boer War, when England tried to enlist her little parody of a man which she had created in her own army, that she read for the first time the writing on the wall. Three times did the physical quali-

fications for the enlisted man have to be changed, and three times did the little parody of John Bull fail to meet them. His hollow chest, sapped by generations of mill and mine work, had been no match for a handful of lusty Boers, and it was not till England poured out her little men like water that she was able to turn the tide. And so it will be with us unless we take warning—the day of reckoning will come when we shall turn to these little ones and ask the service we have made it impossible for them to render.

The guests had looked a trifle uncomfortable during the diatribe; why should any one interfere with the delightful processes of digestion by the introduction of such an unpleasant theme? "I don't know anything about politics," said Mrs. Stackpole, "but I intend to take it up."

"Don't let politics crush you the way it has women who—" Weld began, but Mary Alabama interrupted with one of her bursts of naïveté:

"Oh no; I mean to take it up to improve myself."

After the departure of the last guest, the hostess, pleasantly fatigued with the success of her first dinner, lingered in the pink-and-gold drawing-room to enjoy the last embers of the open fire, the arrangement of the flowers, the glow of the pink-shaded lamps that had awarded marvelous complexions to all, irrespective of age or previous condition of pulchritude. The Judge, on his nightly round of securing doors, stopped for a moment's chat.

"Ma'y Alabama, Honey, where in the name of the nation did you pick up your friends, Mr. J. Lothrop Weld and Mrs. Blair-Smith?"

"Why, I meet them everywhere; they go to the very nicest houses."

"Well, my dear, he's a lobbyist of rather unsavory repute; he's backing up some of the rottenest conditions at home; and as for Mrs. Blair-Smith, she's as shady as a grove of fir-trees after dark. I don't like to throw cold water on any plans of yours, Honey, but I hope you'll give those two all the sidewalk they need."

With the intuitive cleverness of the American woman, Mrs. Stackpole saw





*Drawn by Walter Biggs*

A GREAT WORK AWAITED HER, AND ONE THAT WOULD NOT GO UNREWARDED







how the little blunders of her first dinner might be converted into the successes of her second. She would serve the claret warmer, the champagne colder; her husband must be gently repressed when he became forensic; and a simpler salad was in better taste than one of those mixed, fruity things. She got into the little-dinner habit; if she overspent her allowance, they were more than obliging at the House post-office window about cashing her checks. She did not give up her friendship with Mrs. Blair-Smith, but she was careful not to have her at the house when the Judge was likely to be there. She was in the habit of meeting her at the Willard and having tea with her in the afternoons. Mrs. Blair-Smith was invaluable in helping her select a new wardrobe; the trousseau was not what she had thought it in the beginning.

She no longer kept accounts; they worried her. She got into debt, which she explained to her husband by saying she could never understand arithmetic. And he always paid her debts and gave her a little nest-egg to start again; but the continued bills and over-drafts made him look grave, and he had a serious talk with her about the unwisdom of constantly drawing on their small reserve.

Her doctor recommended "a little electric," that she might be more out-of-doors; she borrowed some money and had his prescription filled, partly on credit. And she explained the presence of the little car to her husband by saying a friend had gone to Europe and lent it to her.

At the close of the season she left Washington with a feeling of dread. Her position at home, owing to her father's financial shortcomings, had never been one of dignity. She had married "the statesman" in whom every one felt a sort of prideful ownership, but it was beyond the pale of human nature, as she understood human nature, not to patronize her under the circumstances. So Mary Alabama strengthened her defenses against such a possibility. She would check the first suggestion of it with her official manner, her Washington wardrobe, her English accent, and her reserve. She did—and at the same time

she checked her old friends' warm-hearted interest in the girl who had grown up among them.

Her husband did not see what others saw, that his wife was alienating the womankind of his former friends. He was baffled, hurt, humiliated by the tangible something that seemed to have dropped, like a blurring curtain of fog, between him and his former cronies, something that distorted and made even their words and the sound of their voices seem strange.

Mrs. Pepwood, who knew human nature better than her daughter, remarked with that lack of reserve that is often the undisputed privilege of the family circle: "Ma'y Alabama, you are a bigger fool than I ever took you for, and I your mother, too. But every time you peacock down Main Street in those Washington clothes you lose a vote for your husband."

Those Washington clothes from which Mrs. Pepwood drew such gloomy prognostications had not been paid for, and the tradesmen who in opening the account seemed to deal wholly on the futurity plan, lost something of their suavity with the recurrence of each long, narrow envelope. They no longer called "her esteemed attention to their new line of—" but "feared the account, long overdue, must have escaped her attention." In a few instances, a collector informed her "that the bill had been placed in his hands for collection, and unless the matter was attended to immediately, steps—" but these letters were always too painful for her to finish, and she burned them in childish revenge.

A temporary escape from her difficulties presented itself in a letter from Washington, begging "Darling Mrs. Stackpole" to join Josie Haven and Mrs. Blair-Smith at Atlantic City for a couple of weeks. The Judge readily agreed to the little holiday; his wife's nervous fretfulness often puzzled him, and he wondered with a vague self-reproach if he had neglected any of the little attentions that count for so much in a woman's life. Mary Alabama neglected to mention the name of Blair-Smith in connection with the expedition; she merely said she was going to join Mrs. Haven at the city by the sea.



Atlantic City, with its meretricious sparkle, its throngs, its dogged air of continuous carnival, its swaggering assumption of shouldering your troubles—whatever they might be—and flinging you in return a cinematograph of itself, restored to Mrs. Stackpole something of her lost balance. At the end of the week their party was reinforced by Mr. J. Lothrop Weld. The meeting was proclaimed by all parties concerned to be most happily accidental. Two other men, also friends of Mrs. Blair-Smith, came later, apparently as unexpectedly as Mr. Weld. Mr. Huff and Mr. Williams seemed gentlemen of lesser importance than Mr. Weld; their social note was one of high cheerfulness, verging on farce comedy.

In the triple division of the party Weld invariably fell to the lot of Mrs. Stackpole, who, in the phrase of her native county, began to fear that he must believe her "strong-minded," he talked so continually about the advantages of child-labor to the child, local prosperity, and wages at the high level. When Mrs. Blair-Smith questioned her as to what Weld talked about and if she did not find him a little dull, Mary Alabama poutingly answered:

"He talks to me as if I were a man. I don't know why he thinks I'm clever."

Mrs. Blair-Smith turned the sparkle of her merriment on Weld at the first opportunity: "Johnny, you're not hunting in the Senate, or the House, either. The rifle you're using is too large for a canary. Cut out economic generalities. Heavens! She's only twenty."

He laughed. "Thanks, I see—sending the wrong bark up the right tree."

"The right kind of bark, at present, is Irish crochet and cash. She ruined old Amos. What he ever saw in her I can't understand. He could have had anything—Senate, Cabinet, anything, but Mary Alabama is rapidly applying the snuffers."

"Then perhaps it isn't worth while—"

"Oh yes, it is! They've got the Uncle Amos habit bad down there, and they'll hang on for a term or two. Then the deluge; husbands unmade while you wait, ought to be the motto of that type of Congressman's wife."

Dinner at the Woodstock-Churchill

that night took on an air of deliberate festivity. They lingered at the table the better part of two hours.

"If we sit here any longer, they'll bring in the oatmeal for breakfast," Mrs. Blair-Smith smiled with comprehensive amiability at the three men. "Who'll go for the prams?"

Mrs. Stackpole and Weld were the last to enter the double wheeler chairs awaiting their party. The scene—the boardwalk thronging with gay crowds, the hanging-gardens of big flowered hats, the moonlit sea, the changing electric-light signs flashing their pictures to high heaven, all the gay bubble of life, the iridescence that to Mary Alabama meant living—she saw it all through tears of happiness; it was so good to get away from bills and worries—even for a few days. Something within her pent-up consciousness gave way and she talked to Weld of her troubles, her debts, the collector-wolf in every mail, and of her fear of confessing again to her husband.

Weld's sensations were those of an old and experienced mouser who has sat long and patiently by the mouse-hole: his victim had shown a head, but he was too wary to pounce; it was a time for patience and sympathy, especially sympathy. He looked out on the moonlit sea; he sighed and said it was cruel that life should have any hard corners for her; she was too young—too pretty. Then he took up the thread of his favorite discourse; threw the shuttle far and wide; the old names, the old arguments, came streaming out: she had it in her power to adjust all her little personal worries and at the same time to do a great work, a work of mercy, of true philanthropy, a work that had for its object the education and uplift of multitudes of little children from the hovels of the poor whites in their own State—children to whom the great cotton industry stood as their one chance in life.

She had heard child-labor fiercely denounced by her husband, as the modern Herod that slew little children with slow cruelty. She had heard him tell that they could be distinguished from all other children by the hacking cough acquired from constantly inhaling cotton-waste—the waste that stuck to hair, clothes, eyebrows, and skin—the pow-



dery stuff that sifted into the lungs and brought about the gradual disintegration of the child.

But Weld presented a different and far more comfortable point of view. The law of the State compelled education, it did not permit children to work in the mills unless they attended school and attended school continuously. Step by step he advanced argument after argument, disclosing, to any open-minded person, the great advantages to the children of working in the mills. And she could make her thoroughly good but mistaken husband see his error if any one could—he was working to take from these children their birthright of self-help. A great work awaited her and one that would not go unrewarded. If she would help the poor little mill children by making Uncle Amos see the harm he was doing them, the people who had the ultimate good of the children at heart would help her over her little difficulties.

And Mary Alabama, who had always expected some fairy-story escape from her debts, promised, with a certainty of power she felt to be infinite, "to talk her husband over."

"Give me this little hand on it."

She slipped her hand into Weld's and he raised it with his hand clasped about hers: "I promise."

"Good little girl," was all he said, and ordered the chair-man back to the Woodstock-Churchill. When they shook hands at parting, he gave her a little Irish crochet bag like one she had admired in a shop a few days ago. As she took it something within crackled crisply.

In two weeks' time Mrs. Stackpole was home and the tradesmen had again begun to write requesting "her esteemed patronage." The little Irish crochet bag had proved an Aladdin's lamp; she rubbed it and it paid for the little electric, for garage charges, milliners' bills, florists' bills, caterers' bills, her bridge debts, and still she had enough to start a new bank account and with it a firm purpose of amendment. She even managed to summon an eleventh-hour graciousness to old friends at home, but they persisted in remaining in the frigid zone of her regard where at first she had been at such pains to put them.

The Judge was now away from home for long periods on electioneering business, and when he returned for a day or two even his wife noticed the cloud of anxiety that seemed to have settled on his face.

"I think I must be getting old, Ma'y Alabama, Honey. I can't get close to 'em any more. I'm like some one shouting a different language—a foreign language they don't understand."

"It will be all right at election, anyway," said his wife with the easy optimism of one whose own troubles have been settled.

"I wonder—? There are lying hints that I've played 'em false, sold out to the money interests. Where they come from beats me."

But Mary Alabama, serene in her fairy-story conception of life, remained unperturbed. Her husband's troubles were a thing apart from her own. Her chief anxiety at present was that she had taken the money from Weld in August and it was now late October and she had not yet found an opportunity of presenting to the Judge the great educational and economic advantages connected with child-labor. Any woman with an average endowment of intuition would have known that the present was the most unfavorable time for the presentation of her case. Not so Mrs. Stackpole, who, despite the fact that her husband was exhausted from a night spent in traveling, a round of speeches that he felt had miscarried, opened up without a single misgiving her domestic campaign for the interest of the opposition.

"Amos dear, why are you so opposed to child-labor? Doesn't the prosperity of our State very largely depend on it? isn't it offsetting the terrible poverty brought about by the Civil War? and aren't there very great advantages connected with it for the child—things like compulsory education and the chance it gives them to escape from their dreadful homes and to get better treatment from their parents because they help to keep the pot boiling?"

She paused, trying to think of some of the other benefits that Weld had told her of; but the strange, wild-looking man backing away from her with a



gesture of silencing protest scattered her wits. Her husband's face changed to the gray-white of putty, the muscles hung relaxed like a death-mask. She looked at him stupidly, the indulgent old man that she had twisted about her finger ever since she had been a little girl.

"It's true, then, what I heard and rammed down the throat of the old friend that told me as a lie—you were with Weld and the Blair-Smith woman at Atlantic City. I recognize his line of argument; I shoved him out of my committee once for attempting the same monstrous untruths to me. You—you—who have seen these miserable little creatures, to say these things to me! There are over a million of these children dying of overwork; we are turning out two hundred and fifty thousand degenerates yearly, and you attempt to plead for the system. Aren't children shipped like cattle into our State to work in the mills from States where the laws governing child-labor are good? The law with us is that no child under twelve shall work—but the mills are full of babies because we have no factory inspectors to enforce the law. We say that education shall be compulsory; how much education? Eight weeks in the whole year, six of which must be consecutive. But have we a single truant officer or factory inspector in the mill districts to compel the observance of this slight concession to humanity? We have not, as Weld and the Blair-Smith woman know to their profit. And they are using every shred of their sinister influence to defeat me in having these laws enforced." His voice dropped to a whisper. "What did they give you for this?"

She had a baffled sense of struggling in some nightmare horror, where she kept falling, falling, and was powerless to cry out. He did not repeat his question, but he waited with the grimness of eternity for her answer. She tried to pull herself together for a denial, but the conciliatory old man whom she had been ashamed of, whom she had deluded, betrayed, had suddenly been transformed into the symbol of justice and truth which he had been fighting for all his public life.

"They gave me five thousand dollars. I've spent most of it paying my debts." Her statement ended in an hysterical burst of weeping. Even in that moment of cruelest disillusion he thought, "She's only twenty."

The confession, after it was over, seemed a relief to her, and she poured out the whole story of folly and deception, repeating endless details and irrelevancies. He heard it all without a word of reproach, only the gray wretchedness of his face betraying what it cost him. When it was over he said, very gently, "Ma'y Alabama, go wash the tears off your face. I hate to see a woman cry." And he held the door open for her with the gentle deference he showed all women.

Then he locked the door of his study, that was cluttered with high-heeled slippers, shirtwaists in the process of being "hand-embroidered," novels opened face downward, and a plate of half-consumed candy. Through the anguish of those first minutes only one thought remained clear: he must go to Washington by the night train, go to the safe-deposit vault that held the five one-thousand-dollar bonds—his entire savings—sell them, and return the money to Weld.

But if he carried out this programme he would not be able to give his great speech on Thursday, the speech he was depending on to silence, once and for all, the rumors of broken faith. He tried to think of some one, in Washington, to whom he could give the keys of his safe and the power of attorney to sell the bonds, but he had few friends outside his political associates, and they were, like himself, attending to their own electioneering interests. And the night train saw him go.

No one knew better than he the immense advantage he was giving his enemies; only too well he knew what their boast would be—that he had run away from the charges he was unable to defend. And, after all, how could he give that speech whole-heartedly when his wife had sold him out to the money interests? And yet, through it all, he had faith in his people, the people he had represented for over twenty years in Congress. Times had changed, interest had changed, and the sons of many of





*Drawn by Walter Biggs*

HE HEARD IT ALL WITHOUT A WORD OF REPROACH







his old friends had become mill-owners, but they would do the right thing by these miserable little ones; they had children of their own, and they would stand by him in his fight for justice and humanity.

The business in Washington took longer than he had expected; a couple of days were spent before the bonds were sold and Weld was out of town. The Judge waited for his return, deciding to give back the money personally, rather than risk further complications by letter. Thursday, the day of the great speech that was never made, came and went. Friday; and still Weld continued absent; Saturday, Sunday—and Weld returned at midnight. Monday was election-day, and as it was now useless to travel, he decided to remain in Washington and await the results. Tuesday morning they came, in a telegram from an old friend: "Stickney elected, small majority, interests perniciously active in your absence."

On the journey homeward, though he thought of little else than his defeat, he was not fully conscious of it. He experienced it more keenly when he received the abashed and furtive salutations of old friends on the streets. And he knew it for haggard certainty in the first glimpse he caught of his wife. She was still only twenty, but she had lived a lifetime of realization, loss, and bitter

eleventh-hour readjustment in his absence. She stood, leaning slightly against the wall of their sitting-room, waiting for him to tell her the truth about herself, that she had ruined his life, betrayed his trust, sold him to his enemies. She had lived through the scalding words so often that she could not understand his withholding them a moment longer. But he said nothing, only rummaged about for a black and disreputable pipe that he was accustomed to turn to in bad times, and went out on the veranda to smoke.

She could stand it no longer, and followed him: "Amos, I did it; it was all my fault. I'm not going to say I'm sorry, because if I died of grieving it would be nothing to the wrong I've done you. But I am going to try to make you learn to respect me. I've taken over the management of this house from mamma and I'm going to make it a success. If it's looked after it means a living for us all, and I can do at least that."

It was a full minute before he grasped the meaning of what she had said. Then, with the slowness of speech that seemed to be growing on him, he answered: "Ma'y Alabama, Honey, it looks mightily as if I had got back the dear little girl I used to buy dolls for up on Main Street. Sometimes, in Washington, I felt as if I'd lost her, but she's right here." And he patted her hand softly.

## The Look

BY SARA TEASDALE

STREPHON kissed me in the spring,  
Robin in the fall,  
But Colin only looked at me  
And never kissed at all.

Strephon's kiss was lost in jest,  
Robin's lost in play,  
But the kiss in Colin's eyes  
Haunts me night and day.

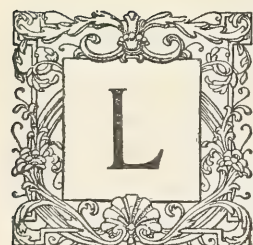


# The Price of Love

## A NOVEL

BY ARNOLD BENNETT

### CHAPTER II—*Continued*



LOUIS FORES had been intoxicated into a condition of poesy. He was deliciously incapable of any precise thinking; he could not formulate any theory to account for the startling phenomenon of a roll of bank-notes loose under a chair on the first-floor landing of his great-aunt's house; he could not even estimate the value of the roll—he felt only that it was indefinitely prodigious. But he had the most sensitive appreciation of the exquisite beauty of those pieces of paper. They were not merely beautiful because they stood for delight and indulgence, raising lovely visions of hosiers' and jewelers' shops and the night interiors of clubs and restaurant—raising one clear vision of himself clasping a watch-bracelet on the soft arm of Rachel, who had so excitingly smiled upon him a moment ago. They were beautiful in themselves; the aspect and very texture of them were beautiful—surpassing pictures and fine scenery. They were the most poetic things in the world. They transfigured the narrow gaslit first-floor landing of his great-aunt's house into a secret and unearthly grove of bliss. He was drunk with quivering emotion.

And then, as he gazed at the divine characters printed in sable on the rustling whiteness, he was aware of a stab of ugly, coarse pain. Up to the instant of beholding those bank-notes he had been convinced that his operations upon the petty-cash book would be entirely successful and that the immediate future at Horrocleave's was assured of tranquillity; he had been

blantly certain that Horrocleave held no horrid suspicion against him, and that even if Horrocleave's pate did conceal a dark thought, it would be conjured at once away by the superficial reasonableness of the falsified accounts. But now his mind was terribly and inexplicably changed, and it seemed to him impossible to gull the acute and mighty Horrocleave. Failure, exposure, disgrace, ruin, seemed inevitable—and also intolerable. It was astonishing that he should have deceived himself into an absurd security. The bank-notes, by some magic virtue which they possessed, had opened his eyes to the truth. And they presented themselves as absolutely indispensable to him. They had sprung from naught, they belonged to nobody, they existed without a creative cause in the material world,—and they were indispensable to him! Could it be conceived that he should lose his high and brilliant position in the town, that two policemen should hustle him into the black van, that the gates of a prison should clang behind him? It could not be conceived. It was monstrously inconceivable. . . . The bank-notes . . . he saw them wavy, as through a layer of hot air.

A heavy knock on the front door below shook him and the floor and the walls. He heard the hurried feet of Rachel, the opening of the door, and Julian's harsh, hoarse voice. Julian then was not quite an hour late, after all. The stir in the lobby seemed to be enormous, and very close to him; Mrs. Maldon had come forth from the parlor to greet Julian on his birthday. . . . Louis stuck the bank-notes into the side pocket of his coat. And as it were automatically his mood underwent a change violent and complete. "I'll



teach the old lady to drop notes all over the place," he said to himself. "I'll just teach her!" And he pictured his triumph as a wise male when, during the course of the feast, his great-aunt should stumble on her loss and yield to senile feminine agitation, and he should remark superiorly, with elaborate calm: "Here is your precious money, Auntie. A good thing it was I and not burglars who discovered it. Let this be a lesson to you! . . . Where was it? It was on the landing carpet, if you please! That's where it was!—" And the nice old creature's pathetic relief!

As he went jauntily down-stairs there remained nothing of his mood of intoxication except a still thumping heart.

### CHAPTER III

#### THE FEAST

THE dramatic moment of the birthday feast came nearly at the end of the meal when Mrs. Maldon, having in mysterious silence disappeared for a space to the room behind, returned with due pomp bearing a parcel in her dignified hands. During her brief absence Louis, Rachel, and Julian—hero of the night—had sat mute and somewhat constrained round the debris of the birthday pudding. The constraint was no doubt due partly to Julian's characteristic and notorious grim temper, and partly to mere anticipation of a solemn event.

Julian Maldon in particular was self-conscious. He hated intensely to be self-conscious, and his feeling toward every witness of his self-consciousness partook always of the homicidal. Were it not that civilization has the means to protect itself, Julian might have murdered defenseless aged ladies and innocent young girls for the simple offense of having seen him blush.

He was a perfect specimen of a throw-back to original ancestry. He had been born in London, of an American mother, and had spent the greater part of his life in London. Yet London and his mother seemed to count for absolutely nothing at all in his composition. At the age of seventeen his soul, quitting the exile of London, had come to the

Five Towns with a sigh of relief as if at the assuagement of a long nostalgia, and had dropped into the district as into a socket. In three months he was more indigenous than a native. Any experienced observer who now chanced at a week-end to see him board the Manchester express at Euston would have been able to predict from his appearance that he would leave the train at Knype. He was an undersized man, with a combative and suspicious face. He regarded the world with crafty pugnacity from beneath frowning eyebrows. His expression said: "Woe betide the being who tries to get the better of me!" His expression said: "Keep off!" His expression said: "I am that I am. Take me or leave me, but preferably leave me. I loathe fuss, pretense, flourishes—any and every form of damned nonsense."

He had an excellent heart, but his attitude toward it was the attitude of his great-grandmother toward her front parlor—he used it as little as possible, and kept it locked up like a shame. In brief, he was more than a bit of a boor. And boorishness being his chief fault, he was quite naturally proud of it, counted it for the finest of all qualities, and scorned every manifestation of its opposite. To prove his inward sincerity he deemed it right to flout any form of external grace—such as politeness, neatness, elegance, compliments, small-talk, smooth words, and all ceremonial whatever. He would have died in torment sooner than kiss. He was averse even from shaking hands, and when he did shake hands he produced a carpenter's vise, crushed flesh and bone together, and flung the intruding pulp away. His hat was so heavy on his head that only by an exhausting and supreme effort could he raise it to a woman, and after the odious accident he would feel as humiliated as a fox-terrier after a bath. By the kind hazard of fate he had never once encountered his great-aunt in the street. He was superb in enmity—a true hero. He would quarrel with a fellow and say, curtly: "I'll never speak to you again"; and he never would speak to that fellow again. Were



the last trump to blow and all the British Isle to be submerged save the summit of Snowdon, and he and that fellow to find themselves alone and safe together on the peak, he could still be relied upon never to speak to that fellow again. Thus would he prove that he was a man of his word and that there was no nonsense about him.

Strange though it may appear to the thoughtless, he was not disliked—much less ostracized. Codes differ. He conformed to one which suited the instincts of some thirty thousand other adult males in the Five Towns. Two strapping girls in the warehouse of his manufactory at Knype quarreled over him in secret as the Prince Charming of those parts. Yet he had never addressed them except to inform them that if they didn't mind their p's and q's he would have them flung off the "bank" (manufactory). Rachel herself had not yet begun to be prejudiced against him.

This monster of irascible cruelty regarded himself as a middle-aged person. But he was only twenty-five that day, and he did not look more, either, despite a stiff, strong mustache. He too, like Louis and Rachel, had the gestures of youth—the unconsidered lithe movements of limb, the wistful unteachable pride of his age, the touching self-confidence. Old Mrs. Maldon was indeed old among them.

She sat down in all her benevolent stateliness and with a slightly irritating deliberation undid the parcel, displaying a flattish leather case about seven inches by four, which she handed formally to Julian Maldon, saying as she did so:

"From your old auntie, my dear boy, with her loving wishes. You have now lived just a quarter of a century."

And as Julian, awkwardly grinning, fumbled with the spring-catch of the case, she was aware of having accomplished a great and noble act of surrender. She hoped the best from it. In particular, she hoped that she had saved the honor of her party and put it at last on a secure footing of urbane convivial success. For that a party of hers should fail in giving pleasure to

every member of it was a menace to her legitimate pride. And so far fate had not been propitious. The money in the house had been, and was, on her mind. Then the lateness of the guests had disturbed her. And then Julian had aggrieved her by a piece of obstinacy very like himself. Arriving straight from a train journey, he had wanted to wash. But he would not go to the specially prepared bedroom where a perfect apparatus awaited him. No, he must needs take off his jacket in the back room and roll up his sleeves and stamp into the scullery and there splash and rub like a stableman, and wipe himself on the common rough roller-towel. He said he preferred the "sink." (Offensive word! He would not even say "slopstone," which was the proper word. He said "sink," and again "sink.")

And then, when the meal finally did begin, Mrs. Maldon's serviette and silver serviette-ring had vanished. Impossible to find them! Mr. Batchgrew had of course horribly disarranged the table, and in the upset the serviette and ring might have fallen unnoticed into the darkness beneath the table. But no search could discover them. Had the serviette and ring ever been on the table at all? Had Rachel perchance forgotten them? Rachel was certain that she had put them on the table. She remembered casting away a soiled serviette and replacing it with a clean one in accordance with Mrs. Maldon's command for the high occasion. She produced the soiled serviette in proof. Moreover, the ring was not in the serviette drawer of the sideboard. Renewed search was equally sterile. . . . At one moment Mrs. Maldon thought that she herself had seen the serviette and ring on the table early in the evening; but at the next she thought she had not. Conceivably Mr. Batchgrew had taken them in mistake. Yes, assuredly, he had taken them in mistake—somehow! And yet it was inconceivable that he had taken a serviette and ring in mistake. In mistake for what? No! . . .

Mystery! Excessively disconcerting for an old lady! In the end Rachel provided another clean serviette, and the meal commenced. But Mrs. Mal-



don had not been able to "settle down" in an instant. The wise, pitying creatures in their twenties considered that it was absurd for her to worry herself about such a trifle. But was it a trifle? It was rather a denial of natural laws, a sinister miracle. Serviette rings cannot walk, nor fly, nor be annihilated. And further, she had used that serviette ring for more than twenty years. However, the hostess in her soon had triumphed over the foolish old lady and taken the head of the board with aplomb.

And indeed aplomb had been required. For the guests behaved strangely—unless it was that the hostess was in a nervous mood for fancying trouble! Julian Maldon was fidgety and preoccupied. And Louis himself—usually a model guest—was also fidgety and preoccupied. As for Rachel, the poor girl had only too obviously lost her head about Louis. Mrs. Maldon had never seen anything like it, never!

Julian, having opened the case, disclosed twin briar pipes silver-mounted, with alternative stems of various lengths and diverse mouth-pieces—all reposing on soft couches of fawn-tinted stuff, with a crimson-silk-lined lid to serve them for canopy. A rich and costly array! Everybody was impressed, even startled. For not merely was the gift extremely handsome—it was more than a gift; it symbolized the end of an epoch in those lives. Mrs. Maldon had been no friend of tobacco. She had lukewarmly permitted cigarettes, which Louis smoked, smoking naught else. But cigars she had discouraged, and pipes she simply would not have! Now, Julian smoked nothing but a pipe. Hence in his great-aunt's parlor he had not smoked; in effect he had been forbidden to smoke there. The theory that a pipe was vulgar had been stiffly maintained in that sacred parlor. In the light of these facts does not Mrs. Maldon's gift indeed shine as a great and noble act of surrender? Was it not more than a gift, and entitled to stagger beholders? Was it not a sublime proof that the earth revolves and the world moves?

Mrs. Maldon was as susceptible as anyone to the drama of the moment, perhaps more than anyone. She thrilled and became happy as Julian in silence minutely examined the pipes. She had taken expert advice before purchasing, and she was tranquil as to the ability of the pipes to withstand criticism. They bore the magic triple initials of the first firm of briar-pipe makers in the world—initials as famous and as welcome on the plains of Hindustan as in the Home Counties or the frozen zone. She gazed round the table with increasing satisfaction. Louis, who was awkwardly fixed with regard to the light, the shadow of his bust falling always across his plate, had borne that real annoyance with the most charming good-humor. He was a delight to the eye; he had excellent qualities, especially social qualities. Rachel sat opposite to the hostess. An admirable girl in most ways; a splendid companion and a sound cook. The meal had been irreproachable, and in the phrase of the *Signal* "ample justice had been done" to it. Julian was on the hostess's left, with his back to the window and to the draught. A good boy, a sterling boy, if peculiar! And there they were all close together, intimate, familiar, mutually respecting; and the perfect parlor was round about them: a domestic organism, honest, dignified, worthy, more than comfortable. And she, Elizabeth Maldon, in her old age, was the head of it, and the fount of good things.

"Thank ye!" ejaculated Julian, with a queer look askance at his benefactor. "Thank ye, aunt!"

It was all he could get out of his throat, and it was all that was expected of him. He hated to give thanks—and he hated to be thanked. The grandeur of the present flattered him. Nevertheless, he regarded it as essentially absurd in its pretentiousness. The pipes were A1, but could a man carry about a huge contraption like that? All a man needed was an A1 pipe, which, if he had any sense, he would carry loose in his pocket with his pouch—and be hanged to morocco cases and silk linings!

"Stoke up, my hearties!" said Louis,



drawing forth a gun-metal cigarette case, which was chained to his person by a kind of cable.

Undoubtedly the case of pipes represented for Julian a triumph over Louis, or, at least, justice against Louis. For obvious reasons Julian had not quarreled with a rich and affectionate great-aunt because she had accorded to Louis the privilege of smoking in her parlor what he preferred to smoke, while refusing a similar privilege to himself. But he had resented the distinction. And his joy in the spectacular turn of the wheel was vast. For that very reason he hid it with much care. Why should he bubble over with gratitude for having been at last treated fairly? It would be pitiful to do so. Leaving the case open upon the table, he pulled a pouch and an old pipe from his pocket, and began to fill the pipe. It was inexcusable, but it was like him—he had to do it.

"But aren't you going to try one of the new ones?" asked Mrs. Maldon, amiably but uncertainly.

"No," said he, with cold nonchalance. Upon nobody in the world had the sweet magic of Mrs. Maldon's demeanor less influence than upon himself. "Not now. I want to enjoy my smoke, and the first smoke out of a new pipe is never any good."

It was very true, but far more wanton than true. Mrs. Maldon in her ignorance could not appreciate the truth, but she could appreciate its wantonness. She was wounded—silly, touchy old thing! She was wounded, and she hid the wound.

Rachel flushed with ire against the boor.

"By the way," Mrs. Maldon remarked in a light, indifferent tone, just as though the glory of the moment had not been suddenly rent and shriveled, "I didn't see your portmanteau in the back room just now, Julian. Has any one carried it up-stairs? I didn't hear anyone go up-stairs."

"I didn't bring one, aunt," said Julian.

"Not bring—"

"I was forgetting to tell ye. I can't sleep here to-night. I'm off to South Africa to-morrow, and I've got a lot

of things to fix up at my digs to-night." He lit the old pipe from a match which Louis passed to him.

"To South Africa?" murmured Mrs. Maldon, aghast. And she repeated, "South Africa?" To her it was an incredible distance. It was not a place—it was something on the map. Perhaps she had never imaginatively realized that actual people did in fact go to South Africa. "But this is the first I have heard of this!" she said. Julian's extraordinary secretiveness always disturbed her.

"I only got the telegram about my berth this morning," said Julian, rather sullenly on the defensive.

"Is it business?" Mrs. Maldon asked.

"You may depend it isn't pleasure, aunt," he answered, and shut his lips tight on the pipe.

After a pause Mrs. Maldon tried again.

"Where do you sail from?"

Julian answered:

"Southampton."

There was another pause. Louis and Rachel exchanged a glance of sympathetic dismay at the situation.

Mrs. Maldon then smiled with plaintive courage.

"Of course if you can't sleep here, you can't," said she benignly. "I can see that. But we are quite counting on having a man in the house to-night—with all these burglars about—weren't we, Rachel?" Her grimace became, by an effort, semi-humorous.

Rachel diplomatically echoed the tone of Mrs. Maldon, but more brightly, with a more frankly humorous smile:

"We were, indeed!"

But her smile was a masterpiece of duplicity, somewhat strange in a girl so downright; for beneath it burned hotly her anger against the brute Julian.

"Well, there it is!" Julian gruffly and callously summed up the situation, staring at the inside of his teacup.

"Propitious moment for getting a monopoly of door-knobs at the Cape, I suppose?" said Louis, quizzically. His cousin manufactured, among other articles, white and jet door-knobs.

"No need for you to be so desperately funny!" snapped Julian, who detested



Louis' brand of facetiousness. It was the word "propitious" that somehow annoyed him—it had a sarcastic flavor, and it was "Louis all over."

"No offense, old man!" Louis magnanimously soothed him. "On the contrary, many happy returns of the day." In social intercourse the younger cousin's good humor and suavity were practically indestructible.

But Julian still scowled.

Rachel, to make a tactful diversion, rose and began to collect plates. The meal was at an end, and for Mrs. Maldon it had closed in ignominy. From her quarter of the table she pushed crockery toward Rachel with a gesture of disillusion; the courage to smile had been but momentary. She felt older—older than she had ever felt before. The young generation presented themselves to her as almost completely enigmatic. She admitted that they were foreign to her; that she could not comprehend them at all. Each of the three at her table was entirely free and independent—each could and did act according to his or her whim, and none could say them nay. Such freedom seemed unreal. They were children playing at life, and playing dangerously. Hundreds of times, in conversation with her coevals, she had cheerfully protested against the banal complaint that the world had changed of late years. But now she felt grievously that the world was different—that it had indeed deteriorated since her young days. She was fatigued by the modes of thought of these youngsters, as a nurse or mother is fatigued by too long a spell of the shrillness and the naïveté of a family of infants. She wanted repose. . . . Was it conceivable that when, with incontestable large-mindedness, she had given a case of pipes to Julian, he should first put a slight on her gift and then, brusquely leaving her in the lurch, announce his departure for South Africa with as much calm as though South Africa were in the next street? . . . And the other two were guilty in other ways, perhaps more subtly, of treason against forlorn old age.

And then Louis, in taking the slop-basin from her trembling fingers, to

pass it to Rachel, gave her one of his adorable, candid, persuasive, sympathetic smiles. And lo! she was enheartened once more. And she remembered that dignity and kindness had been the watchwords of her whole life, and that it would be shameful to relinquish the struggle for an ideal at the very threshold of the grave. She began to find excuses for Julian. The dear lad must have many business worries. He was very young to be at the head of a manufacturing concern. He had a remarkable brain—worthy of the family. Allowances must be made for him. She must not be selfish. . . . And assuredly that serviette and ring would reappear on the morrow.

"I'll take that out," said Louis, indicating the tray which Rachel had drawn from concealment under the Chesterfield, and which was now loaded. Mrs. Maldon employed an old and valued charwoman in the mornings. Rachel accomplished all the rest of the housework herself, including cookery, and she accomplished it with the stylistic smartness of a self-respecting lady-help.

"Oh no!" said she. "I can carry it quite easily, thanks."

Louis insisted masculinely:

"I'll take that tray out."

And he took it out, holding his head back as he marched, so that the smoke of the cigarette between his lips should not obscure his eyes. Rachel followed with some oddments. Behold those two away together in the seclusion of the kitchen; and Mrs. Maldon and Julian alone in the parlor!

"Very fine!" muttered Julian, fingering the magnificent case of pipes. Now that there were fewer spectators, his tongue was looser, and he could relent.

"I'm so glad you like it," Mrs. Maldon responded, eagerly.

The world was brighter to her, and she accepted Julian's amiability as Heaven's reward for her renewal of courage.

"Auntie," began Louis, with a certain formality.

"Yes?"

Mrs. Maldon had turned her chair a little toward the fire. The two visitants



to the kitchen had reappeared. Rachel with a sickle-shaped tool was sedulously brushing the crumbs from the damask into a silver tray. Louis had taken the poker to mend the fire.

He said, nonchalantly:

"If you'd care for me to stay the night here instead of Julian, I will."

"Well—" Mrs. Maldon was unprepared for this apparently quite natural and kindly suggestion. It perturbed, even frightened her by its implications. Had it been planned in the kitchen between those two? She wanted to accept it; and yet another instinct in her prompted her to decline it absolutely and at once. She saw Rachel flushing as the girl industriously continued her task without looking up. To Mrs. Maldon it seemed that those two, under the impulsion of fate, were rushing toward each other at a speed far greater than she had suspected.

Julian stirred on his chair, under the sharp irritation caused by Louis' proposal. He despised Louis as a boy of no ambition—a butterfly being who had got no further than the adolescent will-to-live, the desire for self-indulgence, whereas he, Julian, was profoundly conscious of the will-to-dominate, the hunger for influence and power. And also he was jealous of Louis on various counts. Louis had come to the Five Towns years after Julian, and had almost immediately cut a figure therein; Julian had never cut a figure. Julian had been the sole resident great-nephew of a benevolent aunt, and Louis had arrived and usurped at least half the advantages of the relationship, if not more; Louis lived several miles nearer to his aunt. Julian it was who, through his acquaintance with Rachel's father and her masterful sinister brother, had brought her into touch with Mrs. Maldon. Rachel was Julian's creation, so far as his aunt was concerned. Julian had no dislike for Rachel; he had even been thinking of her favorably. But Louis had, as it were, appropriated her! . . . From the steely conning-tower of his brows Julian had caught their private glances at the table. And Louis was now carrying trays for her, and hobnobbing with her in the kitchen! Lastly, because Julian could not pass

the night in the house, Louis, the interloper, had the effrontery to offer to fill his place—on some preposterous excuse about burglars! And the fellow was so polite and so persuasive, with his finicking elegance. By virtue of a strange faculty not uncommon in human nature Julian loathed Louis' good manners and appearance—and acutely envied them.

He burst out with scarcely controlled savagery:

"A lot of good you'd be, with burglars!"

The women were outraged by his really shocking rudeness. Rachel bit her lip and began to fold up the cloth. Mrs. Maldon's head slightly trembled. Louis alone maintained a perfect equanimity. It was as if he were invulnerable.

"You never know—!" he smiled amiably and shrugged his shoulders. Then he finished his operation on the fire.

"I'm sure it's very kind and thoughtful of you, Louis," said Mrs. Maldon, driven to acceptance by Julian's monstrous behavior.

"Moreover," Louis urbanely continued, smoothing down his trousers with a long perpendicular caress as he usually did after any bending, "moreover, there's always my revolver."

He gave a short laugh.

"Revolver!" exclaimed Mrs. Maldon, intimidated by the mere name. Then she smiled, in an effort to reassure herself. "Louis, you are a tease. You really shouldn't tease me."

"I'm not," said Louis, with that careful air of false bland casualness which he would invariably employ for his more breath-taking announcements. "I always carry a loaded revolver."

The fearful word "loaded" sank into the heart of the old woman, and thrilled her. It was a fact that for some weeks past Louis had been carrying a revolver. At intervals the craze for firearms seizes the fashionable youth of a provincial town, like the craze for marbles at school, and then dies away. In the present instance it had been originated by the misadventure of a dandy with an out-of-work artisan on the fringe of Hanbridge. Nothing could be more





*Painting by C. E. Chambers*

HOLDING HIS HEAD BACK AS HE MARCHED







correct than for a man of spirit and fashion thus to arm himself in order to cow the lower orders and so cope with the threatened social revolution.

"You *don't*, Louis!" Mrs. Maldon deprecated.

"I'll show you," said Louis, feeling in his hip-pocket.

"*Please!*" protested Mrs. Maldon, and Rachel covered her face with her hands and drew back from Louis' sinister gesture. "Please don't *show* it to us!" Mrs. Maldon's tone was one of imploring entreaty. For an instant she was just like a sentimentalist who resents and is afraid of hearing the truth. She obscurely thought that if she resolutely refused to see the revolver it would somehow cease to exist. With a loaded revolver in the house the situation seemed more dangerous and more complicated than ever. There was something absolutely terrifying in the conjuncture of a loaded revolver and a secret hoard of bank-notes.

"All right! All right!" Louis relented.

Julian cut across the scene with a gruff and final:

"I must clear out of this!"

He rose.

"Must you?" said his aunt.

She did not unduly urge him to delay, for the strain of family life was exhausting her.

"I must catch the 9.48," said Julian, looking at the clock and at his watch.

Herein was yet another example of the morbid reticence which so pained Mrs. Maldon. He must have long before determined to catch the 9.48; yet he had said nothing about it till the last moment! He had said nothing even about South Africa until the news was forced from him. It had been arranged that he should come direct to Bursley station from his commercial journey in Yorkshire and Derbyshire, pass the night at his aunt's house, which was conveniently near the station, and proceed refreshed to business on the morrow. A neat arrangement, well suiting the fact of his birthday! And now he had broken it in silence, without a warning, with the baldest possible explanation! His aunt, despite her real interest in him, could never extract

from him a clear account of his doings and his movements. And this South-African excursion was the last and worst illustration of his wilful cruel harshness to her.

Nevertheless, the extreme and unimaginable remoteness of South Africa seemed to demand a special high formality in bidding him adieu, and she rendered it. If he would not permit her to superintend his packing—(he had never even let her come to his rooms!)—she could at least superintend the putting on of his overcoat. And she did. And instead of quitting him as usual at the door of the parlor she insisted on going to the front door and opening it herself. She was on her mettle. She was majestic and magnificent. By refusing to see his ill-breeding she actually did terminate its existence. She stood at the open front door with the three young ones about her, and by the force of her ideal the front door became the portal of an embassy and Julian's departure a ceremony of state. He had to shake hands all round. She raised her cheek, and he had to kiss. She said, "God bless you," and he had to say, "Thank you."

As he was descending the outer steps, the pipe case clipped under his arms, Louis threw at him:

"I say, old man."

"What?" He turned round with sharp defiance beneath the light of the street-lamp.

"How are you going to get to London to-morrow morning in time for the boat train at Waterloo, if you're staying at Knype to-night?"

Louis traveled little, but it was his foible to be learned in boat-trains and "connections."

"A friend o' mine's motoring me to Stafford at five to-morrow morning, if you want to know. I shall catch the Scotch express. Anything else?"

"Oh!" muttered Louis, checked.

Julian clanked the gate and vanished up the street, Mrs. Maldon waving.

"What friend? What motor?" reflected Mrs. Maldon, sadly. "He is incorrigible with his secretiveness."

"Mrs. Maldon," said Rachel anxiously, "you look pale. Is it being in this draught?" She shut the door.



Mrs. Maldon sighed and moved away. She hesitated at the parlor door and then said:

"I must go up-stairs a moment."

## CHAPTER IV

### IN THE NIGHT

LOUIS stood hesitant and slightly impatient in the parlor, alone. A dark-blue cloth now covered the table, and in the centre of it was a large copper jar containing an evergreen plant. Of the feast no material trace remained except a few crumbs on the floor. But the room was still pervaded by the emotional effluence of the perturbed souls who had just gone; and Louis felt it, though without understanding.

Throughout the evening he had of course been preoccupied by the consciousness of having in his pocket bank-notes to a value unknown. Several times he had sought for a suitable opportunity to disclose his exciting secret. But he had found none. In practice he could not say to his aunt, before Julian and Rachel: "Auntie, I picked up a lot of bank-notes on the landing. You really ought to be more careful!" He could not even in any way refer to them. The dignity of Mrs. Maldon had intimidated him. He had decided, after Julian's announcement of departure, that he would hand them over to her, simply and undramatically and with no triumphant air, as soon as he and she should for a moment be alone together. Then Mrs. Maldon vanished up-stairs. And she had not returned. Rachel also had vanished. And he was waiting.

He desired to examine the notes, to let his eyes luxuriously rest upon them, but he dared not take them from his pocket lest one or other of the silent-footed women might surprise him by a sudden entrance. He fingered them as they lay in their covert, and the mere feel of them raised exquisite images in his mind; and at the same time the whole room and every object in the room was transformed into a secret witness which spied upon him, disquieted him, and warned him. But

the fact that the notes were intact, that nothing irremediable had occurred, reassured him and gave him strength, so that he could defy the suspicions of those senseless surrounding objects.

Within the room there was no sound but the faint regular hiss of the gas and an occasional falling together of coal in the weakening fire. Overhead, from his aunt's bedroom, vague movements were perceptible. Then these ceased, absolutely. The tension, increasing, grew too much for him, and with a curt gesture, and a self-conscious expression between a smile and a frown, he left the parlor and stood to listen in the lobby. Not for several seconds did he notice the heavy ticking of the clock, close to his ear, nor the chill draught that came under the front door. He gazed up into the obscurity at the top of the stairs. The red glow of the kitchen fire, in the distance to the right of the stairs, caught his attention at intervals. He was obsessed, almost overpowered, by the mysteriousness of the first floor. What had happened? What was happening? And suddenly an explanation swept into his brain—the obvious explanation. His aunt had missed the bank-notes and was probably at that very instant working herself into an anguish. What ought he to do? Should he run up and knock at her door? He was spared a decision by the semi-miraculous appearance of Rachel at the top of the stairs. She started.

"Oh! How you frightened me!" she exclaimed in a low voice.

He answered weakly, charmingly:

"Did I?"

"Will you please come and speak to Mrs. Maldon? She wants you."

"In her room?"

Rachel nodded and disappeared before he could ask another question. With heart beating he ascended the stairs by twos. Through the half-open door of the faintly lit room which he himself would occupy he could hear Rachel active. And then he was at the closed door of his aunt's room. "I must be jolly careful how I do it!" he thought as he knocked.

He was surprised and impressed to see Mrs. Maldon in bed. She lay on



her back, with her striking head raised high on several pillows. Nothing else of her was visible; the purple eider-down covered the whole bed without a crease.

"Hello, Auntie!" he greeted her, instinctively modifying his voice to the soft gentleness proper to the ordered and solemn chamber.

Mrs. Maldon, moving her head, looked at him in silence. He tiptoed to the foot of the bed and leaned on it gracefully. And as in the parlor his shadow had fallen on the table, so now, with the gas just behind him, it fell on the bed. The room was chilly and had a slight pharmaceutical odor.

Mrs. Maldon said, with a weak effort:

"I was feeling faint, and Rachel thought I'd better get straight to bed. I'm an old woman, Louis."

"She hasn't missed them!" he thought in a flash, and said, aloud:

"Nothing of the sort, Auntie."

He was aware of the dim reflection of himself in the mirror of the immense Victorian mahogany wardrobe to his left.

Mrs. Maldon again hesitated before speaking.

"You aren't ill, are you, Auntie?" he said in a cheerful, friendly whisper. He was touched by the poignant pathos of her great age and her debility. It rent his heart to think that she had no prospect but the grave.

She murmured, ignoring his question:

"I just wanted to tell you that you needn't go down home for your night-things—unless you specially want to, that is. I have all that's necessary here, and I've given orders to Rachel."

"Certainly, Auntie. I won't leave the house. That's all right."

No, she assuredly had not missed the notes! He was strangely uplifted. He felt almost joyous in his relief. Could he tell her now as she lay in her bed? Impossible! He would tell her in the morning. It would be cruel to disturb her now with such a revelation of her own negligence. He vibrated with sympathy for her, and he was proud to think that she appreciated the affectionate, comprehending, subdued intimacy of his attitude toward her as he leaned gracefully on the foot of

the bed, and that she admired him. He did not know, or rather he absolutely did not realize, that she was acquainted with aught against his good fame. He forgot his sins with the insouciance of an animal.

"Don't stay up too late," said Mrs. Maldon, as it were dismissing him. "A long night will do you no harm for once in a way." She smiled. "I know you'll see that everything's locked up."

He nodded soothingly, and stood upright.

"You might turn the gas down, rather low."

He tripped to the gas-bracket and put the room in obscurity. The light of the street-lamp irradiated the pale-green blinds of the two windows.

"That do?"

"Nicely, thank you! Good night, my dear. No, I'm not ill. But you know I have these little attacks. And then bed's the best place for me." Her voice seemed to expire.

He crept across the wide carpet and departed with the skill of a trained nurse, and inaudibly closed the door.

From the landing the whole of the rest of the house seemed to offer itself to him in the night as an enigmatic and alluring field of adventure. . . . Should he drop the notes under the chair on the landing, where he had found them? . . . He could not! He could not! . . . He moved to the head of the stairs, past the open door of the spare bedroom, which was now dark. He stopped at the head of the stairs, and then descended. The kitchen was lighted.

"Are you there?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Rachel.

"May I come?"

"Why, of course!" Her voice trembled.

He went toward the other young creature in the house. The old one lay above, in a different world remote and foreign. He and Rachel had the ground-floor and all its nocturnal enchantment to themselves.

Mechanically, as he went into the kitchen, he drew his cigarette-case from his pocket. It was the proper gesture



of a man in any minor crisis. He was not a frequenter of kitchens, and this visit, even more than the brief first one, seemed to him to be adventurous.

Mrs. Maldon's kitchen—or rather Rachel's—was small, warm (though the fire was nearly out), agreeable to the eye. On the left wall was a deal dresser full of crockery, and on the right, under the low window, a narrow deal table. In front, opposite the door, gleamed the range, and on either side of the range were cupboards with oak-grained doors. There was a bright steel fender before the range, and then a hearth-rug on which stood an oak rocking-chair. The floor was a friendly checker of red and black tiles. On the high mantelpiece were canisters and an alarm clock and utensils; sundry other utensils hung on the walls, among the colored images of sweet girls and Norse-like men offered by grocers and butchers under the guise of almanacs; and cupboard doors ajar dimly disclosed other utensils still, so that the kitchen had the effect of a novel, comfortable kind of workshop; which effect was helped by the clothes-drier that hung on pulley-ropes from the ceiling, next to the gas-pendent and to a stalactite of onions.

The uncurtained window, instead of showing black, gave on another interior, whitewashed, and well illuminated by the kitchen gas. This other interior had, under a previous tenant of the property, been a lean-to greenhouse, but Mrs. Maldon esteeming a scullery before a greenhouse, it had been modified into a scullery. There it was that Julian Maldon had preferred to make his toilet. One had to pass through the scullery in order to get from the kitchen into the yard. And the light of day had to pass through the imperfectly transparent glass roof of the scullery in order to reach the window of the unused room behind the parlor; and herein lay the reason why that room was unused, it being seldom much brighter than a crypt.

At the table stood Rachel, in her immense pinafore-apron, busy with knives and forks and spoons, and an enamel basin from which steam rose gently. Louis looked upon Rachel, and for the first time in his life liked

an apron! It struck him as an exceedingly piquant addition to the young woman's garments. It suited her; it set off the tints of her notable hair; and it suited the kitchen. Without delaying her work, Rachel made the protector of the house very welcome. Obviously she was in a high state of agitation. For an instant Louis feared that the agitation was due to anxiety on account of Mrs. Maldon.

"Nothing serious up with the old lady, is there?" he asked, pinching the cigarette to regularize the tobacco in it.

"Oh *no!*"

The exclamation in its absolute sincerity dissipated every trace of his apprehension. He felt gay, calmly happy, and yet excited too. He was sure, then, that Rachel's agitation was a pleasurable agitation. It was caused solely by his entrance into the kitchen, by the compliment he was paying to her kitchen! Her eyes glittered; her face shone; her little movements were electric; she was intensely conscious of herself—all because he had come into her kitchen! She could not conceal—perhaps she did not wish to conceal—the joy that his near presence inspired. Louis had had few adventures, very few, and this experience was exquisite and wondrous to him. It roused not the fatuous coxcomb, nor the Lothario, but that in him which was honest and high-spirited. A touch of the male's vanity, not surprising, was to be excused.

"Mrs. Maldon," said Rachel, "had an idea that it was *me* who'd suggested your staying all night instead of your cousin." She raised her chin, and peered at nothing through the window as she rubbed away at a spoon.

"But when?" Louis demanded, moving toward the fire. It appeared to him that the conversation had taken a most interesting turn.

"When? . . . When you brought the tray in here for me, I suppose."

"And I suppose you explained to her that I had the idea all out of my own little head?"

"I told her that I should never have dreamed of asking for such a thing!" The susceptible and proud young crea-



ture indicated that the suggestion was one of Mrs. Maldon's rare social errors, and that Mrs. Maldon had had a narrow escape of being snubbed for it by the woman of the world now washing silver. "I'm no more afraid of burglars than you are," Rachel added. "I should just like to catch a burglar here—that I should!"

Louis indulgently doubted the reality of this courage. He had been too hastily concluding that what Rachel resented was an insinuation of undue interest in himself, whereas she now made it seem that she was objecting merely to any reflection upon her valor: which was much less exciting to him. Still, he thought that both causes might have contributed to her delightful indignation.

"Why was she so keen about having one of us to sleep here to-night?" Louis inquired.

"Well, I don't know that she was," answered Rachel. "If you hadn't said anything—"

"Oh, but do you know what she said to me up-stairs?"

"No."

"She didn't want me even to go back to my digs for my things. Evidently she doesn't care for the house to be left even for half an hour."

"Well, of course old people are apt to get nervous, you know—especially when they're not well!"

"Funny, isn't it?"

There was perfect unanimity between them as to the irrational singularity and sad weakness of aged persons.

Louis remarked:

"She said you would make everything right for me up-stairs."

"I have done so—I hope," said Rachel.

"Thanks awfully!"

One part of the table was covered with newspaper. Suddenly Rachel tore a strip off the newspaper, folded the strip into a spill, and, lighting it at the gas, tendered it to Louis' unlit cigarette.

The climax of the movement was so quick and unexpected as almost to astound Louis. For he had been standing behind her, and she had not turned her head before making the spill. Per-

haps there was a faint reflection of himself in the window. Or perhaps she had eyes in her hair. Beyond doubt she was a strange, rare, angelic girl. The gesture with which she modestly offered the spill was angelic; it was divine; it was one of those phenomena which persist in a man's memory for decades. At the very instant of its happening he knew that he should never forget it.

The man of fashion blushed as he inhaled the first smoke created by her fire.

Rachel dropped the heavenly emblem, all burning, into the ash-bin of the range and resumed her work.

Louis coughed. "Any law against sitting down?" he asked.

"You're very welcome," she replied, primly.

"I didn't know I might smoke," he said.

She made no answer at first, but just as Louis had ceased to expect an answer she said:

"I should think if you can smoke in the sitting-room you can smoke in the kitchen—shouldn't you?"

"I should," said he.

There was silence, but silence not disagreeable. Louis, lolling in the chair, and slightly rocking it, watched Rachel at her task. She completely immersed spoons and forks in the warm water, and then rubbed them with a brush like a large nail-brush, giving particular attention to the inside edges of the prongs of the forks; and then she laid them all wet on a thick cloth to the right of the basin. But of the knives she immersed only the blades, and took the most meticulous care that no drop of water should reach the handles.

"I never knew knives and forks and things were washed like that," observed Louis.

"They generally aren't," said Rachel. "But they ought to be. I leave all the other washing-up for the charwoman in the morning, but I wouldn't trust these to her." (The charwoman had been washing up cutlery since before Rachel was born.) "They're all alike," said Rachel.

Louis acquiesced sagely in this broad generalization as to charwomen.



"Why don't you wash the handles of the knives?" he queried.

"It makes them come loose."

"Really?"

"Do you mean to say you didn't know that water, specially warm water with soda in it, loosens the handles?" She showed astonishment, but her gaze never left the table in front of her.

"Not me!"

"Well, I should have thought that everybody knew that. Some people use a jug, and fill it up with water just high enough to cover the blades, and stick the knives in to soak. But I don't hold with that because of the steam, you see. Steam's nearly as bad as water for the handles. And then some people drop the knives wholesale into a basin just for a second, to wash the handles. But I don't hold with that, either. What I say is that you can get the handles clean with the cloth you wipe them dry with. That's what I say."

"And so there's soda in the water?"

"A little."

"Well, I never knew that, either! It's quite a business, it seems to me."

Without doubt Louis' notions upon domestic work were being modified with extreme rapidity. In the suburb from which he sprang, domestic work—and in particular washing up—had been regarded as base, foul, humiliating, unmentionable—as toil that any slut might perform anyhow. It would have been inconceivable to him that he should admire a girl in the very act of washing up. Young ladies, even in exclusive suburban families, were sometimes forced by circumstances to wash up—of that he was aware—but they washed up in secret and in shame, and it was proper for all parties to pretend that they never had washed up. And here was Rachel converting the horrid process into a dignified and impressive ritual. She made it as fine as fine needlework—so exact, so dainty, so proud were the motions of her fingers and her forearms. Obviously washing up was an art, and the delicate operation could not be scamped nor hurried. . . .

The triple pile of articles on the cloth grew slowly, but it grew; and then Rachel, having taken a fresh

white cloth from a hook, began to wipe, and her wiping was an art. She seemed to recognize each fork as a separate individuality, and to attend to it as to a little animal. Whatever her view of charwomen, never would she have said of forks that they were all alike.

Louis felt in his hip pocket for his reserve cigarette-case.

And Rachel immediately said with her back to him:

"Have you really got a revolver, or were you teasing—just now in the parlor?"

It was then that he perceived a small unframed mirror, hung at the height of her face on the broad central perpendicular bar of the old-fashioned window-frame. Through this mirror the chit—so he named her in his mind at the instant—had been surveying him!

"Yes," he said, producing the second cigarette-case, "I was only teasing." He lit a fresh cigarette from the end of the previous one.

"Well," said she, "you did frighten Mrs. Maldon. I was so sorry for her."

"And what about you? Weren't you frightened?"

"Oh no! I wasn't frightened. I guessed, somehow, you were only teasing."

"Well, I just wasn't teasing, then!" said Louis, triumphantly yet with benevolence. And he drew a revolver from his pocket.

She turned her head now, and glanced neutrally at the incontestable revolver for a second. But she made no remark whatever, unless the pouting of her tightly shut lips and a mysterious smile amounted to a remark.

Louis adopted an indifferent tone:

"Strange that the old lady should be so nervous just to-night—isn't it?—seeing these burglars have been knocking about for over a fortnight. Is this the first time she's got excited about it?"

"Yes, I think it is," said Rachel, faintly, as it were submissively, with no sign of irritation against him.

With their air of worldliness and mature wisdom they twittered on like a couple of sparrows—inconsequently, capriciously; and nothing that they said



had the slightest originality, weight, or importance. But they both thought that their conversation was full of significance; which it was, though they could not explain it to themselves. What they happened to say did not matter in the least. If they had recited the Koran to each other the inexplicable significance of their words would have been the same.

Rachel faced him again, leaning her hands behind her on the table, and said with the most enchanting, persuasive friendliness:

"I wasn't frightened—truly! I don't know why I looked as though I was."

"You mean about the revolver—in the sitting-room?" He jumped nimbly back after her to the revolver question.

"Yes. Because I'm quite used to revolvers, you know. My brother had one. Only his was a Colt—one of those long things."

"Your brother, eh?"

"Yes. Did you know him?"

"I can't say I did," Louis replied, with some constraint.

Rachel said with generous enthusiasm:

"He's a wonderful shot, my brother is!"

Louis was curiously touched by the warmth of her reference to her brother. In the daily long monotonous column of advertisements headed succinctly "Money" in the *Staffordshire Signal*, there once used to appear the following invitation: "WE NEVER REFUSE a loan to a responsible applicant. No fussy inquiries. Distance no object. Reasonable terms. Strictest privacy. £3 to £10,000. Apply personally or by letter. Lovelace Curzon, 7 Colclough Street, Knype." Upon a day Louis had chosen that advertisement from among its rivals, and had written to Lovelace Curzon. But on the very next day he had come into his thousand pounds, and so had lost the advantage of business relations with Lovelace Curzon. Lovelace Curzon, as he had learnt later, was Reuben Fleckring, Rachel's father. Or, more accurately, Lovelace Curzon was Reuben Fleckring, junior, Rachel's brother, a young man in a million. Reuben, senior, had been for many years an entirely medi-

ocre and ambitionless clerk in a large works where Julian Maldon had learnt potting, when Reuben, junior (whom he blindly adored), had dragged him out of clerkship, and set him up as the nominal registered head of a money-lending firm. An amazing occurrence! At that time Reuben, junior, was a minor, scarcely eighteen. Yet his turn for finance had been such that he had already amassed reserves, and—without a drop of Jewish blood in his veins—possessed confidence enough to compete in their own field with the acutest Hebrews of the district. Reuben, senior, was the youth's tool.

In a few years Lovelace Curzon had made a mighty and terrible reputation in the world where expenditures exceed incomes. And then the subterranean news of the day—not reported in the *Signal*—was that something serious had happened to Lovelace Curzon. And the two Fleckrings went to America, the father, as usual, hypnotized by the son. And they left no wrack behind save Rachel.

It was at this period—only a few months previous to the opening of the present narrative—that the district had first heard aught of the women-folk of the Fleckrings. An aunt, sister of Reuben senior—it appeared—had died several years earlier; since when Rachel had alone kept house for her brother and her father. According to rumor the three had lived in the simplicity of relative poverty, utterly unvisited except by clients. No good smell of money had ever escaped from the small front room which was employed as an office into the domestic portion of the house. It was alleged that Rachel had existed in perfect ignorance of all details of the business. It was also alleged that when the sudden crisis arrived her brother had told her that she would not be taken to America, and that, briefly, she must shift for herself in the world. It was alleged further that he had given her forty-five pounds. (Why forty-five pounds and not fifty, none knew.) The whole affair had begun and finished—and the house was sold up—in four days. Public opinion in the street and in Knype blew violently against the



two Reubens, but as they were on the Atlantic it did not affect them. Rachel, with scarcely an acquaintance in the world in which she was to shift for herself, found that she had a streetful of friends! It transpired that everybody had always divined that she was a girl of admirable efficient qualities. She behaved as though her brother and father had behaved in a quite usual and proper manner. Assistance in the enterprise of shifting for herself she welcomed, but not sympathy. The devotion of the Fleckring women began to form a legend. People said that Rachel's aunt had been another such creature as Rachel.

Hence the effect on Louis, who through his aunt and his cousin was acquainted with the main facts and surmises, of Rachel's glowing reference to the vanished Reuben.

"Where did your brother practise?" he asked.

"In the cellar."

"Of course it's easier with a long barrel."

"Is it?" she said, incredulously. "You should see my brother's score-card the first time he shot at that new miniature rifle-range in Hanbridge!"

"Why? Is it anything special?"

"Well, you should see it. Five bulls all cutting into each other."

"I should have liked to see that."

"I've got it up-stairs in my trunk," said she, proudly. "I dare say I'll show it you sometime."

"I wish you would," he urged.

Such loyalty moved him deeply. Louis had had no sisters. And his youthful suburban experience of other people's sisters had not fostered any belief that loyalty was an outstanding quality of sisters. Like very numerous young men of the day, he had passed an unfavorable judgment upon young women. He had found them greedy for diversion, amazingly ruthless in their determination to exact the utmost possible expensiveness of pleasure in return for their casual society, hard, cruelly clever in conversation, efficient in certain directions, but hating any sustained effort, and either socially or artistically or politically snobbish. Snobs all! Money-worshipers all!...

Well, nearly all! It mattered not whether you were one of the dandies or one of the hatless or Fletcherite corps that lolled on foot or on bicycles, or shot on motor-cycles, through the prim streets of the suburb—the young women would not remain in dalliance with you for the mere sake of your beautiful eyes. Because they were girls they would take all that you had and more, and give you nothing but insolence or condescension in exchange. Such was Louis' judgment, and scores of times he had confirmed it in private saloon-lounge talk with his compeers. It had not, however, rendered the society of these unconscionable and cold female creatures distasteful to him. Not a bit! He had even sought it and been ready to pay for that society in the correct manner—even to imperturbably begging himself of his final sixpence in order to do the honors of the latest cinema. Only, he had a sense of human superiority. It certainly did not occur to him that in the victimized young men there might exist faults which complemented those of the parasitic young women.

And now he contrasted these young women with Rachel! And he fell into a dreamy mood of delight in her. . . . Her gesture in lighting his cigarette! Marvelous! Tear-compelling! . . . Flippancy dropped away from him. . . . She liked him. With the most alluring innocence, she did not conceal that she liked him. He remembered that the last time he called at his aunt's he had remarked something strange, something disturbing, in Rachel's candid demeanor toward himself. He had made an impression on her! He had given her the lightning-stroke! No shadow of a doubt as to his own worthiness crossed his mind.

What did cross his mind was that she was not quite of his own class. In the suburb, where "sets" are divided one from another by unscalable barriers, she could not have aspired to him. But in the kitchen, now become the most beautiful and agreeable and romantic interior that he had ever seen—in the kitchen he could somehow perceive with absolute clearness that the snobbery of caste was silly, negligible,



laughable, contemptible. Yes, he could perceive all that! Life in the kitchen seemed ideal—life with that loyalty and that candor and that charm and that lovely seriousness! Moreover, he could teach her. She had already blossomed—in a fortnight. She was blossoming. She would blossom further.

Odd that, when he had threatened to pull out a revolver, she, so accustomed to revolvers, should have taken a girlish alarm! That queer detail of her behavior was extraordinarily seductive. But far beyond everything else it was the grand loyalty of her nature that drew him. He wanted to sink into it as into a bed of down. He really needed it. Enveloped in that loving loyalty of a creature who gave all and demanded nothing, he felt that he could truly be his best self, that he could work marvels. His eyes were moist with righteous ardor.

The cutlery reposed in a green-lined basket. She had doffed the apron and hung it behind the scullery door. With all the delicious curves of her figure newly revealed, she was reaching the alarm-clock down from the mantelpiece, and then she was winding it up. The ratchet of the wheel clacked, and the hurried ticking was loud. In the grate of the range burned one spot of gloomy red.

"Your bedtime, I suppose," he murmured, rising elegantly.

She smiled. She said:

"Shall you lock up, or shall I?"

"Oh! I think I know all the tricks," he replied, and thought: "She's a pretty direct sort of girl, anyway!"

About an hour later he went up to his room. It was a fact that everything had been made right for him. The gas burned low. He raised it, and it shone directly upon the wash-stand which glittered with the ivory glaze of large earthenware, and the whiteness of towels that displayed all the creases of their folding. There was a new cake of soap in the ample soap-dish, and a new tooth-brush in a sheath of transparent paper lay on the marble. "Rather complete, this!" he reflected. The nail-brush—an article in which he specialized—was worn, but it was worn

evenly and had cost good money. The water-bottle dazzled him; its polished clarity was truly crystalline. He could not remember ever having seen a toilet-array so shining with strict cleanness. Indeed, it was probable that he had never set eyes on an absolutely clean water-bottle before; the qualities associated with water-bottles in his memory were semi-opacity and spottiness.

The dressing-table matched the wash-stand. A carriage-clock in leather had been placed on the mantelpiece. In front of the mantelpiece was an old embroidered fire-screen. Peeping between the screen and the grate, he saw that a fire had been scientifically laid, ready for lighting; but some bits of paper and oddments on the top of the coal showed that it was not freshly laid. The grate had a hob at one side, and on this was a small bright tin kettle. The bed was clearly a good bed, resilient, softly garnished. On it was stretched a long striped garment of flannel, with old-fashioned pearl buttons at neck and sleeves. An honest garment, quite surely unshrinkable. No doubt in the sixties, long before the mind of man had leaped to the fine perverse conception of the decorated pajama, this garment had enjoyed the fullest correctness. Now, after perhaps forty years in the cupboards of Mrs. Maldon, it seemed to recall the more excellent attributes of an already forgotten past, and to rebuke what was degenerate in the present.

Louis, ranging over his experiences in the disorderly and mean pretentiousness of the suburban home, and in the discomfort of various lodgings, appreciated the grave, comfortable benignity of that bedroom. Its appeal to his senses was so strong that it became for him almost luxurious. The bedroom at his latest lodgings was full of boot-trees and trouser-stretchers and coat-holders, but it was a paltry thing and a grimy. He saw the daily and hourly advantages of marriage with a loving, simple woman whose house was her pride. He had a longing for solidities, certitudes, and righteousness.

Musing delectably, he drew aside the crimson curtain from the window and beheld the same prospect that Ra-



chel had beheld on her walk toward Friendly Street—the obscurity of the park, the chain of lamps down the slope of Moorthorne Road, and the distant fires of industry still farther beyond, toward Toft End. He had hated the foul, sordid, ragged prospects and vistas of the Five Towns when he came new to them from London, and he had continued to hate them. They desolated him. But to-night he thought of them sympathetically. It was as if he was divining in them for the first time a recondite charm. He remembered what an old citizen named Dain had said one evening at the Conservative Club: “People may say what they choose about Bursley. I’ve just returned from London and I tell thee I was glad to get back. I *like* Bursley.” A grotesque saying, he had thought then. Yet now he positively felt himself capable of sharing the sentiment. Rachel in the kitchen, and the kitchen in the town, and the town amid those scarred and smoking hillocks! . . . Invisible phenomena! Mysterious harmonies! The influence of the night solaced and uplifted him and bestowed on him new faculties of perception.

At length, deciding, after characteristic procrastination, that he must really go to bed, he wound up his watch and put it on the dressing-table. His pockets had to be emptied and his clothes hung or folded. His fingers touched the notes in the left-hand outside pocket of his coat. Not for one instant had the problem of the bank-notes been absent from his mind. Throughout the conversation with Rachel, throughout the interval between her retirement and his own, throughout his meditations in the bedroom, he had not once escaped from the obsession of the bank-notes and their problem. He knew now how the problem must be solved. There was, after all, only one solution, and it was extremely simple. He must put the notes back where he had found them, underneath the chair on the landing. If advisable, he might rediscover them in the morning and surrender them immediately. But they must not remain in his room during the night.

He must not examine them—he must not look at them.

He approached the door quickly, lest he might never reach the door. But he was somehow forced to halt at the wardrobe, to see if it had coat-holders. It had one coat-holder. . . . His hand was on the door-knob. He turned it with every species of precaution—and it complained loudly in the still night. The door opened, with a terrible explosive noise of protest. He gazed into the darkness of the landing, and presently, by the light from the bedroom, could distinguish the vague boundaries of it. The chair, invisible, was to the left. He opened the door wider to the nocturnal riddle of the house. His hand clasped the notes in his pocket. No sound! He listened for the ticking of the lobby clock and could not catch it. He listened more intently. It was impossible that he should not hear the ticking of the lobby clock. Was he dreaming? Was he under some delusion? Then it occurred to him that the lobby clock must have run down or otherwise stopped. Clocks did stop. . . . And then his heart bounded and his flesh crept. He had heard footsteps somewhere below. Or were the footsteps merely in his imagination?

Alone in the parlor, after Rachel had gone to bed, he had spent some time in gazing at the *Signal*; for there had been absolutely nothing else to do, and he could not have thought of sleep at such an early hour. It is true that, with his intense preoccupations, he had for the most part gazed uncomprehendingly at the *Signal*. The tale of the latest burglaries, however, had by virtue of its intrinsic interest reached his brain through his eyes, and had impressed him, despite preoccupations. And now, as he stood in the gloom at the door of his bedroom and waited feverishly for the sound of more footsteps, it was inevitable that visions of burglars should disturb him.

The probability of burglars visiting any particular house in the town was infinitely slight—his common sense told him that. But supposing—just supposing—that they actually had chosen his aunt’s abode for their prey! . . . .



Conceivably they had learnt that Mrs. Maldon was to have a large sum of money under her roof. Conceivably a complex plan had been carefully laid. Conceivably one of the great burglaries of criminal history might be in progress. It was not impossible. No wonder that, with bank-notes loose all over the place, his shockingly negligent auntie should have special qualms concerning burglars on that night of all nights! Fortunate indeed that he carried a revolver, that the revolver was loaded, and that he had some skill to use it! A dramatic surprise—his gun and the man behind it—for burglars who had no doubt counted on having to deal with a mere couple of women! He had but to remove his shoes and creep down the stairs. He felt at the revolver in his pocket. Often had he pictured himself in the act of calmly triumphing over burglars or other villains.

Then, with no further hesitation, he silently closed the door—on the inside! . . . How could there be burglars in the house? The suspicion was folly. What he had heard could be naught but the ghostly cracking and yielding of an old building at night. Was it not notorious that the night was full of noises? And even if burglars had entered! . . . Better, safer, to ignore them! They could not make off with a great deal, for the main item of prey happened to be in his own pocket. Let them search for the treasure! If they had the effrontery to come searching in his bedroom, he would give them a reception! Let them try! He looked at the revolver, holding it beneath the gas. Could he aim it at a human being? . . .

Or—another explanation—possibly Rachel, having forgotten something or having need of something, had gone down-stairs for it. He had not thought of that. But what more natural? Sudden toothache—a desire for laudanum—a visit to a store cupboard: such was the classic order of events.

He listened, secure within the four walls of his bedroom. He smiled. He could have fancied that he heard an electric bell ring ever so faintly at a distance—in the next house, in the next world.

He laughed to himself.

Then at length he moved again toward the door; and he paused in front of it. There were no burglars! The notion of burglars was idiotic! He must put the notes back under the chair. His whole salvation depended upon his putting the notes back under the chair on the landing! . . . An affair of two seconds! . . . With due caution he opened the door. And simultaneously, at the very self-same instant, he most distinctly heard the click of the latch of his aunt's bedroom door, next his own! Now, in a horrible quandary, trembling and perspiring, he felt completely nonplussed. He pushed his own door to, but without quite closing it, for fear of a noise; and edged away from it toward the fireplace.

Had his aunt wakened up, and felt a misgiving about the notes, and found that they were not where they ought to be?

No further sound came through the crack of his door. In the dwelling absolute silence seemed to be established. He stood thus for an indefinite period in front of the fireplace, the brain's action apparently suspended, until his agitation was somewhat composed. And then, because he had no clear plan in his head, he put his hands into the pocket containing the notes and drew them out. And immediately he was aware of a pleasant feeling of relief, as one who, after battling against a delicious and shameful habit, yields and is glad. The beauty of the notes was eternal; no use could stale it. Their intoxicating effect on him was just as powerful now as before supper. And now, as then, the mere sight of them filled him with a passionate conviction that without them he would be ruined. His tricks to destroy the suspicions of Horrocleave could not possibly be successful. Within twenty-four hours he might be in prison if he could not forthwith command a certain sum of money. And even possessing the money, he would still have an extremely difficult part to play. It would be necessary for him to arrive early at the works, to change notes for gold in the safe, to erase many of his



penciled false additions, to devise a postponement of his crucial scene with Horrocleave, and lastly to invent a plausible explanation of the piling up of a cash reserve.

If he had not been optimistic and an incurable procrastinator and believer in luck at the last moment, he would have seen that nothing but a miracle could save him if Horrocleave were indeed suspicious. Happily for his peace of mind, he was incapable of looking a fact in the face. Against all reason he insisted to himself that with the notes he might reach salvation. He did not trouble even to estimate the chances of the notes being traced by their numbers. Such is the magic force of a weak character.

But he powerfully desired not to steal the notes, or any of them. The image of Rachel rose between him and his temptation. Her honesty, candor, loyalty, had revealed to him the beauty of the ways of righteousness. He had been born again in her glance. He swore he would do nothing unworthy of the ideal she had unconsciously set up in him. He admitted that it was supremely essential for him to restore the notes to the spot whence he had removed them . . . . And yet—if he did so, and was lost? What then? For one second he saw himself in the dock at the police-court in the town hall. Awful hallucination! If it became reality, what use, then, his obedience to the new ideal? Better to accomplish this one act of treason to the ideal in order to be able for ever afterward to obey it and to look Rachel in the eyes! Was it not so? He wanted advice, he wanted to be confirmed in his own opportunism, as a starving beggar may want food.

And in the midst of all this torture of his vacillations, he was staggered and overwhelmed by the sudden noise of Mrs. Maldon's door brusquely opening, and of an instant loud, firm knock on his own door. The silence of the night was shattered as by an earthquake.

Almost mechanically he crushed the notes in his left hand—crushed them into a ball; and the knuckles of that hand turned white with the muscular tension.

"Are you up?" a voice demanded. It was Rachel's voice.

"Ye-es," he answered, and held his left hand over the screen in front of the fireplace.

"May I come in?"

And with the word she came in. She was summarily dressed, and very pale, and her hair, more notable than ever, was down. As she entered he opened his hand and let the ball of notes drop into the littered grate.

"Anything the matter?" he asked, moving away from the region of the hearth-rug.

She glanced at him with a kind of mild indulgence, as if to say: "Surely you don't suppose I should be wandering about in the night like this if nothing was the matter!"

She replied, speaking quickly and eagerly:

"I'm so glad you aren't in bed. I want you to go and fetch the doctor—at once."

"Auntie ill?"

She gave him another glance like the first, as if to say: "*I'm* not ill, and *you* aren't. And Mrs. Maldon is the only other person in the house—"

"I'll go instantly," he added in haste. "Which doctor?"

"Yardley, in Park Road. It's near the corner of Axe Street. You'll know it by the yellow gate—even if his lamp isn't lighted."

"I thought old Hawley up at Hillport was auntie's doctor."

"I believe he is, but you couldn't get up to Hillport in less than half an hour, could you?"

"Not so serious as all that, is it?"

"Well, you never know. Best to be on the safe side. It's not quite like one of her usual attacks. She's been upset. She actually went downstairs."

"I thought I heard somebody. Did you hear her, then?"

"No, she rang for me afterward. There's a little electric bell over my bed, from her room."

"And I heard that too," said Louis.

"Will you ask Dr. Yardley to come at once?"

"I'm off," said he. "What a good thing I wasn't in bed!"



"What a good thing you're here at all!" Rachel murmured, suddenly smiling.

He was waiting anxiously for her to leave the room again. But instead of leaving it she came to the fireplace and looked behind the screen. He trembled.

"Oh! That kettle *is* there! I thought it must be!" And picked it up.

Then, with the kettle in one hand, she went to a large cupboard let into the wall opposite the door, and opened it.

"You know Park Road, I suppose," she turned to him.

"Yes, yes, I'm off!"

He was obliged to go, surrendering the room to her. As he descended the stairs he heard her come out of the room. She was following him down-stairs. "Don't bang the door," she whispered. "I'll come and shut it after you."

The next moment he had undone the door and was down the front steps and in the solitude of Bycars Lane. He ran up the street, full of the one desire to accomplish his errand and be back again in the spare bedroom alone. The notes were utterly safe where they lay, and yet—astounding events might happen. Was it not a unique coincidence that on this very night and no other his aunt should fall ill, and that as a result Rachel should take him unawares at the worst moment of his dilemma? And further, could it be the actual fact, as he had been wildly guessing only a few minutes earlier, that his aunt had at last missed the notes? Could it be that it was this discovery which had upset her and brought on an attack? . . . An attack of what?

He swerved at the double into Park Road, which was a silent desert watched over by forlorn gas-lamps. He saw the yellow gate. The yellow gate clanged after him. He searched in the deep shadow of the porch for the button of the night-bell, and had to strike a match in order to find it. He rang; waited and waited; rang again; waited; rang a third time, keeping his finger hard on the button. Then arose and expired a flickering light in the hall of the house.

"That 'll do! That 'll do! You

needn't wear the bell out." He could hear the irritated accents through the glazed front door.

A dim figure in a dressing-gown opened.

"Are you Dr. Yardley?" Louis gasped between rapid breaths.

"What is it?" The question was savage.

With his extraordinary instinctive amiability Louis smiled naturally and persuasively.

"You're wanted at Mrs. Maldon's, Bycars. Awfully sorry to disturb you."

"Oh!" said the dressing-gown in a changed, interested tone. "Mrs. Maldon's! Right. I'll follow you."

"You'll come at once?" Louis urged.

"I shall come at once."

The door was curtly closed.

"So that's how you call a doctor in the middle of the night!" thought Louis, and ran off. He had scarcely deciphered the man's face.

The return, being chiefly downhill, was less exhausting. As he approached his aunt's house he saw that there was a light on the ground-floor as well as in the front bedroom. The door opened as he swung the gate. The lobby gas had been lighted. Rachel was waiting for him. Her hair was tied up now. The girl looked wise, absurdly so. It was as though she was engaged in the act of being equal to the terrible occasion.

"He's coming," said Louis.

"You've been frightfully quick!" said she, as if triumphantly. She appeared to glory in the crisis.

He passed within as she held the door. He was frantic to rush up-stairs to the fireplace in his room; but he had to seem deliberate.

"And what next?" he inquired.

"Well, nothing. It'll be best for you to sit in your bedroom for a bit. That's the only place where there's a fire—and it's rather chilly at this time of night."

"A fire?" he repeated, incredulous and yet awestruck.

"I knew you wouldn't mind," said she. "It just happened there wasn't two drops of methylated spirits left in the house, and as there was a fire laid in your room, I put a match to it. I must have hot water ready, you see. And Mrs. Maldon only has one of those



old-fashioned gas-stoves in her bedroom—"

"I see," he agreed.

They mounted the steps together. The grate in his room was a mass of pleasant flames in the midst of which gleamed the bright kettle.

"How is she now?" He asked in a trance. And he felt as though it was another man in his own body who was asking.

"Oh! It's not very serious, I hope," said Rachel, kneeling to coax the fire with a short wiry poker. "Only you never know. I'm just going in again. . . . She seems to lose all her vitality—that's what's apt to frighten you."

The girl looked wise—absurdly, deliciously wise. The spectacle of her engaged in the high act of being equal to the occasion was exquisite. But Louis had no eye for it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## Afterward

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

THERE is one thing, O God,  
I ask. . . . When I am dead,  
And high above my narrow home  
The clouds float overhead,

Let me not then forget  
In dreamless hours of ease,  
In immemorial years of sleep,  
Earth's ancient symphonies.

I would remember still  
The silver pomp of spring,  
And all the rush of leaf and bloom,  
The songs the wild birds sing.

Yea, and I would recall,  
However bleak they seem,  
The little sorrows of the world  
In a long, lovely dream;

The old hopes that I lost,  
The griefs that were like rain,  
And the hushed anguish of my heart  
When it was torn with pain.

Death may be dear, O God,  
But Life is dearer yet. . . .  
When I am dumb beneath the sod,  
Ah! let me not forget.



# Petronella

BY TEMPLE BAILEY



If you loved a man, and knew that he loved you, and he wouldn't ask you to marry him, what would you do?"

The Admiral surveyed his grand-niece thoughtfully. "What do you expect to do, my dear?"

Petronella stopped on the snowy top step and looked down at him. "Who said I had anything to do with it?" she demanded.

The Admiral's old eyes twinkled. "Let me come in, and tell me about it."

Petronella smiled at him over her big muff. "If you'll promise not to stay after five, I'll give you a cup of tea."

"Who's coming at five?"

The color flamed into Petronella's cheeks. In her white coat and white furs, with her wind-blown brown hair, her beauty satisfied even the Admiral's critical survey, and he hastened to follow his question by the assertion. "Of course I'll come in."

Petronella, with her coat off, showed a slenderness which was enhanced by the straight lines of her white wool gown, with the long sleeves fur-edged, and with fur at the top of the high, transparent collar. She wore her hair curled over her ears and low on her forehead, which made of her face a small and delicate oval. In the big hall, with a roaring fire in the wide fireplace, she dispensed comforting hospitality to the adoring Admiral. And when she had given him his tea she sat on a stool at his feet. "Oh, wise great-uncle," she said, "I am going to tell you about the Man!"

"Have I ever seen him?"

"No. I met him in London last year, and—well, you know what a trip home on shipboard means, with all the women shut up in their cabins, and with moonlight nights, and nobody on deck—"

"So it was an affair of moonlight and propinquity?"

After a pause: "No, it was an affair of the only man in the world for me."

"My dear child—!"

Out of a long silence she went on: "He thought I was poor. You know how quietly I traveled with Miss Danvers. And he didn't associate Nell Hewlett with Petronella Hewlett of New York and Great Rock. And so—well, you know, uncle, he let himself go, and I let myself go, and then—"

She drew a long breath. "When we landed, things stopped. He had found out who I was, and he wrote me a little note, and said he would never forget our friendship—and that's—all."

She finished drearily, and the bluff old Admiral cleared his throat. There was something wrong with the scheme of things when his Petronella couldn't have the moon if she wanted it!

"And what can I do—what can any woman do?" Petronella demanded, turning on him. "I can't go to him and say, 'Please marry me.' I can't even think it"; her cheeks burned. "And he'd die before *he'd* say another word, and I suppose that now we'll go on growing old, and I'll get thinner and thinner, and he'll get fatter and fatter, and I'll be an old maid, and he'll marry some woman who's poor enough to satisfy his pride, and—well, that will be the end of it, uncle."

"The end of it?" said the gentleman who had once commanded a squadron. "Well, I guess not, Petronella, if you want him. Oh, the man's a fool!"

"He's not a fool, uncle." The sparks in Petronella's eyes matched the sparks in the Admiral's.

"Well, if he's worthy of you—"

Petronella laid her cheek against his hand. "The question is not," she said, faintly, "of his worthiness, but of mine, dear uncle."

Dumbly the Admiral gazed down at that drooping head. Could this be Petronella—confident, imperious, the



daughter of a confident and imperious race?

He took refuge in the question, "But who is coming at five?"

"He is coming. He is passing through Boston on his way to visit his mother in Maine. I asked him to come. I told him I was down here by the sea, and intended to spend Christmas at Great Rock because you were here, and because this was the house I lived in when I was a little girl, and that I wanted him to see it; and—I told him the truth, uncle."

"The truth?"

"That I missed him. That was all I dared say, and I wish you had read his note of assent. Such a stiff little thing. It threw me back upon myself, and I wished that I hadn't written him—I wished that he wouldn't come. Oh, uncle, if I were a man, I'd give a woman the right to choose. That's the reason there are so many unhappy marriages. Nine wrong men ask a woman, and the tenth right one *won't*. And finally she gets tired of waiting for the tenth right one, and marries one of the nine wrong ones."

"There are women to-day," said the Admiral, "who are preaching a woman's right to propose."

Petronella gazed at him, thoughtfully. "I could preach a doctrine like that—but I couldn't practise it. It's easy enough to say to some other woman, 'Ask him,' but it's different when you are the woman."

"Yet if he asked you," suggested the Admiral, "the world might say that he wanted your money."

"Why should we care what the world would say?" Petronella was on her feet now, defending her cause vigorously. "Why should we care? Why, it's our love against the world, uncle! Why should we care?"

The Admiral stood up, too, and paced the rug as in former days he had paced the decks. "There must be some way out," he said at last, and stopped short. "Suppose I speak to him—"

"And spoil it all! Oh, uncle!" Petronella shook him by the lapels of his blue coat. "A man never knows how a woman feels about such things. Even you don't, you old darling. And now will you please go; and take this because

I love you," and she kissed him on one cheek, "and this because it is a quarter to five and you'll have to hurry," and she kissed him on the other cheek.

The Admiral, being helped into his big cape in the hall, called back, "I forgot to give you your Christmas present," and he produced a small package.

"Come here and let me open it," Petronella insisted. And the Admiral, without a glance at the accusing clock, went back. And thus it happened that he was there to meet the Man.

It must be confessed that the Admiral suffered a distinct shock as he was presented to the hero of Petronella's romance. Here was no courtly youth of the type of the military male line of Petronella's family, but a muscular young giant of masterful bearing. The Hewlett men had commanded men; one could see at a glance that Justin Hare had also commanded women. This, the wise old Admiral decided at once, was the thing which had attracted Petronella—Petronella, who had held her own against all masculine encroachments, and who was heart-free at twenty-five!

"Look what this dearest dear of an uncle has given me," said Petronella, and held up for the young surgeon's admiration a string of pearls with a sapphire clasp. "They belonged to my great-aunt. I was named for her, and uncle says I look like her."

"You have her eyes, my dear, and some of her ways. But she was less independent. In her time women leaned more, as it were, on man's strength."

Justin Hare looked at them with interest—at the slender girl in her white gown, at the tall, straight old man with his air of command.

"Women in these days do not lean," he said, with decision; "they lead."

A spark came into Petronella's eyes. "And do you like the modern type best?" she challenged.

He answered with smiling directness, "I like you."

The Admiral was pleased with that, though he was still troubled by this man's difference from the men of his own race. Yet if back of that honest bluntness there was a heart which would enshrine her—well, that was all he would ask for this dearest of girls.





*Drawn by Denman Fink*

"SO IT WAS AN AFFAIR OF MOONLIGHT AND PROPINQUITY?"



He glanced at the clock, and spoke hurriedly: "I must be going, my dear; it is long after five."

"Must you really go?" asked the mendacious Petronella.

An hour later she was alone. The visit had been a failure. She admitted that, as she gazed with a sort of agonized dismay through the wide window to where the sea was churned by the wildness of the northeast gale. Snow had come with the wind, shutting out the view of the great empty hotels on the Point, shutting out, too, the golden star of hope which gleamed from the top of the lighthouse.

Petronella turned away from the blank scene with a little shudder. Thus had Justin Hare shut her out of his life. He had talked of his mother in Maine, of his hospital plans for the winter, but not a word had he said of those moonlight nights when he had masterfully swayed her by the force of his own passion, had wooed her, won her.

And now there was nothing that she could do. There was never anything that a woman could do! And so she must bear it. Oh, if she could bear it!

A little later, when a maid slipped in to light the candles, Petronella said out of the shadows, "When Jenkins goes to the post-office, I have a parcel for the mail."

"He's been, miss, and there won't be any train out to-night; the snow has stopped the trains."

"Not any train!" At first the remark held little significance, but finally the fact beat against her brain. If the one evening train could not leave, then Justin Hare must stay in town, and he would have to stay until Christmas morning!

Petronella went at once to the telephone, and called up the only hotel which was open at that season. Presently she had Hare at the other end of the line.

"You must come to my house to dinner," she said. "Jenkins has told me about your train. Please don't dress—there'll be only Miss Danvers and uncle; and you shall help me trim my little tree."

Although she told him not to dress, she changed her gown for one of dull

green velvet, built on the simple lines of the white wool she had worn in the afternoon. The square neck was framed by a collar of Venetian point, and there was a queer old pin of pearls.

The Admiral, arriving early, demanded: "My dear, what is this? I was just sitting down to bread and milk and a handful of raisins, and now I must dine in six courses, and drink coffee, which will keep me awake."

She laid her cheek against his arm. "Mr. Hare's train couldn't get out of town on account of the snow."

"And he's coming?"

"Yes."

"But what of this afternoon, my dear?"

She slipped her hand into his, and they stood gazing into the fire. "It was dreadful, uncle. I had a feeling that I had compelled him to come—against his will."

"Yet you have asked him to come again to-night?"

She shivered a little, and her hand was cold. "Perhaps I shall regret it—but oh, uncle, can't I have for this one evening the joy of his presence? And if to-morrow my heart dies—"

"Nella, my dear child—"

The Admiral's own Petronella had never drawn in this way upon his emotions. She had been gentle, perhaps a little cold. But then he had always worshiped at her shrine. Perhaps a woman denied the love she yearns for learns the value of it. At any rate, here in his arms was the dearest thing in his lonely life, sobbing as if her heart would break.

When Justin came, a half-hour later, he found them still in front of the fire in the great hall, and as she rose to welcome him he saw that Petronella had been sitting on a stool at her uncle's feet.

"When I was a little girl," she explained, when Hare had taken a chair on the hearth and she had chosen another with a high, carved back, in which she sat with her silken ankles crossed and the tips of her slipper toes resting on a leopard-skin which the Admiral had brought back from India—"when I was a little girl we always spent Christmas Eve in this house by the sea instead of in town. We were all here then—mother and dad and dear Aunt Pet,



and we hung our stockings at this very fireplace—and now there is no one but Miss Danvers and me, and uncle, who lives up aloft in his big house across the way, where he has a lookout tower. I always feel like calling up to him when I go there, 'Oh, Anne, Sister Anne, do you see anybody coming?'"

She was talking nervously, with her cheeks as white as a lily, but with her eyes shining. The Admiral glanced at Hare. The young man was drinking in her beauty. But suddenly he frowned and turned away his eyes.

"It was very good of you to ask me over," he said, formally.

That steadied Petronella. Her nervous self-consciousness fled, and she was at once the gracious, impersonal hostess.

The Admiral glowed with pride of her. "She'll carry it off," he said to himself; "it's in her blood."

"Dinner is served," announced Jenkins from the doorway, and then Miss Danvers came down and greeted Justin, and they all went out together.

There was holly for a centerpiece, and four red candles in silver holders. The table was of richly carved mahogany, and the Admiral, following an old custom, served the soup from a silver tureen, upheld by four fat cupids. From the wide arch which led into the great hall was hung a bunch of mistletoe; beyond the arch, the roaring fire made a background of gleaming, golden light.

To the young surgeon it seemed a fairy scene flaming with the color and glow of a life which he had never known. He had lived so long surrounded by the bare, blank walls of a hospital. Even Petronella's soft green gown seemed made of some mystical stuff which had nothing in common with the cool white



AN HOUR LATER SHE WAS ALONE. THE VISIT HAD BEEN A FAILURE



or blue starchiness of the uniforms of nurses.

They talked of many things, covering with their commonplaces the tenseness of the situation. Then suddenly the conversation took a significant turn.

"I love these stormy nights," Petronella had said, "with the snow blowing, and the wind, and the house all warm and bright."

"Think of the poor sailors at sea," Hare had reminded her.

"Please—I don't want to think of them. We have done our best for them, uncle and I. We have opened a reading-room down by the docks, so that all who are ashore can have soup and coffee and sandwiches, and there's a big stove, and newspapers and magazines."

"You dispense charity?"

"Why not?" she asked him, confidently. "We have plenty—why shouldn't we give?"

"Because it takes away from their manhood to receive."

The Admiral spoke bluntly. "The men don't feel it that way. This charity, as you call it, is a memorial to my wife. The grandfathers of these boys used to see her light in the window of the old house on stormy nights, and they knew that it was an invitation to good cheer. More than one crew coming in half frozen were glad of the soup and coffee which were sent down to them in cans with baskets of bread. And this little coffee-room has been the outgrowth of just such hospitality. There are too many of the men to have in my house. I simply entertain them elsewhere, and I like to go and talk to them, and sometimes Petronella goes."

"There's a picture of dear Aunt Pet hanging there," said Petronella, "and you can't imagine how it softens the manners of the men. It is as if her spirit brooded over the place. They have made it into a sort of shrine, and they bring shells and queer carved things to put on the shelf below it."

"In the city we are beginning to think that such methods weaken self-respect."

"That's because," said the wise old Admiral, "in the city there isn't any real democracy. You give your friend a cup of coffee and think nothing of it, yet when I give a cup of coffee to a sailor

whose grandfather and mine fished together on the banks, you warn me that my methods tend to pauperize. In the city the poor are never your friends—in this little town no man would admit that he is less than I. They like my coffee and they drink it."

Petronella, seeing her chance, took it. "I think people are horrid to let money make a difference."

"You say that," said Hare, "because you have never had to accept favors—you have, in other words, never been on the other side."

The Admiral, taking up cudgels for his niece, answered, "If she had been on the other side, she would have taken life as she takes it now—like a gentleman and a soldier," and he smiled at Petronella.

Hare had a baffled sense that the Admiral was right—that Petronella's fineness and delicacy would never go down in defeat or despair. She would hold her head high though the heavens fell. But could any man make such demands upon her? For himself, he would not.

So he answered, doggedly, "We shall hope she need never be tested." And Petronella's heart sank like lead.

But presently she began to talk about the little tree. "We have always had it in uncle's lookout tower. That was another of dear Aunt Pet's thoughts for the sailors. On clear nights they looked through their glasses for the little colored lights, and on stormy nights they knew that back of all the snow was the Christmas brightness."

"I never had a tree," said Justin. "When I was a kiddie we had pretty hard times, and the best Christmas I remember was one when mother made us boys put up a shelf for our books, and she started our collection with *Treasure Island* and *Huckleberry Finn*."

In the adjoining room, volumes reached from floor to ceiling, from end to end. Petronella had a vision of this vivid young giant gloating over his two books on a rude shelf. And all her life she had had the things she wanted! Somehow the thought took the bitterness out of her attitude toward him. How strong he must be to deny himself now the one great thing that he craved when his life had held so little.





*Drawn by Denman Finke*

"YOU HAVEN'T GIVEN ME ANYTHING," SHE BEGAN, REPROACHFULLY

*Engraved by Nelson Demarest*



"How lovely to begin with just those two books," she said, softly, and the radiance of her smile was dazzling.

When she showed him her presents she was still radiant. There was a queer opera-bag of Chinese needlework, with handles of jade, a Damascus bowl of pierced brass, a tea-caddy in quaint Dutch *repoussé*; there was a silver-embroidered altar-cloth for a cushion, a bit of Copenhagen faïence, all the sophisticated artistry which is sent to those who have no need for the commonplace. There were jewels, too: a bracelet of topazes surrounded by brilliants, a pair of slipper buckles of turquoises set in silver, a sapphire circlet for her little finger, a pendent of seed pearls.

As she opened the parcels and displayed her riches Justin felt bewildered. His gifts to his mother had included usually gloves and a generous check; if he had ventured to choose anything for Petronella he would not have dared go beyond a box of candy or a book; he had given his nurses pocket-books and handkerchiefs. And the men of Petronella's world bestowed on her brass bowls and tea-caddies!

Miss Danvers vanished upstairs. The Admiral, having admired, slipped away to the library, encouraged by Petronella's whispered: "Oh, uncle dear, leave us alone for just a little minute. I've found a way!"

Then Petronella, with that radiance still upon her, sat down on her little stool in front of the fire, and looked at Justin on the other side of the hearth.

"You haven't given me anything," she began, reproachfully.

"What could I give that would compare with these?" His hand swept toward the exquisite display. "What could I give—"

"There's one thing," softly.

"What?"

"That copy of *Treasure Island* that your mother gave you long ago."

Dead silence. Then, unsteadily: "Why should you want that?"

"Because your mother—loved you."

Again dead silence. Hare did not look at her. His hand clenched the arm of his

chair. His face was white. Then, very low, "Why do you—make it hard for me?"

"Because I want—the book"; she was smiling at him with her eyes like stars. "I want to read it with the eyes of the little boy—with the eyes of the little boy who looked into the future and saw life as a great adventure; who looked into the future—and dreamed."

He had a vision, too, of that little boy, reading, in the old house in the Maine woods, by the light of an oil-lamp, on Christmas Eve, with the snow blowing outside as it blew to-night.

"And your mother loved you because she loved your father," the girl's voice went on, "and you were all very happy up there in the forest. Do you remember that you told me about it on the ship?—you were happy, although you were poor, and hadn't any books but *Treasure Island* and *Huckleberry Finn*. But your mother was happy—because she—loved your father."

As she repeated it, she leaned forward. "Could you think of your mother as having been happy with any one else but your father?" she asked. "Could you think of her as having never married him, of having gone through the rest of her days a half-woman, because he would not—take her—into his life? Can you think that all the money in the world—all the money in the whole world—would—would have made up—"

The room seemed to darken. Hare was conscious that her face was hidden in her hands, that he stumbled toward her, that he knelt beside her—that she was in his arms.

"Hush," he was saying in that beating darkness of emotion. "Hush, don't cry—I—I will never let you go—"

When the storm had spent itself and when at last she met his long gaze, he whispered, "I'm not sure now that it is right—"

"You will be sure as the years go on," she whispered back; then, tremulously: "but I—I could never have—talked that way if I had thought of you as the man. I had to think of you as the little boy—who dreamed."





THE TRAGIC ROCKS AND HAUNTED RUINS OF LES BAUX

## At the Sign of "La Reine Jeanne"

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE



HERE are occasions in which Circumstance proves himself a great artist, and I shall count among the perfect happenings of my life our dream-like arrival at Les Baux. The name, to those who know ever so little of the history of the troubadours—to any one who has read even Scott's *Anne of Geierstein*—will come, in Swinburne's splendid phrase, with "a sound of swords and harps in heaven." Wild war and wild singing, desperate valor of men and golden beauty of women, can never have found a stage-setting more romantically their own than the tragic rocks and haunted ruins of Les Baux.

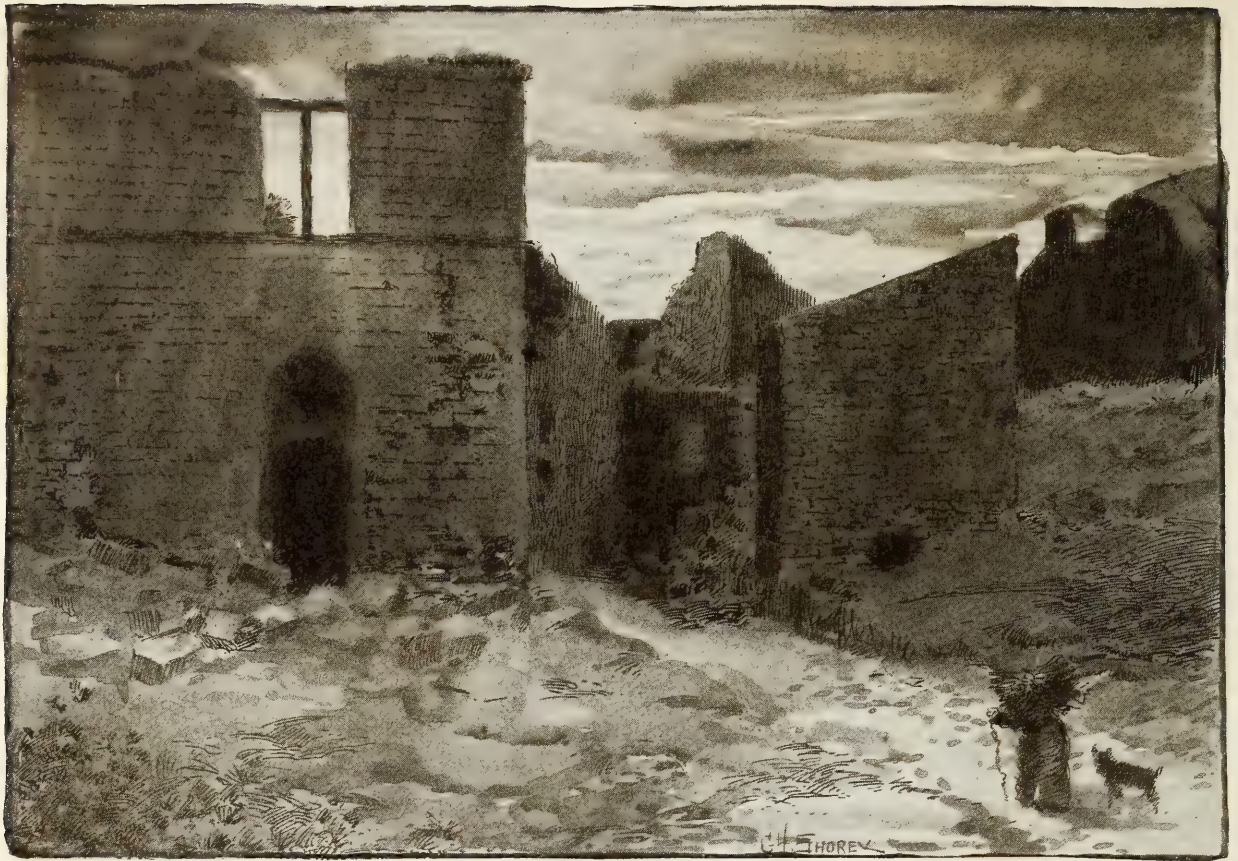
The day's walk there, only some fifteen miles from Arles, had been sufficiently of the stuff that dreams are made of—almost too much poetry for one day!—for we had hardly left Arles, were

scarcely three miles on the way, when to the right of the road sprang a rocky, wooded hill, with a scrambling, stony path running up through every imaginable riot of brushwood and vine; box and holly and dwarf-oak; blackthorn, with its starved blossom, and here and there a violet in the grass.

As we followed that stony path, the country began to spread out beneath us in a vast plain of olive orchards and vineyards, with fantastic rocky hills for its distant walls; and soon, among the rabble of rocks and vines, rose a moldering wayside cross, and, a little ahead of us, high above a prosperous wilderness of foliage, shot up an immense square tower.

At first we expected a fortress, but abbeys had perforce to be castles, too, in Provence, and this donjon proved to be a fourteenth-century addition to the abbey of Montmajour. Under its protection clustered buildings of a more monas-





NOW TOTTERING, WIND-SWEPT CHAMBERS

tic character; a vast echoing, empty church, beneath which, hollowed out of the solid rock, are crypts and oratories where the antiquary finds the beginning of the whole vast pile, for in one of those rock-hewn subterranean cells the patron saint of the region—St. Trophimus—is said to have had a “confessional” for the benefit of those early monks who thus sought safety for their worship in the hollowed rock.

Montmajour fulfils one’s idea of a perfect ruin. It is not too much neglected, not too well cared for. There is, as we found on leaving it, a *gardien* living in a cottage tucked beneath one of its many walls; but, charmingly wise and sympathetic as are most of the *gardiens* of French antiquities, we counted ourselves fortunate in meeting no single human being as we explored the lonely vaulted chambers, climbed shaking staircases that ended in space, and plucked the fragrant wall-flowers from the crumbling masonry.

A flock of sheep, with their young lambs, were the only inhabitants of the abbey save ourselves, one of the vast stone rooms under the tower being used

as a sheepfold. A half-empty wine-bottle on the ground near by spoke of an absent shepherd, and two carts piled with the husks of grapes that had gone through the press, standing inside the entering archway, told that this place of war and prayer was now a haunt of the rural gods, half farmyard, half vineyard.

Long after it is left behind, Montmajour continues to dominate the distance, while the country begins to spread out into scant common, rough with brushwood, lit here and there with gorse, and sweetening the air with the fragrance of wild lavender.

Presently, high on a bank to the right, rose a wayside shrine, decorated with worn carvings and bearing this inscription:

À Dieu  
Tout Puissant  
et  
Tout Miséricordieux  
à La B. V. Marie  
et St. Victor  
et St. Roch  
Le Peuple de Fontveille  
Protégé et Reconnaisant  
1721-1833-1835



That inscription seemed to us strangely touching and provocative of thought. Here was a village that had, so to say, a corporate belief in God, and thus gratefully put itself on record for the passer-by—testifying to His protection. I cannot but think that many a sad, bewildered heart has been solaced and fortified by that unusual "Credo."

On the moorland ridge to the right three or four old windmills stood up against the sky-line, and, as we passed through the village of Fontveille itself—a line of low, worn old houses, evidently built with stones that had once done duty in lordlier structures—a lane to the right directed us to "Le Moulin de Daudet," and we realized that we were in the country of Daudet's *Letters from a Mill*.

While we wondered whether we could spare the time to follow this byway, a handsome oldish man of fine manners, dressed as a peasant, saluted us, and offered to be our guide to this "souvenir" of his "dear master, Daudet." He was an irresistible talker, and we had no choice but to follow him, charmed and

surprised at his antiquarian knowledge and enthusiasm, knowledge which was plainly no mere information got by rote for the ears of travelers, but the result of personal study and pride in the story of his village. He was not the only peasant thus cultivated that we met—if it be not misleading to call him a peasant. Indeed, with naïve frankness he told us that he himself was something of a writer, and he attributed his not being so well up in the world as he felt entitled to be to the quaint circumstance of his having been "deserted" by his wife and eleven children! a desertion one might have thought rather to the advantage of a literary man's fortunes than otherwise. So many old men and women we met astonished us by a like interest in historical and artistic matters not usually associated with the word "peasant"; but, indeed, the "peasants" of Provence—at all events, the older folk—however humble their garb or their fortunes, have the air of gentlefolk and minds touched with imagination. The atmosphere of spacious history in which they have been



ANCIENT DWELLINGS IN THE ROCK



born and bred seems to have touched them with a natural aristocracy.

"Daudet's mill" bears this inscription: "*Je revenais au moulin songer au livre que j'écrirais plus tard et que je daterais de ma ruine aux ailes mortes.*—A. Daudet." And as we stood on the little elevation our hero-worshiper traced with his hand the road across the moors by which the master was accustomed to take his favorite walk thither. Then in my note-book he wrote: "*Messieurs et Dames: Si un jour vous ressortez à Fontveille, demandez Joseph Touisson, il vous renseignera sur toutes les antiquités,*" and signed it with a fine flourishing signature. I trust that if any reader of these notes should ever be in Fontveille, he will not fail to ask for M. Touisson, and do me the favor

of giving him my grateful remembrances. Beyond Fontveille the country began to grow lonelier—no houses, nothing but rolling moorland, with sandy tracks wandering off here and there through the gorse and heather and gray-blue lavender tempting one across the wild. At the corner of one of these tracks a signpost offered us the fascinating adventure of "troglodyte" subterranean dwellings, and we had been told by Daudet's disciple that a subterranean passage ran beneath the moor to a ruined castle lying in a valley to our left; but one cannot accept all the delightful invitations of the storied earth, and we had to satisfy ourselves by exploring one of the romantic old quarries which now began to line the road, great gulfs cut out of the honey-

colored sandstone, tapestried with ivy and innumerable vines, and ambushed with every wild growth of scrub and sapling. Shaking ladders led one down to hall within hall, with square-cut porticoes like the entrances to Egyptian tombs, all filled with the soft yellow light of the soft stone. The workmen were away and the stone saws lay idle by the great, square, yellow blocks. We tried them, and found the stone far less resisting than the crust of a French loaf. In disused gloomy corners water dripped into echoing pools. The various chambers seemed to honeycomb endlessly into nocturnal secrecies of the earth. It was hard to tear ourselves away from the spell of their hushed mystery, and emerge again upon sunshine and the traveling road.

But the sunshine was becoming haunted, too, for it was growing toward the end of afternoon, and ahead of us strange gorges of limestone hills were preparing to swallow the road in a veritable Inferno of rocky chasms and beetling tors,



A WAYSIDE SHRINE



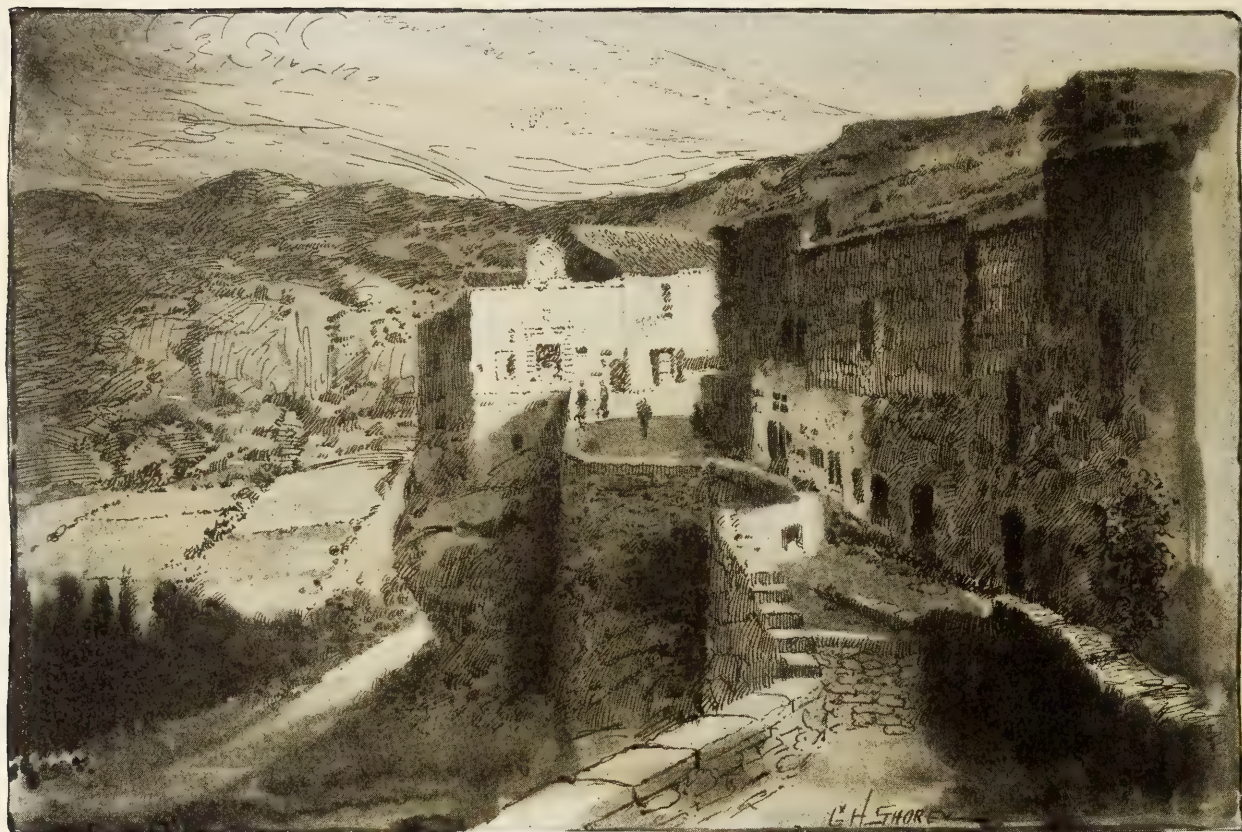


A PROVENÇAL PEASANT HOME

the moorland giving place to a sudden irruption of treeless, herbless, indescribably scarred and sinister stone, tortured into every imaginable fantastic shape by volcanic fires and glacial waters. Beneath, the road gleamed like white marble, bordered up to the spurs of the hills by a fertile strip of olive-trees and almond-blossoms that seemed filled with an enchanted stillness. Never was a scene so still, so ghost-like in its combination of beauty and horror. Huge walls of cypress-trees began, too, to line the road, as if further to shut us off from the habitable world, and, as we crossed an old stone bridge, a sullen stream gloomed on into stygian morasses. As the hills more and more closed in over our heads, leaving room still for the road and the strip of olives and almonds spread at our feet, as though it were an arabesque decoration for the floor of hell, we said under our breath—for one seemed afraid to speak aloud—that this was indeed the valley of Acheron, and over the portals of the towering grimness we expected every moment to read: "All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

The light grew more and more spectral. Only the white road seemed to grow whiter, and soon the color of the almond-blossoms was but a moonlike glimmer. We seemed to be walking indeed in "the hollow land," walking in a picture by Puvis de Chavannes, set in a terrific frame by Gustave Doré. Then the road began to rise, the rocks to come closer, and to tower in more threatening masses. White slabs, like gravestones, began to fence the roadway, and the strip of valley shrank away beneath us to the left as the road ran beneath the overhanging cliffs. It was now almost dark. We could see nothing but the white road and the massed blackness of the hills. But presently beneath us in the unseen little valley faint lights came out through a misty veil, and the bleating of sheep made a human bedtime sound. Then a faint moonlight began to filter among the shadows, and suddenly the surprise of singing voices, coming toward us from far up the climbing road, made a strange mirth upon the solitary night. We had seated ourselves to rest against those fence-stones of the





THE HÔTEL DE VILLE

roadway, and presently a band of some six young men and six young women, linked arm in arm, swept along dancing and singing, crossing the road from side to side, and singing, of all things, a somewhat improper student-song from Paris! There was enough moonlight for us all to see one another.

"Poor tired things!" they said, catching sight of our knapsacks. They took us for tramps.

When the voices of the dancers had faded off far down the valley, we were once more left alone with the silence and the strange rocks and the growing dreamlight of the moon. The sheep had ceased their bleating and a star or two shone far up on the crests of inaccessible escarpments, as we shouldered our sacks and went on mounting farther into a loneliness that still grimly kept its secret of a night's lodging. Right over our heads a vast semicircular platform of rock swung out threatening, supported, as it seemed, precariously enough by a hollowed hillside, sloping cavernously beneath it. Far up we could descry battlements running along its edge, the ruined outer walls, apparently—though hardly dis-

tinguishable from the rock itself—of the shell of some Gargantuan castle of old time. There was not a light anywhere but the stars on the heights, for the lights in the valley and the bleating of the sheep had ceased together. But, at last, when the road had brought us half a mile or so nearer to the moon, it suddenly turned upon itself, and we found that we were on a level with the ruined walls that had frowned on us below. We followed it, because there seemed nothing else to do; though we had almost given up the hope of any inn, save one of the many caverns that offered the hospitality of mystery all around. Then suddenly the road debouched into a corner of giddy moonlit abysses. The skeleton of a church window built out of the rock, and softly carved in moonlight, smiled beautifully on our left; and, a few more yards ahead, there appeared a light—as though some one was guarding a candle in a tomb. We could hardly believe it! How could one believe that even so small a population as the three hundred and ten, which is the last census of Les Baux, could so contrive to keep themselves hidden away; could so suc-



cessfully smuggle the fact of their existence.

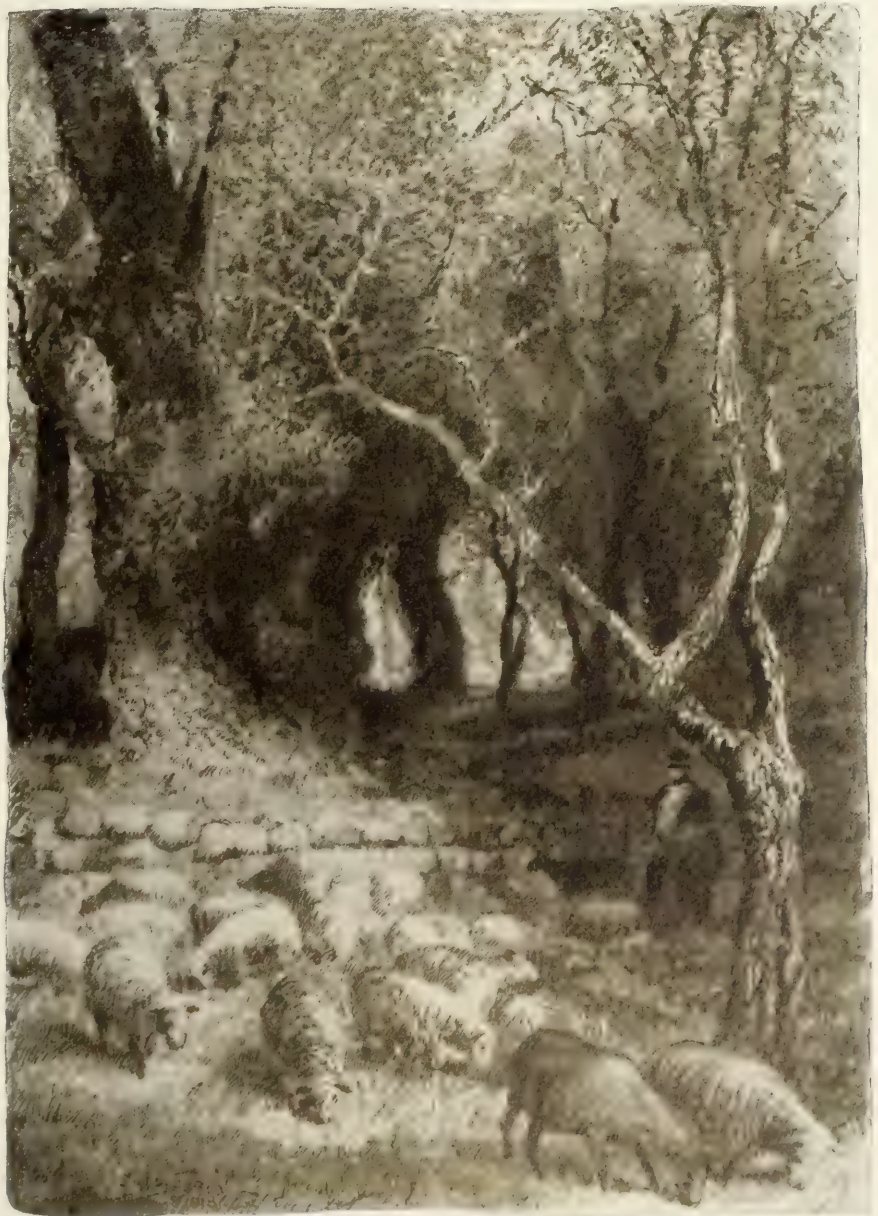
Yet was it not a traditional trait of Les Baux, since the time when its molding battlements masked hundreds of men guarding the tapestried quiet of great ladies and providing a cynical scarcity for barons who held seventy-nine towns in the hollow of their hands, and one of whom was titular lord of Constantinople?

We could hardly believe it, but here at last, amid all the desolation, after climbing a little stairway, was the flashed open door of an inn—the inn of "La Reine Jeanne," that Queen Jeanne of Naples whose tragic beauty made such a light of history in Provence. There was, after all, a glowing heart in all this ominous solitude, and, as we stumbled in out of the night, a huge shock-headed man, bronzed and brindle-locked, with the broad brows and the generous brown eyes of the Midi, made us welcome. Right away he ushered us into a warm, fire-lit parlor, where a company of four or five eager talkers were seated at the end of their dinner. Our host at once introduced us with affectionate enthusiasm to a sturdy white-headed man with small, laughing eyes and fine, merry teeth, a poetic cloak over his shoulders, the "poète," M. Charlon Riéu, "the dear friend of Frédéric Mistral!" We were in luck. We had fallen into a stronghold of the *félibres*."

Song was still indestructibly alive in Les Baux, whose rocks had heard so many singers and been lit by the passing of so many fair faces. M. Riéu

looked a little like an innocent Paul Verlaine, and he had the simplicity, too, which marked that lyric master—a child-like kindness and willingness to make us all happy with the gifts the gods had very evidently given him—gifts generously acknowledged in the Midi, where he is affectionately known as a *chansonnier* from Marseilles to Avignon.

When we had eaten, the beautiful dark-eyed daughter of our host, M. Léon Bouquet—himself, as he modestly said, a poet, a *félibre* in a small way—named "Miréio" in compliment to the "master," sat at the piano and played for us while M. Riéu sang to us in Provençal, of which we could only catch the music, a love-song of Mistral's and a Christmas song, a "Noël," of his own—"The



A SHEPHERD OF LES BAUX



Shepherd of Les Baux." This I have since read in a French translation, and I hope some day to succeed in giving some idea of it in English; though naturally I cannot hope to animate my translation with the charm of M. Riéu's voice and all the magic of the moment.

When at length M. Riéu had to leave us, and walk to his home two miles away in the prettily named village of Paradon, our poet-landlord and I walked some way with him in the moonlight, and before we turned in for bed we stood awhile and looked over the battlements down into a gulf of pallid rocks that seemed like the tortured Mountains of the Moon. As we stood there, there was light enough for M. Bouquet to point out to me the moon-haunted road by which

Marius led his legions on their way to make their holocaust of barbarians on the plain of Pourrières, the ashes of whose funeral pyre still seem warm in Provence, and whose bones, a generation or two ago, were used by farmers to fence their fields.

Since, I have read that Alexandre Dumas once leaned over that same parapet, and next day stole a little wooden image from the church of St. Vincent—where there is a curious altar of the sheep-shearers—a theft to be acknowledged afterward with characteristic contrition.

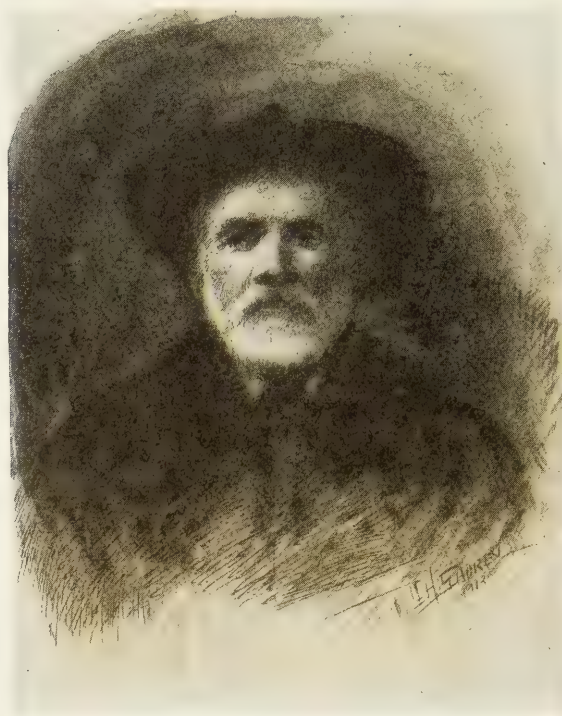
Beneath the altar of that same church was found, one day, the skeleton of a girl clad in a garment of her golden hair, the hair you can still see shining in the Musée Arlaten in Arles. Mistral has told the story of this "Cabelladero d'Or," and, to the right of the door of the church, as you enter, among many

other scribbles of time, you can still see the letters in which the boy Mistral, eleven years old, boylike, carved his name on the old stone. Perhaps it may seem hardly less boylike of M. Bouquet and me on the morrow to take there a piece of stout paper and a carpenter's pencil and make a "rubbing" of that

name thus innocently carved; while as yet he who now bears it, with accumulated laurels, knew nothing of all it was to mean, not only to his countrymen, but to pilgrims from across the sea, for whom his song is a lovely reality of the ideal and his fame an almost incredible consolation.

The morning lifted the mask of moonlight from a desolation that had seemed comparatively habitable. With that mask removed,

what a grinning skull was revealed, a place of wrath and ruin and infinite hopeless destruction, for which, indeed, the old Bible phrase, "the place of a skull," comes instinctively to one's lips, a desolation forgotten even by the poppy of oblivion. The flowers that root and breathe their sweetness among the stones or happier ruins find no footing and no clement air on the wind-swept heights of Les Baux. Richelieu's cannon, when at length long-suffering Time and Louis XIII. had decreed that the arrogant lords of Les Baux had vaunted themselves even more than Time allows, must have added little to a fantastic wreckage that no collaboration of melodramatist and stage-carpenter could create together. Only the flowers of women's names bloom there still—names that drove singers to madness and nerved strong fighters to live and to die, names that in Rossetti's phrase,



CHARLON RIÉU



are many more than "five sweet symphonies": Etiennette des Baux; Adélasie, Viscountess of Avignon; Jeanne des Baux, Laurette de Sade, Phanette de Gautelair, Briande d'Agoût, names written in the life-blood of dead poets. The name of Béregère des Baux set one dreaming of one of the strangest stories that the picturesque chronicles of the troubadours contain, for one of her singing lovers was that Guilhem de Cabestan, who also loved another noble lady, Tricline Carbounelle. Guilhem was one day met by the husband of this lady, as he hunted in the forest, and the husband came home with a ghastly quarry. As they sat down to meat together, a strange dish was brought to table, and, as unsuspectingly the wife ate of it, her lord grimly asked her how she liked the new dish. It was the heart of Guilhem de Cabestan. When Tricline Carbounelle heard that, she answered her husband that she liked the food so well that she cared to eat nothing else forever, and as she spoke she sprang to the battlements and joined the shade of her lover wandering in the abysses beneath. It is comforting to know that the husband, Raymond de Seillans, came to a swift end at the hands of neighboring barons who better understood *le scavoir courtois*.

The sword and the harp sang together in the hands of Bérard des Baux and Rambaud des Baux. Dante's—and Browning's—Sordello sang Rambaud des Baux and Cecile des Baux, the "Passe-Rose" of W. Sherburne Hardy's beautiful romance, and Alix and Claviette des Baux made poets of Pierre d'Auvergne, Raymond de Miraval, Roger d'Arles, and others, whose verse, through all the monotony of troubadour conventions, still preserves a fragrance caught from their fair faces. When the singing of troubadours was almost an outworn fashion, the "good King René," inheriting Les Baux as part of his principality of Provence, built at the four corners of a little pleasance, little summer-houses of delicately carved stone, where he would sit with his beautiful wife, Jeanne de Laval, declaiming his royal verses, while his gay courtiers fluttered like butterflies about him.

One of these little arbors still remains,

an exquisite relic, among the sheepfolds in that valley of Les Baux which is called the "Val d'Enfer," obedient to the fancy of Mistral, who has fabled that among its tragic gorges Dante found the scenery of his "Inferno."

The singing, fighting counts of Les Baux claimed a romantic ancestry which is perpetuated in their arms—with the motto, "au hasard Balthazar"—a descent no less from that King Balthazar who was one of the three wise men from the East who saw the star over Bethlehem; and when the last lovely lady to represent the barony of Les Baux, the Lady Alix, died in one of the now tottering wind-swept chambers, the legend goes that a sixteen-rayed star came shining down to her through the groined ceiling, gradually fading as her own life ebbed away.

One of the strangest features of the ruins of Les Baux, which cover a broad, irregular plateau of perhaps twenty acres, is, that before recorded history began there, the rocks had been hollowed out, cut with rude windows, fireplaces, and chimneys, by races of cave-dwellers—one of whose "troglodyte" dwellings bears a placard quaintly offering it "for sale," presumably to some American millionaire. The subsequent builders of the castle incorporated these strange burrows in their more complicated structure, and, as the stone they used is the surrounding rock, it is hard to distinguish rock from castle; for the later buildings seem rather to have grown organically out of the rock, stern nightmare growths of nature, than to be the conscious work of man. Around the base of the castle clusters, too, a little dead city of houses and precipitous streets, where persons of importance once dwelt, and a beautiful ruined window, bearing the inscription, *Post tenebras lux*, and the date, 1571, reminds one that the stern history of the Albigensian Huguenots wrote one of its chapters here. But now, with the exception of a few humble village stores, a tiny Hôtel de Ville, a café or two, and an occasional old woman with a patch of garden and a few goats, no one lives in these houses any more, and it is impossible to convey in words the daylight ghostliness of these deserted dwellings.

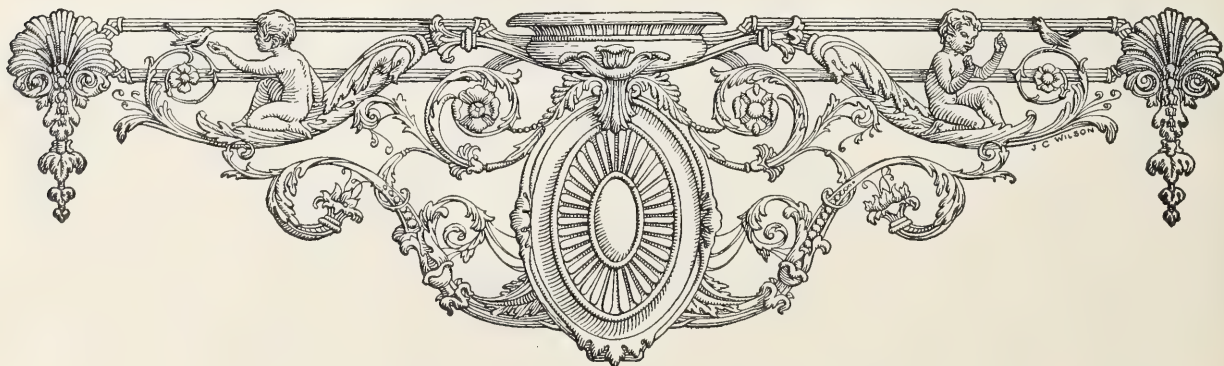


As you climb to the top of the rocky plateau and stand on the battlements of the castle proper, dizzily poised above the broad gulf, at whose base, looking south, spread those plains in which the name Marius is still on the lips of the peasants, it seems hardly possible that such an apparently impregnable loftiness could ever have been scaled; yet M. Bouquet, leading us through a chasm in the wall, showed where, if we had a mind to test our sure-footedness, we could take a tortuous path that seemed all but perpendicular into the valley, and, as his antiquarian zeal had things to show us on that scarred hillside, we gingerly followed him down. As we scrambled down the rocky pathway, he kept picking up bits of broken pottery, telling us that they were fragments of Greek urns, with which and far earlier sepulchral débris the slope was littered. A little round ball of stone he identified as the bullet of an ancient sling used by prehistoric warriors; but his *pièce de résistance* was a huge triangular rock jutting out from the hill, underneath which was hollowed a little shrine, and on the face of which were carved in bas-relief three much-battered figures, of which our lay vision could make but little. Popular piety calls them "The Three Marys," Provençal legend having it that, after the death of Christ, the Three Marys were sent out to sea in an open boat, and miraculously reached Les Baux. Another Christian legend identifies them as Martha, her sister Mary, and her brother Lazarus. Antiquaries, however, identify them positively as Marius, his wife Julia, and Martha the prophetess, whom he brought with him on his campaigns and to whose prognostications he paid the greatest regard.

Thus one finds a peculiarly striking example of the well-known manner in which the early church utilized pagan monuments for the good of Christian souls. Another rock near by is claimed to have been used as an altar for human sacrifices in the gray, dim ages, almost as remote from Rome and Greece as they are from us. The good M. Bouquet was sure of it all, and it all seemed likely enough in the general grimness. As we returned home by another pathway we came upon coffin-shaped troughs hollowed out in the rock, and M. Bouquet quaintly stretched himself down in one of them, to illustrate its original use. A wonderful cicerone was M. Bouquet, a beautiful childlike soul in the form of a handsome giant, who might well have been one of those stalwart troubadours, who

"Wore their love like sword on thigh,  
And kept not all their valor for the lute."

Circumstance, as I said at the beginning, had certainly proved himself a great artist in the manner of our introduction to Les Baux, and, as at last we had reluctantly to say good-by to M. Bouquet and his good wife and beautiful daughter, we felt no little of an ache in our hearts; for you shall walk the world far before you stumble out of the lonely darkness, as we did that night at the sign of "La Reine Jeanne," to find such a fireside of warm human kindness, and such a simple native-born passion for the sacred muses. There were tears in the great-hearted man's eyes as we parted, and he waved to us, like a boy, till we were out of sight. His last words were of his "beloved friend and master." We were not to forget to give the letter with which he had provided us to—Frédéric Mistral.





# The Devouring Demon and the Don

BY HENRY WALLACE PHILLIPS



RED and I had been to town. On the way back, as the evening fell gray, we saw the grandfather of all coyotes standing in clear eminence upon the crest of a butte.

"What a nerve!" said Red, and reached for the shot-gun we had with us.

"Ain't that a shot for you?" said he, and whaled away. The coyote never moved.

"Whoomp!" said the ten-bore again. And again the coyote didn't move. Mr. Saunders gave forth winged words, reloaded, and sent more ounces of shot into space. Almost immediately the coyote wavered, like a reflection in disturbed water, grew dim—and dissolved.

"What the devil!" said Red, and then, "Hunh! Shooting at a mirage! I wonder if I'll ever grow up!" Sure enough, that's what it was—a mere miracle of a mirage, but a strange and eerie thing to see.

As we drove along in the buckboard and silence for a space, Red was visibly thinking. One only had to wait.

"Ain't it funny," said he, "how one thing will remind you of another? Me shooting at that ghost of a coyote makes me think of the time the Señor Don come out to revise and refix this country. He hit the Territory in the early eighties, with no comets nor any other strange appearances in the sky. A Spaniard from Cuba was the Don, the son of rich but nervous parents, and Dakota looked as simple a proposition to him as that coyote did to us just now. Yet he was a good little cuss, too, and amusing plenty, while he lasted. He stood about five-foot and a finger-nail tall; had a set of muss-taches that would have looked well on the head of a Rocky Mountain goat; had the style to his shoulders and the military bearing of a Dutch general entering a brewery,

coupled with the dignity of a nigger drum-major two drinks to the queer. Some folks stand on their dignity, because it's their only visible means of support. While it weren't quite that with the Don, yet if you pared his dignity away from him the rest wouldn't much more'n make a mouthful for the cat.

"Providence provides for all things. Ain't you never noticed that the prim old gal is always on the spot when the worst kind of bad break is exploding? Sure! Providence ain't got any use for such. So with the Don. Things had been quiet so long a sort of moss was gathering on our intellects. The merry village chestnut-peddlers were near nutty from idleness. When, lo! here stops the express train, and off gets the Señor Don!

"Those aforesaid chestnut-peddlers gave a loud yell of joy, jumped seven foot in the air, and took the Señor Don to camp.

"I have seen tenderfeet in my time: I have seen the unbelievable happen three times the same day, and I knew a feller that used to hunt up impossibilities for the mere fun of doing them, but I never guessed that there was such a proposition as the Señor Don. Talk about what a man will swallow! He'd take a box-car down in one gulp if you told him it was a gum-drop. It was simply terrible to sit and look at the things them fellers did to him. 'Twas a scandal and a parody on human nature that he stood for it.

"All the ordinary things were sprung on him. They took him out bagging snipe, 'way, 'way down on the Slue. And there sits Mr. Don with his gunny-sack, waiting for the birds until sunup. Then he chased the side-hill gouger, that fierce reptile that makes the queer trails around the sharp buttes, him having legs on one side shorter than the other, and hence onable to ever leave





WAITING FOR THE BIRDS UNTIL SUNUP

his native hill. He sat out in the dew, waiting for the alarm of the chronometer rattlesnake, who always springs his rattle at half-past two in the morning—rain, shine, or cloudy weather. Then come the badger-pulling contest. You know the game, don't you? All excitement, in the biggest hall you can get, little dog barking furious at a barrel, cord coming out of a barrel, attached to the bloodthirsty badger. Stranger is allowed to pull the cord, from respect for his newness in the community. Well, Jack Teasdale and me sprung a new one on them. We had the stage arrangements—the contest was held in the Emerson Institute—and we run a fire hose up through the floor and hid it in the barrel; tied the string to the cock on the nozzle and waited in pleased anticipation, as the poet says. There they were; the little Don all up in the

air, the rest of the crowd with their mouths puckered for the grand ha-ha!

“‘Pull!’ yells Fatty Subble.

“The Don yanks the cord, and a three-inch stream with a hundred-pound pressure behind it plowed its way through the audience. As Jack and me had a previous engagement up-town, we didn't stay to see how it affected the company. But we was told afterward they was quite put out, and had considerable difficulty deciding who the joke was on, so the proper party could pay for the drinks.

“Even the kids of the town cut into the game with the Don. There was one pair—Harry and Dan. What one of those little devils couldn't think of was a cinch for the other. They actually got something new.

“Mr. Don comes to me and invites me to join in the chase of the grasshopper rabbit, to come off that very evening. This is the first I ever heard of that little birdie, but when the Don tells me Harry and Dan are to be his guides, philosophers, and friends on the occasion, I recall the brute at once, and am eager to hunt him to his lair.

“After managing to part from the Don, I hunts up my two young friends in the favorite hang-out in Tommy Adams's blacksmith-shop and demands an explanation. As an evidence of good faith, they produced a stuffed and moth-eaten jack-rabbit, bought of Winky Burroughs, the curiosity-shop man, for four bits, and any quantity of strong rubber bands, like they used on their sling-shots. Also I met another accomplice in the person of one Gibby, a tall youth that had outgrew his pants, his face, and his constitution. He had the look of being eternally surprised that there was so much of him, and worried much about what to do with it. His part was to lie in safety behind a hill and hold a string attached to the rabbit, while the rubber bands, stretched as tight as he could hold 'em, pulled in the opposite direction. At the crack of the gun, he was to let go, and the grasshopper rabbit would hold up his reputation for being able to do two hundred feet at a leap.

“Off we go in the twilight. Harry and Dan and the Don and me, to where



Gibby and the grasshopper rabbit await us. We have to use the evening, because that's feeding-time for the grasshopper rabbit, and besides that, you can't see the machinery. The Don, of course, is on the post of honor, as usual, and carries the shot-gun.

"We go through the anxious search, and stifled yells of, 'There he is!' 'No, that ain't him!' and the like, until Dan, sidling Injun-style around a butte, spots the quarry. 'Quick!' says he. 'There! Shoot, Don, shoot!'

"'Erroomph!' roars the gun. And if I hadn't been prepared, I sure would have got the shock of my life, for that jack-rabbit not only jumped the agreed two hundred foot, but over the top of sage-brush, tumbleweed, and hills, right plumb off the landscape!

"'Darn you!' howls the kids. 'You missed him!'

"'Coom!' shouts the Don. 'Let us peersoo! He shall not to escape us. Vamos! we go!'

"'Go nothin'!' says the disgusted kids. 'Where do you suppose that Jack is now? Well, he's just crossing the Nebraska line.'

"So we returned in sadness, until we got rid of the Don.

"Next, the Don shone as a scrapper. In the drug-store, where all the non-alcoholics held out, there were bay-windows, handy and comfortable to sit upon. In front was the usual line of red and blue jugs of truck the light shows through, and various articles of the kind one finds on display in drug-stores. Also, as it was that time of year, sticky fly-paper had its being here and there.

"Well, one day in blows a little, pompous fat man, all belly, double chin, and high hat. The boss of the shop was a walking misfortune by the name of Bluggenheimer. He wept when he told you the price of a cake of soap, and he simply moaned if you slipped him a prescription. He had a figger like an upright water-melon vine, a red mustache of the slimsiest order, and a long, red goat-waggler of a beard that dripped from his face.

"To him goes our friend and begins to explain the merits of a new liver cure, warranted to remove the strongest liver inside of five bottles. Bluggenheimer don't want any, and says so; the argument waxes hot. They retreat to the bay window and sit down to have it out. Well, I'm there before 'em with the



THE JACK-RABBIT JUMPED PLUMB OFF THE LANDSCAPE



Señor Don, talking Spanish in peace and comfort. Hadn't had a chance to twist my tongue around Castilian for a long time. They annoyed me, the two coming in as they did, so when the little fat man removes his plug-hat in the heat of the argument, I kinder slid a piece of sticky fly-paper underneath it, so it would hold it in place—ain't you noticed how sticky fly-paper holds things in place?

"Finally he gets up to go, and he was that het he didn't notice the fly-paper till he puts the hat on his head. Takes it off, holds it at arm's-length, and stares at it. Meantime Bluggenheimer sobs once or twice, and the Don laughs out right merrily. Without a word of warning the little fat man hauls off and hits him, with his little fat fist, right plumb on the end of the nose.

"Meescreant! Robbery! Assaulter!" howls the Don and slams him one in the vest.

"Bluggenheimer starts to part 'em, but no! That was a battle I wished to see. Well—well. Well! It was grand! The fat man made his fists go round and round, like winding yarn, whilst the Don hopped up and down like a spider in a tantrum. They upset the table in the middle, with all the fancy crockery on it; they went through the toothbrush and toilet-article case; the cigar-counter flew to the four winds of heaven; but I don't recall that they hit each other once. Everybody came in: Julius, the nigger barber next door; Murphy, that run the saloon t'other side; Julius's customers and helpers, some lathered, some half shaved; Murphy's customers, some paralyzed and some half drunk. Injuns come in, and the Chink washee. We made a ring around them and approved with all the strength of our lungs. The fortunes of war wavered from one side to the other until the Don got a strangle holt with his leg around the fat man's neck and they come to the floor together, the Don beating whatever part of the fat man he could reach, whilst the fat man shoved him in jerks across the floor, hoping to get him against something solid, where he could bunt him good. All this while strong hands held Bluggenheimer from interfering.

"The war hitched around until at last the fat man had the Don backed up against the counter. He rammed for fair, and a large jar above 'em teetered. He rammed again and the jar come down, scattering any quantity of snuff that was for the river rooster trade all over the place.

"'Er-russho! Leggo o' me!' hollers the fat man. 'Hi-hi-hichchoo!' says the Don. 'Bueno! I weel.' And there they stood sneezing and coughing and trying to talk till the rest of us caught the infection. It was the first time I ever see fifty men sneezing in unison. There was something awe-inspiring about it.

"Finally Bluggenheimer breaks loose from his keepers with a hatchet in his hand and blood in his eye and makes straight for me. I saw there was no use irritating him in his excited condition, so I simply stuck a pail of axle-grease over his ears and went away before there was any trouble.

"But I told the Don he should quiet down and do things right and Christian. He agreed.

"'I must to learn the Anglish long-wich mejor,' says he. 'Eet ees the peer-actees I need; of the t'eeory I have absolutamente. Prrrracteese, my frrrr'en'.

"'That's right,' says I. 'What you really want is a dictionary in skirts.'

"'Ha?' says he. 'You commend dthat?' and he takes out his little notebook and writes it down. 'How you espell eet?' I told him, and he sashayed down to Old Man Mullins's shop to see if there was one in stock. Mullins's niece usually run the place, and as she was one of the twenty-five ladies in our town, there was always quite a stock of hired-man material to help her out.

"She was a yaller, bilious-looking girl, but a handsome critter at that. Dark, with crispy, curly black hair, and under heavy, heavy brows a pair of gray eyes that flashed on you of a sudden like lightning on a wet window-pane.

"When Donny old boy asked her for the justly celebrated dictionary in skirts, she thought he had no very good intentions, and spoke her mind with the plainness that goes with females of her build. Some of the loungers cut into the game and started to be impolite to the Don.



"It was all Choctaw to the Don.

"He wagged his hand and his fierce muss-taches.

"Mees! Mees!" he hollered. "Why theese amount of deefecoolty? I ask you in reegarrd to a book!"

"Then all hands tumbled but the Don, and merry sounds issued forth. Says the Don to himself, 'The gentle art of stinging has come my way again,' and he leaves the store to hunt me up and give me a piece of his mind. Now, I never had the slightest notion the little man would do anything like that, so I squared it at once, and apologized to boot.

"I know not what I shall make now," says he. "Eet ess a jung lady vareee lofalee, and I am bitter at rregretting to have made her some insults."

"I tell you what, Donny," says I. "Let's us go to Benjy's and buy her a bit of jewelry. You send that with a nice little note, and I reckon she won't hold any grudge."

"So away we went to Benjy's, picked up a locket and chain, for which the Don put up twenty-five without a quiver—he was a game little cuss—and he writes her this note, which we send with the package:

MISS LOUISE MULLINS:

HONORED LADY,—It is with much difficulty that I the English language use. I hope that I have of it a sufficiency to show you that I do not joke that day but instead, it is my misfortune. I do not joke, except very seldom, and then when every one he know what that joke is about. To you I should do no such a thing, but rather to speak serious.

I pray you to accept this small gift and my apology that I seem to speak as I should not. A friend has told me of the dictionary in skirts, and I think "Inskirts" is some name of a professor or teacher. This, upon my honor. So again I beg you accept this gift and forget at once the unfortunate thing that I say, and the unfortunate man that say it.

I kiss your hands and await your command.

Respectfully,

CARLOS MENDOZA Y PEREZ Y VERAGUA  
ALFONSO SANCHEZ.

"Next day he got his answer and was very blue.

"This was the answer:

MR. C. M. P. V. A. SANCHEZ:

DEAR SIR,—I have received your letter and the beautiful locket and chain that came with it. I do not think your remark was anything but a mistake, but as much as I hate to say so, you know that it is not the custom for American young ladies to receive presents from young gentlemen, so, very reluctantly, I ask you to come down and receive back your charming gift.

LOUISE MULLINS.

"The Don sighed as I finished reading.

"Adios!" says he. "Eet ees no good, then?"

"Rats!" says I. "Don't she ask you to *come* down, and *get* it back? It's up to you to find a way to force it on her—otherwise, she'd *sent* it back. Lou's a good, square girl, all right. Say, do you like her?"

"Of a verity, I do."

"Pile right in, then," says I. "She don't have to ask any man to come to see her—that's a nice compliment she paid you."

"Ta!" says the Don. "But eet is that you are a Solomon among the ladies?"

"Get out, you!" says I. "I'm as respectable a batch as the Territory holds! You and your Solomon! Why not Brigham Young?"

"So of course he don't understand that, either, and we waste valuable time making it clear that my feelings are not wounded beyond repair.

"The Don dons his best, and, believe me, he had the holiday attire when the time come! He was a lovely thing tripping up the board walk snapping his little cane. Some strange bucko, with more drinks than he could manage, suggested taking a playful shot at the Don's white silk hat.

"File the sight off your gun first," says Hank Peters.

"Why?" says the lad, being as easy as the tough monkey usually is.

"So it won't hurt so much when somebody jabs it through your carcass," says Hank.

"Oh," says the monkey. "Friend of yours?"

"Friend of everybody's," says Hank. "The most innercent critter God ever let out alone. It's a sure sign of bad



luck to do him any real harm in this man's town. Play easy with him all you like, but you get rough, and we'll get rougher.'

"Meantime the Don is putting over some of his best work down at the stationery-store. And he isn't so slow, for he made an arrangement whereby Lou Mullins is to trade a certain amount of English language for the gold locket and chain—wages for instruction, you see. None but the brave deserve the fair exchange that is no robbery.

"And so that the good teacher won't get weary of well-doing, the Don goes down of a night and ser'nades her with a flute.

"He tootles very pretty in the moonlight, and around him there stands tall, quiet Injun bucks and half a dozen dogs. I was just on my way to try and break up a poker game, being dead set against the evils of gambling for t'other feller's benefit about this time, and I spot the gathering and hear the sweet strains sifting through the Injuns. You don't see a whole lot of the Don when seven-foot Sioux Injun bucks surround him.

"'What the devil are them Injuns doing?' says Buckley, the town marshal. 'I never hear them play so sweet on their pipes before.'

"So we go over, and four Swedes and lots and lots of other people. And there stands the Don tooting to his lady love.

"Old Man Mullins stuck his head out of the window and told us all to go home. Just why a decent citizen should have anything like that happen to him, he didn't see. He gave us a short account of our pedigrees—where he thought we come from, and where he thought we ought to go. He had a shot-gun in his hand. He talked real passionate. He spied Buckley, and parted from all sense of order. 'You, too!' he yells. 'You damned Limerick clodhopper! Encouragin' them! Standing there aiding and abetting! And I pay my taxes for protection!'

"'Stop where ye aare!' says Buckley. 'Yer whinin' Kerry cut! Come on, laad,' says he to the Don. 'Yer misunderstood. Niver play rale music to a Kerry man; 'tis the jew's-harp alone he knaws and appreshates!'

"'What!' screams Mullins. 'To me face? Stand there! Will ye meet me, man to man?'

"'Twould be impossible,' says Buckley, twirling his muss-tache with the joy of landing one. 'I could only meet you as man to hod-carrier.'

"'Ha-ha!' says old Mullins. 'So that's your trade? Sure, ye have the gait of it.'

"Here I put one arm around Buckley's neck and assisted him off the field, as he was using language unfit for the ears of a lady, and I knew Lou was watching somewhere.

"We slid toward Main Street, the Don with his flute in his pocket and a strange expression on his face, Buckley raging and r'aring, and the Swedes and Injuns following behind, the last always charmed to get the meaning of the white man's ways when the meaning wasn't too complicated.

"When we got to the corner, 'Adios!' says the Don. 'Sin verguenza! Always I do the wrong thing. Misericordia! Me siento viejo.' He turned and gave the flute to the nearest Injun, who said 'Hunh!' and held it up to look at.

"'Buenas noches,' says the Don. 'I go to bed.' And I looked at him ambling up the street, still pale and thoughtful; and I looked at the Injun going the other way, near blowing his brains out trying to make a noise on the white man's pipe; and I looked at the Swedes and at the landscape and at Buckley, and the meaning of it all came to me.

"I says to Buckley, 'This certainly is old Dakota.'

"He backed up and stared at me. 'Who th' hell ever disputed it?' says he. And I shook my head and went home.

"But I was perfectly correct. It *was* old Dakota, to the bone.

"They say the course of true love never did run smooth. Certainly not. If everything ran smooth 'twould be too ordinary to mention, but I think the Don wouldn't have minded missing some of the bumps. Naturally Lou heard a great deal about the ser'nade from the other girls, and just as naturally she took some of it out on the Don. Old Man Mullins listened to her for a while, too, for he told me that never,



no, never so long as he lived, would he interfere with any one who worked, played, or tormented any kind of instrument or weapon in any or all parts of his premises, in the future, counting from that day on.

"‘I tried to remind her,’ says he, ‘that I was her father. The pity of my life I did, for the description she gave me of fathers that acted in the inhuman, cruel, and malicious fashion of me when I shooed the poor little Spanish feller and his tootlin’ out of me yard would never do on me tombstone. Sure, and had I knew who it was and how little harm the lad meant, divil a word would I said. Anyhow, ’twas Buckley got me nervous with his clatter. I’ll have to beat the head of him yet.’

"‘So Lou was very haughty to the Don, and always asked him what he wished to purchase when he came into the store. He bought a variegated lot of merchandise. However, I noticed that Lou managed to be at the post-office every morning when the Don went for his mail. Her greeting was as chilly-bright as sun-dogs, but she was there, nevertheless. I told the Don not to do too much despairing unless time lay heavy on his hands.

"‘At length he came to me with the light of a grand decision in his eye.

"‘‘Eet ees,’ says he, ‘that I have made myself some reedeecoolus—which, to a lady, ees not to eenspire those sentiments of tenderness and passion. Now, my frien’, will I to redeem my seetuation. You shall see!’

"‘Now what are you going to do?’ I said. ‘Take a peep before you jump.’

"‘Eet ees a bussiness of ex-treme importance,’ says he. ‘I shall have of

money and some fame. Eet will be no longer to laugh at the name of Sanchez. You shall see!’

"Next day I walked, by accident, to the back of the drug-store, and who do I see but my two little friends Harry and Dan, working away with an earnest-



SUGGESTED TAKING A PLAYFUL SHOT AT THE DON'S WHITE SILK HAT

ness that showed either they'd been converted to religion or that somebody was going to get the worst of it.

"‘What you got?’ says I.

"‘They looked up and down, mysteriously, before answering. Then they said, careless:

"‘This is the Don's latest deal. We're fixing them for him.’

"‘‘Them’ was a lot of glass flasks, filled with liquid.

"‘New beverage?’ I asked.

"‘Not any!’ says they, scornful. ‘Patent fire putter-out. Hand-grenades, they're called. You chuck one of them into a fire, and, woof! out she goes!’

"‘Well, where do you come in?’

"‘We're fixing 'em up pretty with tissue-paper. The Don says the gent



that unloaded on him had no taste for art.'

"I picked up a flask and read on the label:

"'Why risk life, wife, and property? The Devouring Demon muzzled at last! Samson's hand-grenades do the trick! The worst fire conquered in one, two, or three throws'—and so forth, setting out the merits of the stuff.

"The Don had written, securing the agency, and this had just arrived by freight.

"'Well,' said I to my two young friends, 'what do you think of this?'

"They looked at me thoughtful, then at each other.

"'Promise you won't tell?' says Harry.

"'Why, what the mischief!' says I. 'Sure, I promise!'

"'We think it ain't going to work very well,' says Harry. 'Because we poured out the stuff that was in them bottles and loaded 'em up with gasoline.'

"I near fell over on my back. Here's a fix for you! I'm supposed to be a friend of the Don's and I'm also supposed to be a friend of the boys. They've backcapped the Don for fair, yet what am I to do about it? Honest, I think I had some good resolutions—that I was nigh to say, 'Boys—nay! It don't go,' when old man Devilkins himself threw a picture in my mind. I see the good Don standing there, telling the multitudes of the value and effects of his hand-grenades; and then I see the result, and I weakened. Yes, I felt like my grandfather was Benedict Arnold and that Rutherford B. Hayes was a family friend. I felt even more treacherous and ornery than that, but the spirit was willing and the flesh fell for it. I joined that plot. Whenever we stopped giggling I knew I wasn't fit to live.

"The Don sprung himself on that venture. He advertised in the papers. He had the grocers send out circulars with their plunder; he sent men in buckboards and kids a-horseback to far-lying ranches; so when the night of the grand demonstration come, only those that could neither walk nor be carried were not there. In the square before

the freight-house were piled three piano-boxes stuffed with paper, soaked with gasoline, and smeared with tar. On top a large sign read:

"'STOP! LOOK! READ!

"'TO-NIGHT! TO-NIGHT! TO-NIGHT! The fiery Demon overcome! Be here at eight and see man's victory over the fiercest force in nature!!

"'One simple move of the arm does it all!!!'

"I recognized the hand of Keno Jim in that ad. He used to do the Chinook Indian Remedy line, before he reformed and dealt faro.

"At eight they were there, packed solid as salmon in the first rush. Every kind of description of man was present that ever was turned out by the hand of Providence—Injuns, Swedes, Dutchmen, Frenchmen, and the like of that, with appropriate half-breeds, anyway you want to take 'em; Chinamen, gamblers, ministers, butchers, bankers, tinkers, candlestick-makers, men in b'iled shirts, men in no shirts, Injuns in nothing but a shirt; every shade, from nigger-black to Swede-pink; tall men, short men, fighting men and calm men; bankers and gun experts; trappers, punchers and hoboes—all, all were there. And all the women the town could boast. They were clad in silk, calico, and plain gunny-sacking. Them from the reservation and them from the hill; squaws, washerwomen, ladies, plain women, girls, and Lou Mullins. All there to see the Don knock out the Devouring Demon with one fell wallop. You see, I'd put the town wise, and a joke come first in the line of business those days.

"When the Don appeared on the scene, at eight to the tick, a yell went up in all the tongues that flesh is heir to. He bowed, bowed, and bowed. He was simply a dream. Never was there a warrior rigged out just like that to swat a Devouring Demon. In the bright light of the drug-store one could make out that he wore a pearl-gray cutaway coat, with a vest of robin's-egg blue. His panties were a baby pink with a delicate green stripe. His patent-leather shoes were so small you'd think they couldn't hold feet. His moustaches were brilliantined till they shone like a pair of polished buffalo horns.



He twirled a little cane, and the last screech in white silk sat on the top of his head. Behind come the Faithful Two—Dan and Harry—pushing a baggage-truck, swaddled in American flags, carrying the hand-grenades. Then Big Bill Morgan and Li'l Happy Jack, the champeen trunk-annihilators of the N. P. R. R. Bill stood six foot four and weighed within ten pounds of me. Li'l Happy Jack had never been surveyed, and he refused to get on the hay-scales. I can only say if he'd been white, and took Bill and me out, at a distance folks would think two nice little boys were going for a walk with their pa. Bill was one of those white-bleached sea-coast Yanks, and Happy Jack one of the most pronounced brunettes I ever see. The sunlight sunk into that soot skin of his. He looked like the entrance to a coal-mine in broad daylight.

"These two were the official fire-starters. Happy Jack carried a torch and Bill a pitchfork. Both had cloaks of some kind of red stuff on. Behind came the Interocean Silver Cornet Band. Bluggenheimer, the drug-store man, was the first cornet and led the band. The band was a little young and they had a new set of instruments—you could tell that the moment they played. All the new notes come out with raw edges on 'em, and not just the same kind of notes the other feller played. Sometimes you wouldn't think it was even the same tune. They looked good, though, and the trombone feller did his part grand.

"The Don took position by the boxes; the baggage-truck was wheeled up; Bill and Happy Jack looked fierce with their weap-

ons in their hands; the band played 'My Country, 'tis of Thee,' so you could hardly tell it from a piece of music; the crowd hollered, and everything was lovely.

"The Don advanced and made a speech. I didn't hear what he said. Didn't make any difference. The crowd yelled some more, and with a magnificent sweep of his hand, the Don commanded Happy and Bill to light the fire. Bill lifted the papers with his pitchfork, and Happy stuck in the torch. The fire jumped heavenward in a second. The Don held up his hand for silence. It fell with a dull thud.

"'Frien's!' says he. 'Eef you weel but ob-serve! There eet ees, the fire, which onteel I have show you, eet ees not that any man can conquer heem. Now may you retire some nights in esaffety, feeling good that with a toss of the feest you may to put dthat fire out eef he ees to creep upon dju like a t'ief in the dark. Witness the wonder-



WE POURED OUT THE STUFF THAT WAS IN THEM AND LOADED 'EM UP WITH GASOLENE





AT THIS THE FIRE LOST PATIENCE AND CLIMBED SKYWARD

ful, meeracoolus, awe-perspiring effect of one leetle, leetle hand-grenade! Dju see me now, how I raise the bottle, how I poosh back my hand—and with one throw—observe, now! Ta!

“He threw the grenade, and it fountained fire twenty foot in the air. The crowd cheered something fierce. The band struck up, and the Don looked at the fire, and something much like surprise come on his features.

“Harry went up to him. ‘Soak her, you chump!’ said he. The Don came back to life. He pelted first one and then another quart of gasolene upon that fire. At this the fire lost patience and climbed skyward. Somebody turned in a fire-alarm.

“‘Toot-tooty-toot!’ says the machine-shop whistle. The fire-boys were all on the spot, but they jumped for their hose-carts.

“I hustled over to the Don. ‘Hit her up!’ I yelled. ‘This business ain’t going right.’ I joined in pelting gasolene at the fire. By the time the hose companies arrived it was time they got there. There was rivers of fire in the gutter, fountains of fire in the sky, and

plentiful spurts of fire out sideways. You can’t do nothing with water on gasolene, though. Everybody was set to shoveling dirt where there was a chance it would get dangerous.

“At this point, as per schedule, Buckley comes out with a warrant for the Don’s arrest on a charge of high treason. The poor little man put his hand to his brow. By this time he was moving like a cigar-store Injun in a trance. He’d lost track of ’most everything.

“So, when Buckley yells, ‘Oi aperrehend an’ detain ye on the charrnge of conspirin’ agin the p’ace and dignity of the United States of Americky in Congress assembled and the roights of man in general,’ the Don threw both hands into the air and wailed, ‘Adios! Todo, todo estoy perdido!’

“Right here’s where the fun got a jolt, and a girl shamed us. Lou Mullins burst from the crowd, sent Buckley whirling with one swing of her arm, and turned on the rest of us, her gray eyes blazing.

“‘You’re a fine lot of men!’ says she, ‘to torment and bedevil a kindly man who has more goodness and sense in one



thought than you ever had in your lives! Come! Have some fun with me, now!" says Lou, putting her arm around him.

"It was a pretty picture, darn my eyes if it wasn't! Old Buckley jumped to the front first.

"*"That's a gurl fer yer loife!"* he shouts. He turned to the music. 'Stroike up when I give the woord,' says he. Then he yells to the crowd, 'Disperse, ye haythen!' and to the band, 'Now!'

"Fall in, boys!" I hollered. 'Company A, fa-a-ll in!'

"There never was a crowd like a Dakota crowd to catch on. At the word, the hull shooting-match, male and female, white, black, pink, and yaller, fell in line behind the band, and away we went to the nearest tonic-bazar, leaving the Don and Lou to settle it over the ruins.

"We squared it all later. Gave the Don a real demonstration. The county passed a law that no home was legal

without hand-grenades, or something like that. The court-house glittered with 'em; Bluggenheimer had to lay in a stock; their fame spread. One old Injun medicine-man bought two ponies' worth, to show his bunch the white man's magic. It was a success, and, say, funny, but I owe my life to the things, time of the laundry fire. Tell you about it some other time. We're near home now.

"The Don and Lou? Sure they were spliced. Happy as grasshoppers on a dry, hot Sunday. She was one of them determined women that want a child to raise; and he just worshiped her for standing by as she did. Good nerve all right. Yes," he sighed, "he come out of it with his pockets full, but when I shoot at phantoms, all I get is the kick of the gun. Hows'mever, the Good Lord gave me two-forty pounds of meat and red hair. That's better 'n luck, anyhow."

## Wander-lure

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

IT was a rosy morning long ago.  
 None was beside me on the sleek gray sand,  
 When, dabbling in the water's wrinkling flow,  
 I something touched that reached to kiss my hand.  
 The shell, the sobbing shell,  
 That seemed so innocent!  
 For me it had been well  
 If I no heed had lent.

I drew it from the rose-lit water—dim,  
 And sadly colored as a sunless sea;  
 But when I laid my ear against its brim,  
 Its sweet, tumultuous pleadings conquered me!  
 The shell, the sobbing shell,  
 It moaned and would not cease!  
 "Enchanted here I dwell—  
 But thou canst bring release."

And then it told me with its broken cry  
 Where hidden cure for such enchantments lay—  
 Another shore, another sea and sky!  
 To bring it there I wandered night and day.  
 The shell, the sobbing shell,  
 Still drives—to east, to west;  
 The spirit in its cell  
 It never lets me rest!




# When the States Seceded

FROM THE DIARY OF MRS. EUGENE MCLEAN

*The writer of this journal was the daughter of Major-General E. V. Sumner, U. S. A. In 1849 she married Lieutenant Eugene McLean, U. S. A., a graduate of the Military Academy at West Point in the class of 1842. Following Lieutenant McLean's promotion, they moved in 1859 from Texas, where he had been stationed, to Washington. Captain McLean was a native of Maryland, and his sympathies were with the South. At the outbreak of the war, he resigned his commission and entered the Confederate army, where he attained high rank in the Staff Corps. Mrs. McLean died in New York early in 1905. Her husband survived her by only a few months.*

*Mrs. McLean's diary was written from day to day as a continuous narrative, with no attempt to follow any exact plan of chronological division. Its purpose was to give to the writer's family a picture of the stirring scenes through which she lived in Washington and later in the South.*

WASHINGTON, Nov. 8, 1860.

ERRIBLY exciting day—State after State going for rail-splitting abolitionism and Lincoln—Black Republicans triumphant—radical Southerners equally so—conservatives thoughtful. “Where will it all end?” I asked Colonel de Russey, who has spent the evening with us. “*Mon Dieu*, who knows? Let us not spoil our digestion and our evening in contemplating it. A game of euchre will give us a better night's rest and fewer wrinkles.” And so we played till twelve, when the ringing of bells announced the election *un fait accompli*.

Moved our lodgings to Brown's Hotel, the headquarters of the Disunionists, and already the irrepressibles are pouring in. For the first time I hear the disunion openly avowed, and feel as much shocked as if the existence of a God were denied; but reflection and history teach me that there is nothing inherently divine in republics.

It is becoming evident that a broad line will be drawn this winter between Northerners and Southerners, even in social life. What am I to do, with so many friends on both sides? Have seriously canvassed the propriety of getting ill to avoid unpleasant *contretemps*, but

with so much to be seen and heard have not the resolution to shut myself up, and have decided to act naturally and take the consequences “like a man.”

Congress meets to-day. The most exciting session ever known predicted—the question of slavery in the Territories to be decided. Northern men cool, calm, and determined; Southern men vehement, passionate, and threatening. Sympathize more with the latter; cannot at all comprehend the cold-blooded policy of the former, some of whom look as if born to be the natural enemies of mankind. The President's message satisfies no one—too simple a diet.

Went to the Senate to-day with Mrs. Jefferson Davis; more pleased with her conversation than anything I heard. She is as full of feeling as of wit, and there are times when both are called into play, though I fear she has too much of the former to make her a happy woman in a revolution where she will play so prominent a part as the wife of the acknowledged Southern leader. Mr. Davis's talents and character alone give him this unenviable notoriety, as he has said very little so far, and what he has said has been marked by a temperance and moderation unusual in the Southern man. I believe he would willingly effect



a compromise to-morrow were it in his power.

Mr. Douglas to-day, in a clear, emphatic, and, I fear, prophetic voice, painted the horrors of a war we are bringing on ourselves, and was equally severe on the radicals of both sides. There is something very impressive about him, and I felt as if I were listening to the plain, unvarnished truth; but so far as the principal actors are concerned, I believe they would look just as unmoved if they were to see the hand writing on the wall or hear a voice from heaven. It seems now as if we were to drift into a civil war without one helping hand to save us. Mrs. Douglas was in the gallery of the Senate looking the pride and confidence she felt in her husband's talents, though there is a modesty in her manner in charming contrast with her truly magnificent appearance. Every place was crowded and the ladies generally in full visiting toilette. The diplomatic boxes all full; observed the G——s in one of them and a celebrated New York beauty in another—all together a striking *coup d'œil*, with a certain sort of Spartan heroism in it. We begin to feel we are to be scattered like chaff before the wind, and we go to meet our fate in our best bonnets and with smiling faces. If we must secede, let us do so becomingly. There is very little outside gaiety; not one large party so far, and our evenings are our dull times, so unlike the Washington of other days.

South Carolina has passed her secession ordinance and proclaims herself to be an independent body—rather an unprotected-looking female! It would be an act of charity to lead her—quietly, if possible, forcibly, if necessary—back home again, but the powers that be seem to consider it a matter of not much importance, and our wayward sister is allowed to go in peace, while her representatives are leaving Washington and hastening to her assistance before she gets quite out of sight. I cannot persuade myself it is anything but supremely ridiculous, although I have heard for the last month that if she only leads the way the other cotton States will follow.

Senate again to-day. Missed the

South-Carolinians, but felt a comfortable conviction that there would be talking enough without them. Toombs, of Georgia, was the lion of the house, pacing up and down in front of his desk exclaiming, "If this be treason, then I am a traitor." A number of the officers of the army from South Carolina have resigned. If worse comes to worst I suppose they will all go, though they say very little about it, and it is an understood thing that so long as they wear the uniform of the United States they are not Secessionists, even in opinion. I have no idea what some of our most intimate friends are going to do, and am amused at the persistence they show in avoiding all discussion of the subject. Such a state of affairs cannot last long.

Every one is watching with interest almost too deep for words the action of the Committee of Thirteen, composed of Northern and Southern men, to endeavor to effect a compromise of some sort. God grant they may succeed! Union men say there is little probability of it.

Mr. Jefferson Davis announced that the compromise committee could come to no terms, and it was received by that immense audience in a silence like death. His succeeding remarks made a deep impression, and he himself was evidently much affected. He is by far the most interesting speaker in the Senate; his voice alone makes him one of nature's orators—so cold and sarcastic one moment, so winning and persuasive the next, and again rising to tones of command that carry obedience with them. If I did not know him in private life, and did not know his high, honorable, and chivalric nature, I could well understand the influence he exercises; he is one of the few public men I have ever seen who impresses me with his earnestness.

New-Year's Day. A good deal of visiting, but conversation turns on the state of the country, and we cannot help asking ourselves and one another, "Where shall we be next year?" Some one has said anniversaries are the tombstones of time, and I begin to see how they can be made so. The officers of the army, in full uniform, went as usual to pay their respects to the President, and as they passed, with the gallant Scott at their



head, a Georgia lady said with a sigh, "How many of them will be our enemies?"

Mr. Seward drew a crowded house to-day. We went at nine o'clock in order to get seats, and found difficulty in obtaining them even at that early hour. We spend so much time in the Senate that many of the ladies take their sewing or crocheting, and all of us who are not absolutely spiritual provide ourselves with a lunch. The gallery of the Senate is the fashionable place of reunion, and before the Senate meets we indulge in conversation sometimes very spirited, though generally the opposing factions treat each other with great reserve—a very necessary precaution. Mr. Seward spoke for nearly four hours, and I was sorry when he took his seat, yet for the life of me do not know what he said, what he did not say, or what he meant to say; either his speech was above vulgar comprehension or he is the Talleyrand of America, as I find no one knows any more than I do, and yet every one says it was a masterly effort. He chained the attention of a promiscuous audience of all classes and of every shade of opinion for four hours; he offered no compromises; he offered no prejudices; he expressed opinions, but did not commit himself. It was like a skilful fencer who shows great adroitness and dexterity in the use of his weapons, and does not hurt his opponent, only because he has taken the precaution to use blunted foils. It may be a sleight of hand to which politicians are accustomed, but to me it is wonderful and argues great reserved strength. Why does he not exert it to save the country? The North grows more and more unyielding every day; the South more and more defiant. Is there no Curtius to close the gulf?

Went to a levee at the White House last evening. A number of ultra Southerners there and all on the best terms, apparently, with the Administration. Miss Lane, as usual, handsome, well-dressed, and agreeable. Mr. Buchanan politic and polite.

Mississippi secedes, and I suppose the others will follow soon, as it seems to be the policy to "speed the parting guest."

The tall, handsome, and belligerent Mississippi woman in ecstasies, and the children making a Fourth of July of it with firecrackers, etc. I am becoming accustomed to it.

Alabama goes out. Another *feu de joie*. A caustic old gentleman remarks that they had better save their gunpowder. It would be an economy if they would all go out together.

Johnson, of Tennessee, has consumed two days in his argument against the right of secession. A Southern man and a slaveholder, he is regarded as a renegade. He is a remarkable-looking man, with a piercing eye that might, I should judge, see as far into the millstone as any other that has tried to look. At all events, his arguments seemed to me unanswerable, and I came home convinced that people had a right to be rebels, but no right to be secessionists, which is just what I have felt all the time. The question being settled, it now behooves me (taking future contingencies into consideration) to cultivate rebel proclivities.

Mr. Crittenden spoke to-day in a trembling voice and with tearful eyes, beseeching those who could to save the Union. I could not control my feelings; it was sad to see that old white-haired man, who had devoted his best years to his country, find himself powerless to help it in this its extremity, but, with piteous entreaties to deaf ears and hardened hearts, exhaust himself in the vain effort to bring about a single concession. I shall never forget his appearance, and it will always rise to speak for itself when I hear him reviled by one party as a driveler and by the other as a time-server.

Have seen the wives of some of the United States officers at Fort Sumter. When it was decided to abandon Sullivan's Island and retire into the fort the ladies were sent over to Charleston, but could find no accommodations and were obliged to come North. Not a boarding-house would receive them, and one woman frankly said that if she did she would lose all her other boarders. I cannot imagine such a state of feeling, and am quite indignant with the Southern chivalry, though they say some few of



the gentlemen of Charleston were very polite and offered them rooms in their private houses; but, with the enmity openly avowed toward their husbands, they could not, of course, accept any obligations. They feel very bitter and are ready for the war. In the mean time they are receiving a great deal of attention as the first martyrs.

Have moved up to Willard's and am in the full odor of Black Republican sanctity. The South "dies daily," and, if I am to believe all I hear, is in just that helpless condition which would justify any generous soul in flying to its assistance. It is a fact, however, that when the Southerners were here they held their own remarkably well, and the accounts daily received of forts surrendered do not seem to argue weakness in anything but the United States army. In the Senate, I am told, some of the radicals out-wigfall Wigfall, but I never hear them or read any of their speeches. Am entirely disheartened, and have lost all the hope and enthusiasm with which I commenced the winter.

States going out and Mr. Lincoln coming in are the only topics of the day; and if the first is beginning to be looked upon as a matter of course, the latter is waited for with impatience by all parties. The Republicans are anxious to carry out their programme; the border States hope to effect some sort of reconciliation, while people generally are beginning to feel as if this state of uncertainty were worse than war, and want the thing decided one way or another. All think the country is not what it was, and if it cannot be reconstructed there are many who will feel at liberty to make a choice between the two sections. I should like to place my platform on Mason and Dixon's line, but, not being a "solo" or a prima donna, am not considered entitled to one.

The gathering of the Northern clans has commenced and the House is filled with New-Yorkers, Bostonians, and fresh, bright-looking women from all parts of the North, each one with her own "views"—refreshing, wide-awake people who never go to sleep mentally and never allow any one else to. I find it exhilarating, but a friend from the mod-

ern Athens says, "In the long run it is fatiguing." Any quantity of women with unquiet eyes and eager manners, electioneering for office by denouncing everything Southern and doing the agreeable to everything Northern; some New York belles who have no idea of sacrificing themselves to the public weal by drawing party lines; an unusual number of short-sighted girls flirting through eye-glasses with men in spectacles, and, last, but by no means least, some dignified old ladies with porcupinish principles and propriety exuding from every pore.

All Washington in a ferment about the unexpected arrival of the President-elect—Abraham Lincoln. His movements since leaving his home in Springfield, Illinois, have been regularly reported, and by last advices he was in Baltimore to remain for the night, and arrives here to-morrow; but early this morning it was whispered that he was in the house, and by midday all kinds of stories were afloat. Infernal machines with Southern sympathies, plug-uglies, etc., etc.—altogether a state of affairs which, if we may believe Dame Rumor with her hundred tongues, rendered a Scotch cap and military cloak necessary disguises. Be that as it may, he is here and I have seen him! A tall, thin man with black hair and earnest eyes, not at all a handsome face, but one that inspires confidence and justifies the sobriquet of "Honest Old Abe." The Opposition is delighted with this surreptitious advent, and is not slow in making the most of it in the way of ridicule and sarcasm, while the Republicans themselves look as if it would take a very respectable and well-organized insurrection to satisfy them that it was all right. I have heard a mob was feared in Baltimore, and the advisers of Mr. Lincoln, or those whose advice he took, deemed it wiser to avoid all occasion for trouble before he should be fairly inaugurated. What a fine commentary it all is on "the free choice of the people"! Mrs. Lincoln arrived yesterday—one day after her husband—and again we have rumors of some disgraceful scenes during her stay in Baltimore. It is said she found it difficult to get to the depot, and again it is said she ex-



pressed her determination to go there at all hazard. If war on women is inaugurated at this early stage, what is to become of us? One of the large parlors with a suite of rooms adjoining has been appropriated to the use of Mr. Lincoln and family, and already a stream of people meander thither at all hours of the day. About eight in the evening it becomes a rushing torrent carrying everything before it. In other words, Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln receive every evening from eight to ten, and during those hours it is impossible to pass through the main hall; accordingly, the knowing ones take a cup of tea in order to secure good seats, favorable as well for making observations as for hearing those of others. I find most persons see just what they wish to see, and the criticisms passed on the distinguished strangers are as varied as the different shades of politics, or as the hopes of critical office-seekers are sanguine or otherwise. In the meanwhile polite society repeats Mrs. Lincoln's remarks or manufactures them, as the case may be, while the political world busies itself in the selection of a cabinet for Mr. Lincoln. At one moment we hear the conservatives are to be called to his counsel, at another the most radical of the Republicans; all parties, however, seem to consider that Mr. Seward is to be the Secretary of State.

The fourth of March, 1861, has seen Mr. Lincoln successfully installed as President of the United States, despite all predictions to the contrary. For the first time in the history of the United States it has been found necessary to conduct the President-elect to the Capitol surrounded by bayonets, and with loaded cannon at different points on the route, where it was feared his passage might be obstructed—all of which added to the display, if it detracted as much from preconceived ideas of the inauguration of the President of a free Republic. From early in the morning the tramp of the troops could be heard, and dashing aids in showy uniforms seen urging their horses almost to full speed and looking as if the fate, not only of the United States but of the universe, depended on their individual efforts. "Masons" and

"Odd Fellows" with marshals of the city and marshals of the day were running against one another at every corner, sublimely unconscious of everything but their destination. By nine the street in front of Willard's Hotel was lined with troops as far as the eye could see, and there they remained under arms until Mr. Lincoln appeared, leaning on the arm of Mr. Buchanan, who had previously driven down the avenue in his own carriage unattended. As soon as Mr. Lincoln stepped into the carriage that was to convey him to the Capitol, the troops presented arms, the band struck up "Dixie," and the sun, which had been under a light cloud all the morning, shone with undiminished splendor, as if nothing should be wanting to give effect to the moment. It was a scene never to be forgotten, and seemed to make an unwonted impression on the spectators, hushing into silence for the instant every dissentient voice. As the carriage, which might be said to contain the destiny of the United States, disappeared the troops filed after it, followed by an immense throng of people of all ages and both sexes eagerly hurrying to the Capitol, where a platform had been erected outside of the building, from which Mr. Lincoln, after taking the oath of office as President of the United States, addressed them. I was not near enough to hear what he said, but on that sea of faces turned toward him I could read every variety of expression from exultation to despair, and felt long before I knew positively that there was no hope for the South. The remainder of the day was a gloomy one for all parties; the excitement of the morning has passed away, leaving reflection, that enemy to all present enjoyment, with dark forebodings to overshadow our future.

The Inauguration Ball. The dullest of all balls—scarcely a familiar face to be seen. The *haut ton* did not come out, because "the Lincolns are not yet the fashion." The strangers who patronized the affair tried to make the most of it, but the room, or tent, was arranged with so little taste and was so badly lighted that it required a brilliant imagination to fancy enjoyment in such a scene. Mr. Douglas opened the ball with Mrs. Lincoln, who looked extremely well in a



light-blue "moiré," but did not seem to be in good spirits—it is said she remarked that it had been the most unhappy day of her life.

The Cabinet has been appointed, and the extreme radicals carry the day, which means war, say the prophets. Our prophets look gloomy enough; in the meanwhile we laugh and jest as if Rome were not burning. A medical friend, entertaining us with a detailed account of the elaborate arrangements made for the anticipated "crisis" on the day of the inauguration, says the surgeons were ordered to be in readiness with their instruments and bandages, and that mounted orderlies reported from time to time the progress of the procession to the commander-in-chief, who said nothing until Mr. Lincoln had finished his inaugural, when he thanked Heaven "the country was safe." It is well we can laugh if it is only to save our tears, which are ready to flow, as each hour develops the new policy that would have been hailed by many with delight three months since, but which now comes too late either to prevent or to save.

A Peace Convention, the last hope of the border States, is in session, composed generally of the older and more conservative men, and it is sad to see how, day by day, as hope dies out, they look more and more aged. Mr. Bell, of Tennessee, has grown ten years older in three days, and so have many others. We do not even ask now, "What hope?"

The United States flag has actually been fired on, and the steamer *Star of the West*, carrying provisions to Fort Sumter, forced by rebel batteries to turn back. I thought I had reasoned myself into a conviction that rebellion was justifiable, but I find I was not prepared to see it triumphant and the flag of my country go down at the first fire. It is strange how our sympathies change in a moment. I see men who this morning said—and I believe in all sincerity—that nothing could induce them to fight against the South, ready now to take up arms, while the Southerners in the city are inexpressibly shocked, and many of them speak as if they felt the insult as keenly as their Northern brethren.

The attack on Fort Sumter is the all-engrossing theme. G. T. Beauregard commands the rebels, and Major Anderson the United States forces. So far the latter have been able to hold the fort, but the wise say it is merely a question of time. The Southerners have been erecting batteries for the past month or more, and as they have one of our best engineer officers to direct their works and have not been in the least molested, it is reasonable to suppose they will succeed. In the mean time Northern indignation is at fever-heat. Though I, personally, passed through the crisis when the *Star of the West* was fired on, I feel a deep sympathy for the victims in the fort, and should think it quite natural if they finally emerged secessionists, unless indeed they should feel under obligations to the United States government for "assisting" at their first defeat; nor should I feel surprised if they did take this view, as the theories on that subject are as varied as they are erratic. One man knows no United States out of his own State, and another one knows none in it. One swears fealty to the place of his birth, and another to that of every one's but his own. I have met only one entirely independent man, who was born at sea, and privileged to use the reason God gave him in that natal hour.

Fort Sumter has surrendered after three days' continued firing, and no one killed. War loses its horrors upon a nearer view, and we can read the heroic incidents of the attack and defense with minds at ease as to the fate of our friends on both sides.

Mr. Lincoln calls out seventy-five thousand troops to crush the rebellion, and no one is frightened; but, now that the United States government has condescended to notice the affair, private individuals who did not care about taking the initiative are ranging themselves on either side as principle or feelings dictate, so that we may look for more battles, but I fear none so bloodless as Fort Sumter. Strange, strange, strange how we have accustomed ourselves to the thought, and accept the dissolution of the Union as a natural consequence! Whom have we to blame for bringing us to this state of discipline? Wherever the



fault lies, I do not envy them their feelings in this hour, and fear both sections will atone in mourning and ashes for the crime.

It is difficult to realize all this, is it not? And to believe that our native land has been sacrificed on the altar of faction—does it not seem as if the whole country was an insane asylum for the exclusive benefit of the two classes of monomaniacs, abolitionists and secessionists? However, as my lot is cast with the latter, it will be wise in me to follow the stream without asking whence it cometh or whither it goeth.

E. [the writer's husband] resigned from the United States army on Monday last, with many regrets, but his feelings are with the South, and, now that the difficulties have passed beyond State limits and assumed a sectional character in which the whole South is arrayed against the whole North, he is determined to act upon their dictates, deeming it dishonorable to remain in a service to which he could not give a cordial support. I believe he sacrifices his interests, but I can entirely sympathize in this sort of self-immolation, and, indeed, after all I have seen and heard this past winter it is refreshing to meet now and then a man capable of a generous sacrifice, and I must do the officers of the army who have resigned this justice. They all believe they are leaving the stronger for the weaker side, and speak of old associations and broken ties with regret and sadness that will never be appreciated by those who forced this issue

upon them—and, without having had anything to do with bringing about this state of affairs, it is very evident they will be the first victims.

We left Washington this afternoon, and, though I did not trust myself to bid some of my oldest friends farewell, it has been a most trying day to me, while I have not dared to think of those nearer and dearer ones I am leaving behind. As for the present, imagine me in a small room at the Mansion House, Alexandria, having passed the evening in the parlor and in Mrs. Johnston's room. The General resigned to-day. The parlor was filled with officers of the navy and their families, all in a high state of excitement, evidently put on to cover deeper feelings. One poor little woman with five children could not conceal her apprehensions and anxiety for the future, and was rallied by the others upon a want of proper spirit. I sympathized with her, but was prudent enough to forbear any expression of it, feeling that in strict justice I ought to expend all that sort of sentiment on myself, as I fear my antecedents will not procure me a great deal of consideration in Confederate circles. Mrs. Johnston is sick and in low spirits; she feels the parting from old friends and, I imagine, does not look on the future with a very bright eye, though she is too politic to say so; but we sometimes instinctively feel what others think. At all events, her quiet room was a relief after the noisy parlor, and I remained there until a few minutes since. To-morrow we leave for Richmond.





# “Turn About”

BY MARGARET DELAND

A STORY IN TWO PARTS—II.



THE captain was not far wrong: the object of G. G.'s devotion may not have been ready to “tumble at the first gun,” but Lochinvar was expected. To be sure, the little disappointment in the graveyard had brought a puzzled look into her soft brown eyes; but the captain had said that George had “lost his heart,”—and surely the captain must know! Netty thought of the captain with a thrill of admiration. “How *could* he have cared for aunty—he is such a darling!” she said to herself, as she had said many times in the last few weeks.

She and Mrs. Wharton, on the top of a canal-boat, were moving along between stubbly fields and russet woods in the October sunshine. The ladies had raised their fringed parasols, for the day was hot; the mule on the tow-path cast a longing eye at the lush greenness of the weeds growing near the shore; sometimes he seized a mouthful, and the smell of the crushed stems mingled with the odor of the slow current. The water lapped drowsily against the side of the old boat that nosed along through lily-pads or brushed under leaning willows; dragon-flies flashed about its blunt bows; once a blackbird lighted on a stanchion and gave his clear, loud call; and once there was a sleepy hail from a fisherman sitting on the grassy bank. In the blazing sunshine of the open fields, where the water road stretched straight as a silver ribbon, the slow-moving shadows of the domed white clouds in the west were a great relief. It was very quiet, except for the monotonous tug of the mule on the tow-path; but neither of the ladies under the striped parasols was drowsy. Mrs. Wharton's face had relaxed (there being no gentlemen on board) into fretful lines.

She was worrying acutely about the future, and ever since they had taken their seats on the boat she had been talking about it to Netty. “I don't know how your uncle thought I could live on what he left me,” she complained, over and over. Sometimes she reproached her living brother, instead of her dead husband. “You would have supposed Thomas would have asked us to spend the winter with him; he knows I have to visit to make both ends meet; perhaps he didn't want you.”

But it was not Mrs. Wharton's conversation that kept Netty from yielding to the somnolence of the afternoon; she was thinking such intent little thoughts of the captain and G. G. that she really did not hear the slow dribble of words that kept on and on, like water dripping from an unclosed tap. Netty was going over in her mind all that “he” had said, and looked, and left unsaid. Sometimes she blushed softly, sometimes smiled, sometimes, when the fretful voice beside her paused, apparently for a reply, she murmured a noncommittal syllable or two: “Really?” “Dear me!” “Yes, indeed”; and the complaints dribbled on. Once, with shy effort, she asked Mrs. Wharton about the uncle and nephew; and this time she listened to the older woman's words:

“Oh yes; I can tell you all about them. Jim was good-looking enough when I knew him. He's gone off, dreadfully; he shows his age very much. He hadn't much money in those days. When he said he was going to undertake to support this child—Mr. G. G., I mean—of course I wouldn't put up with it. Now he's quite well-to-do, Brother Tom says; and Mr. G. G. will get it all. No; he never married; he never got over it—I mean me.”

“Perhaps,” said Netty, “he'd be glad, now, if you'd forgive him?”



"Forgive him?" said Mrs. Wharton sourly. "You mean—take him? I wouldn't touch him with a ten-foot pole!" She blushed so hotly that Netty had another thought of her own: "*She tried to get him!*"

After that, as the yellow afternoon thickened into dusk, and the form of the mule in the tow-path was hardly discernible against the alders and willows, she thought much of the captain, and his fine manners and his beautiful eyes. Then she wondered whether he would want Mr. G. G. to live at home if—if he married? "It would be pleasant to live at Captain Williams's house," she reflected. When a deck-hand came up and hung a lighted lantern on the post behind them, Netty got out her little portfolio, and, balancing it on her knee, wrote to Tom Dilworth's youngest girl. It was a very girlish letter, and of course it had a postscript:

"P.S.—Aunty is going to stay in Paterson a fortnight; she has friends there, the Boardmans. If anybody asks my" ("my" was scratched out, and "our" written over it) "our address, you can say the Eagle House—unless we stay with Mrs. Boardman."

Netty made many calculations as to how many days would probably elapse before that postscript could reach G. G. He would see the Dilworths at church on Sunday, and Mary would tell him. After that . . . "Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday—" Netty counted. Allowing a day or two to pack up and get off, he ought to arrive by Friday.

So it was that when they had disembarked at Paterson, and were settled in the old Eagle House, just in time to escape an October storm, the little brown girl, as the captain called her, stood for long hours with her small nose pressed against the grimy window-pane of Mrs. Wharton's room.

"What do you keep looking out of the window for?" her aunt said, fretfully, from her lounge at the foot of the bed.

"Oh, just to see things," said the girl, vaguely, staring into the steadily falling rain.

"There's nothing to see in this horrid place," Mrs. Wharton complained; "I wouldn't have come here if I hadn't

supposed the Boardmans would have had the decency to invite us to stay with them. I wrote Ella Boardman I was to be here, two weeks ago. There's no excuse for not inviting me! Now, I suppose I've got to stay in this dreadful hotel, because it costs too much to travel. If I had any money, I'd go to Europe. I could, too, if I had only myself to provide for."

Jim Williams had not been very far wrong when he said that her aunt-in-law beat poor little Miss Netty; to be sure, it was with her tongue, not with a club; but the implement doesn't make much difference. At any rate, the blow was severe enough to bring the tears, and they and the grime on the window blurred the street so that Netty did not see G. G. walking smartly along the pavement and vanishing between the granite columns of the entrance to the hotel. She only knew he had arrived when, a card being brought up-stairs, Mrs. Wharton jumped from her sofa and ran to the mirror, to tie a ribbon here, stick a breastpin there, burrow for a clean handkerchief, and shower herself with perfumery.

"Why, who is it?" Netty said, turning round from the window to stare at her aunt with soft, astonished eyes.

"It's young Gale. I wonder why he has come to Paterson? Business, I suppose."

"G. G!" Netty's heart beat hard.

Mrs. Wharton fastened a tortoise-shell chain around her neck, and adjusted a curl at the side of her chignon. "Of course he would come to see me—he is most attentive to me, I'll say that for him," she said. "He's a good deal of a fool, but I'm glad to have anything in trousers—except a nigger waiter—to speak to!" Mrs. Wharton looked into the glass, and put a dab of powder on her nose. "You needn't come down-stairs; he didn't ask for you," she said from under the powder-puff.

The happy color was streaming into Netty's face; her hands trembled so that she had to squeeze them tight together. "He *will* ask for me!" she said to herself, joyously; and as the door slammed on Mrs. Wharton's flounces, Netty, too, ran about and tied fresh ribbons at her throat, and got out her little





*Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green*

"OH, MR. GALE, THE WEATHER SEEMED DREARY ENOUGH UNTIL YOU CAME!"







store of jewelry. Then she sat down, palpitating, and waiting to be summoned.

Down-stairs, in the dark, narrow parlor of the hotel, all elegant in red plush and black walnut, long mirrors and cold marble-topped tables, G. G. was standing, first on one foot and then on the other. He took Mrs. Wharton's voluble hand, but looked eagerly beyond her for a little figure; but no Netty followed in that rustling wake. It was hard for him to turn his expectant eyes from the door to gaze into the handsome powdered face under the gray hair; but he remembered his uncle's directions: "*Soft-soap the aunt.*" Accordingly, he produced a bunch of flowers that he had been holding behind him, and said the weather was fine, "finer, I mean, than yesterday; it isn't raining so hard to-day," he added, desperately.

"Ah, Mr. Gale, the weather seemed dreary enough until you came!" said Mrs. Wharton. "Do sit down and cheer me up! This is such a lonely place. I don't know why I ever left dear Old Chester!"

G. G., knowing Mr. Thomas Dilworth, knew quite well why she had left Old Chester; but of course that was not a thing to say. "You ought to—to—to come back," he said, bowing in a way that would not have disgraced his Uncle Jim himself.

"If I only could," she sighed; "the home of my girlhood! Oh, such happy, happy days! But, alas, dear Mr. G. G., I am not free. I have a burden to bear. My husband's niece has to live with me, and of course I can't ask my brother to receive her."

"Oh," said G. G., ardently, "I am sure he would be glad to receive her; I should be!"—then, still obeying the captain, he added with vast significance—"for your sake."

Mrs. Wharton simpered, and shook an arch finger at him: "Flatterer!"

"I mean it," George said, stoutly; he was so much in earnest he hardly stammered at all. "Indeed, I am here to ask you to come back to Old Chester, w-with me. I want you to come right to—to—to our house."

"Oh, dear Mr. G. G.!" she protested; "how good you are! But the world is so

censorious," she sighed. "You know once, when I was a little, tiny, tiny girl, that handsome uncle of yours—"

Without a moment's hesitation George offered up the captain: "He has repented, ma'am, he has re-re-repented. And he wants you to come to visit us—with Miss Netty—almost as much as I do."

Mattie Wharton fairly gasped with astonishment. Jim had sent his nephew to plead for him? The color rose sharply under the powder; she stammered almost as badly as G. G. himself:

"Jim—*w-wants me?*"

George Gale was shy, but he was not a fool; he said to himself: "Good Lord, I've put my foot into it! Ah," he said, trying wildly to take his foot out of it, "it is I who want you, not my uncle; I, who-who—" he floundered.

"*You!*" Mrs. Wharton said, still more astounded.

"Yes!" G. G. said, ardently. This, he thought, was the moment to bring in Netty's name, for certainly there had been enough soft-soap. "Yes; I have the greatest admiration for Miss Netty's aunt; admiration and—and affection."

"Oh, how good of you to offer to share my burdens!" she said; she was so confused by this whirligig of ideas that she really did not know what she said. Young Gale had come on his own account? In her perfectly honest amazement she drew back—but he caught at her hand.

"My affection, my esteem—" he repeated.

"But your years," she gasped; "you are so young!"

"Young? No; I am not young; I am quite old enough to be married—if you will only consent," he insisted.

"But—" she protested, dumfounded.

"Why, you yourself are but a very few years my senior," he challenged her, quite rakishly.

Mattie was silent; she knew just how many years his senior she was. Twenty-five years ago, when she was eighteen, she and Jim had parted on account of the "brat"—the brat, who was now asking her to marry him! Well, what is eighteen years to a man in love? In a way, he was still a "brat"; a shy, stammering young man—young enough to be her



son; but what difference did shyness and silence and youth make, compared to a home! "Oh," she said, "I do want a home!"

"You shall have it, as long as I have one myself," cried G. G.

The captain would never have known his timid pupil; George seized both the lady's hands and ogled her with bold eyes. Mattie looked into them, gulped, and without a moment's warning—put her head on his shoulder.

"I—I will," she said.

G. G.'s mouth dropped open; he looked down at the gray head under his chin, and lifted terrified hands as though to push it away.

"I will," Mattie whispered again, softly.

"Will—*what?*" the boy gasped; and slid his shoulder from under the drooping head—but it slid along, too.

"Marry you," said the widow.

In her happiness she forgot the publicity of the hotel parlor, and tried to put her arms around him; he felt her hair against his cheek, her perfumery reeked in his nostrils, her breast panted against his shoulder. The shock of it all made him absolutely dumb. He tried to speak, to loosen the clinging hands, to draw far, far away, but it was impossible. She clung to him, murmuring that she had never expected to love again—but he was so good, so chivalrous!

"Yes, G. G.; I will marry you," she murmured.

G. G. groaned aloud. Then he got on his feet, brushed frantically at a streak of powder on the lapel of his coat, and without a word dashed out of the room.

Mrs. Wharton sat up, smoothed her hair, and wiped some very genuine tears from her eyes; "I never dreamed he was in love with me," she thought. "It is wonderful!" And yet perhaps not so very wonderful? She got up and went over to the long mirror between the windows; stiff red moreen curtains almost hid it, but she parted them, and stood for a moment looking into the shimmering darkness of the glass. "With my color," she reflected, "I must be attractive to anybody! No; age doesn't make a bit of difference." Her gray hair was really very handsome, too. Nobody could deny that.

She went up-stairs to her dingy room, so excited that she could hardly breathe.

"Netty!" she cried, her lips a little blue, and her hand on her panting heart; "I am engaged to be married!"

Netty gaped at her, speechless.

"Yes; to G. G.! Just think; he followed me here to propose to me. Oh, he urged me so, I simply couldn't refuse him. And he says he'll look after you—doesn't that show his devotion!" She rustled over to her bureau, and stood staring at the buxom reflection in the mirror. "Of course, my hair—" she began, but turned at a little sound.

Netty had burst out crying.

Although it did not actually take place in Old Chester, this was the first of our horrifying weddings—for of course, from G. G.'s point of view, there was nothing to do but face the music. That was his Uncle Jim's first precept: "Don't howl!"—in other words, face the music. He had made a fool of himself—he must take the consequences. Just at first, he tried his terrified best to evade them. . . . He went back to the Eagle House that evening to say—well, he really didn't know what he meant to say. In point of fact, he did not get the chance to say anything. Mattie, coy, palpitating, effusive, said everything for him; and the first thing she said was that they had better be married at once.

G. G. gasped. Could Jim Williams's nephew slap the female cheek thus held out to him?

"I didn't suppose I could love again," said Mattie; "but if you prefer me, with my *prematurely* gray hair, to younger and more foolish persons, why should I hesitate? I will dye, if you don't like it."

The threat made him shiver. "No—no," he stammered; "you mustn't think of anything like that; "only I—I—"

"I love you," Mattie said—and very likely she did. Women of fifty have been known to think "anything in trousers" attractive. "I suppose you'll give me no peace, unless I promise to be married at once?" she said, archly; "Oh, I know you gentlemen!" she added, shaking her finger at him.

Mattie was very arch. Did she know the truth, one wonders? We were never



able to make up our minds about that. Certainly, when she accepted Netty's lover, she honestly supposed he was her own; G. G. himself never doubted the sincerity of that belief. But Mattie was too astute a person to be fooled very long, and when she said, ardently, that she supposed she must submit to his impatience, she must by that time have been aware of the actual state of affairs. At any rate, her haste implied that she was afraid to let him out of her sight. She betrayed this when she said something shrewish about Jim Williams: "That naughty uncle of yours might try to separate us; he is very dear and handsome, but I must say he is just a tiny, tiny bit jealous! I noticed it in Old Chester."

G. G. bit his finger-nail speechlessly.

"Because, you know, when I was just a little, tiny girl, he was dreadfully in love with me; but I wouldn't—wouldn't—" Mattie, looking sidewise at G. G., wondering if he knew just why she "wouldn't," did not know just how to end that sentence; so she said again, firmly, "I *wouldn't*." Then she leaned her head on his shoulder, and whispered, "We can be married here, and go back to Old Chester after our wedding trip."

G. G. had had chivalry enough to "face the music," but he had no voice to say "Yes." He only nodded, and took his hat and went out.

Mrs. Wharton herself attended to details; she got the license, and found out where the minister lived, and bought (fearfully, for sometimes it turns your hair green) a bottle of Dr. Gounard's hair-restorer. "I'll try it on a back lock," she said to herself; and hid the bottle from poor little crushed Netty.

G. G. did not see Netty in the two days before the wedding. Her tears had roused Mrs. Wharton's jealousy to an extraordinary degree, and she said, brutally, that the girl could keep to herself.

"We don't want you," said Mrs. Wharton; "and I don't know anybody who does!" Netty cried silently. "As for your future," her aunt meditated, "he's very generous, and I am sure he'll give you an allowance. He is perfectly crazy about me, and will do anything for me. He said he would share the burden of you."

"He needn't trouble himself!" said Netty, the angry color burning her tears away in a flash. She did not go to the minister's with the bride and groom; perhaps if she had, G. G. might somehow have escaped from the coil. But she did not appear, and Mattie and the "brat" were pronounced man and wife.

When Mrs. Gale, returning to her room to dress for her wedding journey, looked keenly into the mirror, she could not help simpering with pleasure. She was certainly handsome, despite her still undyed hair; and, "if he prefers my experience and knowledge to the flightiness of some silly girl, who can blame him?" she said to herself, again.

But all the same she made up her mind that he should not be exposed to the allurements of flightiness. "Netty can hunt up some of her own relations," she told her husband. As for Netty's immediate affairs, "there is nothing to do but send her to my brother Tom until I find somebody who will take her in—somebody on whom she has a claim. She certainly has none on you!"

She said this to G. G. when they started out on a wedding trip the details of which she had swiftly arranged. The only thing the young, dazed husband did of his own volition was to write a letter to his uncle:

"When I approached the subject of marriage, Mrs. Wharton misunderstood me, and accepted me herself. She spoke as if she preferred death rather than the loss of the affection she supposed I had offered her. Of course I could not undeceive her. We were married this morning, and will return to Old Chester next week.

"Your ob't nephew,  
"G. GALE."

Jim Williams, reading this brief and tragic letter, almost had a stroke of apoplexy. When he got his breath and stopped swearing, he said, "Mrs. Mattie Gale can 'return to Old Chester,' but I'll be damned if she returns to my house!" Then he swore some more.

"He has disgraced himself," he told Tom Dilworth, "and he'll get his deserts—saving your presence, Thomas. No; I haven't an ounce of sympathy for him.



But what is going to become of that pretty creature that he has insulted?"

"My beloved sister is sending her to stay with me until some other arrangements can be made," Tom Dilworth said; he was as angry as G. G.'s uncle, but they both observed the proprieties, and did not mention to each other the name of the "lady" who had made all the trouble; they both used a certain word with regrettable frequency, but they added "it," instead of "her."

"See here," said the captain; "I won't have that child slighted—she shall come and live with me!"

Tom Dilworth raised his eyebrows: "My dear fellow, this is a censorious world, and—"

The captain broke in with the regrettable word. But of course Thomas was right.

"I'll take care of the little thing," Tom said; but he looked harassed. The Dilworths had three youngsters of their own, and not much money, so extra bread-and-butter and petticoats meant harder work for Tom and more care for his anxious Amelia.

The captain walked off, fuming and pulling his goatee. He had already sent a letter to his nephew, which made poor G. G. curl up as if he were being skinned:

"The tavern is open to any fool who can pay his board. My house is not.  
"J. WILLIAMS."

So, when the bride and groom (preceded by Miss Netty, sent like an express parcel to Tom Dilworth) came back to Old Chester, it was Van Horn's roof that sheltered them, just as it had sheltered G. G. when, unheralded and undesired, he had arrived in Old Chester twenty-five years before.

When the stage drew up at the tavern door in the November dusk, G. G., extending a lax hand to his wife, assisted her to alight. "Get supper for Mrs. Wharton," he said to Van Horn, who snickered; the late Mrs. Wharton smilingly corrected her husband. G. G. nodded, dully; "For Mrs. Gale," he said. "I am going out, ma'am," he explained. And, supperless, he went straight to Jim Williams's house.

The older man, who looked really old

in this last week, was evidently expecting him, for he had been pacing about the dining-room, pulling his goatee, glancing sometimes out of the window, and sometimes at the supper-table, laid very obviously for one. At G. G.'s step on the porch, he became elaborately nonchalant.

"Oh, you?" he said; and turning his back on his nephew sat down at the table, making a great clatter with his knife and fork.

"I came, sir," said G. G., standing in the doorway behind his uncle, "to know what you want to do?"

"Do?" said the captain, buttering a slice of bread rapidly. "When? Now? Eat my supper!"

"I mean," said George Gale, "what do you want me to do?"

"I don't care a tinker's dam what you do. Hang yourself if you want to."

"I mean," G. G. persisted, calmly, "about the business. I suppose you don't want to be in business with me any longer?"

Jim poured out a glass of wine, drank it quickly, choked, spluttered, and swallowed a tumbler of water. "As for business," he said, "so long as he doesn't tamper with the till and attends to his job, a man's private honor is nothing to me. You can get out of the firm, or stay in it, just as you choose. I'm willing to *do business* with a nigger, or a Unitarian, or a homeopathist. But my table,"—he upset the cream-pitcher, and sopped the flood up with a trembling hand,—"*my table and my roof, are for gentlemen.*" He slashed at the cold meat on his plate, and set his teeth.

G. G. put on his hat and stepped back into the hall. The captain, sitting tensely, his fork half-way to his mouth, heard the boy fumbling at the knob of the front door. The door opened—slammed shut. Jim was on his feet with a bound; he flung up the dining-room window and roared after the vanishing figure:

"George!"

G. G. did not turn. The captain put a leg over the low sill, and called again. He could hear the retreating steps among the dead leaves.

"George! You ass!" he said; and, leaping out of the window into Ann's





*Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green*

"I SUPPOSE YOU DON'T WANT TO BE IN BUSINESS WITH ME ANY LONGER?"







bed of heliotrope, all wilted and blackened by the frost, he ran, napkin in hand, down the path. Catching up to G. G. at the gate, he clapped him on the shoulder. "Don't be a bigger donkey than you have to be," he said. "Come back."

There was a moment's hesitation; then G. G. turned. Jim preceded him; they stepped across the heliotrope-bed, each put a leg over the window-sill, and both sat down at the table, set so carefully for one.

"Ann!" James Williams called, loudly, "bring Mr. G. G. his supper!" As the old woman came in with another plate and knife and fork, the senior partner said, briefly, "How soon will they ship the condenser?"

There was no apology on either side, but after a long talk about business there was one explanatory moment:

"Van Horn will make you comfortable?"

G. G. nodded.

"As for that—that *woman*," Williams said, tensely.

George Gale interrupted him. "That lady is my wife. We will not refer to her, sir."

The captain looked down at his plate silently; then he leaned over and struck G. G. on the shoulder. "Damn it, you're a man," he said, huskily. "Well," he added, "hereafter we'll shinny on our own side. That's understood."

It was understood. So far as G. G. could remember, the captain never attempted to shinny on his nephew's preserves. That was the first and last time Mattie was ever referred to between them. But Netty was referred to. . . .

"G. G.," said the captain one day, some months after Old Chester's first horrifying wedding, "in my youth I endeavored to give you an aunt. I failed. In my old age I am more fortunate."

G. G. was working very hard in those days, and perhaps he was more than usually dull; at any rate, he only looked up at his uncle and blinked. He asked no questions, and no further information was offered. So that the next morning, when Old Chester buzzed with astonishment at an announcement in the *Globe*, G. G. was apparently as surprised as anybody else:

"Married: At the Rectory, Miss Annette Brown to Captain James Williams."

Mattie Gale, in curl-papers, reading the paper over her late and uncomfortable breakfast-tray, cried out with astonishment; then gasped and put her hand on her side, and called to Mrs. Van Horn.

When she got her breath she burst into floods of tears; "Oh, the little minx!" she said. When George came home to dinner, she demanded viciously, "What do you think of it? Everybody is perfectly horrified! He is thirty years older than she is. I call it disgusting, I bet anything she forced him into it!"

There was a moment's pause; then her husband looked at her. "A young woman doesn't have to do that," he said, slowly. Of course it was outrageous of him, but it was the only time in their whole polite and dismal married life that the worm turned. As for the woman who deserved those stabbing words, she blanched into silence.

George Gale never took anybody into his confidence in regard to his uncle's marriage—the second of our horrifying weddings—unless, perhaps, two words to Jim Williams might be called confidential. The morning that the news came out, Jim had put a copy of the *Globe* down on his nephew's desk, and pointed a big finger at the notice.

"Something had to be done," he said. "You couldn't; so I had to. She couldn't stay on at Tom's; Amelia means well, but the little creature saw she was a burden, and was worrying herself to death."

G. G. got up from his office-chair and stood perfectly silent, looking at his boots. Then he put out his hand. His uncle grasped it, and they shook hands. When George sat down again he worked at the big ledger nearly an hour without speaking. Then he looked over his shoulder and said, "Thank you, sir."

After that, business—which may be done with a nigger or a Unitarian or anybody else—absorbed them both.

In the next few years G. G. came often to his uncle's house, and he and his "aunt" were very simple and honest friends; but Netty never called on her



"niece," nor did Mrs. Gale ever see her "uncle" when she chanced to pass him in the street.

. . . If we knew about the future, betting would, of course, lose its interest; yet if Old Chester had only taken the odds on those two deplorable weddings, it would have been money in its pocket! Mrs. George Gale died within the year, so that her wedding did not have time to turn out badly—at any rate so far as the public knew, for G. G., who had "taken off his hat to a lady," never howled; he may not have "told the truth" about his marriage, at least to Old Chester, but certainly he accepted his "damning" like a Spartan. Jim and his little girl lived as amicably as an old dog and puppy, for five or six years more.

Then one day Jim, who had been laid up for two or three months with con-

founded rheumatism, had a talk with Dr. Willy King. . . . At the end of it he whistled.

"Sure of it, Willy?"

Willy looked very much upset. "I'm afraid so, Captain."

"Jiminy!" said the captain, gravely. "Queer. I never thought of that. I suppose I expected to live forever."

He lived a month. His little girl cried her heart out in those last days, and he watched her with his kind, amused eyes. At the very end he said a word or two to G. G.:

"Your turn, George. That's" . . . His voice flagged; G. G. put his ear to the failing lips: "that's—fair play."

And George, very tearful, blowing his nose hard, stammered out something that sounded like:

"*Th-thank you, sir.*"

[THE END.]

## Through the Snow

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

WE fared together through the snow—  
How should we heed the driving blast?  
I felt her heart beat warm below  
The arm that held me fast,  
And in her cheeks the laughing blood  
Bloomed like a rose beneath her hood.

How should I miss the summer flowers,  
With such a flower so sweet and close?  
White Winter seems a friend of ours—  
And all his drifted snows  
But hint of whiter snows that hide  
Here in the breast against my side.

Come singing April soon or late  
For all the frozen world—for me,  
Oh, I can well afford to wait  
For bloom and bird and bee,  
If only she and I can go  
Walking forever through the snow.



# The Physics of the Emotions

BY FRED W. EASTMAN



THE exaltation of victory makes wounded soldiers oblivious of pain, and the depression of defeat increases mortality. If a cat is frightened for ten or fifteen minutes by a barking dog, a sample of its blood will make strips of certain muscles relax when they are immersed in it, though such a portion of blood had no effect on them before the emotional disturbance. Frightened rabbits show almost complete prostration, and their brain cells, in contrast with those of normal animals, take a deeper stain from certain chemicals, and their size and shape are strikingly altered. Finally, if an individual is placed in circuit with a delicate galvanometer and made to laugh, to feel sad, or is suddenly surprised, there will be movements in the instrument indicating the passage of small electric currents. Such interesting scientific facts as these, and many others to be mentioned later, make it clearly evident that emotions are something more than mere states of mind.

Let us select from the multitude of theories of the emotions the one fathered by William James, now matured by a quarter-century of successful struggle against debate and of scientific research. This theory asserts that emotional consciousness is not a *primary* feeling, directly aroused by the exciting object or thought, but a *secondary* feeling indirectly aroused by the changes, muscular and organic, which are immediate reflexes following upon the presence of the exciting object. Fortunately this recon-dite statement has been translated, and may be said to mean that we feel sorry because we cry, angry because we strike, afraid because we tremble; and not that we cry, strike, or tremble because we are sorry, angry, or fearful, as the case may happen to be.

This paradox will be clearer if we con-

sider briefly the biological origin of the emotions. In the lowest forms of animal life we believe that all organisms react to the various stimuli of the environment reflexly, and without purpose. For instance, the voracious, single-celled amoeba has no appetite, but indiscriminately wraps itself about all particles of matter sufficiently substantial to irritate it, and, by chance, may obtain enough digestible material to support a precarious existence. However, as we ascend the scale, and a central nervous system with external sense-organs develops, we find that the animal responds with reflex actions to more and different stimuli, and by habit selects some of these reactions to serve definite ends; and these we dignify with the name of "instincts." Therefore, the kitten does not catch mice because of some mysterious, ever-present hereditary influence, but because the sight of each moving object—mouse, ball of yarn, or human foot—is a direct stimulus to pursuit, and the mouse is eaten only because it directly stimulates the taste organs and the action of jaw muscles.

Finally, among higher forms of animals and also human beings, each of these simple muscular reflex actions with which we respond to an ever-tantalizing environment is naturally accompanied by reflex activities in the closely related internal organs. These are the lungs, heart, intestines, glands, and other members of the so-called vegetative system whose office it is to nourish the nervous and muscular systems, and whose activities must therefore increase in proportion with those of the latter. This collection of reflex activities, according to the above theory, produces certain sensations in consciousness which we know as emotion; and thus it is the "expression" which gives rise to the emotion and not the emotion which gives rise to the "expression." So we are afraid because we tremble.



In anger there is contraction of the brows, staring gaze, widening of the nostrils, grinding of the teeth, tightening of the lips, flushing of the face, clenching of the fists, stamping of the feet, and in addition much commotion among the internal organs. In the emotions accompanying pleasant ideas there is an increase of pulse frequency, size of blood vessels, and of depth of respiration. In the emotions accompanying unpleasant ideas the reverse bodily conditions obtain. And so each different emotion and each degree of emotion has a different and characteristic combination of similar reactions, and inasmuch as these combinations vary with every exciting object, memory, or imagination which may occur, the difficulty of classifying the emotions is evident. Love alone may be sentiment, regard, sympathy, feeling, emotion, passion, or ecstasy, according to the degree of organic response to the exciting object, memory, or imagination. In the words of Professor James, "the changes are so infinitely numerous and subtle that the entire organism may be called a *sounding-board*, which every change of consciousness, however slight, may make reverberate."

It is evident from the foregoing that the validity of our adopted theory really rests upon proof of the existence of internal *sensations* which can cause emotion. In regard to this requirement, experiments upon animals have shown that if, after a heavy dose of morphine, a small incision is made in the abdominal wall, and the surface of the small intestine is pinched with forceps or stimulated by electricity, there is a drawing together of the body, movement of the head, and whining sounds—all surely expressions of pain. The stomach and first part of the intestines are also sensitive to cutting operations, and they, with the heart, may also be irritated by chemicals. When inflammation is present all these organs are still more sensitive, and then experimental irritation of the intestines may cause slowing or even stopping of the heart.

But besides the numerous experimental proofs of the existence of sensations originating in internal organs, it is common experience that improper food may

cause the pains of colic, and that in obstruction of the intestines these pains become so intense that the patient collapses. In gastric ulcer, gall-stone disease, appendicitis, and many other pathological conditions we have evidence of the sensitivity of abdominal organs. In surgical procedure it was shown by Crile that ether confers the beneficent loss of pain, but does not prevent the nerve impulses from reaching and influencing the brain, and hence does not prevent surgical shock, or collapse, or a train of later nervous impairments. On this account, nowadays, every good operator handles all organs with the greatest care to avoid irritation and the sending of a mass of exhausting stimuli to the brain, which may already have been impaired by the fear of the operation. Therefore, whenever possible, some surgeons, in addition to general anesthesia, produce with cocaine a local anesthesia of the part to be incised and thus prevent the ascent to the brain of these injurious nerve impulses.

In the chest, the pains of pleurisy and of heart disease are not unfamiliar to many. If the latter takes the form of angina pectoris, there is no worse pain known to man, and with it there is a feeling of dread and of impending death. Ordinarily we are conscious of the internal organs only when some disturbance of their normal activity occurs, such as alteration of the rhythm and function, or presence of inflammation. Normally of low intensity, diffuse and uniform, general bodily sensation produces only a vague effect upon consciousness: but this is the great silent background of personality, and its major variations are our emotions.

As to special centers in the brain for the origin of emotions, there is no proof that such exist, even on the surface, where so many other special functions are localized, and our theory does not require them. It is interesting to know, however, that evidence has been brought forward to show that emotional discharges are greatly influenced by a center at the base of the brain known as the optic thalamus, injuries of this region often causing great instability of emotions, such as continuous laughing or



crying. As a result of extensive experiments on animals it has also been concluded that the optic thalamus influences the movements of respiration, the heart, the blood vessels, the stomach, the intestines, and the flow of tears, saliva, and sweat. That is to be expected if this portion of the brain is really the center for mimetic movements of the emotions.

In this connection it is interesting to note the relation to the emotions of the sympathetic system of nerves. This is a separate and distinct portion of the general nervous system which has the important function of controlling the size of the blood vessels and pupils of the eye, the rate of the heart, the movements of the intestines, secretion of glands, and other activities of the internal organs.

From Darwin we read:

The frightened man at first stands as if to escape observation. The heart beats quickly and violently, so that it palpitates and knocks against the ribs (due to accelerator *sympathetic* excitation); the skin instantly becomes pale, as during incipient faintness (due to spasm of *sympathetic* fibers in blood vessels), and a cold sweat occurs (due to excitation of *sympathetic* fibers in sweat glands); the hairs are erected and goose-flesh appears (due to *sympathetic* stimulation of muscles at the roots of the hair); the salivary glands act imperfectly, the mouth is dry and is often opened and shut (due to excitation of the *sympathetic* constrictors of the blood vessels of the gland); the pupils are dilated (due to *sympathetic* influence on dilator muscles).

It has been recently emphasized by Professor Cannon that in animals also the phenomena of a major emotional exhibition indicate the dominance of sympathetic impulses. When, for example, a cat becomes frightened, the pupils dilate, the stomach and intestines are inhibited, the heart beats rapidly, the hairs of the back and tail stand erect—all signs of nervous discharge along sympathetic paths. Perhaps the adrenal glands—small glands near the kidneys, whose product, adrenalin, controls blood pressure by constricting the blood vessels—are subject to sympathetic influence.

In order to test this, the natural enmity between two laboratory animals, dog and cat, was utilized. The cat,

fastened to a comfortable holder, was placed near a barking dog. In cases showing fright the excitement was continued for five or ten minutes, samples of blood being taken before and after the period. As a test for the presence of adrenalin—the product of the adrenal glands—advantage was taken of the fact that this substance causes strips of intestinal muscle to relax, hence strips of this muscle were immersed in the samples of blood. In no case did blood from the quiet, normal animal produce relaxation; on the other hand, blood from the animal after the emotional disturbance showed more or less promptly the typical relaxation.

If the blood vessels of the adrenal glands are first carefully tied and the glands removed, excitement four or five hours later does not alter the blood. Varying amounts of adrenalin, added by hand to blood which has not produced relaxation of the strip, evoke all degrees of relaxation that have been observed in excited blood. All these considerations prove that the characteristic effect of adrenal extract on the intestinal strips was due to secretion of the adrenal glands.

As is well known, adrenal secretion itself is capable of causing discharges of the adrenal glands. It is conceivable, therefore, that some of the adrenal secretion set free by nervous stimulation returns to the same glands in the blood stream, and, within limits, stimulates them to further activity. Thus the increase of emotion due to further excitement, or the persistence of the emotional state after the exciting object has disappeared, can be explained.

In this connection Crile has shown that the thyroid gland is also of interest. In the wild state of animal life, in which only the fittest survive in the struggle for existence, every point of advantage may have selective value. An animal engaged in battle or in a desperate effort at escape will be able to give a better account of itself if it has some means of accelerating the discharge of energy, some influence like that of oil upon the kindling fire. There is evidence, though perhaps not conclusive, that such an influence is exerted by the thyroid gland. This evidence is as follows: In myx-



dema, a condition characterized by a lack of thyroid secretion, there is a dullness of reflexes and of intellect, a lowered muscular power, and generally a sluggish discharge of energy. In Graves's disease there is an excessive production of thyroid secretion. In this disease the reflexes are greatly sharpened, energy is discharged with very greatly increased facility, and metabolism is at a maximum. The same holds true in the administration of thyroid extract to normal subjects in large doses. In fear and in injury in cases of Graves's disease, under which circumstances there is always an increase of the symptoms, the thyroid is probably stimulated to increased activity, as indicated by the increased activity of the thyroid circulation, by an increase in the size of the gland, by the appearance of unusual activity in the nuclei of the cells, and by an increase of the toxic symptoms. Moreover, Asher has stated that electric stimulation of the nerve supply of the thyroid causes an increased secretion.

As is frequently the case in the study of any scientific problem, the introduction of a new instrument or method affords more opportunity for advance than years of work in old ways. This circumstance has been well illustrated, in the study of the emotions, by the detection and measurement, with the galvanometer, of the electrical changes which accompany emotional reactions. Various observers have shown that if a person takes hold of two electrodes so that his body is in circuit with a galvanometer, variations of emotional states due to reading, music, suggestion, or other causes will produce a movement of the needle on the dial of the instrument. The amount of this movement is roughly proportional to the intensity of the emotion, and the inference is that the organic changes which have been described as the basis of emotion have produced a variation in the electrical condition of the body.

For instance, in what is called the "association method," if a series of unrelated words be pronounced in the hearing of the subject examined, the words related to some emotion will produce an effect upon the galvanometer, while the indifferent words have no effect. For

example, if a young lady has been denied the excessive use of candy, a list of words including at random such significant ones as box, chocolate, sweet, bonbons, may cause such definite and specific deflections of the instrument that when she is confronted with this evidence a confession of guilt frequently follows.

For the benefit of the nervous cases that come to the doctor, it has been asserted by Scripture that it is just as necessary to know how emotional they are as it is to know how high the temperature is in a case of fever. Moreover, in many cases it is necessary to find out what experiences in the past or present life of the patient produce emotions. For this purpose the patient sits at ease with hands on the electrodes, which may be so concealed in the arms of his chair that he is unaware that the most intimate processes of his soul are being registered as various words are spoken or various topics of conversation are discussed, the galvanometer showing when a sensitive subject has been touched.

So far as has yet been determined, it would seem that the sweat-gland system is the chief factor in the production of this electric phenomenon, inducing on the one hand, under the influence of nervous irritation, a measurable current, or, on the other hand, altering the conductivity of the body by the filling of tubules with sweat. The fact that the sudden variations of the needle of the galvanometer are obliterated by a dose of atropine is very significant. Since this drug paralyzes the nerve endings in the sweat-glands, thus suppressing the secretion with comparatively little effect on the blood vessels, the evidence tends strongly to support the view that the sweat glands are the chief source of these electrical changes.

Naturally, the relation of the blood to the emotions is a very important factor in the physics of the emotions. Harmonious co-operation of different tissues, by which the animal is able to adapt itself to its environment, is brought about only by the circulatory and the nervous systems, and the importance of the latter has been already demonstrated. This harmony is the prevailing condition in a healthy individual, and a general pleasurable sense of well-



being is the result. Also, the quality of the blood, by its influence on the nervous centers, may affect the emotional reaction, for we know that toxic conditions of the blood have a profound influence upon the emotional state of the individual. Especially is this true in the condition known as auto-intoxication, in which the food is not properly digested and decomposition occurs, with the production of certain definite poisons in the alimentary tract, which are absorbed into the blood and cause great mental and physical depression, even to the point of suicide. But here we wish to deal with the physical qualities of the blood and circulation rather than with the chemical.

The disturbances of the rate of the heart-beat, the size of blood vessels, and the rate and depth of respiration in emotional excitement have been too well emphasized to require much more consideration. With the majority of individuals, in all emotion there is a constriction or dilatation of the blood vessels, an acceleration or retardation of the heart, an increase or decrease in rate and depth of respiration. These effects are the more marked as the emotion is more intense.

It is evident that the pressure of the blood in the arteries, which depends upon the force and efficiency of the heart-beat and upon the size of the arteries, will also be an important factor in the physics of the emotions, as its variations will cause variations in the general bodily sensations which are the bases of emotion. It has been found that during a very strong spontaneous emotion, whether pleasant or disagreeable, the pressure is raised thirty points—which is more than that occurring from pain or from mental calculation or from animated conversation. In idiots and imbeciles the pressure is low.

Even a variation in the number of cells in the blood occurs during emotion. In certain states provoked by the loss of a dear friend or other sentimental perturbation, it has been found that during the first days following the shock there was an increase of twenty per cent. in the large white cells in the blood; while in the normal state, and some time after the emotional disturbances, their num-

ber was not increased. This increase in white cells is more intense in the depressive emotions, whether sad, painful, or amounting to anguish or emotional shock.

Also, the red-blood cells are strikingly altered in emotional states. Mental excitement and depression, which in general are accompanied, respectively, by dilatation and constriction of the peripheral blood vessels, are accompanied at the same time by a respective decrease and increase in the number of red cells. This alteration in the number of cells is manifested with the first circulatory change and sometimes before the mental state may be modified, clearly proving that the vascular change precedes the emotional state. An enumeration of the red cells may therefore give notice of an approaching emotional disturbance, or the termination of one, or perhaps even the intensity of the emotion. In most cases of insanity the red cells are diminished to the point of anemia.

One of the organs subject to sympathetic control, but hidden deeply in the body and therefore not obviously revealing the disturbances of function accompanying emotional states (except by symptoms or experimental intervention), is the stomach.

The stomach is "king of the belly," one may read in the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, "for if he is affected all the rest suffer with him." Nausea on seeing disgusting sights, or on recalling them to memory, is not uncommon. Subjects of great grief are sometimes unable to retain food for several days. Anxiety may be attended by a feeling of weight in the pit of the stomach, and stronger emotional states may lead to gastric distress which persists from a half-hour to several days. So many of the cases of gastric indigestion that come to a doctor for treatment are of nervous origin that the term "emotional dyspepsia" has come into use.

In recent physiological studies of the alimentary canal by Cannon, the importance of emotional states to normal digestion has received striking confirmation. The motility and the secretory activity have both been proved to be clearly dependent on the nature of the excitation in the central nervous system.



Pawlow has made some interesting observations of gastric secretion in dogs, in connection with which an opening had been made through the neck into the throat, and the stomach provided with a side pouch which opened only to the exterior. After the food was swallowed by the dogs, it was lost through the opening in the throat and the effect upon secretion could be determined by measuring the amount of flow from the stomach opening. These observations on dogs have been almost completely confirmed by studies of human beings under similar conditions. It was found in such cases that when agreeable food was chewed, a more or less active secretion of the gastric juice was started, whereas the chewing of indifferent material was without influence.

On the other hand, unpleasant feelings, such as vexation and some of the major emotions, are accompanied by a failure of secretions. If one of the above patients saw food he became greatly vexed when he could not eat at once; then no secretion appeared. In dogs the secretion has been stopped at its height for fifteen minutes or longer by bringing a cat into their presence. These effects may exist long after the removal of the exciting cause.

Not only are the secretory activities of the stomach unfavorably affected during strong emotions; the movements of the stomach as well, and, indeed, the movements of almost the entire alimentary canal, are wholly stopped during excitement. Thus in the cat any sign of rage or distress, such as difficulty in breathing, or mere anxiety, was accompanied by a total cessation of the movements of the stomach, and with the X-ray this has been observed to endure more than an hour, when the only visible indication of excitement in the animal was a continued to-and-fro twitching of the tail. What is true of the cat has been proved true also of the rabbit, dog, and guinea-pig. So, likewise, gastric and intestinal movements are stopped in man, as they are stopped in the lower animals, during worry and anxiety and the major emotional states. Indeed, the feeling of heaviness in the stomach commonly complained of by nervous persons may be due to the stagnation of food.

It is evident that an emotional disturbance affecting the alimentary canal is capable of starting a vicious circle; the stagnant food, unprotected by abundant gastric juice, naturally undergoes bacterial fermentation, with the formation of gases and irritant decomposition products. These, in turn, may produce mild inflammation or be absorbed as substances disturbing to metabolism, and thus affect the mental state. Then the depressed mental state that accompanies "indigestion" may still further prolong the indigestion. The importance of these observations to personal conduct is too obvious to require elaboration.

Crile finds an interesting explanation of this wide-spread emotional indigestion in hereditary influences. Under the stimulus of fear, animals show preternatural strength. An analysis of the phenomena of fear shows that all the functions of the body requiring the expenditure of energy, and which are of no direct assistance in the effort toward immediate self-preservation, are suspended. Among these functions unnecessary at the moment one naturally places digestion.

Finally, the relation of emotional states to fatigue will be found of interest. As clearly pointed out by Professor O'Shea, the conditions of fatigue which give rise to physical and intellectual incoördination have a similar effect in principle upon the emotional life. People are generally aware of this, and freely condone the bad temper of individuals who, at certain times, because of their unhappy physical condition, display such anti-social qualities as irritability, jealousy, or anger, though normally well-poised. This is best explained upon the theory of hereditary recapitulation, according to which the individual retraces in some measure in development, and retains to some extent in his own being the physical, intellectual, and emotional structures developed throughout the race history. The emotions most prominent in earlier racial epochs have been those concerned with the preservation of the individual against the enemies lurking everywhere.

The development of the altruistic or social emotions has been of very recent origin in racial evolution. By virtue of



a principle of heredity, whereby the latest developed racial characteristics are most unstable in the individual, one is warranted in holding that while the social emotions are for the most part pre-eminent in the individual under normal conditions; yet these very emotions are most affected in fatigue, when the last-formed and therefore most delicate and highest areas in the brain are the first to be paralyzed by the waste-products, or poisons, of exhaustion, and lose, therefore, full and sure control of lower areas originating more egoistic impulses.

In summary, the evidence of the physical basis of the emotions may, therefore, be stated as follows: Their evolutionary origin by the development, in higher animals, of internal organic disturbances which accompany the primitive simple

muscular reactions to stimuli of the environment; the existence of sensation in internal organs; the probability of co-ordination of the movements of emotions in particular brain-centers and the sympathetic system of nerves; the frequent observation during emotions of increased secretion from certain glands whose product has a distinctly stimulating effect upon the body, of electrical changes in the skin, of alterations in the circulation and in the quality of the blood, and of disturbances in the functions of the alimentary canal; and, finally, the effect upon personal disposition of fatigue toxins. All this convincing evidence surely establishes the fact that the emotions are the consciousness of physical changes which reflexly follow the presence of exciting objects.

## Life and Death

BY MARTHA W. AUSTIN

THERE is no dust of the highway  
That the idlest wind whiff blows,  
No tiniest pinch of pollen  
That sifts from the summer rose,  
But it is tingling and ready,  
But it is quickened and rife,  
To mix with its answering atom  
And make the wonder of Life.

Love is the Sower traveling  
Around earth's zonèd girth,  
To sow the seed whose blossoming  
Is the fertile flower of birth.  
Lord of the May, and Quickener  
Who bloweth Life's flame with his breath,  
He must travel fast to outdistance  
The following feet of Death.

Torch-bearer and Torch-inverter,  
They travel their ancient way,  
One to kindle life's fires  
And one life's fires to lay.  
One with the flint and the tinder,  
One with the dust and the tears;  
But still Earth keeps her hearthstone  
Warm through the countless years.



# Cara

BY GEORGIA WOOD PANGBORN



I was when Martha was four and a half and Tommy three, that I first began to hear them talking about "Cara." That was a very busy year; my maids were troublesome and there were other anxieties, so I was unable to watch my children as I had supposed I always should. If any one had told me when they were at the creeping and staggering stage that by the time they were running I should let days go by without knowing what their minds were doing! Probably all mothers go through this surprise sooner or later.

At first I thought they had named one of their dolls "Cara." Then, as they still used the word when no dolls were about, I finally bent from my grown-up concerns to ask what it meant. They answered, readily enough, that she was their sister. Remembering the highly colored and solid imaginings of my own childhood, I took the announcement without great surprise, and forgot about it until one night when Martha insisted on having an extra pillow in her crib. As Martha was already somewhat of a crowd for her crib, this seemed rather a pity, but when I took away the pillow she turned belligerent, after her own singular methods.

"I'll frown at you," said she, and did so forthwith.

"But tell me why you want it, dear?" I entreated. Such strange things they think of every minute!

"You know!" she said, with a naughty thrust of her foot, an airy kick at me through the bars.

"But I don't know, dear," I wearily insisted. She wriggled away, stuck her fingers in her mouth, and said with a sidelong shadow of a smile, very low, "Cara!"

"Oh—the little sister?"

She nodded. So at that, of course,

there was nothing for it but to restore the pillow. And there had to be a toy under that pillow as well as under Martha's. When I went in after she was asleep her arm was cuddled over the pillow exactly as if it lay about a child's neck. After this I watched their "Cara" play a little, as I had time, and was amazed at the roots it had struck in their fancy, and at the vivid flowering of it.

Once I asked, doubtfully, whether they didn't mean Clara instead of Cara, but they were very emphatic about that. Cara, no other, was the name, and Cara it stayed.

Of course, one gets used to having invisible creatures about whenever children play, yet I confess that to see Martha coming down-stairs, one hand out as though grasping another child's hand, and talking, talking, talking to the little invisibility, it seemed carrying it rather far, and I wondered whether it were really wholesome, and if, after all, I ought to send them to a kindergarten. Yet they seemed so happy. There was never any quarreling in the "Cara" play, and before it began—well, I *had* been worried. I suppose it's always so when one child is just enough older and stronger than the other to hurt without meaning it.

Tommy was even more ingenuously brazen in his claims for Cara than Martha. She would never have done anything so inartistic as an assertion of his that Cara had made the circles with arms and legs over which I had seen him toiling. When he asked me, holding up the sheet, "Doesn't Cara make nice pictures?" Martha said, with contemptuous iconoclasm, "You made those yourself," whereat he sunk into puzzled silence, and turning his fat little back toward me, lifted his elbows, as a sign that he wanted to be taken into my lap and be comforted. At that elevation he drew me an engine, and successfully put Cara from





*Drawn by Denman Fink*

"DOESN'T CARA MAKE NICE PICTURES?"



his mind. In fact, he never seemed to understand her so well as Martha did, or to master the delicate rules of the game. Perhaps it was a masculine clumsiness and directness applied to a situation calling for endless feminine *finesse*. It seemed to be really Martha's game. I made many concessions: the extra pillow in the crib became a fixture, a third box of toys was added to the nursery and filled by contributions from Martha's and Tommy's, but at last I rebelled, on the day when they demanded that a new high-chair be purchased for Cara, so that she might sit with them at the table. They had a very poor opinion of the substitute which I offered of a dictionary in a grown-up chair, but when I had made it clear that Cara could expect nothing better, Martha sweetly abdicated her own chair and sat upon the dictionary.

"It's politer," she said, "because she's newer than I am."

But though they made no further reference to it, I fancy that either the refusal of their request, or—alas!—the manner of its refusal, had dampened their joy in the game; as if my lack of belief were a cold wind blowing through the airy fabric of their dream. At any rate, after this they repressed all mention of Cara when I was about, until, if I had not heard them talking about her, I should have thought her put by with other forgotten plays.

She had appeared on Christmas week along with the toys. When spring came she was still about the place, helping the babies to keep my borders quite free of crocusses and jonquils.

On the very day that Tommy was taken sick I saw—the three of them, I started to say—I saw Tommy and Martha running over the short spring grass, their arms stretched out toward each other as if each held the hand of a third child who ran between them. The pretense was wonderful; the way they turned their faces, laughing, not at each other, but at her.

Then came Tommy's sickness. We sent Martha to her grandmother's. There wasn't so very much to be done for him. I couldn't bear to have any one else take care of him. They kept telling me he would be better off with a trained

nurse, but I didn't believe it. *No!* Until—after several nights—when I knew I was giving out, I began to be afraid I might make mistakes.

It was on the fifth night that I cried. That was after the nurse came. So I went away and cried all I needed to.

I must have fallen asleep so, for I thought that Martha was in the room; that she touched my wet cheek with the tip of her finger, curiously, as if to see what made it so. Then I remembered that Martha was at her grandmother's, and woke. No child was in the room, yet in the instant of my eyelids lifting (or was it before they lifted?) I had surely seen a little face—not Martha's! A surprised, lovely little face, sweet, grave;—and a tiny, upraised finger glistened with the wetness from my eyes.

My first thought was of shame that I had been crying in the presence of a little child. That is something one should never, never do, no matter what the pain! And then I realized with relief that it had only been a dream. What else? And yet . . .

I was singularly calm and rested; reassured about Tommy without any reason that I knew for being so; and yet, though I did not dare acknowledge it to myself, I did know the reason, trembling at its little worth. For though there remained no more of the dream than the half-seen face of a strange child, and the flower-like touch of its hand, I knew that there had been more to it than that. What I was able to remember was only the dear conclusion of some wonderful thing that had gone before. And the touch upon my cheek persisted so! The dream of something felt is rare. Dreams are chiefly made up of vague reminiscences of sight and hearing, but this memory of the investigating little finger was as real as the stains of my dried tears.

I suppose mothers have been comforted by dreams since brains began to be human at all. Perhaps before—who knows? Who knows anything at all? Not scientific men with microscopes, nor magicians, nor the founders of great philosophies. No. There is just one little path that really leads between the living and the dead. Dreams walk there, and sometimes—not dreams.



If the learned men ever begin to question the mothers upon this subject, and the mothers are able to answer intelligibly, something of value will turn up, I'm sure, in the way of "data." For in time, I suppose, they will call them "data"—these matters now known only to mothers and those to whom the path leads with such dear secrecy—no more than where a child's feet have pressed down the meadow-grass on its way to the woods. But mothers are oddly reticent upon these matters. There is a precedent. "And she hid these things in her heart."

At Tommy's door the sleepy nurse, with that fine, ironic edge upon her good-nature which meets over-anxious mothers at every turn of their anguished journey through the small, terrible years, told me, yawning, that my son's temperature was normal, and as I stood dumb and waiting, irritating her, no doubt, by the same look in my eyes that you can see any day in those of a cat or dog mother, she went on impressively: "And his pulse—and his respiration. He's perfectly all right, and he's a dear. I don't wonder you're crazy about him."

She went to her room, wiping her eyes, while I took my place as day nurse.

The children's pet play-place that spring was in the thick lilac hedges bordering the farther side of the curving drive that led up from the street. They were old bushes, making even at their base a six-foot-wide jungle within which were spaces too small for a grown-up's entrance; but the children moved about in it easily, even making small clearings and bowers by pressing down the young growth, and hovered there with their toys, mysteriously, like birds upon the nest. I looked in upon them occasionally, but with an awkward and intrusive feeling, for the most part contenting myself with the near exile of my window, whence I could follow in a clumsy way the swift veering of their fancy, and watch like any jungle creature when its young are at play. For there is something feral about even a human mother, something dangerous that has never answered to the taming forces of civilization. Old Puss, the other day, flung herself with valiant hopelessness into the jaws of a bull-dog, and afterward we

found her kitten untouched but for a splash of its mother's blood upon its white fur. Curious instinct! I don't know just how the philosophers of the microscope account for it—but Puss and I, we understand!

So as I sat at the window with my embroidery not much escaped me. And yet I continually felt that there was something in their play that was strange, as if, when my eyes were wholly upon my work, I half saw something among the bushes that did not appear when I leaned back and stared with full attention. But I realized that I had not yet recovered fully from Tommy's illness. Those things drain you of blood and of years and leave a strangeness. He was recovering finely, but I still felt the need of rest.

We had received word that an old school friend of mine would visit us hurriedly on her way to a long stay abroad. I pondered this with a kind of terror, looking at my own children with a feeling almost of guilt. Almost I wondered whether she could have forgotten, in the confusion of her own enormous trouble, that I had children—that my Martha was of the same age her own little girl had been. Examining my own endurance shudderingly, I seemed to see that in her place I should flee from children's voices as from arrows; then, remembering nature's processes, I considered that perhaps there might be some anodyne of which I was ignorant, some merciful dulling of the senses. For women are always being surprised by themselves, by some store of strength, just when they think they are failing, some lightning knowledge, some unsuspected capacity. So I waited, dreading and wondering.

My husband was to meet her at the station. The odor of the lilacs was almost overpowering. It was their best day. But I dropped my sewing and clenched my hands while I felt the carriage coming nearer through the village street, and the children, among the lilacs, grew wilder and wilder, pulling down the flowers in wanton heaps and throwing them about with frantic laughter. I was just condemning myself bitterly for not having sent them away for the day when the carriage turned into the drive.





*Drawn by Denman Fink*

Engraved by F. A. Pettit

"WHAT CHILD WAS THAT PLAYING WITH YOURS?" SHE ASKED



It stopped suddenly opposite where the children were at play, and I saw her get out—so quickly that Henry could not help her—run toward them with her arms out—then stop short, her hands clasped to her heart. I was afraid that she might frighten them in some way. That was my first thought—not for her. And, weak as I was, I ran out.

Henry, scared and wretched, was looking at me over her head. Then she turned toward me, and in her pitiful, careless black (she who had used to be so gay in color and expression) her face was as if dead, only for the eyes; they were terrible and burning.

"What child was that playing with yours?" she asked.

She spoke at first in a whisper, as though afraid some one might overhear. Then, as I hesitated, she caught me by the arm, crying out the question in a dreadful way: "*What* child? She ran away! Where did she go?"

I put my arm about her. "Hush!" I said. "You mustn't frighten the babies. There wasn't any one with them. I've been watching them all the afternoon; they've been playing just with each other." I turned to Martha. "There wasn't anybody with you and Tommy, was there, dear?" I asked.

But the unsatisfactory little thing only ducked her head into my gown and looked up sidewise at my poor friend with a funny, confidential smile, as though in some odd way they had an understanding in common. The children seemed to have no perception whatever of any tragedy.

Tommy stood with his thin little legs apart, his hands behind him, and his head judiciously on one side. Plainly, he approved of her.

She knelt at his baby feet. "Who was it?" she pleaded, and she had got hold of her voice so that it was as soft as if she were speaking to her own child. "Who was with you, dear?"

And he piped up—that clear, thrilly little voice—"Jes' on'y Cara."

She rose to her feet then, crushing her arms over her breast as women do when they are feeling the emptiness where once there was so much. Her face! She seemed to be looking through—beyond—and the terribleness fell away like a mask.

"Cara!" she whispered, "Beloved!" Then she fell, stretched out right at my children's feet.


They weren't frightened. They just went back to their jungle and calmly watched us while we got her to the house. I heard Martha say, "That's Cara's mother," as they began to be busy with the lilacs again. What did they know? What *did* they know?

They never spoke of Cara again in their play. I kept listening and expecting. Weeks afterward I screwed up my courage to a question, but was met by a sweet, blank stare. Tommy said nothing at all, but met my eyes very steadily. But Martha, after what seemed an obliging effort to remember, patronizingly explained that they hadn't played *that* for ever so long. They were building fairy cities now, and although much, very much, had been accomplished, there was still so much to do that they wouldn't be able to think of anything else for a long time—maybe a million years.

My friend made a slow convalescence with us that summer instead of keeping on with that wild flight from her sorrow. She believed that she had seen. But it was all so inchoate—such a jumble of children's pretense mixed inextricably with what we tremblingly believed we had seen for ourselves. We did not dare accept it—yet we did!

We agreed that they might have chanced upon her child's quaint pet name in the course of their constant manufacture of queer words. Then, too, there was the possibility that the third in the lilac-bush that day had, after all, been a neighbor's child: some little creature that I should not have cared to have jostling unsanitary elbows against my own children's protected cleanliness. Tommy's clear-eyed truthfulness—"Jes' on'y Cara," precluded that. Of course, too, the children were perfectly able to run about so fast that only a practised eye could be sure whether there were three or two of them. But neither of us convinced herself or the other by these explanations. We went through them for form's sake and out of respect to the logic in which we had been trained. *She* had seen—as briefly as by lightning, but as clearly—that which she had seen. And I had had my dream.





## EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

AMONG the multitude of recent novels which we are not many enough to have read, it has been our happy fortune to find two novels which we have read with a pleasure uncommon even in the days when good novels seemed commoner than now, but probably were not. The two we mean are *The Way Home*, by Mr. Basil King, and *The Coryston Family*, by Mrs. Humphry Ward, which we name in this order because we think *The Way Home* deserves to be named first as a study of characters and humanity, and *The Coryston Family* deserves to be named second as a study of types and society. Of course the distinction which we make is a good deal blurred at the edges, so to speak. Types may there quicken into characters, and characters may debase into types; but this can happen without affecting the essential difference of their origination. On the part of the author there is probably no intention of dealing with the persons of the drama as characters or as types; the author is probably quite unconscious and rather helpless in the matter. It is imaginable that Mr. King did not mean to portray characters as diverse from types, and it is yet more imaginable that Mrs. Ward did not mean to portray types as diverse from characters, but both were insensibly governed to the one result and the other by their conditioning. In the English sense there is, properly speaking, no such thing as society in America, but we Americans know that there is an almost unlimited variety of humanity here. In the intense classification of the English world the English novelist is almost compelled to the portrayal of types; whatever personality he meant to portray must present itself to the reader as an expression of class, or at best as a congeries of class characteristics. Within these the precious individuality may or may not be divined; when it is, the revelation will be one of the highest achievements of art.

We think this is so with nearly all the English novelists who deal with society in the restricted sense. Mrs. Ward has escaped the appearance of it very largely through her courageous employment of the peculiar machinery which she has almost invented. By bringing unmistakable public or social figures into her action, or on her scene, she has produced a new species of historical fiction and, like all historical novelists, except perhaps Stendhal and Tolstoy, has freed herself from that ultimate obligation to the reality where true characterization has its being. Readers of her fiction, and they are many and eager, know the instances, and we will specifically allege only the last; because we must own for ourselves so vivid a sense of the actual Chancellor of the Exchequer in the drastic democrat Glenwilliam that, though he was translated by the novelist's art from a small dark Cymric figure to a huge blond Saxon bulk, we felt a pang of the keenest sufferance when he was drowned, so superfluously, from a friend's yacht.

Type for type, Glenwilliam is not so appreciably characterized as his daringly beautiful and devoted daughter Enid, who insults the pride of the typical aristocrat, Lady Coryston, by winning and then rejecting the love of her best-beloved younger son. We need not remind the readers of this magazine how Lady Coryston, defeated by the typical revolt of her eldest son from the traditions of their order, means to violate these herself by diverting the estate from him, though the title must go to him; or how she is stabbed to the heart by her younger son's grief and rage when he holds her responsible for Enid Glenwilliam's behavior. She has no pleasure of the different types among her children, and though their pity returns to her in her last hours, it cannot be said that their affection does. She is the type of the aristocratic Englishwoman who puts her



order before her family and even her country; and she is very well done. So are her children each well done, but not so well as she; though they strenuously do their office, each one, and aptly play their parts, you fail of belief in them as having really happened. There are other types, as striking and as forcible for the moment, who, after you have left the theater, you feel to have been deputized by their social conditioning to carry forward the play to the end you have seen. Such, very distinctly, is the ritualistic (if that adequately describes it) family which Marcia Coryston escapes marrying into—personifications as relentlessly conscientious as the Inquisition, as sincerely and pitilessly religious.

It is all very curious. Here is a study of contemporary English life done with such truth of drawing and coloring that you cannot deny its life-likeness; yet, somehow it does not appeal to you as life. It does powerfully move you; you cannot withhold your sympathy with certain types in it; if you are of the melting mood you almost cannot withhold your tears, as when the cruel conscientiousness of the Newburys drives to suicide those miserable Bettises who are trying so hard genuinely to live as married people when the woman is guilty of having been guiltlessly divorced. It would be extremely interesting to inquire what sort of mighty magic works the effects of such a novel as this. Has it come to such a pass with English fiction that unless it goes outside of what is called society in the sense of classes, especially upper classes, living human events cannot be found in it, but only a convention of typical effects from typical causes? We do not mean to deny the very great power of Mrs. Ward in the field which she has made peculiarly hers, and we do mean to praise *The Coryston Family* very highly. The story has admirable qualities, it is of a very noble spirit; whoever reads it will be the better for reading it; there is not a moment of snobbishness or of any meanness in it; there is a very generous impartiality, or if there is any leaning it is toward those who need help and kindness most. When one has once taken it up one cannot well lay it down till one comes to the end, though one has at times that been-

there-before sense which haunts one "in the midst of men and days." Does a very old order of things, like the English order, which ultimates itself most objectively in the upper classes, such as Mrs. Ward's story almost exclusively deals with, result in a species of personifications? Or are these people of quality not merely social beings, but also human beings, such as we meet at every turn in *The Way Home*, and is it our defective knowledge of their world which is at fault if we fail of their humanness? We must accuse our own ignorance, rather than the art which actuates Mrs. Ward's people, but seems not to animate them with a vitality like that we feel in the men and women of Mr. King's story.

His story is one of the very few good novels which have to do with New York and New-Yorkers; and if the conditioning of Mrs. Ward's people compels her to deal with them as social types, the conditioning of Mr. King's people inspires him to treat them as human characters. If in the English sense there is no such thing as society in New York, there is almost inexhaustibly such a thing as humanity, which shows itself to every observer, and if the artist who wishes to portray it is good at catching a likeness, he will portray a New-Yorker who will not be mistaken for any other human being; and will yet not be a type, but a character. Fortunately Mr. King does not think it necessary to deal with the New-Yorkers of his story as representatively New-Yorkers. They would not perhaps be found in just their actual aspects elsewhere; as you know a New-Yorker whenever you see him, so you know these people for New-Yorkers. You could not find Mr. King's characters quite what they are in different circumstances, but they would be like what they are in like circumstances elsewhere.

One cannot go farther than this in regarding them as types; they do not stand for this or that; they *are* this or that in the author's intention. They are largely saved from allegory by not being of the last contemporaneity; if they were of that they must be brought to the test of contemporaneous journalism where the persons of the human tragi-comedy glare at one from the head-lines of the day's news. The author goes back for them



quite a generation to the time when the horse-cars were replacing the omnibuses on Broadway, and tinkling up and down before Grace Church, as they had already long been tinkling up and down before St. George's on Second Avenue. He lets you choose for yourself which of these his St. David's Church really is, and possibly the congregation, which the story does not quite leave from first to last, is left for you to suppose a social blend of both parishes. Those mystical ties which hold us to our origins, whether we stay or go, make the parish, whichever parish it is, the closing, as well as the opening scene of the story. The parishioners are, for the most part, the sort of dull, but not wittingly unkind, old-familied New-Yorkers of the time when money was the conviction rather than the passion which it has since become, and they are sodden through the self-satisfied possession of their riches rather than drunk with the sense of its acquisition. You are not expected to think of them as millionaires; they are merely people who have wealth enough to do what they like, and not civilized enough to keep to themselves their feeling that other people who have not money enough for that must almost necessarily be treated as inferiors.

The rector of St. David's has allowed his heart to be surprised in second marriage by the daughter of a poor up-State lawyer, and their son, who may be called the hero of the story, grows instinctively, as children do, into the knowledge that his gentle young mother is misprized because she cannot afford to do things that the rich parishioners do, or to give him what they give their sons. After her death he grows up in the unobserving silence of his father's life, and then into the denial of all that his father has preached in St. David's. When the parish feels that it must rid itself of the aging rector, never a very interesting or valuable man, the son's unfaith turns to a rancor which can only appease itself by the capture of wealth on the vast modern scale. He lets nothing stand between him and the Big Game which he pursues in the Canadian Northwest, and brings back like prey among the New-Yorkers whom he has meant his whole career to defeat.

After the curtain has fallen one comes away with the question whether a modern nature could be actuated by an aim so mediævally simple, or could be perverted in ways of such ruthless selfishness by the promptings of wounded affection in a heart originally good and kind. There will also remain the question, whether in life this perverted nature could be changed again by the influence of the inevitable doom that the long-erring man finally confronts. But no such questions molest one in the evolution of his character, or that of the characters whose reality gives constant interest to the variously peopled scene. As one ponders the character of Charlie Grace, one reverts from his experience to his nature for justification of the author's treatment of it. Then one perceives that from the first he was shown of an essential inferiority; there was more of his father than his mother in him; he was of the same make as the dull conventionality that maddened him out of his inherited faith by its vulgar, unconscious hardness.

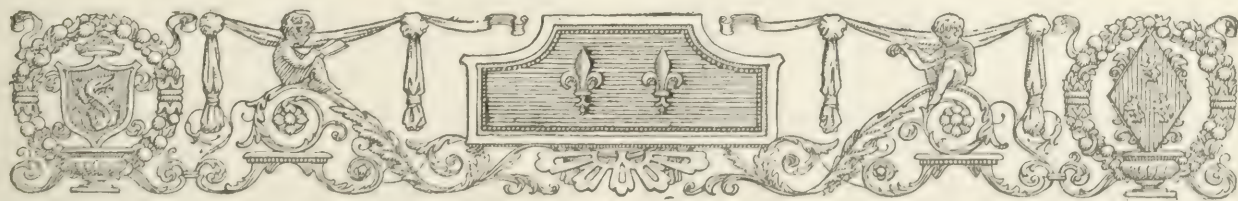
The strength of the book is not mainly in what happens to or from the different people in it, though this is always interesting, but in learning from their behavior what they mean. Much of the inquiry is so latent that it is only upon afterthought that one realizes quite what the people are. Hilda, who marries Charlie Grace, is in this way a very uncommon study of the jealous temperament. He gives her cause enough for jealousy by his folly and sin, but she is aware that she is destined to unhappiness not by what he does, but what she herself is; through her self-knowledge she knows the moral weakness in him which is the potentiality of his immoral force. It would not be venturing too far, perhaps, to say that she is the most subtly studied character in the book; at every moment she is unerringly divined, though you do not feel this fully till the tale is told. There is no character in the book which is slighted, however slightly it is suggested. The Boston woman to whom Grace is presented at a Harvard tea is as absolutely implied in a few sentences as she would be in as many pages when she brutally refuses to acknowledge the shy student's



introduction except by asking him how he will have his tea, without further note of him. Grace's hate of Harvard is chiefly an effect from the neglect of two Harvard fellow-students there, once his boyish playmates in New York, who became, one a weak, vicious *roué*, and the other a great medical specialist; it is the office of the specialist, in a powerfully realized interview, to tell Grace, by every skilful negation, when the time arrives, that he is not going to live. The sister of the *roué*, the plain, good little girl who grows into the plain, good woman, whom Grace could have married, is another of the sketches which leave the sense of strongly vitalized portraiture with the reader. One of the several very striking groups is that of Legrand, the ritualistic successor of Grace's father at St. David's, with his charmingly good and beautiful daughter, and his amusingly pretty wife unembittered by her defeated over-boldness. Mrs. Legrand is in a quiet way one of the author's triumphs, but Legrand is especially well done, as man and priest; in his chary diagnosis of Charlie Grace's spiritual condition he is as palpably true as the medical specialist whom Grace consults about his health. But on the other hand, among the other figures, the more sinned against than sinning, but still sinning, Hattie Bright seems conventionalized from general facts rather than herself a fact; and the old sexton of St. David's affects as having been rather eked out. Another group most satisfactorily done is that of Grace's half-sister with her outright and upright daughter, who can tell Grace he is a pig when he first abandons himself to his masterful selfishness; and the half-sister's husband, who in his American enterprise becomes a British subject and

is knighted for the better development of the Canadian Northwest. It is he who makes Grace's opportunity for making his fortune, and for the convenience of their joint transactions the scene shifts from New York to Northwest Canada and back without losing reality. But the veracity of the book dwells not so much in any particular as in the conscience, ethical as well as esthetical, which unites all its particulars in a general intention and result of truth. It seems to us the best of the books treating of American life in which the author of *The Inner Shrine*, *The Wild Olive*, *The Street Called Straight*, and *The Way Home* has gone constantly from good to better. It is the least romantic of these books, which were none of them hopelessly romantic, and which gave each the promise of increasing reality in the next.

*The Way Home* is rather a sad book, but so is life, and it is like life again in not refusing us the consolation of final hope. It is by no means a gloomy book, therefore; though the amusement which we fellow-travelers may always derive from the characters of our fellows when they are shown to us is somewhat grim. It is our edification which the author looks to. He intends to make us think rather oftener than to make us laugh; and his book is never a satire even when it is truest to New York. One puts it down with the feeling that one has been among people not less alive than oneself, and not much more or much less worthy. As for the author, one is inclined to say, if pushed to the formulation, that while nobody, strictly speaking, is original, here is somebody who is certainly origina-tive, and who in a moment of so little promise among our novelists is able to give us not only promise but fulfilment.







## EDITOR'S STUDY

IN the last Study we were accounting for the immense multiplicity and variety of current fiction by showing how the field for it had expanded through the specialization of social sensibility. There could be no fiction at all, in our sense of it, as exemplified in the novel since Richardson's time, but for certain distinctive variations in the modern evolution of social sensibility.

There is, indeed, no psychology of representative art not based upon the evolution of social sensibility. Of any age we must ask how it would have a story told, and what sort of a story, for it is the first office of representative art to tell a story; and this is so because story-telling is the distinctive and main office of a social imagination. The social instinct, in its primary manifestations and as developed into sentiment, is creative. It creates a story before it has an institutional development; indeed, all vital institutions are prompted by the story, which is danced and sung and played before it is sculptured or enshrined, and which becomes the burden of all tradition and the dominant note of a continuous culture, having in it, as the very soul of it as well as its temperament, the *ethos*, or essential *morale*, of a race.

We know, then, by the character of the story and the style of its representation just what stage of social development a people has reached: the primitive, or communal, when the lyric and choric enactment of the story suffices, as evanescent as its own rhythm, leaving no record; the heroic, when it inspires the epic and is inscribed on sword and shield; then that post-heroic stage, when racial sensibility cherishes the tradition, and is satisfied by the perfected epic and by the representation of the divine and human personages of the story in rude archaic sculpture; and finally, that ultimate variation of social evolution which alone can be called social as distinct from merely racial, and in which civilization

reaches its utmost diversification in life, art, and literature—the story, also, which was its initial creation and inspiration, being to a like extent diversified.

Why is it that in this last stage of ancient civilization, which in Greece and Rome came nearest to our type of modernism, there was nothing corresponding to our modern social fiction?

The Greek and Roman story was born of the race-genius and appealed to the race-sensibility. The individual modifications of it through the inventions of the poet and dramatist were incidental and romantically adventitious; they did not alter its essential character nor give it a humanly individual appeal. Imagination reckoned only with the race, not as a plainly human people, but as lifted up by the mirage of legendary mists into a superhuman society.

We can easily understand why the epic poem and, later, the drama, sufficed for the representation of the ideals of such a society—ideals which could maintain their glamour only by constant reference to a heroic past. There was narrow room for the growth of individualism—that expansion of individual consciousness, experience, and sympathy which depends upon the interplay of social activities. Society, organized officially into classes—rulers, priests, and soldiers—as it was in ancient life, with an immense outlying proletariat, consisting largely of slaves, and not even admitted to participation in the Sacred Mysteries, had no social interfluence save among the cultured few, certainly none at all between classes separated by fixed barriers. The citizens of great capitals like Athens and Rome—those who were free men and who could take part in affairs—mingled together freely and had a comparatively modern sociability. Among them in the ripest era of civilization were poets, artists, philosophers, and orators. There were individual eminences, leaders of thought as



well as of action. But the historians took note only of the great doings in court and camp and senate. There might be an attempt at biography as in Xenophon's *Memorabilia* of Socrates, but there could have been no such thing as the modern novel.

We catch some familiar glimpses of contemporaneous social life in lyrics and satires and private letters; but only in Greek and Latin comedy have we any vivid and sustained reflection of this life in aspects so human as to repudiate the purely typical masques used in tragical impersonations. The later comedy, both the Greek and the Latin, more intimately reflected contemporary manners, even of domestic life, than the comedies of Shakespeare did, and more nearly approached our modern social novel than anything taking the shape of a story did, either in ancient literature or in modern, before the eighteenth century.

However human the representation, it had to be on the stage, taking a distinctively dramatic form, because of the illiteracy of the audience; and so long as it took that form the reversion to the typical, always in tragedy and to some extent even in comedy, was easy and inevitable. Moreover, society itself, in its organization and functioning, maintained its typical character, without human interfusion. In ancient civilization this character was maintained to the very end, until all fixed social types were rudely broken by barbarians.

In the mean time the Christians had been drawn above ground from the Catacombs and, enticed by its amenities, had mingled with the Roman life, accepting its official stamp, and in return had given Constantine the sign to conquer by. Then in the melting-pot of medievalism, when the feudal and ecclesiastic social types prevailed, Christianity formed another and separate alliance with the Northern races, and the new conflict arose, between these races and that cosmopolitan Latin culture which precipitated the Renaissance. Out of this conflict modern nationalities were born, preserving their native vernaculars and their traditional social types, modified by Christian influences and by the exigencies of the struggle itself, which was continued with many variations until

the breaking up of feudalism and the establishment of the Reformation—the rise of the middle classes being its most significant incident. The discovery of a New World—the triumph of new knowledge—completed an awakening, in which the peoples of Christendom had their part, and inspired a new and sturdy heroism quite distinct from that of knight-errantry and of the Crusades.

The humanism of this awakened Christendom, while it cherished the flavors and virtues of the broken alabaster box of ancient civilization, was animated by a principle of human sympathy, which made not only for the disintegration of fixed social types, but for their fusion and interfusion. Hence the possibility of modern social fiction, which itself has done more than any other form of literature to complete the disintegration and interfusion.

But, for this consummation it was necessary that humanism should be supplemented by popular aspiration and, we might say, by popular demand and revolt. The English Revolution was as necessary to the English people as the Reformation had been to the independence of the English nation. It had always been the very essence of a social order that it was a hierarchy, graded by divine appointment. The higher class could descend to the lower, but it was condescension; and to this day only the homes of the well-to-do are immune to inquisitorial visitation. This inveterate assumption is the last barrier to be dissolved by a really human sympathy. There was enough of intelligent, if not wholly sympathetic, comprehension in eighteenth-century England to promote the diffusion of knowledge among the people, but this was largely due to the aspirations and demands of the middle class, which was to constitute the main audience of a new kind of fiction. This audience was compelled at first to submit to a good deal of preachment, meant chiefly to induce contentment in its divinely appointed place, but it was to become in due time the arbiter of fiction—the high court determining the fame and fortunes of its writers, appointing to them their place in literature. More than that, it was the common and unclassified human experience which was



finally to become the burden and inspiration of fiction.

Granted a literate audience—such as had come into existence in Bunyan's time, and must have reached considerable proportions in the eighteenth century—the appeal to it was no longer confined to stage representations. It meant a radical revolution in literature, a notable change of form and style. The day for the creation of stately tragedy, outside of operatic librettos, was over. Dante and Milton had written the last of the world's great epics. Spenser in verse, and Bunyan in prose, had, each for his own generation, met the taste of a limited audience for allegory; the new audience had no relish for it in sustained form, preferring the less elaborate metaphor. Prose gained much of the ground hitherto monopolized by verse. The direct appeal to the ear, especially in emotional expression, naturally took the metrical form, and the poetic tension was itself a good part of the spell that bound the illiterate listener. Oratory up to a very recent time maintained an impressive measure unusual in written speech—so difficult seemed the relaxation to an idiomatic level, save in the most familiar intercourse. To Fanny Burney, Miss Edgeworth, and Jane Austen it was easy enough, but Richardson found it necessary to make the descent by adopting the epistolary form of fiction, and was stiff enough even at that, being far less happy and successful than Pepys with his *Diary* a century earlier.

We find it significant that the modern comedy of the eighteenth century should have been attended—as ancient comedy at its humanest could not have been—by social essays like those of the *Spectator* and by the social novel, with such relaxation of style as could be expected of that formally graceful, polite, and rationalistic century dominated successively by Pope and Dr. Johnson.

Fiction by becoming social, as well as the comedy and the essay, was changed in theme not less than in form. Elizabethan fiction, not at all social—not even in the sense that its contemporary *Don Quixote* was—had only a boudoir audience, and served mainly for its polite entertainment. The drama, with its opportunity of wider appeal, had always

addressed itself to the moral sensibility. People of the eighteenth century who were readers, of whom a large number received instruction chiefly that they might read the Bible, for the most part demanded of fiction that it should be didactic, if they were to read it at all, leaving Fielding and Smollett to a more elegant audience.

But English fiction was and still is socially typical, because English social types themselves have persisted. The influences of romanticism were apparent chiefly in poetry; their immediate effect upon fiction was to interrupt the course of the social novel in favor of Scott. Democracy grew and has grown until England is, possibly, more democratic than our American republic, but in that country, for more than two centuries, great political revolutions have been effected peacefully, without seriously disturbing any of the established forms of society. Probably it is the consciousness of this stability which might prompt upper-class Englishmen to say that there is no society in America, by which they would mean no firmly classified society.

This stability covers an expansion of human sympathy *between* classes, as it covers the growth of a real democracy. But there are the comparatively inflexible walls which permit neighborliness but not the *al fresco* sociability of our American life, just as English democracy does not bring with it American opportunity. This difference of social conditions in the two countries is reflected in their fiction. As to external impressiveness and picturesqueness, the conditions are not without some advantage to the English writer who, if he or she is an artist, like Meredith or Mrs. Humphry Ward, loves a sharply defined background and is tempted to make the most of it, and if, like Gissing, he is an artist especially sensitive to human sorrows, finds deeper glooms of poverty and makes the most of these.

After all, it must be said that genius in all ages implies sympathy, whether it deals with heroes, or with man in conflict with destiny, or with the common joys and sorrows of mankind. It became distinctively human sympathy with the sense of a common humanity.



## Under False Pretenses

BY FREDERICK M. SMITH

A LITTLE past noon on a certain bright day, a brown-eyed young lady in a brown suit and a chic little brown hat walked into the reception-room at Parker's and surveyed the occupants. In one corner she saw a white-haired old lady anxiously watching the door; by the window a middle-aged gentleman was tête-à-tête with a girl; in another corner a personable young man in the twenties sat expectant and uneasy.

Just as the brown-eyed girl stopped by the door he rose and advanced toward her. A smile hovered on her lips and she made a step to meet him. A faint, humorous twinkle leaped to his eyes in answer; and in a second, as by common understanding, their hands met.

"Mr. Laird?" said the brown-eyed girl with a relieved laugh; and the young gentleman laughed also, though not so spontaneously.

"You didn't have any difficulty in recognizing me from my description of myself," she affirmed rather than questioned.

"I knew you at once by your smile," said he.

"Lucia wrote that you were to be in Boston. I'm sorry you aren't to stay longer, but it was nice of you to telephone me and arrange this."

"You are going to lunch with me?" he said, glancing swiftly at the other people in the room. Then, at her bright nod, he led the way to the big dining-room, where a wise head-waiter, after one appraising glance, bowed them straight to a table by the window.

"If I ask you what you like you'll say, 'Oh, anything!'" he challenged her.

"You've apparently lunched with women before," she retorted.

"Shall we say—clams, and a flet mignon with Romaine salad; and—" he paused, hopefully.

"Lovely," said the girl. "And now tell me about Lucia."



"I KNEW YOU AT ONCE BY YOUR SMILE"



"Um," he pondered, his eyes on her strong white hands as she drew off her gloves. "Lucia is just as well as you would expect her to be, and—as nice as ever."

"I'm afraid she made your looking me up a sort of duty. That's her way."

"If duty is doing something you don't want to just because you feel you ought to; and pleasure is doing something you oughtn't to, but which you want to very much, then my taking you to luncheon at least isn't duty."

"I should hope," said she, "that you wouldn't call it pleasure, either, under that definition."

"Let me call it pleasure without defining it," said he.

"How's the baby?" said she.

"The baby!" he wondered.

"Lucia's baby, of course."

"Oh, it's all right."

"If that isn't perfectly like a man!"

"What?"

"To call him *it*."

"You wouldn't have me other than manly, would you? By the way—how long since you've seen him?"

"I've never seen him. You know I haven't seen Lucia for two years."

He leaned forward confidentially. "What did Lucia tell you about me?" he put to her.

"Well—" she hesitated, "I didn't imagine you would be at all the sort of person you are."

He carefully impaled a pinkish-yellow tid-bit. "Tell me just what sort of person you expected."

"I thought you'd be older."

"I'm really much older than I look," said he.

"And very serious."

"I fear I impress you as frivolous?"

She smiled. "Dear, no!—but college professors—"

"Ah, college professors! You expected a solemn, spectacled person?"

"Who would talk very learnedly about books and things."

"Nowadays professors talk about batting averages and where you can get the best beefsteak in New York. Only ladies who belong to culture clubs talk about books. But go on."

"Go on?"

"With my description."

"Oh, that was all. Of course she said you were—nice."

"Nice Lucia!" he chanted. "I hope by the end of the meal you will have found no occasion to differ from her."

"And now tell me all about her home and her husband. You know I've never met him."

The professor breathed a sigh. Then, laying knife to his file, he said: "One of the stupidest things in the world is to talk about other people when one might be talking about oneself. Suppose you tell me about yourself."

"What did Lucia tell you about *me*?"

"Nothing at all—that is, very little. Lucia, you know, is reticent. Beyond the fact that you were nice, that you were very good-looking, that—"

"She doubtless told you that I was an artist?" interrupted the girl, hastily.

"Are you an artist?" he queried, a trifle enviously. "Do you do landscapes?"

She nodded slowly.

"Fancy being a painter—doing meadows, and brooks wandering through them, and yellow cowslips and white sheep! I envy you."

"It is nice," she agreed, though with nothing to match his enthusiasm.

"Do you exhibit?"

"I never have here," she replied, with a superior twitch of her shoulders, "but in Pittsburgh—"

"Oh, that's best of all. Now tell me what you think of the Scandinavians."

"I love them," she enthused. "Larson— isn't his stuff fine? Fresh as daffodils or this salad leaf."

And then, while the filet mignon lasted, and down to the last green leaf of Romaine they talked about pictures.

But at a pause the girl suddenly recalled a duty. "And now," she said, "tell me about Lucia's house."

He frowned: "Didn't she tell you anything about it?"

"Only that they'd got into the new one."

"Oh, the new one, yes! Wait. What are you going to have for a sweet?"

"Nesselrode pudding," she decided, after a glance at the card.

"And a bit of cheese?"

"Not even a bit."

"But coffee?"

"Yes."

"Have you been to Concord," he inquired, interestedly. "It's a fine place at this season."

"Do you know, you act as if you didn't *want* to talk about Lucia," she observed.

"Don't you like her?"

"At the present moment there is no one to whom I am more indebted," said he, achieving a little bow.

She received it with a shrug. "Then tell me all about her new place."

He drained his glass and settled back with an air of determination. "It's a very comfortable house," he began, "not too far from the campus."





"IT WASN'T JUST A JOKE FOR A JOKE'S SAKE"

"Campus! Why, is there a college in Dayton?"

"So Lucia lives in Dayton!" he muttered under his breath; and aloud, "Didn't you know there was?"

"But you aren't from that college? Lucia said you were at Wittenberg. That's in a town near Dayton, isn't it?"

"They have colleges about every ten miles in Ohio," he informed her. "About Lucia's house—it's pleasant; somewhat Colonial."

"She said it was a bungalow."

"See here," he objected. "You're obtaining information under false pretenses. You said she hadn't told you anything about it."

"Well, just that they were putting up a new bungalow isn't anything. And it's little enough information I'm getting of any kind about *her*."

He grinned. "Well, I'll do better. Did she tell you anything about the surroundings?"

"No," said she, looking at him steadily.

"There are elm-trees in front, and a lot of shrubbery. Lucia had the back yard dug up and is going to have an old-fashioned garden. There aren't any schools in the neighborhood; but of course they don't have to worry about that yet awhile."

"No?" said she, in a tone of polite irony; and, imbedding the spoon firmly in the pudding, she sat back a little in her chair.

"Not till the baby grows up," said he.

"What has become of the older children?"

"Eh?"

"What has become of the two other children?" she reiterated, icily.

He turned to the waiter. "I think I'll have a bit of Roquefort—if you don't mind," he deferred to her.

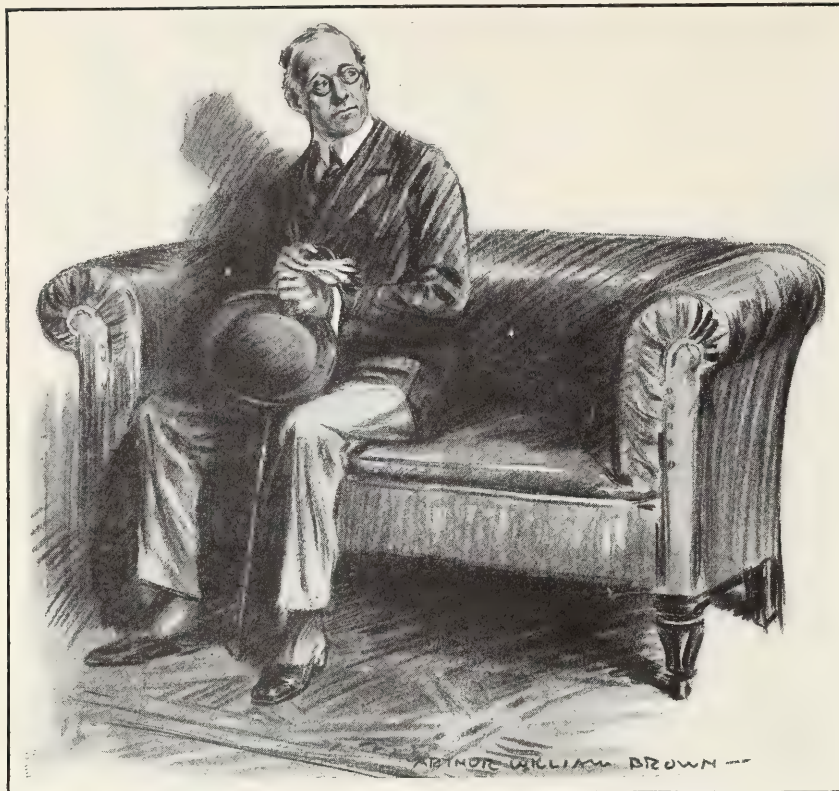
"By the way, have they two or three others?" she asked. "Lucia may have forgotten to tell about one."

He met the definite sarcasm squarely. "It serves me right," he affirmed. "But—you'll forgive me."

A golden fire suddenly glowed in the brown of her eyes. "Forgive you for tricking me!" she said in a cutting voice. "Forgive you for pretending to be somebody you are not, and inducing me to lunch with you because I thought you were an old friend of one of my school friends. I must ask you to get the bill so that I can pay my part and go."

For a moment he regarded her with a certain look of wistfulness. Then, leaning a little forward, he said slowly, "You're quite right; it's inexcusable; but I'll take the minute I have left to make my defense. It wasn't just a joke for a joke's sake." Here the flash of a twinkle lit his eyes. "I came here to meet a friend. He failed to appear and I had just decided to leave when you came in. You *did* look at me as if you knew me and





"A GENTLEMAN IN THE WAITING-ROOM"

for two seconds I thought perhaps I ought to know you. The next second we were speaking to each other; I did what I don't often do—I acted on a wild impulse, a desire for a mild adventure."

"It's a compliment to be taken for a girl who would not object to such audacity."

He shook his head at his failure to make her see his viewpoint. "You mistake," he went on in a voice of resignation. "I was lonely—awfully lonely. I'm not a native Yankee. I've been in Boston six months, and I haven't got acquainted with a single woman of your sort. I was hungry to talk to a nice woman. Fate put you here and I didn't resist. I'm afraid I'm not even very sorry, because this has been good. I'm only sorry that I seem to have treated you with any disrespect. I hope you'll be generous."

If he expected this to move her there was no sign that it had. Her red lips tightened; he could discern no softening in her eyes. It seemed to aggravate him, for he took up his speech again with sudden bitterness.

"Let me make the case as bad as possible; I'm not an artist, or a doctor, or a professional man of any sort—the kind writers make heroes of. I've never even lunched here before. I'm a clerk—a clerk in a lawyer's office. That's what I am."

With her elbows on the table, her chin propped on her slim, interlaced fingers, she

sat like a sphinx, regarding him. The waiter brought the bill and laid it face downward on the cloth.

The young man gave a deprecatory shrug. "I wish you'd let me pay it. Then I'll go away and never see you again. It isn't fair to let you in for this because of my sins."

Her answer was forestalled by the voice of a messenger-boy who came wailing into the room: "Miss Torrence! Miss Torrence!"

The girl blushed furiously, her brown eyes big with indecision.

"That's you!" said her opposite. "And that's your professor!"

He motioned the page, and the girl took the card from the salver.

"Gentleman in the waiting-room," said the boy.

"Say that I will be there—in a few minutes."

"Do you still insist?" said the young man, laying his hand on the check.

"Why be a hypocrite?" said she, crisply.

"What!" he ejaculated.

"I mean *I'm* a hypocrite," she burst out, the red rose flush stealing over her cheek again. "I've been pretending that I feel outraged. I don't. I'm lonely and homesick sometimes myself. I don't have many friends here. And I've enjoyed this hour. You've been nice. Besides," and she shrugged in her abrupt little charming way, "I deceived you. I pretended I was a painter. I'm not. My stuff never came within a thousand miles of Pittsburgh. I don't paint landscapes. I earn my living making Christmas cards and ball programmes. To-day instead of meadows I'm drawing Santa Clauses, and robin-redbreasts sitting on frost-bitten trees."

It was his turn to stare now, and she met his gaze half shamefaced, half smiling. He motioned the waiter and laid down a bill. "Then it's all right?" he said, eagerly. "I'm forgiven?"

Her shrug and her smile again.

"We needed to find each other; we're going to be friends," he asserted, and across the table their hands met. "My name's Edward Braydon, Miss Torrence," said he.

"And now I must go to my professor."

"You'll let me come and see you?"

She named a number on Guilford Street as she pushed back her chair.



The waiter put down the change, and the girl turned to her host with a sudden decision. "I'm afraid you've spent a lot of money on this luncheon," she put to him.

"We must begin by being honest," he admitted. "It's much more than I usually spend. Say it would have given me a ticket to the mountains for my holiday. I don't need that now. This hour was better than many mountains, and besides—"

"Besides?" she echoed.

"Why, there are going to be other hours, aren't there—other hours when we shall make holiday together?"

The flash of her white teeth and the dance in her eyes was her sufficient answer as they moved together out of the dining-room.

"What are you going to tell him?" he asked.

"That will depend—perhaps the truth. After all, why shouldn't I?"

"Why shouldn't you?" he confirmed. "Do you want me to go in with you?"

"Oh, I'm not afraid; but I can't eat another luncheon."

They paused near the reception-room door and looked in casually but curiously. The only other occupant was a small gentleman who had very little hair on the top of his head, while that at his temples showed a salt of gray.

Miss Torrence put out her hand, and there was a speaking light in her eyes, "Even if he is very nice, I'm glad you came," said she.

#### No Natives

TWO natives of the Emerald Isle were discussing, with evident irritation, the immigration problem.

"Thim furriners is gettin' an awful hold in this counthry," said Tim.

"Thrue for yez," answered the other, as he transferred his corn-cob pipe to the other side of his mouth. "I wuz readin' over last evenin' the list av min naturilized be Judge Corcoran, an' ivery wan av thim wuz furrin!"

#### Firm in the Faith

EVEN the best of us have a streak of prejudice in our composition. Aunt Sally was no exception. She never failed in her attendance at church—*her* church—sunshine or shower, and knew no other faith than that promulgated by the Methodists.

On one occasion her pastor was suddenly taken ill, and no services were held. Deeply disappointed, she started homeward, and on her way had to pass the Episcopal church. The thought seized her to stop here for Sunday services. She got as far as the door, then prejudice conquered:

"No, I jes' won't encourage 'em," she said, resolutely, and, turning about, went home.

#### The Kind of Life

"THEY say that driver fairly put new life into that old racing-car."

"Yes, he did; inside of five miles it turned turtle."

#### A "Merracle" Indeed

DEACON EPHRAIM CORE was on his way home in Nottoway County, Virginia, one beautiful Sunday morning, when Squire Allen stopped him.

"Well, Uncle Eph," he said, "what was the sermon about to-day?"

"All erbout a merracle, Mars John," the old darky answered. "I ain' never hearn befo' ob sech a merracle—dee twelve erpos-tles eatin' five thousan' loaves an' three thousan' fishes!"

"But that isn't quite right," the squire began. "The real miracle—"

"Scuse me, Mars John," interrupted the old man, "but dat's jes' ezackly whut de merracle wuz—de merracle wuz dat dey didn't bust."



POMERANIAN: "You would feel much better if you kept regular hours."

SKYE: "How can I?—I'm not a watch-dog."





### Intimidation

SANTA CLAUS: "Call him off and I'll give you anything you want."

### Thoughtful

LITTLE Della was slowly turning the leaves of her nursery-book when suddenly she looked up and inquired:

"Mother, what day was I born on?"

"Wednesday, dear."

"Wasn't that fortunate! It's your day 'at home,'" replied the little miss.

### The Candle-light

ALTHOUGH I'm almost four, sometimes  
I'm frightened in the night.  
So mother says, "Don't be afraid,  
I'll leave a candle-light."

A little light the watch to keep,  
Until I sing myself to sleep.

I love to watch the tiny flame  
That flickers to and fro,  
And watch the straight, white candle,  
Which must always shorter grow;

For when I wake in early morn,  
The candle every bit has gone.

If little boys should all grow short,  
Instead of growing tall,  
Some morning would their mothers find  
They had no sons at all?

I'm very glad that we all know  
The proper way for boys to grow.

—HARRIET WORKS.

### The Wisdom of the East

A CERTAIN Turk called Ali came to Nasradin Hodja (the wise man of Turkey), and complained with tears in his eyes that his last hope had fled, since last night his only donkey had been stolen.

Nasradin Hodja calmed the man with kind words and assured him that he would find his donkey the very next day.

Accordingly, next day, which happened to be a Friday (the Sunday of Turks), Nasradin Hodja summoned all the inhabitants of the village, as he was in the habit of doing every Friday, and as usual delivered his speech about the Koran, finishing with the words:

"Who amongst you, faithful worshipers of the Holy Koran, has never said a lie, has never stolen, never wished or done harm to his neighbors and country-fellows, has never disobeyed his parents, has never drunk any intoxicating liquors, never smoked, etc., etc., . . . let that man come and stand by my side!"

A robust-looking young peasant detached himself from the crowd and with a smile boldly advanced toward the speaker.

Nasradin Hodja calmly turned toward Ali, who was still weeping over the loss of his donkey, and said: "Cease crying, your troubles are at an end; with the help of the Prophet we have found him," and handed over to Ali the robust-looking peasant.



# A Choice

BY BLAKENEY GRAY

NOT a berth in old Westminster  
Would I care to occupy.  
Fame's a most alluring spinster,  
And it's sweet to catch her eye,  
But I cannot help a-thinkin'  
'Tis no pleasure to be dead,  
With the Muses all a-prinkin'  
Little laurels for your head.

I've a sort of yearn for livin',  
For the beauty of the sea,  
And my time I'd aye be givin'  
To the country broad and free.  
I would rather be a noodle  
With my lungs chock-full of air  
Than the Grandest High Kyoodle  
In the Abbey over there.

I would rather go a-fishin',  
Or a-skippin' up the pike,  
Than enjoy a high position  
Such as the Immortals strike.

What's the good of being Byron,  
Done in marble or in brass,  
When you cannot hear the siren  
Call and summons of a lass?

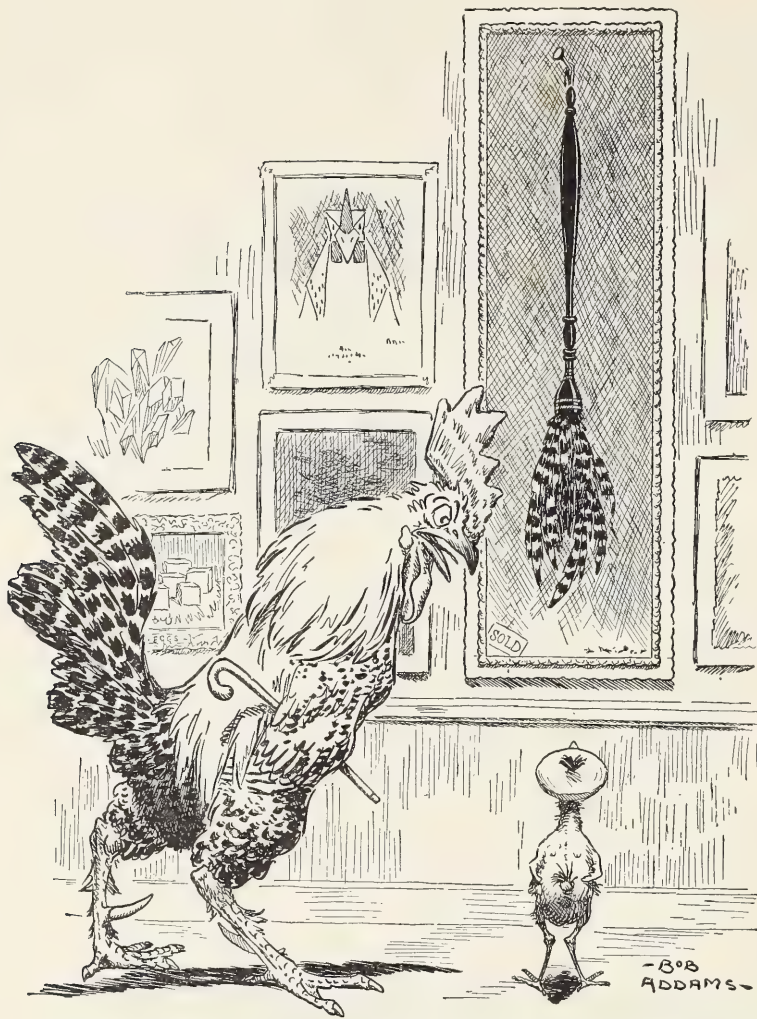
What's the good of being some one  
Who's been dead a hundred years—  
Just a silent deaf-and-dumb one  
With no hearing to his ears—  
When as Nobody you're happy,  
With a heart that's full of joy,  
And a spirit that's as snappy  
As the nature of a boy?

No, sirree! I want no laurel  
For to decorate my brow.  
With the famous I've no quarrel,  
But I'll tell you, anyhow,  
I would rather live and chortle  
As an atom blithe and gay  
Than to be a dead Immortal  
With a forehead crowned with bay!



VISITOR: "But surely you believe that women should vote?"  
"Oh, I s'pose it's all right if ye haven't nothin' better to do."





*"That, Willie, is a futurist portrait of me, your father."*

#### An Unappreciated Tale

AS I was a-smokin' an' jokin' with Jim,

A feller he says, says he,  
"It's terrible grim for to lose a limb."

"It is," says we.

"When paid for your sailin' an' whalin' per trip,"

This feller he says, says he,  
"It's terrible flip to scuttle the ship."

"It is," says we.

"When driftin', an' victuals is little an' few,"

This feller he says, says he,  
"It's awful to chew on the rest o' the crew."

"It is," says we.

"It's fearsome, this starvin' an' carvin' in gore,"

This feller he says, says he,  
"It's worse to gnaw on your own leg raw."

"It is," says we.

"Such troubles to sailors an' whalers is sent."

"What troubles?" says Jim to me.  
Says the seafarin' gent, "It's time as I went."

"It is," says we.

—EDMUND W. PUTNAM.

#### Proof Positive

MRS. R. was an extremely careful mother, and had repeatedly cautioned her six-year-old daughter against handling any object that might contain germs. One day the little girl came in and said:

"Mother, I am never going to play with my kitty any more, because she has germs on her."

"Oh no," replied her mother, "there are no germs on your kitten."

"Yes, there are," insisted the child. "I saw one hop."

#### Probably

MISS WHEAT, the new teacher, was hearing the history lesson. Turning to one of the new scholars, she asked:

"James, what was Washington's Farewell Address?"

The new boy arose with a promptitude that promised well for his answer.

"Heaven, ma'am," he said.

#### Involved

YOUNG Albert was a very practical youth, and every thing that he learned at school he endeavored to apply in his daily life and work.

The lad had recently become very friendly with a little boy who had lately moved in that vicinity, and one afternoon his mother asked him if his little playmate was an only child. Whereupon Albert looked very wise and triumphant.

"He's got just one sister," he said. "He tried to catch me when he told me he had two half-sisters, but I guess I know enough about fractions for that."

#### The Source

MR. HOYLE was a most indulgent father, but of late he had commenced to think that his son Arthur was taking advantage of his generosity.

"Why, when I was your age, young man," he said one morning, after a particularly urgent demand for more funds, "I didn't have as much money to spend in a month as you spend in a day."

"Well, dad, don't scold me about it," said the youth. "Why don't you go for grand-father?"









*Painting by C. E. Chambers*

Illustration for "The Price of Love"

"THE LAMPLIGHTER CLIMBED OVER THE BACK GATE FOR ME"



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## Through the Heart of the Surinam Jungle

BY CHARLES WELLINGTON FURLONG, F.R.G.S.



It was siesta in Cayenne. I sat alone at one of the little hotel veranda tables, overlooking that wonderful grove of palms which sway in the trade-

winds over the Place de l'Esplanade. The café was now deserted save for myself and a wiry, sun-tanned man ensconced in a corner among the vines. Even the black scavenger-vultures retreated to shade and only a locust's long drone broke the stillness of the heat. A large liquid crystal condensed on the siphon-bottle in front of me, then wriggled its course to the table, as erratically as the Guianan rivers worm through the Surinam<sup>1</sup> wilderness, where I hoped, on foot or by canoe, to put through an expedition from the Maroni River westward, eventually reaching Paramaribo. But every one insisted it was impossible, expatiating on the dangers of fevers, forest, escaped *déportés* (French convicts), Caribs, and the Bosch Negroes (Bush Negroes).<sup>2</sup>

"About your journey, monsieur—a few Bosch know a way by canoe at

certain seasons. You might go through with them." The man from the corner, an Indian trader, had seated himself opposite me.

"You are over the fever?" was his parting query.

"Never had it."

"*Sacré bleu!* Well, monsieur, may you have it but lightly. *Bon voyage.*"

The cattle-boat *Fagersand* dropped me at St. Laurent, a French Guianan penal settlement up the Maroni River, where I crossed its broad swirl of muddy currents to Albina, a little Dutch frontier post backed against the forest jungle. A few Dutch soldiers, officials, and merchants comprise the white element; the others are coolies, Guianan negroes, some Bosch, and a few Amerinds who come in to trade.

My entry was facilitated by Mr. Smit, customs inspector; my outfit cared for by Mr. Heineman, a merchant; at meals I was the commandant's guest, but slept in the little hospital office of the post surgeon, Dr. Weitungh. The dream ramblings of two fever-stricken coolies disturbed my sleep less than the knowledge that five escaped *déportés* lurked starving along the forest edge.

These Bosch date from "The Sugar Age," 1660 and 1840, which saw the greatest importations, mainly by the Dutch, of Gold Coast slaves into South Carolina, the West Indies, and the Guianas. The Dutch were hard task-

<sup>1</sup> The English spelling of Suriname, or Dutch Guiana.

<sup>2</sup> Bosch Neger (Boss Nayger) was the Dutch term given the African slaves who successfully revolted and formed an independent confederation in the "bush," as the forest jungle is called.



masters, so came revolts, and from 1715 to 1775 there was almost unending warfare. In the Guianas these blacks found a habitat similar to their African wilderness, and so carried on the same primitive life as their forefathers, in a retreat from which, but for the help of Caribs, they would have driven the planters into the sea.

To-day we find a great Bosch confederation of at least seven thousand untamed Africans. Every village has its representative, each of the four leading districts electing a chief. Their ruler, called *Gramon* (Grand Man), is at present a diplomatic old Bosch named Osayisay. The Bosch are polygamous, so, to insure hereditary chieftainship, the oldest son of the Gramon's oldest sister succeeds him. There are three principal tribes: the *Saramacca*, *Becoe* (Becoo), and *Djoeka* (Djooka); the last inhabits the Maroni, Coermotibo, and upper Cottica rivers.

The Bosch are magnificent specimens of physical manhood. To the numerous queues of their braided hair are often attached nickel bicycle clips, and to their ears rings of gold. Gaudy-colored breech-cloths "made in Germany" are practically their only clothing. They are pagans, and worship the cotton-tree to propitiate a bad spirit. *Obeah* is the name they give to anything about which

they may be superstitious, applying it to all evil influences, to their fetishes or charms in general; many resented my camera as a bad *obeah*.

Their language, called *taki-taki* (talk-talk), is a most remarkable linguistic compound of their original Cromanti-coast dialects, with a good measure of Pidgin-English and Dutch, and spiced with a few derivatives from French and Spanish.

With Mr. Heineman's assistance, after much difficulty, we picked from near-by villages two Djoekas, Ootayah and Marius, and an older Saramacca named Wandu, who had once crossed through the contemplated region. Payment included money, cotton cloth, and, on their return, my canoe.

In old Abonasa's hut, seated cross-legged on palm mats, I had eaten with a calabash spoon from their calabash bowls. Later it was rumored that Abonasa said, "The Dutch do not eat with us, but this man, a stranger, he eats." So it came about that a dance was to be given in honor of the stranger. Some are known as *wintie* dances (spirit dances), at which time the *wintie-djoeka* (Djoeka-spirit) is supposed to possess them, superinduced frequently by other spirits called *tafia*, of stable price but unstable effect.

The flaming after-glow kaleidoscoped



THE EXPEDITION STARTING FROM THE BOSCH VILLAGE ON THE MARONI RIVER



to turquoise, then merged into the blue of night; the zenith stars gleamed on the gurgling Maroni slushing out to sea. The great orb of the full moon bulged in lemon-gold over the horizon and stenciled the palm-trees in black silhouette. Teh-tum-tum-tum! Teh-tum-tum-tum!

reverberated the wild beats of a tom-tom; from the dark "bush" (forest jungle) black figures mysteriously emerged, and standing, or seated on carved, native stools, formed a large circle. The chief sat enthroned on a mat under a tree, behind him his wives, beside him a sort of aged king's chamberlain whom all newcomers saluted. Across from the chief, musicians squatted astride long drums, which now broke forth, accompanied by an accordion. Two young Djoe-kas, side by side, danced slowly toward their chief, in a crouching position, immedi-

ately retiring. Other male dancers followed, dancing on their toes, pounding with a sharp, staccato movement; sometimes with both feet alternating, sometimes on the toe of the right foot, the left punctuating the beat. They waved the hands alternately in a restricted paddling motion, often holding in one a colored cloth.

The commandant and Mr. Smit were seated with me opposite the drummers, where a Djoe-ka presented his daughter, a superb black creature, who with two other girls advanced into the ring, with coy step and posture, toward three men, with whom they danced in pairs; the girls, with a shy lilt of the head and con-

stant moving of the hands, passed and repassed, turning closely about their partners, but never touching. A girl would follow a man of her fancy as he walked from the ring center, then, as he turned at the edge, whisk away to a hum of laughing approval. One couple

terminated the dance by touching cheeks in swinging around each other. New-comers were formally admitted, until gradually some forty danced within the great human circle.

As imperceptibly as the blue hours of the night had merged one into the other, so the "tafia drink" and wild strains of the music had permeated the crowd with that inexplicable, occult something I had sensed under similar conditions among the nomadic Sudanese tribes of the Sahara. Through the interstices of the palms the moonlight fell in flecks of silver



DJOEKA CHIEF BIDDING ME GOOD-BY

upon the dark surface of the Maroni; far across it, the prison camp of St. Laurent lay in restless slumber.

Suddenly the dusky form of the girl previously presented emerged from the throng with the same coy, mesmeric motions of the hands, almost touched me, turned like a flash, and was gone. A loud murmur rose. Smit nudged my arm. "She likes you. You have got to dance," he whispered. Every explorer knows it is sometimes as unwise to accept such a challenge as it is sometimes indiscreet to refuse. She advanced again with another girl; reassured by safety in numbers, my strong susceptibilities to the rhythm of music enabled me to



adapt some slight proficiency in "buck-and-wing" dancing and to become a moment later an integral part of that throbbing throng.

The great V-shaped phalanx retreated backward, dancing, I following at its apex, in hunting-shirt and khaki, my tropical helmet a solitary key-note of white; back and forth it swept in perfect unison, each as much a part as a spot is of the forest jaguar's hide. All eyes were upon me, my own gaze fascinated by the heaving black mass in front. The torches' lurid flare and lanterns' paler glow reshone from pulsating bodies in oily, golden highlights, from brass armlets, and from nickel hair ornaments and teeth necklaces—a scintillating shower of gold and silver dust on a mass of living ebony. *Tump—teh-teh-teh-tump!—teh-teh-teh-tump!* With a whirl the drummers let themselves loose; the wild rhapsody now gripped all in an overpowering brain-whirl of dance delirium. The *wintie*-dance was on—the *wintie-djoeka* was abroad.

*Thr-r-r-r-ump!* The drums stopped. A night bird cried in the forest, a great, swelling sigh of approbation welled upward, almost lifting the palm fronds drooping limply above us. The old men and women, after their custom, patted my back, stroked my arms between their hands, and led me to Chief Quasi. When I turned into my quarters at the forest edge, it was long past midnight.

On parting from my kind Dutch friends at Albina, good advice was given me, while the *Djoekas* at the village whence we made our real start made me gifts. It was easy paddling down the Maroni; the men, softly chanting, dropped into a steady, swinging stroke, which they can maintain day after day. Marius and Ootayah paddled forward; the cargo was amidships, protected by a canvas tarpaulin; behind it, my quarters on the canoe bottom, while old Wandu, the steersman, paddled astern. Our immediate objective was Wana Creek, which flowed from the west through the forests into the Maroni. About a mile from its mouth was Wana Post, a little customs station, in charge of a Dutch agent of police. His duty was to arrest Bosch smuggling gold through to the

Coermotibo and Cottica rivers, and to capture runaway convicts.

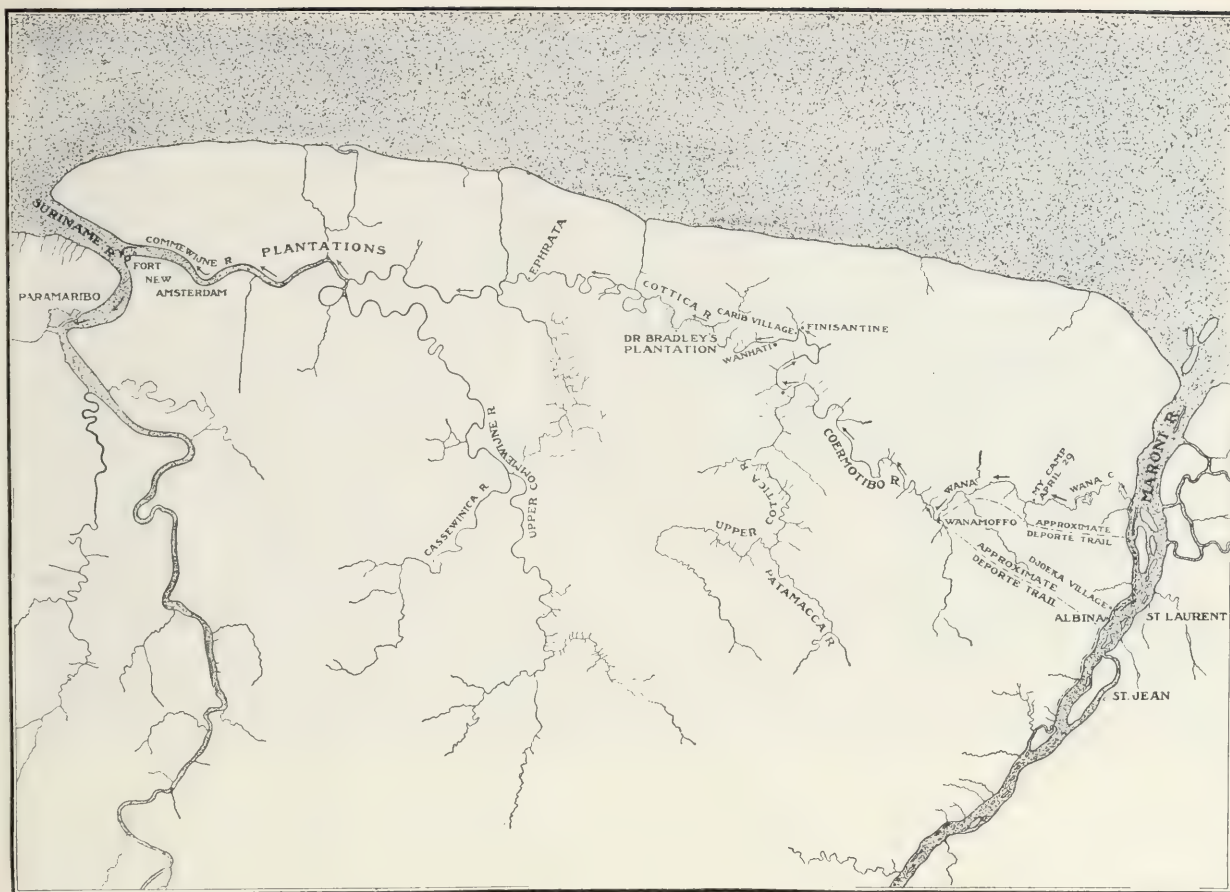
In a forest clearing we came upon Wana Post—a few huts and a little dwelling over which floated the flag of Holland. Police Agent John Vanyke read my letters and received me most kindly. Shortly after sunset my hammock was slung next to his in the post-house, and the quietness of sleep settled on Wana Camp.

"*Déportés!*" The guard's cry about midnight set the camp in wild commotion. "*Massa bacra, tak yoo gon!*" ("White-man master, take your gun!") shouted Ootayah outside the door. From a canoe silently slipping along in the darkness we accosted two fine types of Bosch, who landed, and things quieted down.

At dawn, through Vanyke's advice and after a general consultation, Aansu and Goleega, the two Bosch, were taken on as expert guides, so my expedition numbered six men and two canoes; between the latter the cargo was redistributed, lightening mine, dangerously overloaded. By sunrise we were in a thick forest waterway, so narrow and winding that it required the most skilful manœuvering with pole and paddles, for a bad hole from a root or stump would quickly sink a canoe.

Careful diet, boiled water, a selected medicine-kit, protection from heat and sun by a tropical helmet and woolen cholera-belt, and from mosquitoes and night chills by nettings, are prime requisites. To make and break camp early was my custom, so before sunset water was boiled for thirty minutes and another half-hour usually found us in our hammocks. Before dawn we were on our way, under the steady, rhythmic swing of the Bosch, their muscles rippling under their sleek, scarified bodies; armlets glinting to the lift of the gleaming paddles, which sometimes showered me with spray. Over the broad leaves of the tropical water-lily, fringing the sides, the *chaymaka*, a small spinous palm, lipped the water. High overhead vines twisted in snaky clusters, the brown fruits of the *pantah* hung on Damoclean threads, and overtowering all rose giant rubber-trees, *grignon*, and palms. Bats dodged among the deep shades, translucent carmine





SKETCH MAP OF THE AUTHOR'S ROUTE FROM ST. LAURENT TO PARAMARIBO

dragon-flies darted, and iridescent blue butterflies flitted in the occasional glints of sunlight. The water extends among the trees so that often no solid banks are seen for many miles in this Amazonian lair, where man must ever guard against insidious dangers, where nature drips and exudes death and beauty in the same vapid breath, and life breeds in overpowering luxuriance side by side with wonderful processes of decay.

In that forest maze, many a canoe and its occupants have disappeared. My Albina men might never have found their way, for even Aansu and Goleega took wrong directions, once being lost half a day. Often the forest so screened our path that razor-edged leaves or the saw-teethed *chaymaka* left a trail of blood across one's face, and to clear a way each had an ever-ready machete.

"*Massa, lookoo*" ("Master, look"), Ootayah pointed, meaning the sun was getting low and we might not again find solid river-banks—which determined our camps—before darkness. So at a part of the Wana which the Bosch called

Prati Watra (Still Water), the ground was rapidly cleared, a palm felled, and within half an hour a typical camp shelter of poles, posts, and palm leaves was constructed.

Though we arrived at 4 p.m., darkness shut down within an hour in this dense labyrinth. Sitting at our camp-fire meal of canned meat, tea, and crackers, these five black savages shaped against the darksome forests behind them, sometimes telling stories, rehearsing the day's journey or discussing events of forest life. "*Ee-yah!*" the listeners would acquiesce at short intervals or in chorus—"*Ee-yah!*" They never interrupt, but when a man has talked at length they quietly remark, "He talks long," or, turning to another, "Listen to his long story"—which promptly ends. In the main, it was the old subject—*déportés*. They were suspicious of the shadowy depths, for hereabouts a *déporté* trail crossed. Then, too, the five slinking about Albina, undoubtedly aware of my plans, could have reached this spot ahead of us. The conversation was broken by a sudden commotion, as Goleega





A TYPICAL BOSCH NEGRO VILLAGE ON THE MARONI RIVER

viciously stabbed a pointed stick at a snapping black creature and threw into the darkness a venomous scorpion.

We were soon in our hammocks slung under the shelter, except Marius and Ootayah, who made fast to neighboring trees. My rifles were slung over my head, my revolver in my hammock; Ootayah and Aansu placed their weapons within easy reach. A rustling drizzle ceased; quietness settled over the night, broken only by the heavy breathing of my men, Ootayah's regular respirations showing he was useless as a watch. The fires died out, two lanterns lit up the gloom and threw fantastic shadows into the mysterious deeps beyond.

Among them, a black wraith flitted in noiseless, staccato flight. Lanterns or fires are usually kept burning to keep away jaguars and other forest animals, but especially the fluttering harpy, the vampire bat. These creatures, two feet or so in spread of wings, surreptitiously attack sleeping horses, cattle, dogs, and men. Sometimes even when a lantern burns, it wings its erratic, velvety flight, and like a smudge of black soot settles softly on its victim, insidiously sinks in its lancet-shaped teeth, and at the tri-punctured wound its papillæ-terminated

tongue is soon working like a suction-valve. Meanwhile, sometimes joined by two or three others, soothingly, softly, it fans the wound with its warm, delicate, pulsing breath. It is said that some victims have never awakened from this vampiric orgy; others have, fatally weakened and exhausted; at best, the victim is marked with open, aggravated wounds, often becoming infected, with dire results.

Crack! a twig snapped. A wan, unshorn face and *awara* hat of a convict peered through the leaves, and there was evidence of others in the "bush." A shot in the air from my revolver tumbled my men from their hammocks. "*Déportés!*" I called out. The noise in the undergrowth indicated the direction of their departure. Poor beggars, I would gladly, with discretion, have provided spare food and medicines for their temporary relief, for they were men fighting for life.

A drenching downpour forced those outside to come under the shelter; thus Goleega and Aansu on either side so crowded me that they often bumped me in restless sleep, while Ootayah coiled directly under me on my cargo.

At Prati Watra, the Wana, which had



been flowing east, became still water, then flowed west—we had passed *by canoe* over the divide. The moco-moco and other plants arched completely over our heads, and we glided swiftly for miles down a narrow, shaded arcade, through which an occasional shower of golden disks fell on the green leaves and red-amber water.

Among many incidents of the expedition was the hunting of peccari and other animals, afoot through the forest jungle, often waist-deep in swamp, muck, or swamp-water, sometimes poisonously stagnant and seriously infectious to any abrasions. Sliding noiselessly down-current was conducive to river hunting, and once the keen Djoekas sighted a sloth hanging upside down in a swaying palm-top. Being eatable, my .33 killed it, but still it hung by its curved three-toed claws to a palm, which the Bosch promptly felled. The creature was dragged aboard; its hair, tipped with a greenish tinge, made it still more resemble the appearance of a dead palm-leaf, and its long neck, terminating in a small head, still maintained its idiotic semi-human grin.

One morning we passed through a big open *estero* (rushes and water) framed

with towering palms. The sun was welcome, for in the drenching downpours and perpetual damp forest shades my clothes had been wet for two days. We shortly entered the forest again, with a swifter current and many sharp turns, and unlucky the canoe upon which a slanting, decayed tree-trunk crashed. So thick was the jungle that often the bow paddler could not be seen from the stern. At one of the innumerable turns Aansu jumped to his feet; the forward bush-hidden end of the canoe was out of control.

"Goleega!" Only the mocking echoes of the forest replied. "Goleega!" he shouted, and, seizing his machete, sprang forward. Not a sign of the bowman as we peered and called into the forest depths; then a faint voice, and Goleega appeared at the surface astern and was hauled aboard, blood dripping from one of his legs. As the heavy canoe swung down-current the Djoeka had been stunned and swept overboard by a large, overhanging limb, and his right leg stripped of flesh from calf muscle to heel. Luckily there were no *perai* in this water, for these little blood-ravenous fish will attack the least abrasion on a swimmer's body in myriads, repeatedly



TYPES OF MARONI RIVER BOSCH

Note the manner of hair arrangement and the *obeaks* on leg and neck



taking out clean, round pieces of flesh. In a few minutes a horde of these finny creatures can fatally strip a man's side.

The Wana eventually spilled into the broader reach of the Coermotibo River. But the forests which had screened us from the heat now screened us from the cooling "trades," and the brassy sun beat down pitilessly. The few raised points of land along the Coermotibo and upper Cottica rivers were usually Bosch and Carib village sites, where the chiefs generally invited us to stay overnight. Notified of my arrival, the chief would come down and greet me. Then he would be presented with tobacco leaves. After mixing these with river water in a calabash, he would squeeze the extract into his hand and snuff the concoction up his nose—a few sniffs and blows, and he would escort me to a palm-thatched *hoso* (house) assigned us.

We stopped at one of twin villages on the Coermotibo on two high knolls of ground, separated by a jungled ravine. At twilight the chief, my host, came with

Ootayah, who explained that I should pay my respects also to the chief of the neighboring village, lest he be offended. So, as the after-glow changed to dusk, we passed through the ravine to the village center, where the chief and a group of Djoekas were assembled. There was barely light enough to distinguish his features.

"*O-fa-yoo-day?*" ("How-do-you-do?"), and stepping forward, I gripped his outstretched hand, so soft, pudgy, and lifeless that my gaze involuntarily dropped to his arm, spotted and mottled. I had shaken hands with a leper.

Shortly after midnight we were again gliding down the Coermotibo, cool, mysterious, blue-green, silver-selvaged. Around me sounds as mysterious and illusive as the tropical darkness, beneath me the fathomless river; above, a clear star-sown sky, the Cross blazoning the southern heavens as it mounted upward. Such was a night in the Guianan tropics with Nature asleep but dreaming; then the dawn flush, sunrise, and Nature awaking to the long, sizzling heat of day.



THE AUTHOR AND FOUR OF HIS MEN



At last we swung into the upper Cottica River. Across it occasional canoes, going up, crept along the forest edge. No word is exchanged in passing until they are about abreast.

"*O-fa-yoo-day!*" is called in a melodiously toned voice.

"*O-fa-yoo-day-b-a-h!*" comes back the reply.

"*Ay-yah!*"

"*M-m-m-m—!*"

"*Ay-yah!*" A pause. Questions and answers follow in quiet, well-modulated voices without a turn of the head, until distance intervenes.

Cloudbursts deluged everything and raised the river-level. Sometimes these downpours subjected the men to a severe chill, for before they could jump for covering it was necessary to paddle to mid-stream and let the canoe drift with current or wind. We were often drenched through the necessity of bailing, for ten minutes of such torrents can nearly swamp a canoe.

Crouching under the tarpaulin, I would look out at the motionless Wandu, high astern, entirely wrapped in my stretch of black oilcloth, a dark, shrouded, half-finished Rodin sculpture, silhouetted in the opaque downpour against the river scenery now stenciled in gray.

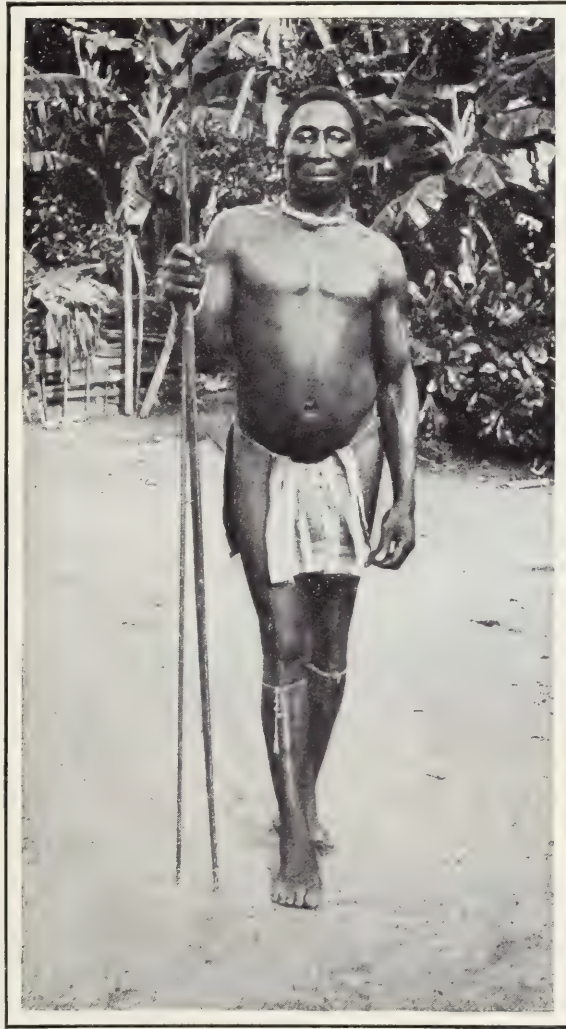
The Bosch are very cleanly, and frequently launder their loin-cloths over the canoe-side. Snap-shotting Aansu on such an occasion produced my first difficulty with my men. Goleega informed him the bad *obeah* box had been pointed at him. Glowering fiercely, he paddled viciously, muttering "*Me kiri yoo*" ("I

kill you"). For the moral effect, Wandu was ordered to paddle alongside Aansu, where, seizing a heavy paddle, I faced him standing, and made a few remarks better left in *taki-taki*, meantime watching him closely, for his shotgun, beautifully ornamented with brass-headed

carpet-tacks, lay within his reach. Late that afternoon he remarked, with a half-smile which revealed his fine white teeth, "*Me matte yoo*" ("I like you").

Most of the sick we visited were suffering from severe attacks of malarial fever or congested colds, a few from enteric troubles or incurable diseases. My quinine and salol helped out, while one medicine in my kit was safe and sure—Epsom salts.

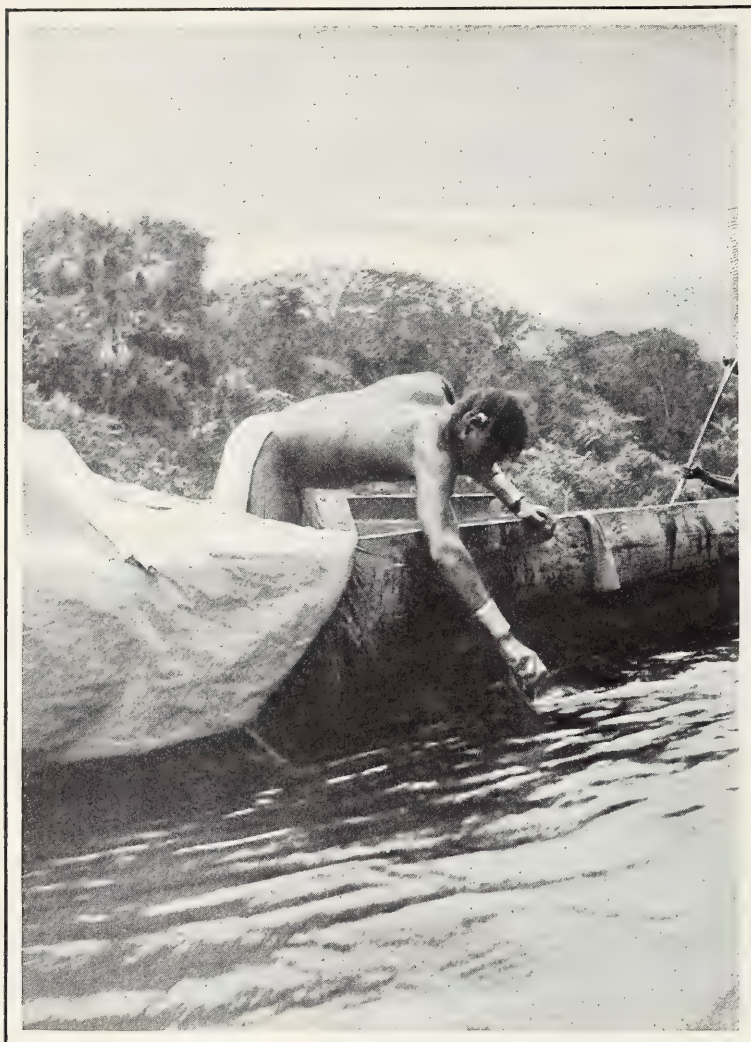
The Cottica at times twisted even southeast, although our destination lay west. An hour before one sunset found us at an important village called Finisantine. On the river-bank stood a



OLD WANDU, THE SARAMACCA

young Bosch, but no chief or old man came down. My men, overworked from paddling since the previous midnight under the terrific heat and eye-strain from sun-glare on the water, were angry at our not being welcomed, and impatient at my forcing them to wait. They wished to land at least for supper, so, leaving one to guard the canoes, the rest of us entered the village. Those who gathered around were sullen, and their representative men were conspicuously absent. Learning that beyond the camp outskirts was a half-breed who spoke broken English, I decided to find him. He might help





THE PHOTOGRAPH THAT AANSU DID NOT WANT TAKEN

me solve the trouble. Taking Marius, we passed through a dark forest trail to a few huts in a clearing.

"*Adapay déportés!*" ("There are some *déportés!*") whispered Marius, for about these camp outskirts small *déporté* bands sometimes hang out. Perhaps forty Bosch were about my men when we returned with the half-breed, whose broken English was so fragmentary that Ootayah's *taki-taki* was requisitioned to help out, but the two men clashed. The half-caste greatly misjudged Ootayah, when, with disdainful reference to him, he said, "Dissi fellow no head; no can talk with him; he damn fool."

Ootayah sensed the insult; all this jungle man's latent ferocity welled through his whole frame—he saw red. Like a tiger-cat, he sprang at the hybrid; his machete swished through the air powerfully enough to have cloven the half-caste's head from his body; and had I missed his wrist and blood been

spilled, a hundred Bosch would have been upon us like a wolf-pack, and my expedition would have been ended. It required all my tact and command to get my men to the canoes, followed by an increasing, excited crowd. Finisantine was quickly lost to view, if not to memory.

A Carib village was reached about nine o'clock, after twenty-one hours of paddling. Food was tendered and a family vacated a dwelling for us. Aansu, the black savage, remarked disdainfully that he and Goleega never stayed with *Careebee* (Caribs). Ootayah and Marius were for staying, so I decided in their favor. After the cargoes were deposited on the banks, Aansu and Goleega promptly deserted, disappearing in the darkness westward; another snag was struck in Wandu, the old Saramacca. His fathers, he sniffed contemptuously, had never stayed in a *Careebee* village,

neither would he. "Go," I finally said, "but you cannot take my canoe [there was no other], so sleep in the 'bush' without lanterns." With a grunt of resignation he helped get the cargoes to our quarters, and was soon asleep.

We started under the half-waned moon. Not an air-breath stirred the heavy coolness saturating the neutral blue night. Birds warbled early matins; the hoarse laugh of the baboon, like a weird tocsin, boomed through the forests; the curtain of night lifted, vague mists streaked the river, great cumulous clouds piled up from the east, golden-lined by the rising sun we had not yet seen—another day of shimmering, weltering heat and torrential downpours burst upon the world.

Wandu became silent; Ootayah and Marius complained of lameness and exhaustion; but we would soon reach Wanhati, the last important Bosch Neger village of the lower Cottica and accorded the worst reputation. Recently, four



white Moravian missionaries on their arrival there were driven back into their craft and barely escaped with their lives, but a colored Moravian missionary had since ensconced himself just above Wanhati. Shortly after sunrise one morning we came suddenly upon his small, wooden, Dutch colonial house, with closed green shutters screening the second-story windows. Soon a shutter opened by an invisible hand, a dark, round face gradually lifted above the horizon of the sill, and the Rev. Samuel Hellstone (*sic*) craned his neck, blinked twice, and peered down upon me with a lofty expression, justifiably suspicious of the tanned, unshorn proposition in torn flannel shirt and unclayed helmet—I might be a *déporté*. Probably it was the unseasonable hour that caused him to tuck the window-sill well up under his chin, showing only his mental capacity, as I endeavored to hand up a tactful biographical compound.

"Aw-hah!" he snorted, with a twang. "*Vous êtes l'Américain.*"<sup>1</sup> ("You are the American.") "*Je descendrai tout de suite.*"

<sup>1</sup> The news of my expedition had traveled from the Maroni by sea to Paramaribo and worked up the Cottica, where I was always spoken of as "the American."

The head and eyes disappeared, and his Reverence soon courteously received me in person, saying we would go to Wanhati by trail later; so I sent the canoe on ahead. Over an inimitable breakfast, prepared by his kindly black wife, my host told me of the contiguous Bosch, saying, "They kowtow to the *kan-kan* tree, thinking it has a god inside, and worship the *dagiway*, a serpent, and call it *Papa Godoo* (Papa God); but their great god is the *Gran Ta-Ta*—him they keep wrapped up in many cloths"—and in this climate! On leaving for Wanhati the pastor carefully selected a grotesque spiral cane.

"Why do you prefer that one?" I ventured.

"Aw-hah! These foolish Bosch are superstitious of anything shaped like the Papa Godoo. It is always my protector when I go to their village." So, proceeding ahead along a twisting jungle trail, a disreputable-looking Bosch, with an abnormally large head on a short, thick-set body bounded toward me, threateningly swinging a cutlass above his head. It was Booflo, an adviser to Gahbian, chief at Wanhati, who governs this entire river district—Booflo, the arch-conspirator of most of the deviltry that gives



THROUGH THE HEART OF THE SURINAM JUNGLE





ALONG THE WIDER REACHES OF THE COERMOTIBO

Wanhati its bad name. My deserting Bosch had undoubtedly given him a complete statement of the *bacra's* assets and liabilities, not forgetting the "evil box." My weapons were in charge of Ootayah; we each advanced and almost collided, when Booflo, surprised, raised himself high on his toes and stood twirling the machete over my head.

"*Apay aday Aansu nanga Goleega?*" ("Where is Aansu with Goleega?") I abruptly demanded, searching his shifty eyes and putting him mentally on the defensive. He winced, then explained they were not at Wanhati, but had gone to the forests to cut wood—a lie, as they were taking a good-sized cargo beyond Paramaribo to trade with the Saramacca. The uncanny creature, his head shoved forward, leering gruesomely up into my face, traveled beside me at a peculiar crouching trot to the village edge, where the pastor caught up with us. At the missionary's request, my camera was not used, though the *Gran Ta-Ta hoso* (The Greatest Father's house) was a great temptation. The Wanhadians menacingly crowded around us. But my side-partner was game.

"Have no fear," he suavely remarked. "Watch me clear the way to your canoe.

S-sst!" he hissed, at the same time making a vigorous Christian lunge with the serpentine cane at the largest pagan, who, with a yell of terror, gyrated backward into a hedge of prickly-pear. My host blinked me serenely aboard, and the last glimpse of this village was of a group of Wanhadians at a respectful distance behind the benignly smiling Hellstone, who, mounted on an empty Standard Oil can, waved me an effusive farewell with his serpentine cane.

The ocean current had become more perceptible, and salt water was evidenced by the mangrove and the absence of the palms in the low-lying, flooded lands. We ran across escaping *déportés*, who, surviving the forest dangers on foot from the Maroni to the Coermotibo, build rafts of the air-celled moco-moco stems, pull in and sleep during the tide-flow, then on the ebb float down-river toward the plantations and Paramaribo.

It was necessary to push along to catch the little steamer due to arrive the next day at Ephrita. My plan was to stop overnight at "Mon Sort," one of the first plantations owned by the former American consul, Dr. Bradley; and late one weltering hot day of paddling



we found it, with its verandahed, Dutch colonial house and outbuildings tucked away behind an island. The canoe was run alongside the little wharf, and my journey, of some two hundred miles under a glaring sun in the bottom of a dugout, ended.

The dining hour found me a "changed" man, but the comfortable restfulness of after-dinner coffee on the veranda was unceremoniously broken as three black streaks shot by in the moonlight, with the plantation dog-pack at their heels, straight for the little wharf; then the Bosch disappeared beneath a smother of white foam. Arriving at the wharf, I looked down at three Bush Negroes drying themselves in the canoe.

"*Massa bacra, taki hem wee moogo noyah.*" ("I tell him white man master, we must go *now*.") "Tide comes to-night; to-morrow in the sun the current is against us." This was good reasoning; besides, they were in a strange country, in an order of things they little understood; but the dog episode had most to do with this precipitate departure. One reason why these Bosch who faced supe-

rior numbers with leonine courage should flee from a few plantation whelps was their superstitious belief that a dog-bite is *obeah*—poisonous like a serpent's; but a more tangible reason was—bare legs.

Besides the stipulated wage, I presented old Wandu with the much-coveted stretch of black oilcloth to keep him from the rains; young Marius, with a large, unopened tin of biscuits, of which he was very fond, and Ootayah the lanterns to protect him on the dark nights from the vampire bats.

"*Massa bacra abung. Massa bungay*" ("You are a good white man. Good luck") they intoned in soft, expressive voices, and each faithful Bosch saluted me in the native way, after the manner of the old men and women in the dance. The canoe shot out in the moonlight. Long after it had disappeared in the darkness old Wandu's chant was borne over the quiet waters, as I had listened to it many a night and dozed through it under the sun-glare of many a day; fainter and fainter; then it ceased; but still I heard it, and have heard it many times since: "*Oo loo tungyah, oo loo tungyah.*"

## Pity

BY SARA TEASDALE

THEY never saw my lover's face;  
They only know our love was brief,  
Wearing awhile a windy grace  
And passing like an autumn leaf.

They wonder why I do not weep;  
They think it strange that I can sing;  
They say, "Her love was scarcely deep  
Since it has left so slight a sting."

They never saw my love, nor knew  
That in my heart's most secret place  
I pity them as angels do  
Men who have never seen God's face.



# Zulik the Magnificent

BY GEORGE K. STILES



SULLIVAN EFFENDI pulled closer the ragged *aba*—distinctive of every licensed water-peddler—and sank himself deeper into the shadow of the single acacia adorning the *hosh* of the Wakaleh Khan Khalil, that squared circle of public deviltry in which native Cairo exploited its most dubious pleasantries.

Now it required real reasons to put in the center of a Wakaleh *hosh* one of the three great powers of Egypt, these being the Khedive; Zulik the Magnificent, governor of Lower Egypt; and the man under the acacia-tree. Of the three, this small chap in the shadow was the only white man, and fatally handicapped by a sullen determination to remain honest.

Ten splendid camels showed in the doorless entrance to the great court as silently as the moonlight that flooded them, and behind every driver was a veiled woman—bound as to her hands and feet, gagged and semi-conscious from scientifically measured doses of Egyptian hashish.

The on-coming caravan crept even with the ruler of Anglo-Egyptian Secret Service, and Felix Chatterton Sullivan came and put one hand on the silver neck-cord of the central dromedary. With a degree of force astonishing in a small man, he jerked the brute to his knees.

"Your Excellency will descend now," said Sullivan Effendi, pleasantly enough, in the patois current in the place. "I want these camels and their loads, and above all I need Hanna Messara Bey, smuggler of girl-slaves into Egypt."

There was a big man on that *nahked* dromedary, and his slanted eyes looked murder as he reached for the silver-trimmed revolver. However, the incisive voice of the lonely intruder stayed his fingers.

"Your Excellency knows better than to attempt resistance with me," suggested Felix Sullivan, dropping the edge of the *aba* so that the moonlight crossed his face. "There are fifty special agents hidden in the caravansary."

But the fifty Secret Service troopers evidently meant less to the man on the dromedary than the one calm, ugly face now clear in the moonlight beside him.

"Sullivan *askari* [policeman]!" cried the woman-seller, as a full understanding of affairs sped over his strong, fat countenance and wiped the dull coloring from the deep-jawed cheeks and straight-cut lips. His hand left altogether the silver-trimmed revolver butt and brought out instead a consoling cigarette.

"*Bismillah!*" said the slave-smuggler. "Behold! 'Allah blinds the eyes of a doomed man.' And yet," he ended, wonderingly, "who could have set a snare for this caravan?"

"If you will glance to your right, Messara—" suggested Sullivan Pasha; and the somber eyes of the caravan leader went to where, on the nearest camel, a slight, olive-skinned, black-eyed individual was holding a Colt's within a short two inches of his head.

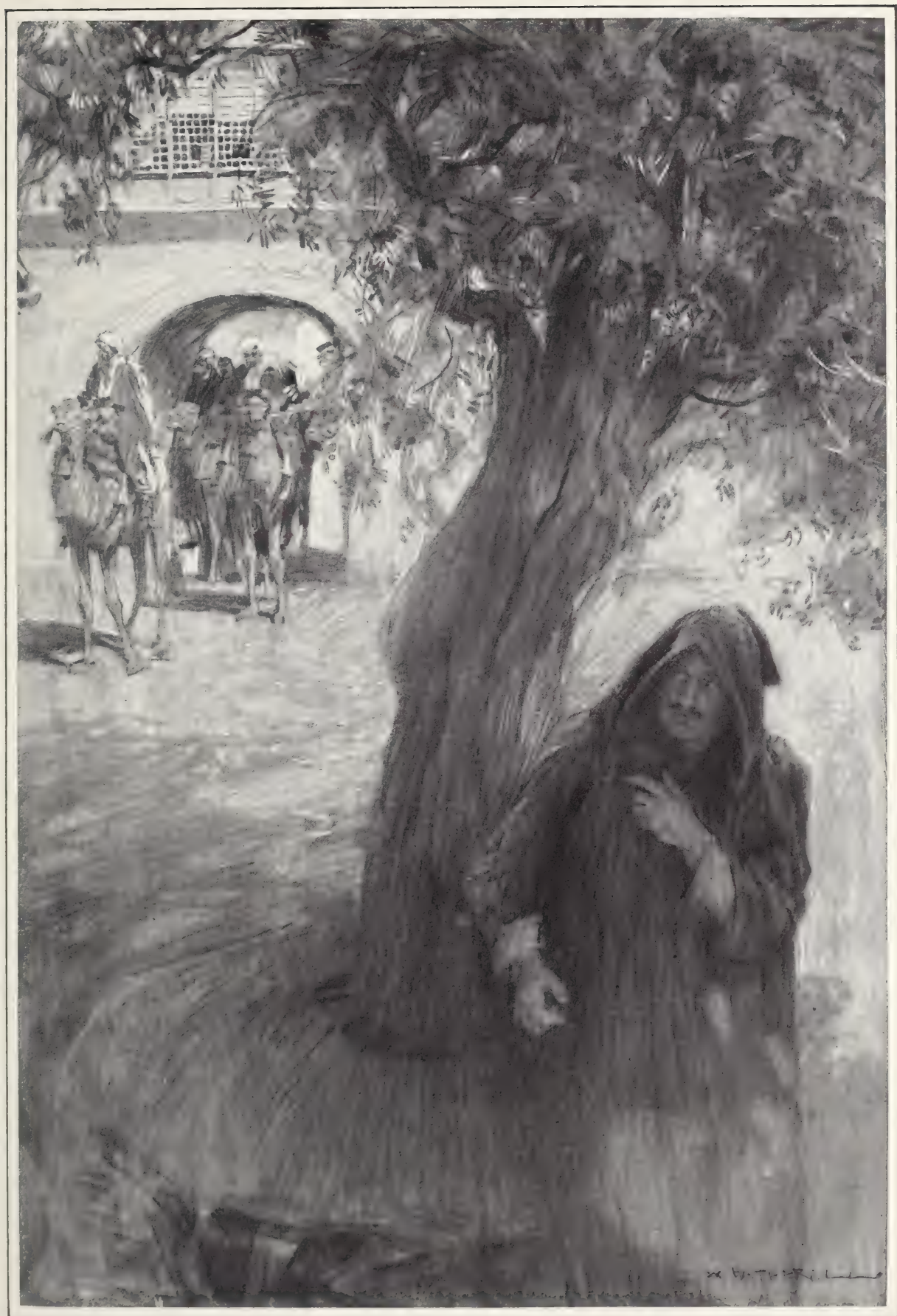
For a few seconds unbelief struggled with contempt on the heavy features of the captured woman-trader. Then he flicked the half-burnt cigarette into the face behind the revolver with a sort of negligent disdain.

"You will fire at his slightest move, Captain Falconer," said the Secret Service chief, dropping into English.

"Very good, sir." The black eyes of Richard Falconer stayed fixed just where the tiny bead of his revolver pinked out that fascinating roll of yellow fat behind Messara Bey's right ear.

"*Bismillah!* and may Gehenna be your lot!" the caravan leader told the man who had him covered. "By the Prophet, I have heard of you. Men say you are





*Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.*

Engraved by F. A. Pettit

SULLIVAN EFFENDI SANK HIMSELF DEEPER INTO THE SHADOW OF THE ACACIA







no *giaour*-born [foreign-bred] unbeliever, but renegade and betrayer of the True Faith."

"Men lie," was the indifferent answer.

Messara turned back to the waiting Sullivan. "After all, I might better die here than in Cairo."

"Neither here nor in Cairo," was the answer, "if you can give me something I want badly."

A relieved smile crossed the fat face as Messara thought he understood. There was to be, then, a chance for a bribe. Only, the bribe would have to be a big one; for the man holding his guide-rope had a marvelous reputation for honesty, and nobody knew better than Hanna Messara how dear honest men were to buy.

"*Inshallah!*" (His will be done!) came his surrender, and, dropping the cowl of the silk burnoose, he neither looked up nor spoke until the gateway of his captor's palace rang behind them.

Busy little men in uniform seemed to rise out of the stones at the camels' plunging feet and led the brutes into huge stables.

"Put guards around the women and their drivers, Captain Falconer," said that latter's ultimate chief; "and my compliments," he added; "no other man in Egypt could have done so well to-night."

The slim, boyish face went bright, but the disguised Englishman saluted in silence, and Sullivan Pasha turned toward the walled-in orange-grove, followed by his huge captive. Falconer's clear tones stopped him.

"I will set the guard, chief," said the native masquerader, "and after that I want two hours. It's something important, sir," he went on, as Sullivan showed a slight reluctance; "a pressing matter left unfinished during the two weeks I spent in Messara's company."

"From twelve until two," came the brief permission as Sullivan followed Messara under the fruit blossoms where the colored electric bulbs showed like fantastic fireflies in that marvel of Lower Egypt, the terraced gardens of Zairo Palace on the Nile's left bank at Ouah-Falka.

Now, the real power behind Messara happened to be Zulik, governor of Lower

Egypt, second only to the Khedive in station and far his superior in both energy and brain. Wherefore the fellaheen had been called Zulik the Magnificent by reason of his unrivaled wealth and the audacious splendor with which he spent it.

Likewise the Nile River country knew Zulik as the real criminal behind nine-tenths of Egypt's deviltry—the financier of slave-traders in the Delta, of opium-smugglers from the desert borders, and of hashish-dealers along the upper Nile. But while Sullivan understood whose hand held back the Secret Service, bought off witnesses, bribed jailers, and rescued prisoners in open daylight, he had so far failed to interest the Khedive, who merely shrugged indifferent shoulders.

Thus left to his own resources, Sullivan, as head of the British organized and controlled Secret Service, was now persisting in an effort to work on Zulik, the governor, a righteous judgment in a land where no such thing exists. In the hunting of the real kings among men there is danger. Though many had laid a snare for Zulik, all these hunters had perished in their own contrivances. So the little Secret Service head was moving cautiously, and to-night had moved far—thanks to his chief-assistant, Richard Falconer. For Messara Bey was known along the triple-belled mouth of the Nile as Zulik's right hand and master-workman of nameless things.

Wherefore Sullivan Pasha faced the interminably smiling Messara, by no means despising the danger in that cigarette-smoking, woman-smuggling, and fat-bellied Turk.

"How much?" asked the woman-trader, promptly, for he was wise enough to know that there would be no such thing as haggling over prices with this unusual little man.

His captor smiled gently and shook his head. "Not how much, but *who*," he corrected; "your life belongs to me, but I don't want it—at least, not to-night. So I'll trade you for it." He reached out and sank an agonizing grip on the right wrist of the puffy-fleshed Turk.

"I want Zulik the Magnificent ruined," he said, with a certain soft



intensity, "and I count on you to do it."

"Set a trap for Zulik!" the captive stammered. "Are you mad, my little sheik of *bulis* [thief-takers]?"

"You can choose," Sullivan explained, politely. "Give me Zulik Pasha or take your own chance in Cairo before the Court of No Appeal."

Now, this meant death upside down on a reversed cross, the legal and inhuman punishment for Messara's crime, taken as he was with his merchandise around him. He turned a face gone tawny yellow to the pitiless little man before him.

"Afterward I shall go untouched?" he bargained, cautiously—"I and my wives and my goods, clear of all charges and free to leave Egypt?"

"Free you shall go, and cleared of all charges," Sullivan promised, "and your goods with you; but not these women taken to-night, for they must go free to-morrow."

"*Alhamdulillah!*" (Praise Allah, lord of the three worlds!) came the acceptance of the seller of women. "*Aywa* [even so], since it is my life or his; but never was such a price paid before in Egypt. There are no hands here but those of the Khedive that can grip the might of him you seek to master," he ended, gloomily, "and who are we to do this thing?"

The Turk dropped his head as he sought for the thing he wanted. At last he faced the openly anxious Sullivan.

"Behold! I have found the one way," he assured him, "and it is only I who could do this thing."

"Seven months ago," continued Messara, "the Magnificent was ordered by the Khedive to buy in Stamboul a Greek of whom rumor clamored as a beauty ineffable—a true Peri. Never—so ran the gossip of the women-traders in the caravansary—had her equal been offered in the markets of the three continents."

"Protected by Zulik, I brought the girl to Cairo in a litter in open daylight, telling all men she was my daughter, and I set her before Zulik. Now behold! It is true I speak unbelievable things, but the Magnificent turned foolish at sight of her—and surely the beauty of this girl is a thing no man may forget."

"Zulik, like a madman, sent word to Ishmael Zaide that the girl was dead of fever, and has kept her hidden, not daring to visit her himself for fear the Khedive, disbelieving the story of this sudden death, may have set spies about him. And indeed," ended the bey, "this may well be, for our ruler—whom may Allah bless, the Prophet love, and all true believers reverence—has never ceased to mourn this pearl among the daughters of men."

"Zulik has at last topped off seven thousand crimes with one mistake," commented Sullivan, grimly. "And yet—how to take advantage of it?"

"The Magnificent has lodged her in his most carefully guarded kiosk, the smaller one near the river," continued Messara. "It is I who put her there, surrounded by serving-women, and still maintain she is my daughter, to mislead eavesdroppers or paid spies. Wherefore I can enter secretly and carry her off to Achmet Raji, Egypt's chief eunuch, telling of Zulik's trickery, after which the Magnificent will have none but enemies at court."

"Certainly Zulik would obtain no further favors from Ishmael Zaide," Sullivan admitted; "but even with the Khedive angry, the Magnificent would be free, rich, and powerful. His Excellency in such a quarrel could not venture to overturn the second man in Egypt, and another would take your place. These women from Europe would still enter Egypt bound, gagged, and drugged. I tell you I want more, Messara," he ended, tensely. "I have vowed extermination of this rotten business, and the traffic dies with Zulik; for I could frighten off or run down the smaller men."

"Now, Allah knows I can do no more," bleated the slaver. "Surely disgrace for Zulik is much."

"I have sworn to have his head," Sullivan declared, grimly, "and I begin to think I know a way to get it; but first of all to make sure of this girl."

"Allah make thee a king, O *askari el akbar!*" (greatest of policemen) was Hanna Messara's tribute.

After which flattery Sullivan remembered that the one white man who understood the natives better than himself



was missing, and they waited out those two hours of leave granted Captain Richard Falconer.

As his assistant chief remained away, Sullivan ordered two deputy-inspectors into one of those ordinary Nile River flat-bottoms such as infest the lower river, put his captive aboard, and followed in great ill-humor; for to set out on a round-up of Zulik the Magnificent with his best man off duty angered Sullivan intensely.

Meanwhile that badly wanted absentee was two miles away and happily employed in climbing an uncertain lattice-work with all the care that attends an operation wherein the slightest noise or a misplaced foot means torture and death.

Beyond any question the kiosk wherein Messara insisted that Zulik had concealed a woman desired by both the Khedive and his chief minister was a jewel in itself. On its two-storied top was spread an Oriental garden of the classic Arab type, formed with a perfection of tropical luxury that had cost a million *nuss riyals*, each the Nile River equivalent for a Mexican silver dollar.

The low-reaching palm-trees were underspread with real green grass, which in Egypt during August runs into money at just the proportion of the same article in pure gold. A waterfall threw its curtain behind the palm-grove, and a fountain fed from the cataract and splashed into a lake. Overhead was the steel framework, on which ran canvas sun-shields. The thing was a minor miracle, but Falconer, who had ventured into it, clung breathlessly to the marble roof-railing and gave no thought to its beauty.

Instead he caught up hungrily in his arms that woman in the theft of whom Messara and Felix Chatterton Sullivan were making ready to risk their lives.

"Two weeks of drought without drinking from your eyes," murmured this wise man in Egypt—"two weeks of famine with no kisses on which to feed my heart! Listen, Wardah el Darhab!" (Rose of Gold!) he exclaimed finally; "surely we must hurry, for I am late and am waited for."

He walked restlessly to the railing and

studied the palace garden with anxious eyes. "With a little worse luck," he told her, "I could not have reached you, and all our planning for to-night would have gone astray. Are those affairs cared for, and do your women sleep?"

The girl stepped clear of him and glanced up so her long lashes cleared the brilliant pupils sunk in the bluish whites. "Every dweller in my house has drunk of the coffee with hashish," she assured him; "but your face frightens me; only the eyes and voice are yours."

Falconer laughed lightly. "I have spent two weeks playing native," he explained.

"It is the face of Saraji Ali, milk-brother to Messara Bey," said the girl, slowly.

"Exactly," was the answer, "Saraji Ali, Zulik the Magnificent's most intimate bondsman and worker of iniquity; but all of that is only henna and coffee grounds skilfully handled. Underneath is Richard Falconer, whom you love a little, don't you?"

"If we escape, behold! I am your wife," she whispered. "But where can we hope to hide from Zulik in Egypt? And yet to leave Egypt means an end of your career."

"Zulik has no strength where you are going," he told her. "My sister is waiting for us in my boat, and ten minutes will land you in my uncle's home."

"She has come in the night to help me!" murmured the Greek, with the ready tears of her people.

Even in his superabundant happiness, Richard Falconer laughed a trifle bitterly—his "Rose of Gold" slightly exaggerated Margaret Falconer's eagerness to welcome her. He remembered the objections his sister had offered on learning that he was about to steal a Greek girl from an Egyptian roof. Also he recalled the seventeen good and unanswerable reasons she had promptly produced as to why it was a fool thing to do.

However, the niece of Cairo's bishop was there, cowering under the tight-drawn silk canopy of the *dahabiyeh*.

"My sister came after I told her I would take you out of this in any case. My sister, you must understand," he



added with a certain grimness, "is a thoroughbred. Having made up her mind to help me, she has accomplished wonderful things. We owe it to her that the Bishop of Cairo is waiting to marry us at once—it was Margaret who persuaded the most strait-laced man in Egypt to receive us in his own home and give us unquestioning social recognition.

"All of which are things," he ended, "that we have been quite happy without, and may not prove the happier for possessing; but it is because of these that Margaret has come this far to welcome you; and being here, we can count on Margaret—she's game to the last ounce."

The Greek turned a puzzled face toward the smiling one bent over her. "I don't understand, O one I love," she answered, a bit plaintively. "Why should a bishop object when, behold! I also am a Christian and wear three icons over my heart and am no man's wife? For that reason Zulik sent Messara to Stamboul and the Khedive paid three thousand gold purses for me."

Here Falconer's "Rose of Gold" frowned ominously and shook herself clear from him, sweeping out a quaint movement of anger with upturned palms. "Would your sister bring so great a price, think you?" queried Wardah el Darhab.

"Eh! my sister?" muttered the nonplussed Falconer.

"I speak even the language of my lord himself," the girl reminded him, resentfully; "and I can count, surely, and understand music. Moreover, I can dance in time with either zitherine or flute." She stopped and eyed him challengingly, taking his hands and pushing back with them the heavy hair, resembling roped gold, from her wide eyes.

"The things are all true enough," declared Falconer; "and these eyes never saw another woman who could claim two of them."

"Then why," she asked, keenly enough, "is your uncle unwilling I should be your wife, when I come for nothing except that I will your hands should touch me, and no other man's?"

For all possible answer he took the small head between his two browned

palms and looked long into those clear blue jewels, her eyes.

"My uncle doesn't understand many things," he at last ventured; "but let's get away at once by the smaller water-gate, for you must be ready."

"You ordered me to bring nothing but this," she reminded him, shaking out the clinging folds of the silk *raid* caught over the left shoulder. "Surely I take shame to come as a bride before my lord's sister in this poor fashion."

"From now on you'll have to be gowned like Margaret," he told her, soothingly, "in things from Paquin or Henri Lemoine; though every wise man knows that west of the Black Sea the cut of a woman's garment is a lost art. Wherefore, O Rose of Gold," he declared with sudden intensity, "you'll never get anything that suits me half as well as this." Then he caught her in his arms.

A stealthy shuffle on the lattice-work, and Falconer of the Secret Service put Wardah el Darhab back of him and turned to face Felix Chatterton Sullivan. Behind the latter showed the gasping countenance of Hanna Messara Bey.

"The chief!" cried Falconer, far louder than the circumstances warranted for safety; and unbelief widened his eyes.

For his part, the small man shrouded in the burnoose made a queer dry sound in his throat like snapping metal; but when his voice came it was smoothly quiet enough.

However, it was the fat slave-trader who pushed Sullivan aside and lurched first over the marble roof-rail. "Saraji Ali, my brother of the breast!" he spluttered; "by Allah, his beard, here is a ripe pomegranate well guarded. O thou son of a wild ass! O perjured and false one! What dost thou here, *akhu labban*?" (milk brother).

"Peace, O shouter of errors!" broke in the flat, even tones of Sullivan; "this is my own man. You have overstayed your leave, Captain Falconer," he announced, coldly.

A dull flush crept under the other man's triple coat of tan. "I had arranged everything concerning Messara," he began again with increasing hesitancy. "I see you have him with you. This is the last place on earth I should have expected to find you to-night."





*Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.*

"LET'S GET AWAY AT ONCE, FOR YOU MUST BE READY"







"That's a compliment I can return fully," Sullivan commented, grimly. "Perhaps you will explain just why I *do* find you here regardless of your duty, or," he added, bitingly, "this woman's reputation."

As for Falconer, he shuddered with a mixed sensation of danger and rage, while into his fine eyes swept a dull fire. "I expect to marry this girl," he declared, simply; but that light in his eyes showed up many things clearly to the keen-witted little man watching him. "First of all, I must get her away."

Whereupon Sullivan understood that his long-sought plan to work justice on Zulik the Magnificent began to look like failure. It was a perversity of fate that had countered the one man capable of devising the scheme against the one man capable of blocking it.

"We have come ourselves to free the girl from Zulik," said Sullivan Pasha, cautiously.

A light warmed the young captain's eyes. "I had already worked out the details, chief," began Falconer, an almost boyish happiness in voice and manner. "I have a boat with two of my men and will take her to my uncle's." He stopped on the edge of telling Sullivan that Margaret Falconer was waiting in the silk-curtained cabin on the *dahabiyeh*, guarded by two picked soldiers of Falconer's company.

At this moment Sullivan's face became set like a stone image. If it was necessary, Falconer's love-affair must go the way of many another man's. "She leaves here, as I told you," he declared inflexibly; "but she goes to the vice-royal haremlik and not to the Bishop of Cairo." And as the Rose of Gold cried aloud in terror, there came to the unhappy Falconer a comprehension of why his chief and the fat seller of women had sought out the roof garden of that kiosk containing Zulik the governor's greatest treasure.

Less and less his present part appealed to Felix Sullivan; but the good of a whole nation clamored for the overthrow of Zulik—governor and criminal. However, the older soldier honestly hoped he could keep the girl unscathed. He hastened to explain as much to the haggard captain. "I will

demand her to-morrow of His Highness as if for myself," Sullivan promised; "and I shall not be refused my first request after twenty years of service."

"Do you think he will let her go after he has seen her?" cried Falconer, derisively. He caught the girl from behind him and forced her forward. Her wonderful hair had fallen about her face, and the beauty of Zulik's "Rose of Gold" struck the other man like a blow in the face.

Felix Sullivan's glance remained fixed on this woman, and his mouth was dumb; for he realized that it would be asking much to believe the Khedive would unbar his haremlik to release the woman who stood trembling between them.

Messara followed Sullivan, who turned back to the marble parapet; for his own safety hung now in the snare for Zulik; and he understood that this powerful little man was hesitating to bait their trap with the girl who had crept into Falconer's arms.

"Once in the haremlik of the Khedive, she will draw ruin on Zulik like steel to the lodestone," Messara reminded him. He paused and studied the distressed countenance. "Does Sullivan Pasha no longer desire Zulik the Magnificent lost between the Khedive's hands?" he asked, coldly; and the repetition of his own phrase made earlier in the night stung the listener into action.

For it was Sullivan's opinion that in any case Falconer must drop this insane proceeding, born of Egyptian moonlight, sultanic roof-gardens, and—he admitted it once more—the most ravishing loveliness he had yet seen in woman-kind. Even putting aside the necessity of punishing Zulik in the one imaginable way, Sullivan decided that he must prevent Falconer's midsummer madness from doing permanent injury to the boy's future.

So Sullivan Effendi set his lips once more in straight lines and faced Falconer sternly.

"Attention! Captain Falconer!" The order brought the soldier with mechanical perfection to salute. "I have pledged my word that I will demand this girl to-morrow from the Khedive, but in any case she must go there to-night."



He held up a reproving hand as Falconer threatened to break in on him.

"A scuffle will bring Zulik's guards on us. You understand what that means for the girl, whereas if she goes to the Khedive's there's always a chance that His Highness will listen to me."

"I understand," came the response.

"Once the girl is delivered to the chief of the summer palace," went on Sullivan, "Messara will arouse Zulik and declare he saw the Khedive's head eunuch, Achmet Raji, abduct her. Zulik will comprehend his danger if the Khedive once sees the girl. It will then be this man's turn"—Sullivan motioned to the openly impatient Messara Bey—"to urge an immediate attempt to recover the 'Rose of Gold' by entering the small garden gate to the haremlik."

Here Messara's eyes began to bulge; for the fat slaver had intended the Magnificent's political ruin to follow as soon as the Khedive learned what Zulik had done with a Greek girl for whom Ishmael Zaide had expressed a desire. But the little man who held Messara in his hand wanted more. Also he had concocted a way to get it, as he now proceeded to explain.

"The proof to Zulik of the whole story," continued the Secret Service head, "as well as the means of entering that gate, is here," and he drew out a small, French-made key, bearing the triple-crowned crest of vice-royal Egypt. "With this key, and as the one way to avoid gaining the Khedive's hatred, Zulik will go further and commit Egypt's one unpardonable sin. All of which," Sullivan ended, with a sort of quiet intensity that compelled both obedience and belief, "is more than Messara foresaw when he brought me here, but it must be done."

Now Messara recognized that key, and knew, or thought he knew, that only two such existed—one for the Khedive, and the second for that lean, black, and semi-human autocrat, the Khedival chief eunuch. Its possession by Sullivan Pasha would have meant sudden death for that resourceful little man, despite his twenty years' faithful service, if Egypt's ruler had had all the facts in hand.

"By Allah's own soul!" blasphemed the thunder-struck seller of women,

"this small man is a devil." Beyond a doubt, Zulik will think the key was dropped when the girl was stolen; here is a trap baited to perfection and set to the breadth of a hair."

Falconer, for his part, made no comment, being desperately intent on scheming out a way to checkmate both his commander and the Khedive of Egypt. Therefore, he kept his mouth shut while Sullivan outlined the end of it all.

"Zulik must enter first, and Messara will close the gate behind him and ring the great bell alongside. Then the work's done," he finished, grimly; "for the shutting of that door and the ringing of that bell will bring Achmet Raji, chief of eunuchs, and death to the intruder, even if he were the Khedive's own brother."

Whatever Richard Falconer had been planning, he put it aside when the entire scheme to entrap Zulik had been shown him. "I'll do the thing myself, sir," he declared; "since I cannot prevent it, and on the understanding that you rouse up the Khedive at sunrise and request the return of the girl; but I will myself make the delivery to the chief eunuch, for no other man shall touch her."

Sullivan hesitated; yet, after all, so long as the girl went to the haremlik the details had no importance for him.

"Also," announced Falconer, "it should be I who will tempt the Magnificent into the haremlik, for as Messara's foster-brother and Zulik's trusted evil-doer, he will as soon follow me as Messara. Above all," ended the captain with cutting significance, "I would be certain to return this key, the possession of which might cost your own life."

Sullivan looked thoughtfully at Hanna Messara, and what he saw made him accept Falconer's proposal. An indescribable mixture of unbelief and contempt showed in the incomparable beauty of the Greek girl's face when Falconer had yielded.

"Decidedly all men are alike, then," she said, slowly, in her mother-tongue, and turned away from them, as the sheen of her Cyprian-hilted knife flashed in the electric glare.

Falconer's left hand shot out too late to grip the weapon, but his arm took the



blade neatly. The captain drew the knife out of the wound and flung it forty feet to the end of the roof-garden, while the two looked far into each other's eyes.

"Do you suppose I would have stopped the knife if there was no other way?" he asked, reproachfully. "Only come quietly and I shall answer for everything."

"You love me?" asked the "Rose of Gold." To Sullivan's infinite discontent these two seemed to have forgotten him.

"I love you, my sweet," said Falconer; and the inflections of the young, flexible voice came very softly. "O Rose of Gold, I love you as the gods will, and as a woman prays for, and as a man can, now and then."

Sullivan heard it with lowered eyes, conscious, although bitterly hostile to it all, that here was something greater than ruling nations or trapping kings. "Of course it's all rot—it would ruin him, I tell you," he admonished the uncomprehending Messara, "and, moreover, I must have Zulik." But when they were once more against the marble roof-railing he called back: "Better hurry, Falconer," and stopped, shocked himself at the half-sob he had found in his own proverbially bitter-dry tones.

"She'll go now, chief," was the astonishingly steady answer.

It was the fat slaver who crept first down the lattice, with Falconer following after, carrying the girl he loved to another man's harem, and that man the Khedive of Egypt.

"Messara and I will make sure that the girl is accepted by the haremlik guards," explained Sullivan, courteously.

"You don't trust me," Falconer answered, "but there's no use in your being recognized by my men or the haremlik guards. Better follow in your own *dahabiyeh* until you see her turned over to the Khedive's people."

Now, no one understood better than Sullivan that the proposed violation of Ishmael Zaide's women-quarters would lead to a far-reaching investigation, and there were reasons why he should not be recognized in an affair calculated to turn native Cairo inside out. Falconer seemed safe enough as Messara's foster-

brother; but Sullivan—if known—might be connected with the existence of the third and unofficial key to that most sacred of all Egyptian portals, the Khedive's private entry to the vice-royal haremlik.

So while Falconer disappeared with the "Rose of Gold" under the silk canopy of the *dahabiyeh* of the Bishop of Cairo, the other two manœuvered their craft to within fifty feet of the leading boat, from which distance they discreetly dogged Falconer's party until they saw Wardah's silk *raida* and heavy veil flash in the lamplight that illumined the hawk-like face of the Khedive's chief eunuch. The spiteful harem attendant cursed the man he thought was Messara's foster-brother for delivering his merchandise at such sleepy hours. Then the harem autocrat slammed the heavy water-gate in Falconer's tense face, and the thing was done. They turned Messara ashore under the guard of those two sub-inspectors who had accompanied Sullivan, after which the chief himself vanished behind the tamarisk grove that hid the main entrance to the Khedive's summer residence.

For his part, Captain Falconer headed back toward the vast palace of Zulik the Magnificent, armed with the triple-crested key to the vice-regal haremlik.

An hour later the single cry of Zulik vibrated throughout a dozen tense seconds in the ears of the man whose trembling hand still clutched the shaking bell-pull alongside the Khedive's private entrance to his seraglio.

There was no second call—the saber of Achmet Raji, chief of eunuchs, had intervened. Undoubtedly the intruder could have bought up the harem chief, given the necessary secrecy and time—in fact, Zulik had brought along both money and jewels to purchase the immediate return of the woman for whom he had betrayed his master and committed the Nile River country's one unpardonable sin.

It was the bell that did it—just as Sullivan had planned—bringing the women shrieking into the corridors, rousing even the opium-tainted Khedive. It showed the head eunuch that he was lost himself, if found bartering with another man in Ishmael Zaide's holy of



holies. Whereupon, with the inimitable presence of mind and the unhesitating cruelty that seems peculiar to his class and kind, the harem chief killed his man before the huge gong quit ringing.

And a moment later, the man who had rung that bell was madly driving a double-oared *dahabiyeh* without lights toward the four-storied palace of the English Bishop of Cairo.

Now, the Khedive of Egypt wore a badly worried expression when Felix Sullivan Pasha sought him at an unusually early hour the next morning. The Khedive's peevishness turned to an unholy wrath when the head of his secret police got through explaining what he was after.

"Give you a woman from my haremlik!" Ishmael Zaide repeated, incredulously. "Surely madness rages in Egypt and the household of her ruler has become a market-place wherein all men seek freely what their hearts desire. Behold! this very night my own place was entered secretly; but the dog has lost his head, even if he was"—here the prince hesitated and eyed the chief of his secret police dubiously.

"Second to none but the Khedive in Lower Egypt," filled in the listener smoothly, and Ishmael Zaide's trouble gave way to astonishment. "It is my business to know many things," explained the Secret Service head modestly, and His Highness wondered thoughtfully how much this silent little man had figured in the events of the night. Nobody knew better than His Excellency the eternal feud existing between the late governor of Lower Egypt and the small individual now standing respectfully beside his chair of state. However, the Khedive likewise understood that the Sphinx was a babbling woman as compared with Felix Chatterton Sullivan.

"There is no reason known to Allah that would permit my giving you a woman from my own harem," he announced, aggressively.

"It is the same woman Zulik died in seeking," began Sullivan, when the court usher announced: "His Grace, the Bishop of Cairo, and Captain Richard Falconer."

Here were folk of some importance,

and the petulant Khedive forced a polite greeting to the portly, rosy-cheeked, and correctly gaitered ecclesiastic, who, obviously in a high state of excitement, speedily imparted his own wish to the already irritated Ishmael Zaide.

"Vengeance on Zulik the Magnificent!—give you a woman from my own house!" ejaculated the bewildered ruler. "Your lordship demands two impossibilities. As for Zulik, the man's dead; and for the woman—"

"It is the same woman that I asked for," put in Sullivan, with a glance at his subordinate. He had good reason to dread lest the truth escape Falconer when he found that the Khedive had absolutely refused to give up the "Rose of Gold." However, the captain smiled cheerfully at his commander and patted encouragingly the gloved hand of the veiled woman who had entered unobtrusively with him.

"Once more the same girl Zulik died in seeking," repeated the Khedive almost dreamily. Wonder had beaten all the ill-humor out of him. For he realized that his harem-tragedy of the preceding night seemed to be no mystery to these people around him. Then he suddenly exhibited an acute interest in the matter before him.

"By Allah! who is this woman that all Cairo seems seeking?" he demanded.

Sullivan opened his mouth to explain as best he could concerning Wardah el Darhab, but gave the nearest approach to a gasp of surprise ever extorted from him when the Bishop declaimed sonorously, "It is my niece, Margaret Falconer, put there by her brother, Captain Falconer."

"Put there to save her from the insults of Zulik," explained the captain, impressively. "He threatened us last night while we were boating, and as a last resort I put her in at the haremlik water-gates, where the guards thought her an addition to Your Excellency's household. Even then," went on Falconer, indignantly, "Zulik swore he would follow her—"

"And he did," broke in the exasperated monarch—"the dog of an Armenian, who lapped from my hands the wealth of thousands. I say, he did it,"





*Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.*

"I ONLY ASK FOR MY NIECE—WHO HAS SOUGHT SANCTUARY IN YOUR HOME"







fairly blubbered Ishmael Zaide, thinking that at last he understood affairs, "and he lost his head for it. So no more about vengeance on Zulik."

The Bishop of Cairo shuddered. That good soul saw drawn back for a moment the thin veil of Western civilization and looked for an instant into the native pit, seething beneath the scant covering of European decency so carefully provided for Cairo and its Moslem ruler.

"I only ask for my niece," he said, more quietly; "an Englishwoman who has sought sanctuary in your own home."

Ishmael Zaide swore in Arabic, but there was only one answer to such an appeal from such a personage. So he gave his chief black man a short order.

The advent of a thickly veiled figure in a silk *raida* preceded a sigh of relief from the bishop, as the latest comer, with a cry of "Uncle!" fled to the outstretched arms of the rejoicing cleric.

"Madge!" exclaimed the old gentleman with real emotion in his puffed eyes—"safe and sound!"

The Khedive turned his narrowed, discontented gaze ominously enough on his Secret Service chief.

"You, who know all things," said His Excellency, spitefully—"you, who demanded as a reward of faithful services the gift of this woman—why didn't you say at once who she was?"

Having known nothing of Margaret Falconer's presence in the bishop's *dahabiyeh* on the preceding night, the Secret Service head was caught in a corner that might easily prove fatal. How had Zulik gained entrance to the haremlik? Sullivan entertained no delusions as to what would happen to himself should the Khedive chance on the trail of that third key with the triple crest. Yet his unbreakable calm gave no sign of shattering and his straightforward glance met the shifting eyes of his master in a way that Ishmael Zaide knew well and disliked intensely. So His Highness looked elsewhere as Sullivan told him, reprovingly:

"I wished to avoid scandal, sir, or

worse. I had hoped," he continued, "to return Miss Falconer to her people without the necessity of all this. It's not a nice story—and the opposition journals could make it most unpleasant for us; and God knows," he ended, almost passionately, "we're none too well thought of already in European capitals. I must implore the bishop to keep our secret, if only for Miss Falconer's sake."

Here was a reasonable lie for both the Khedive and the bishop. It had the exquisite virtue of being more plausible than the truth, and it passed unchallenged. Moreover, it left nobody at fault except the late governor, Zulik.

But Ishmael Zaide perceived dimly that he had in some way been used as a cat's-paw, or worse—both he and his supremely sacred haremlik.

"There's something underneath," insisted the Khedive more to himself than the group about him. "I would like," finished Ishmael Zaide, who was not wanting in a certain sort of intelligence—"I would like to see the real cause of it all."

Sullivan smiled a queer sort of grimace.

"If Captain Falconer will introduce his wife now," suggested that individual's commanding officer, politely.

And as the veil went backward, preliminary to the formal presentation, Felix Sullivan Pasha rested his glance upon that supremely beautiful contour of face and those inimitable turquoises that nature had given Wardah el Darhab for eyes.

And if ever Anglo-Egyptian society marveled that the beautiful wife of Richard Falconer served coffee so perfectly in the true native style, it wondered even more profoundly over the fabulously costly gift forwarded by Felix Chatterton Sullivan at the birth of her daughter. This was a great rose molded in pure gold, stemmed with a single emerald, and at its heart a diamond of rarest water, while around its outer petals, cut in the fine characters of the classic Arabic, went the old wish of the poet from el Hézaz:

"May the bud of the rose be perfect."



# A Philosopher in Central Park

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN



NEW YORK would have been a more interesting city if it had climbed over the island of Manhattan instead of grading and squaring it all into such a checker-board pattern. You see that in Central Park, where the original rocks have been left about as they were, and the roads follow more or less the lines of least resistance. There are hills in the Park, and the roads run around them; dales and gullies that the roads and paths run through; ponds that they skirt or cross on bridges. So it was originally with the rest of the island. It was all rocky, irregular, tumultuous, disordered. But surveyors laid it out; not with judgment and regard for nature, as cows would have done, but in the hard fashion usual to surveyors who squint through those glasses that top their tripods, and contrive straight streets on their maps, and practise to obtain right-angled lots.

And so one thing that makes Central Park so great a medicine is the soothing contrast that it offers to everything around it. You come in there out of the monotony of streets that run east and west and avenues that stretch interminably north and south into one considerable tract where a straight line is a great rarity. The Mall has straight lines and is level. Some of the meadows are level enough to play tennis on, but flats that are really flat, and straight lines and right angles, are happily rare in Central Park.

If our Park were fully appreciated it would be like the street-cars—the seats all taken and folks waiting for some one to come out so they could crowd in. As it is, it gathers in a wonderful number of people. Its most remarkable feature is the human life that so abounds in it. It is two miles and a half long and about half a mile wide, and in the daylight hours its population varies only

from thick to dense. It is dense on Saturdays in May, when the school children have May parties there, and on fair Sunday afternoons, and on most fair Saturday afternoons, and thick on other fair afternoons. In the mornings it is not so full, but abounds in babies and small children and their nurses or mothers, and in riders on the bridle-path, and carriages and motor-cars and fortunate beings who are out of a job and have leisure to sit on a bench and smoke a pipe and take the air.

I never counted the people in the Park at any one time, but that was because there were always too many to count. I never got up in the night to inspect the Park, but I presume there are people there at night. In Paris at about eleven o'clock a man with a drum goes about the Tuileries Gardens and beats a warning to all the people to go home, and when they have gone the Gardens are locked up. But the Park is never emptied and closed like that. It is lighted at night as the streets are, but not so much but that people who are at the time of life to be interested in moonlight can observe it there to good advantage. For the Park abounds in places where the moonlight must be very charming, walks where one gets it filtered through the treetops, seats a little retired, where one can see it reflected in the water. The walk around the reservoir—think what it must be when the temperature is about right and the wind just enough, and the moon neither too young nor too mature and the Company suitable! Of course moonlight on the Hudson seen from the Riverside has delectable points, but if She lives on the East Side that is just that much farther off, and less retired—almost, indeed, like being at the theater—and the river and the passing boats and all may be just a little too distracting. I have never myself walked around the Park reservoir by moonlight, for I came to live in New





THE CASINO—A REMINDER OF THE BAD TASTE OF OTHER DAYS

York at rather an advanced age, but I am sure that exercise is not neglected, nor the observation of the moon effects on the lake, or on the yacht-pond, nor the straggle of the moonlight through the branches of the trees as seen from benches suitably located, or the roll of the meadows in that soft light. I am sure, because in New York you must go into some park to get much good of moonlight and because whenever there is much of anybody in the Park a notable proportion of them are lovers. Whenever I go there I see lovers in profusion. I never have been very early in the morning, when the Kneipp-cure enthusiasts go to walk barefoot in the dewy grass, and another lot of health-seekers go to drink mineral waters, but I guess the lovers are there then. The babies would

hardly be out at that hour, but the lovers might. Nothing daunts them. The last time I passed the pavilion was in the morning, and there were three pairs of lovers in it, each looking out at a different prospect. That was in mid-November, late in the season. I came across the Park from Seventy-seventh Street in the late afternoon a few days later, and they abounded. There was a pretty, yellow sunset that day, and I sat down with my back to the Needle of Cleopatra to watch it through the bare branches of trees which interlace very beautifully there. A handsome urchin of six or seven years, in white clothes, sped back and forth on roller-skates and was so obviously a parlor-bred child that I began to wonder who was looking after him. There was nobody near but a



dark-haired girl walking up and down with a young European who was talking with great earnestness and more elocution with the hands than is common to us Yankees. I wondered what he was saying. Whatever it was, she responded in kind, and seemed so much occupied that I could not connect her with the urchin until suddenly on his skates he bore down on her and seized hold of her dress with the confidence of a proprietor.

It is gratifying when a nurse-maid is able to illuminate her labors like that with timely beams of courtship. The Park abounds in nurse-maids and their charges, as it does in carriage people, invalids, people of leisure, lovers, and gray squirrels. There are monuments in the Park (not all of them very edifying) to Shakespeare, Daniel Webster, Burns,

Scott, Fitz-Greene Halleck, and other deserving people, but there is no monument to the nurse-maid, by far more deserving than any of them of such recognition. There should be such a monument done by the best hand in the business and placed either where the effigy of Shakespeare now looks down on the lively children who play tag year after year around its base, or else over by the Menagerie, within sight of the cormorants and sacred animals. Perhaps when the Arsenal at the Sixty-fourth Street entrance is removed, The Nurse-maid will find a place on its site, with tulip-beds all about her. And there should be space on its pedestal for hundreds of names of honest women who have been faithful to other people's children, including one who was faithful to some I knew, and who wearily declared

that she "had seen those animals until she knew every hair on their backs."

I understand there are nurse-maids who are not all they should be and neglect their charges or are not kind to them, and I have myself seen the sun shining too strong in babies' eyes; but on the whole they give the observer reassurance about human life. For it must be tiring to stand by, or even sit by, while children play—and they do it by the hour—and for other people's children. They are paid? Yes, they are paid, but it is incredible that money could buy nurse-maids if it were not eked out with that golden affection with which little children pay their own debts.

The nurse-maids



RAMBLING FLOCKS GIVE PICTURESQUENESS TO THE PARK





THE TOWERING SKY-LINE TO THE SOUTH

encourage one about life, and so, of course, do the lovers. And there might be a pair of lovers in marble or bronze in the Park, but I am not for it. It is not necessary. The lovers will always be there; for they have a habit of infesting parks and have had since ages before

Horace heard their *lenes susurri* in the Campus Martius. And they will immortalize themselves; and, besides, they like it. We don't put up statues of people for doing what was pleasant, but for doing what was hard. But justly and with reason we may rejoice in the lovers, and



that they can do it, and that, in the teeth of all the agitation about who shall vote, and who shall make the laws, and who shall make the fire, and who shall support the family, and who shall rule it, and eugenic marriage, and the double standard, and all the disputable ques-

yards where shrubs are taken before they are set out. There must be these depositories, and those there are well placed, where they are not too visible. For in respect to that, and in all the particulars of landscape architecture, the Park was very well laid out, and is a work on which

no considerable improvements have ever been demanded. Land is so scarce and so dear in the central part of Manhattan Island that there is a regular recurrence of effort to plant in the Park something which does not belong there and for which there is no space to spare. Our metropolitan family grows so fast and changes so much from decade to decade that there is not much permanence of tradition in it, and again and again the Park's defenders have to be rallied against vandal intruders with a conviction that one more art-gallery or museum or concert-hall or something else, in the Park, would be a great boon to the people and would still leave room enough for grass and trees and roads. For the



THE EAST DRIVE WHERE FASHION ENTERS AND DEPARTS

tions and all the unspeakable ones, still out of the vast treasury of nature there should be furnished this tireless procession of lovers who find that in life which they wish may continue, and walk in the Park and plot to keep it up.

There are buildings in the Park—some that are necessary to its maintenance, like farm buildings on a farm: stables for horses and sheds for carts and wheelbarrows, tool-houses, shelter for the sheep that graze on the meadows,

last thirty or forty years it has been possible to defeat all the worst of these projects. The last great concession of territory that the Park had to make was to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The Museum, however, serves two great purposes: it is splendid as a museum (except that the old red-brick part of it makes rather a harsh assault on the landscape and the eye) and it is very effective as a horrible example of the consequences of starting any kind of



building, not necessary to a park, in the Park inclosure. As a museum, the Museum is a palace of delights; by far the greatest treasure-house in all the country; but as a Park property, it is a formidable intruder, vast, heavy, addicted to excessive growth, and reproachful to the greeneries it pushes into. Of course it will stay where it is, and it must be admitted that it supplements in its way the work of recreation to which the Park is dedicated, but let us hope that when once its square has been inclosed and it is a completed structure, the collections it cannot hold will find homes elsewhere.

As for the other buildings, most of them go back to the sixties or thereabouts and are ugly little buildings, but of no consequence, because in due time they will all be replaced by better ones. One would like to see even now how the sort of taste and skill that made the new Park Avenue and the Forty-second Street station, or the buildings of the Bronx Zoo, would express itself in a new Casino and a new Tavern and Menagerie and all the rest; and one could wish that even now there was a tea-house in the Park that was as simple and attractive as some that are in the Bois de Boulogne. But Father Knickerbocker has been extravagant, and these matters can wait; and meanwhile the present Casino and the present Tavern at McGowan's Pass are amusing reminders of how bad our taste was in the trotting-horse and road-house days

of the heroic sixties, and how much less accomplished we still are than the French in the purveying of picturesque refreshment.

The admirable skill of Vaux that contrived our Park as it is, and led three streets across it invisibly, and did the



UNDER THE SHADOW OF FIFTH AVENUE

other feats that left it beautiful, so led a drive around it as to extend it to the length of seven miles. In older days, when horses still hauled or carried us, that was about as far as carriage people had time to go of an afternoon. Now that the motor-car is the prevailing vehicle, the Park seems smaller, for the automobiles, however restrained, maintain a higher speed than horses did, and keep it up much more steadily. Of course the motor-cars crowd the roads in





THE MALL IS AN IDEAL PLAYGROUND

the afternoon; of course they make the crossings more hazardous than they used to be; of course they diffuse some odors of gasoline, though that is better than it was, and they have been almost broken of the obnoxious habit of smoking. If motor-cars were not underfoot or coming toward us everywhere and every minute, they would doubtless be the ruin of the Park, which admits them all, hired or proprietary. But since they have become so much a part of life that one wakes in the morning surprised not to find one in bed with him, the adventurous and resourceful spirit of man seems

to have adjusted itself to them, and in the roads of the Park, as on all other roads, they are now accepted as something that has naturally happened and belongs in every scene. They have quickened the moving picture of the drive for the people who walk, or who sit and look on, and to many of whom that moving picture is the liveliest and greatest attraction the Park offers. They have changed the Park, as they have changed the rest of life, but the Park survives as life does, and there is no strong sentiment now in favor of their exclusion.



No kind of a motor, not even a motor-cycle, has been devised that can make a successful claim to rights on the Park's bridle-path, and there the horses still have things their own way. On good days there are many riders, some for pleasure, some for advertisement, some for adventure, some for discipline, some from a sense of duty, and many for health. One sees all the kinds of riding and all the kinds of horses. They are much observed, and add very much to the Park spectacle, but observation of them has never become such a feature of life in New York as inspection of the riders in Rotten Row seems to be of life in the season in London.

One goes into the Museum and looks at Hobbemas and Ruysdaels and Corots and Constables and Claude Lorraines, and Innesses, and whatever else in that line it has, and asks himself what he sees and how much, and gradually acquires from contemplation and comparison some notion of the merits of the landscape-painters. Out-of-doors all over the Park, wherever one goes, there is the chance for the same sort of training of the vision and taste; for the development of perception and appreciation, and the cultivation of a consciousness of beauty. That is, in a way, a medicine for the spirit, and in nothing is the Park more valuable to us city-dwelling people than in its capacity to provide it. Elsewhere, in the streets, we see lots of people, and automobiles and horses and all manner of buildings that are worth look-

ing at, and in the picture-shops pictures of great interest, and in the shop-windows gems and beautiful fabrics and various treasures of art, but the only place on Manhattan Island where we can study rural landscapes is in Central Park. If we learn to see what is there, we learn much, and wherever we go in the country where there are trees and grass and water and sky we shall see more of them and more in them because of what we have learned to see in our own strip of mid-island scenery, saved for us out of a great sea of houses, and bordered by its fringe of cliffs of masonry.

It could be wished that the frequenters of the Park dealt somewhat more gently with it, that the necessary restrictions about going on the grass were better respected, that the shrubs and trees were not broken nor the flowers pilfered;



THE BROOK FROM MCGOWAN'S PASS





THE ARSENAL WILL SOON BE A THING OF THE PAST

but as to all that we must bear philosophically with a good deal that we could wish were different. The family that uses our Park is very large, and not all its members have been well brought up. The tenement district which stretches all the way up the island on the east side and well up to the neighborhood of the Park on the west, abounds in recent accessions from Europe to our family; a changing population which is imperfectly affected by any standard of deportment. So the Park is within easy

reach of thousands of people who do not know how it should be treated. It is fortunate for them that they can get to it, for they need it, but it is not so fortunate for the Park. To see a troop of ravaging school-boys cross it in the late afternoon makes one fairly tremble for its future. But, after all, it is a part of the great school of New York, a school under constant pressure of throngs of people new come to a land of promise and needing to be taught the rudiments of civilization.



# The Amethyst Comb

BY MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN



MISS JANE CAREW was at the railroad station waiting for the New York train. She was about to visit her friend, Mrs. Viola Longstreet. With Miss Carew was her maid, Margaret, a middle-aged New England woman, attired in the stiffest and most correct of maid-uniforms. She carried an old, large sole-leather bag, and also a rather large sole-leather jewel-case. The jewel-case, carried openly, was rather an unusual sight at a New England railroad station, but few knew what it was. They concluded it to be Margaret's special hand-bag. Margaret was a very tall, thin woman, unbending as to carriage and expression. The one thing out of absolute plumb about Margaret was her little black bonnet. That was askew. Time had bereft the woman of so much hair that she could fasten no headgear with security, especially when the wind blew, and that morning there was a stiff gale. Margaret's bonnet was cocked over one eye. Miss Carew noticed it.

"Margaret, your bonnet is crooked," she said.

Margaret straightened her bonnet, but immediately the bonnet veered again to the side, weighted by a stiff jet

aigrette. Miss Carew observed the career of the bonnet, realized that it was inevitable, and did not mention it again. Inwardly she resolved upon the removal of the jet aigrette later on. Miss Carew was slightly older than Margaret, and dressed in a style somewhat beyond her age. Jane Carew had been alert upon the situation of departing youth. She had eschewed gay colors and extreme cuts,

and had her bonnets made to order, because there were no longer anything but hats in the millinery shop. The milliner in Wheaton, where Miss Carew lived, had objected, although timidly, for Jane Carew inspired reverence.

"A bonnet is too old for you, Miss Carew," she said. "Women much older than you wear hats."

"I trust that I know what is becoming to a woman of my years, thank you, Miss Waters," Jane had replied, and the milliner had meekly taken her order.

After Miss Carew had left, the milliner told her girls that she had never seen a woman so perfectly crazy to look her age as Miss Carew. "And she a pretty woman, too," said the milliner; "as straight as an arrer, and slim, and with all that hair, scarcely turned at all."

Miss Carew, with all her haste to assume years, remained a pretty woman, softly slim, with an abundance of



"MARGARET, YOUR BONNET IS CROOKED"



dark hair, showing little gray. Sometimes Jane reflected, uneasily, that it ought at her time of life to be entirely gray. She hoped nobody would suspect her of dyeing it. She wore it parted in the middle, folded back smoothly, and braided in a compact mass on the top of her head. The style of her clothes was slightly behind the fashion, just enough to suggest conservatism and age. She carried a little silver-bound bag in one nicely gloved hand; with the other she held daintily out of the dust of the platform her dress-skirt. A glimpse of a silk frilled petticoat, of slender feet, and ankles delicately slim, was visible before the onslaught of the wind. Jane Carew made no futile effort to keep her skirts down before the wind-gusts. She was so much the gentlewoman that she could be gravely oblivious to the exposure of her ankles. She looked as if she had never heard of ankles when her black silk skirts lashed about them. She rose superbly above the situation. For some abstruse reason Margaret's skirts were not affected by the wind. They might have been weighted with buckram, although it was no longer in general use. She stood, except for her veering bonnet, as stiffly immovable as a wooden doll.

Miss Carew seldom left Wheaton. This visit to New York was an innovation. Quite a crowd gathered about Jane's sole-leather trunk when it was dumped on the platform by the local expressman. "Miss Carew is going to New York," one said to another, with much the same tone as if he had said, "The great elm on the common is going to move into Dr. Jones's front yard."

When the train arrived, Miss Carew, followed by Margaret, stepped aboard with a majestic disregard of ankles. She sat beside a window, and Margaret placed the bag on the floor and held the jewel-case in her lap. The case contained the Carew jewels. They were not especially valuable, although they were rather numerous. There were cameos in brooches and heavy gold bracelets; corals which Miss Carew had not worn since her young girlhood. There were a set of garnets, some badly cut diamonds in earrings and rings, some seed-pearl ornaments, and a really beautiful

set of amethysts. There were a necklace, bracelets, two brooches; a bar and a circle, earrings, a ring, and a comb. Each piece was charming, set in filigree gold with seed-pearls, but perhaps of them all the comb was the best. It was a very large comb. There was one great amethyst in the center of the top; on either side was an intricate pattern of plums in small amethysts, and seed-pearl grapes, with leaves and stems of gold. Margaret in charge of the jewel-case was imposing. When they arrived in New York she confronted everybody whom she met with a stony stare, which was almost accusative and convictive of guilt, in spite of entire innocence on the part of the person stared at. It was inconceivable that any mortal would have dared lay violent hands upon that jewel-case under that stare. It would have seemed to partake of the nature of grand larceny from Providence.

When the two reached the up-town residence of Viola Longstreet, Viola gave a little scream at the sight of the case.

"My dear Jane Carew, here you are with Margaret carrying that jewel-case out in plain sight. How dare you do such a thing? I really wonder you have not been held up a dozen times."

Miss Carew smiled her gentle but almost stern smile—the Carew smile, which consisted in a widening and slightly upward curving of tightly closed lips.

"I do not think," said she, "that anybody would be apt to interfere with Margaret."

Viola Longstreet laughed, the ringing peal of a child, although she was as old as Miss Carew. "I think you are right, Jane," said she. "I don't believe a crook in New York would dare face that maid of yours. He would as soon encounter Plymouth Rock. I am glad you have brought your delightful old jewels, although you never wear anything except those lovely old pearl sprays and dull diamonds."

"Now," stated Jane, with a little toss of pride, "I have Aunt Felicia's amethysts."

"Oh, sure enough! I remember you did write me last summer that she had died and you had the amethysts at last. She must have been very old."





SHE SAT IN THE LIBRARY READING WHEN VIOLA SWEEPED IN

"Ninety-one."

"She might have given you the amethysts before. You, of course, will wear them; and I—am going to borrow the corals!"

Jane Carew gasped.

"You do not object, do you, dear? I have a new dinner-gown which clamors for corals, and my bank account is strained, and I could buy none equal to those of yours, anyway."

"Oh, I do not object," said Jane Carew; still she looked aghast.

Viola Longstreet shrieked with laughter. "Oh, I know. You think the corals too young for me. You have not worn them since you left off dotted muslin. My dear, you insisted upon growing old—I insisted upon remaining young. I had two new dotted muslins last summer. As for corals, I would wear them in the face of an opposing army! Do not judge me by yourself, dear. You laid hold of Age and held him, although

you had your complexion and your shape and your hair. As for me, I had my complexion and kept it. I also had my hair and kept it. My shape has been a struggle, but it was worth while. I, my dear, have held Youth so tight that he has almost choked to death, but held him I have. You cannot deny it. Look at me, Jane Carew, and tell me if, judging by my looks, you can reasonably state that I have no longer the right to wear corals."

Jane Carew looked. She smiled the Carew smile. "You *do* look very young, Viola," said Jane, "but you are not."

"Jane Carew," said Viola, "I am young. May I wear your corals at my dinner to-morrow night?"

"Why, of course, if you think—"

"If I think them suitable? My dear, if there were on this earth ornaments more suitable to extreme youth than corals, I would borrow them if you owned them, but, failing that, the corals



will answer. Wait until you see me in that taupe dinner-gown and the corals!"

Jane waited. She visited with Viola, whom she loved, although they had little in common, partly because of leading widely different lives, partly because of constitutional variations. She was dressed for dinner fully an hour before it was necessary, and she sat in the library reading when Viola swept in.

Viola was really entrancing. It was a pity that Jane Carew had such an unswerving eye for the essential truth that it could not be appeased by actual effect. Viola had doubtless, as she had said, struggled to keep her slim shape, but she had kept it, and, what was more, kept it without evidence of struggle. If she was in the least hampered by tight lacing and length of undergarment, she gave no evidence of it as she curled herself up in a big chair and (Jane wondered how she could bring herself to do it) crossed her legs, revealing one delicate foot and ankle, silk-stockinged with taupe, and shod with a coral satin slipper with a silver heel and a great silver buckle. On Viola's fair round neck the Carew corals lay bloomingly; her beautiful arms were clasped with them; a great coral brooch with wonderful carving confined a graceful fold of the taupe over one hip, a coral comb surmounted the shining waves of Viola's hair. Viola was an ash-blonde, her complexion was as roses, and the corals were ideal for her. As Jane regarded her friend's beauty, however, the fact that Viola was not young, that she was as old as herself, hid it and overshadowed it.

"Well, Jane, don't you think I look well in the corals, after all?" asked Viola, and there was something pitiful in her voice.

When a man or a woman holds fast to youth, even if successfully, there is something of the pitiful and the tragic involved. It is the everlasting struggle of the soul to retain the joy of earth, whose fleeting distinguishes it from heaven, and whose retention is not accomplished without an inner knowledge of its futility.

"I suppose you do, Viola," replied Jane Carew, with the inflexibility of fate, "but I really think that only very young girls ought to wear corals."

Viola laughed, but the laugh had a minor cadence. "But I *am* a young girl, Jane," she said. "I *must* be a young girl. I never had any girlhood when I should have had. You know that."

Viola had married, when very young, a man old enough to be her father, and her wedded life had been a sad affair, to which, however, she seldom alluded. Viola had much pride with regard to the inevitable past.

"Yes," agreed Jane. Then she added, feeling that more might be expected, "Of course I suppose that marrying so very young does make a difference."

"Yes," said Viola, "it does. In fact, it makes of one's girlhood an anticlimax, of which many dispute the wisdom, as you do. But have it I will. Jane, your amethysts are beautiful."

Jane regarded the clear purple gleam of a stone on her arm. "Yes," she agreed, "Aunt Felicia's amethysts have always been considered very beautiful."

"And such a full set," said Viola.

"Yes," said Jane. She colored a little, but Viola did not know why. At the last moment Jane had decided not to wear the amethyst comb, because it seemed to her altogether too decorative for a woman of her age, and she was afraid to mention it to Viola. She was sure that Viola would laugh at her and insist upon her wearing it."

"The earrings are lovely," said Viola. "My dear, I don't see how you ever consented to have your ears pierced."

"I was very young, and my mother wished me to," replied Jane, blushing.

The door-bell rang. Viola had been covertly listening for it all the time. Soon a very beautiful young man came with a curious dancing step into the room. Harold Lind always gave the effect of dancing when he walked. He always, moreover, gave the effect of extreme youth and of the utmost joy and mirth in life itself. He regarded everything and everybody with a smile as of humorous appreciation, and yet the appreciation was so good-natured that it offended nobody.

"Look at me, I am absurd and happy; look at yourself, also absurd and happy; look at everybody else likewise; look at life—a jest so delicious that it is quite worth one's while dying to be made ac-



quainted with it." That was what Harold Lind seemed to say. Viola Longstreet became even more youthful under his gaze; even Jane Carew regretted that she had not worn her amethyst comb, and began to doubt its unsuitability. Viola very soon called the young man's attention to Jane's amethysts, and Jane always wondered why she did not then mention the comb. She removed a brooch and a bracelet for him to inspect.

"They are really wonderful," he declared. "I have never seen greater depth of color in amethysts."

"Mr. Lind is an authority on jewels," declared Viola. The young man shot a curious glance at her, which Jane remembered long afterward. It was one of those glances which are as keystones to situations.

Harold looked at the purple stones with the expression of a child with a toy. There was much of the child in the young man's whole appearance, but of a mischievous and beautiful child, of whom his mother might observe with adoration and ill-concealed boastfulness, "I can never tell what that child will do next!"

Harold returned the bracelet and brooch to Jane, and smiled at her as if amethysts were a lovely purple joke between her and himself, uniting them by a peculiar bond of fine understanding. "Exquisite, Miss Carew," he said. Then he looked at Viola. "Those corals suit you wonderfully, Mrs. Longstreet," he observed, "but amethysts would also suit you."

"Not with this gown," replied Viola, rather pitifully. There was something in the young man's gaze and tone

which she did not understand but which she vaguely quivered before.

Harold certainly thought the corals were too young for Viola. Jane understood, and felt an unworthy triumph. Harold, who was young enough in actual years to be Viola's son, and was

younger still by reason of his disposition, was amused by the sight of her in corals, although he did not intend to betray his amusement. He considered Viola in corals as too rude a jest to share with her. Had poor Viola once grasped Harold Lind's estimation of her she would as soon have gazed upon herself in her coffin. Harold's comprehension of the essentials was beyond Jane Carew's. It was fairly ghastly, partaking of the nature of X-rays, but it never disturbed Harold Lind. He went along his dance-track undisturbed, his blue eyes never losing their high lights of glee, his lips never losing their inscrutable smile at some happy understanding between life and himself. Harold had fair hair, which was very smooth and glossy. His skin was like a girl's. He was so beautiful that he showed cleverness in an affectation of carelessness in dress. He did not like to wear evening clothes, because they had necessarily to be immaculate. That evening Jane regarded him with an inward criticism that he was too handsome for a man. She told Viola so

when the dinner was over and he and the other guests had gone.

"He is very handsome," she said, "but I never like to see a man quite so handsome."

"You will change your mind when you see him in tweeds," returned Viola. "He loathes evening clothes."



HAROLD LIND ALWAYS GAVE THE EFFECT OF DANCING WHEN HE WALKED



Jane regarded her anxiously. There was something in Viola's tone which disturbed and shocked her. It was inconceivable that Viola should be in love with that youth, and yet— "He looks very young," said Jane, in a prim voice.

"He is young," admitted Viola, "still, not quite so young as he looks. Sometimes I tell him he will look like a boy if he lives to be eighty."

"Well, he must be very young," persisted Jane.

"Yes," said Viola, but she did not say how young. Viola herself, now that the excitement was over, did not look so young as at the beginning of the evening. She removed the corals, and Jane considered that she looked much better without them.

"Thank you for your corals, dear," said Viola. "Where is Margaret?"

Margaret answered for herself by a tap on the door. She and Viola's maid, Louisa, had been sitting on an upper landing, out of sight, watching the guests down-stairs. Margaret took the corals and placed them in their nest in the jewel-case, also the amethysts, after Viola had gone. The jewel-case was a curious old affair with many compartments. The amethysts required two. The comb was so large that it had one for itself. That was the reason why Margaret did not discover that evening that it was gone. Nobody discovered it for three days, when Viola had a little card party. There was a whist table for Jane, who had never given up that reserved and stately game. There were six tables in Viola's pretty living-room, with a little conservatory at one end and a leaping hearth fire at the other. Jane's partner was a stout old gentleman whose wife was shrieking with merriment at an auction-bridge table. The other whist-players were a stupid, very small young man who was aimlessly willing to play anything, and an amiable young woman who believed in self-denial. Jane played conscientiously. She returned trump leads, and played second hand low, and third high, and it was not until the third rubber was over that she saw. It had been in full evidence from the first. Jane would have seen it before the guests arrived, but Viola had not put it in her hair until

the last moment. Viola was wild with delight, yet shamefaced and a trifle uneasy. In a soft, white gown, with violets at her waist, she was playing with Harold Lind, and in her ash-blond hair was Jane Carew's amethyst comb. Jane gasped and paled. The amiable young woman who was her opponent stared at her. Finally she spoke in a low voice.

"Aren't you well, Miss Carew?" she asked.

The men, in their turn, stared. The stout one rose fussily. "Let me get a glass of water," he said. The stupid, small man stood up and waved his hands with nervousness.

"Aren't you well?" asked the amiable young lady again.

Then Jane Carew recovered her poise. It was seldom that she lost it. "I am quite well, thank you, Miss Murdock," she replied. "I believe diamonds are trumps."

They all settled again to the play, but the young lady and the two men continued glancing at Miss Carew. She had recovered her dignity of manner, but not her color. Moreover, she had a bewildered expression. Resolutely she abstained from glancing again at her amethyst comb in Viola Longstreet's ash-blond hair, and gradually, by a course of subconscious reasoning as she carefully played her cards, she arrived at a conclusion which caused her color to return and the bewildered expression to disappear. When refreshments were served, the amiable young lady said, kindly:

"You look quite yourself, now, dear Miss Carew, but at one time while we were playing I was really alarmed. You were very pale."

"I did not feel in the least ill," replied Jane Carew. She smiled her Carew smile at the young lady. Jane had settled it with herself that of course Viola had borrowed that amethyst comb, appealing to Margaret. Viola ought not to have done that; she should have asked her, Miss Carew; and Jane wondered, because Viola was very well bred; but of course that was what had happened. Jane had come down before Viola, leaving Margaret in her room, and Viola had asked her. Jane did not then re-



member that Viola had not even been told that there was an amethyst comb in existence. She remembered when Margaret, whose face was as pale and bewildered as her own, mentioned it, when she was brushing her hair.

"I saw it, first thing, Miss Jane," said Margaret. "Louisa and I were on the landing, and I looked down and saw your amethyst comb in Mrs. Longstreet's hair."

"She had asked you for it, because I had gone down-stairs?" asked Jane, feebly.

"No, Miss Jane. I had not seen her. I went out right after you did. Louisa had finished Mrs. Longstreet, and she and I went down to the mail-box to post a letter, and then we sat on the landing, and—I saw your comb."

"Have you," asked Jane, "looked in the jewel-case?"

"Yes, Miss Jane."

"And it is not there?"

"It is not there, Miss Jane." Mar-

garet spoke with a sort of solemn intoning. She recognized what the situation implied, and she, who fitted squarely and entirely into her humble state, was aghast before a hitherto unimagined occurrence. She could not, even with the evidence of her senses against a lady and her mistress's old friend, believe in them. Had Jane told her firmly that she had not seen that comb in that ash-blond hair she might have been hypnotized into agreement. But Jane simply stared at her, and the Carew dignity was more shaken than she had ever seen it.

"Bring the jewel-case here, Margaret," ordered Jane in a gasp.

Margaret brought the jewel-case, and everything was taken out; all the compartments were opened, but the amethyst comb was not there. Jane could not sleep that night. At dawn she herself doubted the evidence of her senses. The jewel-case was thoroughly overlooked again, and still Jane was incredulous that she would ever see her comb in



"AREN'T YOU WELL?" ASKED THE AMIABLE YOUNG LADY AGAIN



Viola's hair again. But that evening, although there were no guests except Harold Lind, who dined at the house, Viola appeared in a pink-tinted gown, with a knot of violets at her waist, and—she wore the amethyst comb. She said not one word concerning it; nobody did.



SHE REPLACED IT IN ITS OLD COMPARTMENT

Harold Lind was in wild spirits. The conviction grew upon Jane that the irresponsible, beautiful youth was covertly amusing himself at her, at Viola's, at everybody's expense. Perhaps he included himself. He talked incessantly, not in reality brilliantly, but with an effect of sparkling effervescence which was fairly dazzling. Viola's servants restrained with difficulty their laughter at his sallies. Viola regarded Harold with ill-concealed tenderness and admiration. She, herself, looked even younger than usual, as if the innate youth in her leaped to meet this charming comrade.

Jane felt sickened by it all. She could not understand her friend. Not for one minute did she dream that there could be any serious outcome of the situation; that Viola would marry this mad youth, who, she knew, was making such covert fun at her expense; but she was bewildered and indignant. She wished

that she had not come. That evening when she went to her room she directed Margaret to pack, as she intended to return home the next day. Margaret began folding gowns with alacrity. She was as conservative as her mistress and she severely disapproved of many things.

However, the matter of the amethyst comb was uppermost in her mind. She was wild with curiosity. She hardly dared inquire, but finally she did. "About the amethyst comb, ma'am?" she said, with a delicate cough.

"What about it, Margaret?" returned Jane, severely.

"I thought perhaps Mrs. Longstreet had told you how she happened to have it."

Poor Jane Carew had nobody in whom to confide. For once she spoke her mind to her maid. "She has not said one word. And, oh, Margaret, I don't know what to think of it."

Margaret pursed her lips.

"What do *you* think, Margaret?"

"I don't know, Miss Jane."

"I don't."

"I did not mention it to Louisa," said Margaret.

"Oh, I hope not," cried Jane.

"But she did to me," said Margaret. "She asked had I seen Miss Viola's new comb, and then she laughed, and I thought from the way she acted that—" Margaret hesitated.

"That what?"

"That she meant Mr. Lind had given Miss Viola the comb."

Jane started violently. "Absolutely impossible!" she cried. "That, of course, is nonsense. There must be some explanation. Probably Mrs. Longstreet will explain before we go."

Mrs. Longstreet did not explain. She wondered and expostulated when Jane announced her firm determination to





*Drawn by W. H. D. Koerner*

*Engraved by F. A. Pettit*

SHE LIVED THE PLACID LIFE OF THE LITTLE VILLAGE







leave, but she seemed utterly at a loss for the reason. She did not mention the comb.

When Jane Carew took leave of her old friend she was entirely sure in her own mind that she would never visit her again—might never even see her again.

Jane was unutterably thankful to be back in her own peaceful home, over which no shadow of absurd mystery brooded; only a calm afternoon light of life, which disclosed gently but did not conceal or betray. Jane settled back into her pleasant life, and the days passed, and the weeks, and the months, and the years. She heard nothing whatever from or about Viola Longstreet for three years. Then, one day, Margaret returned from the city, and she had met Viola's old maid Louisa in a department store, and she had news. Jane wished for strength to refuse to listen, but she could not muster it. She listened while Margaret brushed her hair.

"Louisa has not been with Miss Viola for a long time," said Margaret. "She is living with somebody else. Miss Viola lost her money, and had to give up her house and her servants, and Louisa said she cried when she said good-by."

Jane made an effort. "What became of—" she began.

Margaret answered the unfinished sentence. She was excited by gossip as by a stimulant. Her thin cheeks burned, her eyes blazed. "Mr. Lind," said Margaret, "Louisa told me, had turned out to be real bad. He got into some money trouble, and then"—Margaret lowered her voice—"he was arrested for taking a lot of money which didn't belong to him. Louisa said he had been in some business where he handled a lot of other folks' money, and he cheated the men who were in the business with him, and he was tried, and Miss Viola, Louisa thinks, hid away somewhere so they wouldn't call her to testify, and then he had to go to prison; but—" Margaret hesitated.

"What is it?" asked Jane.

"Louisa thinks he died about a year and a half ago. She heard the lady where she lives now talking about it. The lady used to know Miss Viola, and she heard the lady say Mr. Lind had

died in prison, that he couldn't stand the hard life, and that Miss Viola had lost all her money through him, and then"—Margaret hesitated again, and her mistress prodded sharply—"Louisa said that she heard the lady say that she had thought Miss Viola would marry him, but she hadn't, and she had more sense than she had thought."

"Mrs. Longstreet would never for one moment have entertained the thought of marrying Mr. Lind; he was young enough to be her grandson," said Jane, severely.

"Yes, ma'am," said Margaret.

It so happened that Jane went to New York that day week, and at a jewelry counter in one of the shops she discovered the amethyst comb. There were on sale a number of bits of antique jewelry, the precious flotsam and jetsam of old and wealthy families which had drifted, nobody knew before what currents of adversity, into that harbor of sale for all the world to see. Jane made no inquiries; the saleswoman volunteered simply the information that the comb was a real antique, and the stones were real amethysts and pearls, and the setting was solid gold, and the price was thirty dollars; and Jane bought it. She carried her old amethyst comb home, but she did not show it to anybody. She replaced it in its old compartment in her jewel-case and thought of it with wonder, with a hint of joy at regaining it, and with much sadness. She was still fond of Viola Longstreet. Jane did not easily part with her loves. She did not know where Viola was. Margaret had inquired of Louisa, who did not know. Poor Viola had probably drifted into some obscure harbor of life wherein she was hiding until life was over.

And then Jane met Viola one spring day on Fifth Avenue.

"It is a very long time since I have seen you," said Jane with a reproachful accent, but her eyes were tenderly inquiring.

"Yes," agreed Viola. Then she added, "I have seen nobody. Do you know what a change has come in my life?" she asked.

"Yes, dear," replied Jane, gently. "My Margaret met Louisa once and she told her."



"Oh yes—Louisa," said Viola. "I had to discharge her. My money is about gone. I have only just enough to keep the wolf from entering the door of a hall bedroom in a respectable boarding-house. However, I often hear him howl, but I do not mind at all. In fact, the howling has become company for me. I rather like it. It is queer what things one can learn to like. There are a few left yet, like the awful heat in summer, and the food, which I do not fancy, but that is simply a matter of time."

Viola's laugh was like a bird's song—a part of her—and nothing except death could silence it for long.

"Then," said Jane, "you stay in New York all summer?"

Viola laughed again. "My dear," she replied, "of course. It is all very simple. If I left New York, and paid board anywhere, I would never have enough money to buy my return fare, and certainly not to keep that wolf from my hall-bedroom door."

"Then," said Jane, "you are going home with me."

"I cannot consent to accept charity, Jane," said Viola. "Don't ask me."

Then, for the first time in her life, Viola Longstreet saw Jane Carew's eyes blaze with anger. "You dare to call it charity coming from me to you?" she said, and Viola gave in.

When Jane saw the little room where Viola lived, she marveled, with the exceedingly great marveling of a woman to whom love of a man has never come, at a woman who could give so much and with no return.

Little enough to pack had Viola. Jane understood with a shudder of horror that it was almost destitution, not poverty, to which her old friend was reduced.

"You shall have that northeast room which you always liked," she told Viola when they were on the train.

"The one with the old-fashioned peacock paper, and the pine-tree growing close to one window?" said Viola, happily.

Jane and Viola settled down to life together, and Viola, despite the tragedy which she had known, realized a peace and happiness beyond her imagination. In reality, although she still looked so

youthful, she was old enough to enjoy the pleasures of later life. Enjoy them she did to the utmost. She and Jane made calls together, entertained friends at small and stately dinners, and gave little teas. They drove about in the old Carew carriage. Viola had some new clothes. She played very well on Jane's old piano. She embroidered, she gardened. She lived the sweet, placid life of an older lady in a little village, and loved it. She never mentioned Harold Lind.

Not among the vicious of the earth was poor Harold Lind; rather among those of such beauty and charm that the earth spoils them, making them, in their own estimation, free guests at all its tables of bounty. Moreover, the young man had, deeply rooted in his character, the traits of a mischievous child, rejoicing in his mischief more from a sense of humor so keen that it verged on cruelty than from any intention to harm others. Over that affair of the amethyst comb, for instance, his irresponsible, selfish, childish soul had fairly reveled in glee. He had not been fond of Viola, but he liked her fondness for himself. He had made sport of her, but only for his own entertainment—never for the entertainment of others. He was a beautiful creature, seeking out paths of pleasure and folly for himself alone, which ended as do all paths of earthly pleasure and folly. Harold had admired Viola, but from the same point of view as Jane Carew's. Viola had, when she looked her youngest and best, always seemed so old as to be venerable to him. He had at times compunctions, as if he were making a jest of his grandmother. Viola never knew the truth about the amethyst comb. He had considered that one of the best frolics of his life. He had simply purloined it, and presented it to Viola, and merrily left matters to settle themselves.

Viola and Jane had lived together a month before the comb was mentioned. Then one day Viola was in Jane's room and the jewel-case was out, and she began examining its contents. When she found the amethyst comb she gave a little cry. Jane, who had been seated at her desk and had not seen what was going on, turned around.





"I CANNOT TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT; BUT THIS WAS MINE ONCE"

Viola stood holding the comb, and her cheeks were burning. She fondled the trinket as if it had been a baby. Jane watched her. She began to understand the bare facts of the mystery of the disappearance of her amethyst comb, but the subtlety of it was forever beyond her. Had the other woman explained what was in her mind, in her heart—how that reckless young man whom she had loved had given her the treasure because he had heard her admire Jane's amethysts, and she, all unconscious of any wrong-doing, had ever regarded it as the one evidence of his thoughtful tenderness, it being the one gift she had ever received from him; how she parted with it as she had parted with her other jewels, in order to obtain money to purchase comforts for him while he was in prison—Jane could not have under-

stood. The fact of an older woman being fond of a young man, almost a boy, was beyond her mental grasp. She had no imagination with which to comprehend that innocent, pathetic, almost terrible love of one who has trodden the earth long for one who has just set dancing feet upon it. It was noble of Jane Carew that, lacking all such imagination, she acted as she did: that, although she did not, could not, formulate it to herself, she would no more have deprived the other woman and the dead man of that one little unscathed bond of tender goodness than she would have robbed his grave of flowers.

Viola looked at her. "I cannot tell you all about it; you would laugh at me," she whispered; "but this was mine once."

"It is yours now, dear," said Jane.



# The Too Adaptable American

BY SYDNEY BROOKS



VIRTUE that Americans often claim for themselves, and that European opinion is in general fairly ready to concede to them, is that of adaptability. When they settle down in a foreign country, it is said, they are quicker than most people in conforming to their new environment and in imbibing its atmosphere with such facility as to become all but a part of it.

The point, so far as my experience goes, is well taken; Americans undoubtedly have this gift. But whether it is anything to be particularly proud of, whether so much plasticity does not argue a certain softness in the character of those who possess it, is more questionable. People who were quite sure of themselves and their standards, and who were conscious of the support of established traditions and a settled code of manners, would scarcely, one might urge, slough off their inheritance so readily or merge their identity without something of a struggle. Is it not partly because Americans lack, or at any rate are not convinced that they enjoy, these advantages, and because they recognize in European society and conventions and ways of doing things not merely a difference but a superiority, that the process of de-Americanization goes on with such surpassing smoothness from London to St. Petersburg? Would not exiles of a robust social development make a rather more decided stand for their national customs and characteristics and not exchange them with so little effort for those of another country? Encounter an American tourist on his first visit abroad and you will find him a most limpid and satisfying stream of Americanism. Six months later the native current of his personality will be flecked and muddled with foreign particles, and in a year or a year and a half the odds

are that it will have lost itself altogether in alien quicksands. And if the he happens to be a she the transformation will be both speedier and more complete.

It seems to be almost an instinct with the American residents in a European capital to play the sedulous ape to the society on which they have settled. They watch and analyze it, imitate it and reflect it. Whatever it does they do, and with but one ambition—to do it better. The last thing they apparently contemplate is being themselves or taking a line of their own or quoting American usages and points of view against the ideas and practices of their adopted neighborhood. Like the retired English tradesman who “sinks the shop,” they look back on the land of their birth as a disreputable but financially convenient institution that it is painful even to think of and deplorably vulgar to mention.

The phenomenon is unvarying and universal, but it can be studied perhaps at its best in England. One is almost, indeed, tempted to believe that there must be somewhere in London a school given up to teaching American women how to be English and to coaching them in all the subjects required for social honors. It is difficult otherwise to account for the ease with which they are run into the English mold, adjust themselves to a society of which their American experience has given them scarcely any inkling whatever, and master the innumerable points at which the peoples of the two countries, while meaning essentially the same thing, express themselves in different senses. The progress of the American women through London, especially if she is afflicted with what used to be called social ambitions, is always an illuminating spectacle. She takes on the color of her surroundings with a chameleon-like avidity. She learns to avoid the phrases and expressions that ladies use in America, but only



charwomen in England, and to cultivate the phrases and expressions that only charwomen use in America but that are perfectly "correct" on the lips of an English lady. Desperately intent on doing the immaculately right thing, she picks up the manners, tricks, and accomplishments that are the peculiarities of her new *milieu*. She acquires the knack of keeping her emotions and exclamations in unwonted check and of assuming the proper British mask of impassivity; she begins to take things for granted and to stop asking questions; and she is particularly adroit in hitting off the exact London shade of superciliousness and condescension in her treatment of social inferiors. And if she is the bride of an Englishman of title the various phases of her initiation fetch a proportionately wider compass. Very few American girls, I imagine, have any opportunity in their own country to learn the part of Lady Bountiful. But that is the permanent rôle allotted to them when they become the chatelaine of a great English house. Whether she likes it or not, an American peeress is doomed to appear on platforms, to make little speeches, to open wings of hospitals, to present the prizes at the local schools, to lend her presence and voice to an endless programme of charitable functions, and to be the affable guardian angel of her husband's tenants and of most of their friends and neighbors.

And there are many other minor but not less exacting demands on her talent of responsiveness. Two in particular, sport and politics, are remorseless in their insistence. From the time grouse-shooting opens in August to the time fox-hunting ends in March the dominating topic of English conversation among the well-to-do is sport. Indeed, it is hard to say when it is not the dominating topic of conversation in that land of infinite leisure; and there is no part of her social equipment which an American woman finds it harder to pick up than the necessary command of the vocabulary of sport and a certain acquaintance at first or second hand with its methods and procedure. The odds are that in her own land she has done little more than play golf and lawn-tennis and watch an occasional game of polo, and

that she descends upon England never having shot a pheasant in her life, unable to tell a grouse from a partridge, with the most fragmentary ideas of how a shooting-party should be organized, with no opinion at all on the eternal controversy that rages between fox-hunters and game-preserves, and in a state of utter mental confusion as to the points of a hound and the functions of an earth-stopper. As for the technicalities of horse-racing, the pedigree and performances and weights of the horses, the careers of the jockeys, and so on, she is a whole encyclopedia of ignorance. She has never before moved in a world where the social calendar is punctuated by the dates of the meetings at Newmarket, Ascot, Epsom, Sandown, and so on; by the Henley regatta, by the lawn-tennis championships at Wimbledon, by the Eton and Harrow and the Oxford and Cambridge cricket-matches; by the polo finals at Ranelagh and Hurlingham, by the horse show at Olympia, by the glorious "Twelfth" and the three not less glorious "Firsts."

So, too, with politics. The ordinary American girl, especially of the class that marries into the English aristocracy, has been brought up to look upon politics as a vulgar, incomprehensible, masculine concern with which she need only trouble herself when she happens to be visiting in Washington. But in England politics and society are inextricable. Practically all the leaders of the great world are either themselves prominent in the House of Commons or the House of Lords, or are intimately related to the men who are. Their wives and daughters are thus committed from the beginning to a personal interest in the topics and intrigues of the day. However high their position in society, it is not, and never can be, so high as to remove them above the sphere of politics. Their male belongings are sure to be players in the game and they themselves are sure to be something more than spectators. Practically all Englishwomen of title are born into politics, hear politics discussed at their dinner-table intermittently, and meet day by day the men to whom politics are life. The tradition of playing a part in the government of their country runs



through all that is best in English society, and a woman who is born or has married into it and has the intelligence to realize its possibilities soon finds herself in possession of a hobby infinitely more engrossing than any ordinary social diversion. To form a *salon* and to become known as a political hostess; to follow with comprehension the ins and outs of the great game; to mingle freely and on equal terms with the men in whose hands lie the destinies of the British Empire; to be their confidante, their adviser, and their encourager; to "manage" them with the kind of deftness that only feminine diplomacy can achieve; to bring all her mental and social resources to the task of forwarding the political fortunes of the man in whom she is interested; to take part in great decisions and the formation or guidance of momentous policies; to help in disentangling the personal clashes and antagonisms that lie at the root of most political crises—all this furnishes a clever Englishwoman with an absorbing, permanent, and many-sided avocation. But all this is absolutely remote from the experience of the ordinary American bride. She is unacquainted even with the first moves of the game into which she is so suddenly thrust. She comes over to England and settles down on her husband's estate with no more than the haziest notion of what English politics really are, of what the principal parties stand for, and of the enormous opportunities that lie open to a woman of tact, assiduity, and knowledge.

Here, then, are some pretty severe tests for her adaptability. She meets them with her usual high and triumphant spirits. Within an incredibly brief time after her *début*, you will find her putting posers to the Prime Minister, facing a steward of the Jockey Club with paralyzing assurance, and discussing all the minutiae of sport with an air of finished knowingness. Her inquisitive and acquisitive mind, her sprightly powers of "taking hold," soon make up the leeway. She sinks, indeed, so smoothly into English ways that it has even been suggested that an English marriage and an English home are necessary to bring out the full richness and capacities of an American woman's nature, and

that it is only in these conditions that she expands to an adequate measure of self-realization. I will not myself go so far as all that, but I think it hardly to be doubted that London liberalizes and broadens most Americans who make it their home; puts them in the way of a social experience incomparably more brilliant than any that lies open to them in their own land, and teaches them, what London, beyond all other capitals, is qualified to teach, the art of life.

What do the Americans supply in return? It is obvious that they receive a great impression. Do they also make one? Do they influence London to anything like the degree in which London influences them? I believe that in the United States there exists an idea that they do. This is partly due to the energy of the London correspondents in chronicling every social event in which members of the American colony figure, and hardly to the recurrent attacks made by English writers upon the manners and tone of the Americans in their midst. In particular they are often spoken of as responsible for the extravagances of the "smart set." But that is plainly ridiculous. The truth is that the few American women who have joined the British "smart set" have become its most conspicuous members by virtue of a superior cleverness, ingenuity, and liveliness. Given a set where amusement is the thing most sought after, and you may be sure that an American will be more fertile in devising ways and means than her English sister. Given a *milieu* where freedom of speech and conduct is the mode, her audacities will take on a bolder sweep. If the pace is naturally fast she will increase it by the intrusion of her keener, more thoroughgoing, and more expansive personality. She cannot help herself. Her natural capacities, her vim and buoyancy, drive her inevitably to the front, and if she elects to enroll herself in the "smart set" nothing can prevent her from being a little "smarter" than her English friends. But she did not create it. All she has done is to make it more inventive, more amusing, more daringly grotesque. Even if no Americans had ever landed in London, the "smart set" would have been just as foolish and just as really insignificant,



but considerably more humdrum, and lacking that dash of piquancy which Americans cannot help throwing even into their wildest pleasuring.

For the rest, the American colony in London is distinguished, wealthy, prominent, and industrious. If it were possible seriously to ascribe to its members any common and secret consciousness, it would be the consciousness that they exist to some extent on sufferance and are called upon to put forth efforts of self-justification that the native Englishwoman is, of course, privileged to forego. I find it, at any rate, impossible on any other theory to account for certain of their activities, especially such as are concerned with presiding over, organizing, and supporting every form of charity. The number of bazaars, fêtes, pageants, fancy-dress balls, garden-parties, and concerts that they undertake in a spirit of self-advertising benevolence is appalling. You would have to search all England to find a group of women who would rival the American colony in inventiveness and sheer executive ability. Anything promoted under their auspices is failure-proof. Every hospital secretary in London knows that his institution has nothing to worry about when he has once persuaded a leader of the American colony to "get up" something on its behalf. But I can never quite do away with the feeling that their indefatigable philanthropy is part of the return they are unconsciously driven to make for their reception and position in English society—that, in short, it is their way of paying for their footing, of proving their worth, of convincing London that she could not get on without them.

Allowing them, however, full credit for their achievements along these lines, it remains the fact that they do not in any vital sense influence London. Here and there, on small matters of social usage, they may leave a distinctive mark, but in the end it is the English who assimilate them, not they the English. Their plasticity is at once the secret of their success and of their failure. Their eagerness to conform to their new environment is precisely the measure of their inability to mold it. They, on their part, supply a certain freshness and vivacity to the social round; new ways

of doing things, and uncounted dollars—these last by far the most substantial and permanent of their contributions, and one that will remain when they are gone. Indeed, when every member of the British peerage has successfully called in the New World to redress the bankers' balance of the Old, when the financial question has thus been settled for good and all and a comfortable entail has been established, and when the sons and grandsons of reigning American duchesses and peeresses will have no need to seek their wives beyond the borders of the United Kingdom, the dominion, such as it is, of the American woman in London will have pretty well ceased. Whatever stability there is in it is ninety-ninths financial. The rest of it is feminine, frivolous, and fleeting.

With the casual transient American tourist the case is very different. He or she reaches an almost British height of unbending provincialism. I was sitting not long ago in the courtyard of a Parisian hotel in company with an Englishman. A few yards away a tremendous reunion of Americans was taking place. The shrill of it echoed round the four walls; people opened the shutters of their rooms to find out what the matter was. It was nothing but a meeting between two families of Americans who had known one another on the other side. But the screechings which accompanied it, the "Well, I nevers!" the too-public embracings, the conversation that followed, held the entire hotel captive. My Englishman spoke out: "I make it a rule," he said, "never to put up at a hotel frequented by Americans. The problem of the American tourist is really becoming very serious. They are spoiling our European hotels. Let one in, and the whole ninety millions follow. You know how much I like Americans in America; but I must say they make the hotels over here intolerable to any one of non-American nationality. This is especially so on the Continent, where most hotels, like this one, are built round a courtyard, and where a single American voice reaches at once from eighty to a hundred rooms. Listen to those people over there. They will go on like that for another couple of hours, without the faintest idea that



they are disturbing every guest in the hotel. I have never quite been able to make out why Americans should pride themselves on being adaptable. To my mind, no people preserve their localisms so tenaciously. In the last hour that we have sat here I have seen as many cocktails ordered as you would see at the Waldorf itself. At breakfast you will find that nearly all Americans, spurning the *petit déjeuner*, which is one of the glories of French civilization, insist on having everything that they are used to at home; and as for manner, appearance, voice, and general behavior, I have never noticed that Americans make the slightest effort to conform to the country which they happen to be visiting.

"I don't in the least," he went on, "object to this, but I do object to the noise they make, and especially object to their curious failure to make the hotel servants, from the manager down to the waiter, respect them. They are so infernally familiar and easy-going. The English tourist, to my mind, is every bit as obnoxious in his own way as the average American tourist. But there is this to be noted: the English tourist gets what he wants, insists on having it, and the hotel managers know him well enough to obtain it for him as soon as possible for the sake of a quiet life. They may dislike him, but they are very far from despising him. When he kicks he kicks to good purpose—results follow. The American tourist very rarely kicks at all, and when he does nobody pays any attention to him. One of the best things in Henry James's *The American Scene* is the way he has elucidated the fact that in the United States the people seem to exist for the hotels, not the hotels for the people; that over there it is the hotel managers who make the laws for their world, and the guests who obey; it is always the latter who gets the worst of it and has to knuckle down. Well, Americans are importing into Europe that spirit of taking whatever is given them which is the law of the hotel world across the Atlantic. It is getting to be an axiom in Europe that whenever you find Americans flocking to a particular hotel, you may also be sure of finding bad service and an atmosphere of provincialism and incivility."

Of course I protested and succeeded in making my Englishman admit that what he said referred to the majority of American tourists and not to the elect undemonstrative minority. But that is part of the whole trouble. Why is it that the Americans one meets in Europe seem always and unaccountably to be the Americans one never by any chance meets in America? No doubt all nationalities ask the same question, declare with vehemence that their tourists grossly misrepresent them, and are indignant if you persist in searching them for "types." Types, of course, are only to be found among the people who attract notice, and the people who attract notice are, by some quaint fatality, always the least desirable specimens of the country they come from. The English have suffered for generations from these unofficial representatives. It speaks wonderfully for the forgiving spirit of the French that in spite of the English tourist they should have concluded an *entente* with England. It is still possible to see Englishwomen in sailor hats at the opera in Paris, accompanied by brothers and husbands in golfing suits. Such sights are still possible, but they are growing rarer, and I am bound to say that the loud-voiced, loud-checked Englishman of tradition is being rapidly supplanted all over the Continent by the romping American girl and the cigar-chewing American man of fact. It is of no use assuring Parisians that they come, they must come, from Oshkosh. Paris has never heard of Oshkosh; and the only consolation open to the two English-speaking peoples is to reflect that libellous as are their tourists, they are still less unmitigatedly offensive than the German tourists, who, moreover, are singularly accurate in their representation of the manners and conduct of the Fatherland.

The Englishman whom I have just quoted touched on what is, I think, the fundamental difference between the English and the Americans abroad when he contrasted the negative results that follow the average American's "kick" with the alacrity with which the average Englishman is deferred to and obeyed. The fact is that, unlike the American, who goes to Europe in a spirit of critical



curiosity, the Englishman, whenever he travels abroad, carries with him the bearing, the tone, and the manners of a conquering people. This is with him a habit so instinctive that he never loses it even when he pitches his tent permanently in foreign parts. The American bird of passage may be as angular and unaccommodating as the most stubborn of King George's subjects, but the American resident—in seven cases out of ten, to be sure, she is a woman who has fixed on a domicile in Europe—becomes speedily denationalized and merges her identity in the life and social arrangements of the chosen locality. But an Englishman under any and all circumstances remains unyieldingly English. When he descends upon the Continent it is to Anglicize, not to be Frenchified, or Germanized, or Italianized. I do not mean that he is conscious of his purpose and deliberately adopts the methods best suited to achieve it. His strength is precisely that he has no such cut-and-dried intention and that his influence, his position, are in no sense the result of premeditation, but simply of his continuing to be his natural British self. All over the Continent, and indeed all over the world, you see the English transporting their native land with them; insisting on doing in France and Switzerland, as much as in India and Egypt, everything they are accustomed to do at home; making not the least effort to adapt themselves to their new environment, but taking it for granted that their new environment will adapt itself to them; not bullying the Continental hotel managers, but firmly pointing out to them that such and such things are not English and must therefore be altered; dominating the outdoor life of whatever locality they fasten upon; refusing to speak any language but their own; forming among themselves an active, self-contained, exclusive colony, admission to which is extended to a few favored natives on condition that they virtually renounce their nationality and become English; and, in short, establishing a world of their own as distinct from the life around them as the British cantonment is distinct from the Indian city.

That is a very impressive phenome-

non. There are times when it affects me far more than a contemplation of the British Empire. To occupy waste headlands of the earth and to colonize and develop them; to establish British authority over a multitude of "inferior" races and govern them with a certain efficient and unsympathetic justice—this, after all, is not a very great achievement. Good luck and a comparative absence of rivals and the malleable and backward condition of the material the English have had to work upon account for most of it. But the ordinary British tourist accomplishes something far more remarkable than this. He impresses himself upon communities that are really, if one must compare such things, more civilized and polished and intelligent than his own; and it is at least a matter for fair debate whether Anglicizing a Frenchman is not a greater achievement than ruling a Matabele, and teaching Germans to play tennis as striking a performance as inducing South Sea Islanders to drop cannibalism, and carrying out spheres of influence in Switzerland and Italy a more significant task than annexing a swamp in west Africa. Wherever in Europe you find a place sufficiently attractive to make an English colony worth while, there you find the same matter-of-course, inevitable predominance of British fashions, games, and the general British scheme of things. No other nationality exercises anything like this sway. The French residents, whether temporary or permanent in Italy, the Italian residents in Germany, the German residents in Spain, have no influence at all in molding the social life of their adopted surroundings. But the English go nowhere without making themselves felt as factors in the daily round of the community. They may not be popular, but there is no question as to their power.

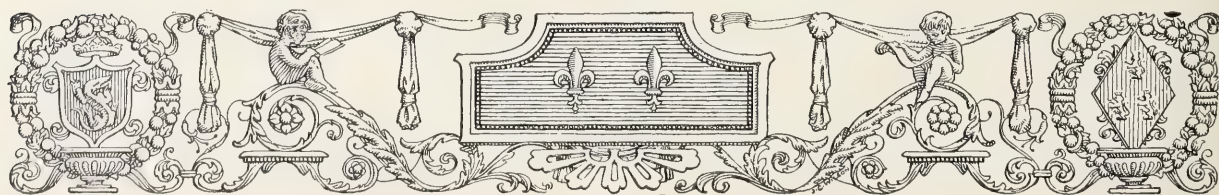
All along the delightful northern coast of France, for instance, the English set up during the summer months a series of inexpugnable encampments. There is more than one French watering-place that has come into existence simply to cater to the English holiday-maker, that is really a British outpost planted on French soil; and their like may be duplicated indefinitely in all the neighboring



countries. But whether he is thus specially invited, or whether he lights upon some spot already in possession of "the natives" and has to elbow his way in, makes very little difference to the English invader. He comes, he sees, he conquers. He imposes himself upon the doomed locality and declines to be moved or intimidated. His language, his manners, his ways of doing things, his servants and his sports accompany him. A lodgment thus effected, his friends and countrymen pour in, each bringing with him his own little scrap of England. In time a regular English colony grows up with its own churches, doctors, dentists, recreations, afternoon teas, golf-links, tennis-courts, and so on, all complete. Its inhabitants have little or no intercourse with "the natives"; they form an *imperium in imperio*, a small but compact world to themselves; they know as a rule nothing of the language, or merely enough for the purposes of the restaurant, the casino, and the shop; they transplant not only their bodies, but their entire mode of life, and calmly assume that room will be made for them and all their whims attended to. Nor is it only those who stand to gain financially who humor the Englishman's fads and allow him to have things his own way. The English colony is socially impressive; it invites imitation. Two or three hundred English people of the upper middle-class, spending their money freely, living the life they are accustomed to at home, cannot help having an effect on local society; and their very exclusiveness heightens the desirability of admission into the wondrous circle. Wherever an English colony exists, a Frenchman, say, or an Italian, finds he has a better time if he joins in its pursuits than if he holds aloof from them. Often, indeed, his one chance of avoiding

the appearance of being an alien on his own soil is to throw in his lot with the English; and providing he speaks the language and is a good sportsman, the English are frequently complaisant enough to extend their fellowship to him.

If one were in a philosophical mood it would be easy to show that these encampments of English holiday-makers and the qualities of character and temperament that go to their formation are a picture-in-little of the whole British Empire; that if the English were a sympathetic, or an understanding, or a thinking, or a highly sensitive people, they could neither do as they do on the Continent nor could they rule; that it is quite a mistake to think they behave more stupidly or rudely in France or Switzerland than in India or Egypt; that wherever they go they remain, as a people, aloof, self-contented, neither assimilating nor being assimilated, and protected by a psychological obtuseness from the very idea that there can be anything in their conduct to criticize; and that these traits, if not the mark of a tactful or a ductile people, are unquestionably the mark of a strong people. It is doubtful, indeed, whether there ever was a time when English influence and example were more pervasive throughout Europe than to-day. The English language, English authors, English sports of all kinds, English fashions in men's, but not, happily, as yet in women's, clothes, were never so dominant as at this moment, and England itself as a country to visit and reside in grows yearly more popular with the aristocracy of Europe. All this bespeaks a sort of power that America and Americans are at present far from attaining. The great difference, indeed, between the English and the Americans abroad is that the former influence conditions and the latter do not.





# Susie, Sans Souci

BY HENRY WALLACE PHILLIPS



It was a perfect Dakota night—which is to say that it was night's perfection. I can, and will, brag of Dakota days, but no loyal son of the greatest State in the Union (North or South) will descend to argument about Dakota nights. They have that degree of perfection which belongs to the circle, the violin, the first kiss, and the initial baby of amateur married people—a something that is too fine to be entangled in the coarse meshes of a word-net.

Swinging clear through an infinite space, in which the stars kept their measured distances, a little sharp moon romped with the clouds. A great, sweet wind, loaded with the dying graces of prairie grasses, bore upon our faces as steady as old ocean's tide. All around us was immensity and the charm of mystery. The air exhaled poetry as a rose breathes out perfume. "On such a night as this did young What's-his-name—" Shucks! I've forgotten that quotation, as usual. Well, never mind. As you know, it was the kind of night when one naturally turns to romance. You do know it, don't you? Well, you're wrong. That is, you may be right enough about the kind of night, but Red and I were talking of other matters, over the post-supperial cigarette. We touched lightly on that vast territory bounded by foolishness on one side and greed, ignorance, and general "orneryness" on the others, broadly described as "Back East." We were thoroughly oriented, in the sense that we loved not the East. From this we came gradually, by natural transition, to woman and her ways—and, I regret to say, something about her meanness, and her menace, as well as her means—if she has any. They used to say that the ends justified the means, and I suppose by that if a woman has a pretty face and

nice feet, we must make allowance for her disposition. Provided, of course, that she doesn't live beyond her means in the matter of interfering with other people.

I looked at chaste Diana, pretending she was not flirting with the clouds, and quoted: "'O woman! In thy hours of ease, uncertain, coy, and hard to please!'" I got some of it right.

"Who said that?" demanded Red.

"A poet," I answered; "I forget his darn name."

"Well, you shouldn't," said Red, "for he knew what he was talking about. It's a shame, but there ain't one woman in ten who can stand prosperity—same thing's true of men."

"*'L'adversité fait les hommes et le bonheur les monstres,'*" I quoted.

"What's all that Dago?" asked Red.

I translated with some of the freedom of the great West.

"Hm," said he: "'Hardship makes a man, and soft living a brute!' Sense to that. True about women, too. Did I ever tell you about Castleton and little Susie Waters?"

"'A-sittin' in the sun, cryin' and weepin' for a young man?'"

"No, no!" he said. "*Susie*—not *Sal-lie*. And other folks done the weeping. She was one of the kind that had too much prosperity, and that led her to these new notions about women running things. Unless you're bigger than I am, I'll tell you about it.

If you went over this blessed land of the free with a tooth-brush in one hand and a slab of sticky fly-paper in the other, you couldn't find no happier spot than Castleton. There's where the dove of peace put up a four-story brick hotel.

They never had hard storms in Castleton—always went 'round. The stones weren't rough there—quiet and well-behaved. The trees and the grass and the flowers grew with no noise and fuss



whatsoever, and as for the people, there never was a word spoken hard enough to draw the temper of any man. It was a placer-mining Paradise.

It cuddled under a gosh-almighty cliff of white quartz—a cliff that shot five hundred foot in the air. A pool, clear as innocence itself, washed the cliff. Old spruces, that had their growth when Moses played hookey, shaded it.

Hank Peters' dam formed the pool. The other boys either sluiced at his place or flumed the water down a ways.

There was Hank, and Jim Smith, and Missouri Jim; Charley Hand and his wife; Bill Gaudy and his wife; the Stevenses, the Cropseys, the Ole boys and a lot I can't remember, and Tom Ivy, the Cousin Jack who did a retail post-office business and sold food and patent medicines, the two staples of any honest camp. Of course there was luxuries, like tobacco and whiskey on the side. Tom didn't sell the whiskey—that was against the law, and never a soul was against the law in Castleton. Nope, Tom *gave* you the whiskey, and you bought a briar-wood pipe. Those were the only expensive things in Tom's store—those pipes. You paid him a dollar and a quarter for one, when you could buy the same thing elsewhere for half a dollar. But what was the use of being mean when a man is kind enough to make you a present of a pint of good whiskey? Always we bought a pipe, and paid the price ungrudging. That was a law, too, and, as I said, nobody broke laws in Castleton.

There was sleep in Castleton. I don't mean just forgetting what's going on around you for a certain length of time—I mean the kind of sleep that sweetens every muscle of your body, that makes you feel like angels was rocking you in a cradle made of pink cloud. The kind of sleep when you almost know how good you're sleeping, and how much you're enjoying it, although you ain't more 'n begun before somebody's hollering in your ear and it's sunup once more. Then you stretch and smell the good old pines and truck and say, "That was some sleep. Lord! Where's breakfast?"

Yessir, for pure comfort give me Castleton, where life run like a river of soothing syrup through a meadow of

dreams, sunup to sundown, sundown to sunup, three hundred and sixty-five days, plus, per annum.

But just as soon as he sees anything like that, old John H. Devilkins gets busy with his fine work. That's the one thing he won't stand for—peace and comfort; so that is the reason a cloud come by night, chilling our tranquillitee. And it was a cloud not much larger than a man's hand, at that—particularly if the man was holding 'em good just then.

Its name was Susie Waters. I don't doubt it had a silver lining, this little cloud, but as it happened to be a young-lady cloud, no gentleman should mention such a thing, even a silver one. Lining or not, it wanted some oil to still the troubled Waters, because they'd been raised by a Gale.

Tincup Gale, Susie's father, was the lad that hit it at Tincup in the early days. The echo of the strike hadn't much more'n drifted down the cañon before the old man opened up a free variety show, with free champagne squirting on the side. They said he had ten men working for him, and every shovelful of dirt they lifted was a dollar in the old man's pocket, and they added that every time he lifted *his* hand, whisho! away went the whole bizee! He considered the sight of a sober man an insult to his hospitality. 'Twas a merry spot for a while—Tincup.

Then the old man married and got religion. As for his religion, that's as it may be, but he sure got a decent wife—old snoozers like him always does. Susie was the result. They sent her back East to school when she was grown enough, and she come home, running most of the available live-stock, from two to six footed, that the neighborhood afforded. She had all kinds of fancy fool idees the Eastern folk fill their noddles with, being too lazy to think, and she tucked forty-seven different kinds of her own make-up on that.

And then Bob Waters, one of the nicest, quietest, kindest boys the Lord ever passed over the border, had to go and get stuck on her. Nothing that friends, sense, nor misfortune could say had any weight with him.

He goes, story-book style, to old man Gale and asks his consent.



"No!" says the old man.

"But I can take care of her, all right, and I'll use her well!"

"No!" yells the old man.

"But what you got agin me, Gale?"

"I ain't got nothing agin you. If Susie took after her maw, I'd say: Go to it. But she takes after me, and nobuddy knows better what that means than I do. If you want her, snatch her—but don't you go a-luggin' me into it as her accomplice before the fack."

So they got married and come to Castleton. And the devil he laughed. For this is where he strung it all over us—had us smeared and gummed and razzle-dazzled like a daddy-long-legs in a barrel of tar.

Yes, here they come, Mr. and Mrs. Waters. The very first day old Grandpaw and Grammaw Beaver, that had held down the dam since the memory of man, pulled up stakes and left. Sign number one. The big mountain-lion that had his hole in the cliff above us and yowled on moonlight nights skipped, and the rampike atop of Sweetney's Mountain come crashing down. Any man that had sense would have took warning and followed suit, but there's this difference between the brute things and man: when an animal gets a hunch, he follows it; when a man gets a hunch, he bucks, to show how smart he is. Well, well!

Here come little Susie, anyhow. At first she was so pretty and lively, it seemed like a good thing. Moreover, I didn't run afoul of strangers much, so I didn't cross her line of activities for some time.

Then one morning I happened into Tom's shack and I see things ain't as they ought to be.

Tom's pardner was an Injun lady, weighing a modest little two hundred or

so. Always before, she's so proud of her white man that Adam and Eve, before they loaded up on applejack, weren't to be compared to this pair.

But now war was in the air, blood on the moon, and signs of approaching disorder.



SITTING ON THE DOORSTEP, COMBING HER HAIR

I started to back away, having acted once for all as umpire in a family jar—but Tom held me up.

"Just you a-listen to me a bit, Reddy dear," says he. "Us is about to have a row—an' w'y? says you. Because of that son-of-a-beggar, Bob Waters' wife! Wot's her done? says you. I tell 'ee now. Her comes and fills my old 'ooman's ears with such a talk you ne'r see—'tis orful, mon, orful! All about she don't belong



to do a tap o' work at all. That I be a tyrant on her and do aboose her, and all and all till it come to this."

And poor old Tom wiped his eyes with the back of his hand, being broke in his feelings.

"Well, what's next?" says I.

"I do be goin' to give her a little rap wi' this," says Tom, holding up a pine-knot club. "Just a little diff, 'usband-loike—nuthin' to 'urt, but to remind her of her juty."

"Well, let me out!" says I. "It's against the rules to beat a lady!"

"I know, I know!" says poor Tom. "And black the shame to her that caused it! 'Ere we goes along, come this many a year, and never a word, till this hussy-cat starts up her yammerin'! And now 'ill the ol' 'ooman wash a dish or pan? Her will not! Jeemima!" he says. "Go wash up, do 'ee dear, like a good witch!"

"Ur-g-gh!" says Mrs. Ivy. "Go wash self! You dam' lazy. You no good. You wash. I sleep!"

"'Ear her, Reddy dear," he says, "'ow she talks to me! 'Tis past and away endurin'. Do 'ee watch now, and see she can't throw to me I done her a bit of rale harm, 'cos, come it to wusslin', her could flap me like an ol' shirt in a harricane, her's that bodily strong! Ain't a better ol' gal in the country! '*Llwef-fngwlch y grwbbwr!*'" says he in Welsh. "I got to do it to 'ee, dearie!"

So he jumped up and lammed her one—toonk!—on the coco, and down she goes. The house shook.

Tom stands over her, wiping his eyes with one hand and waving the club with the other.

"Will 'ee go now, sweetling?" he says. "Aw do, lovey!"

"Shinto!" says Mrs. Ivy. "I go!"

"Listen to her now?" says Tom. "Could 'ee ask a better trollop? Buss me one afore ye leave me, wench!" So they hugged and kissed each other.

"A-weel, a-weel, 'tis over, praise be!" says Tom. "What 'ill 'ee have, Reddy lad?" So I bought my stuff, taking my time to it, whiles from the kitchen Mrs. Ivy sung, "*Mah, lache cò a nah,*" cheerful and happy, and stuck a large and admiring face around the edge of the door, now and again, to get a peek at that prince of men, her lord and master, who sent her

to grass with one wallop, just as easy! "Some man, that!" says Mrs. Ivy to herself.

After, I met little Susie on her travels once or twice and see for myself where the springs of trouble lay. What does she do but open on the error of man's ways. She brought up to me several little incidents concerning ladies that was their business and the men's: no self-respecting young female person would have mentioned 'em, anyhow. But Susie, she don't give any one of as many assorted good gosh-darns as you could bring before you. Not a whoop cares Susie.

"That's just the way with you men!" she says, when I explained that she ought to let the other ladies kick, if there was any kick coming. "Setting up a double standard! One life for women, another life for men!"

"Get out!" says I. "What you talking about? How's a man going to get into a woman fuss without a woman to help him? There ain't any double standard." She insisted there was, and I joshed her to get rid of her, because, of course, nobody thinks it is a square deal to slam a woman for the thing that's only looked upon as a fair sporting proposition in a man. It kind of spoils your argument, knowing that.

"I'll fix all that on this creek!" says Susie, sitting up straight and shaking her finger at me—a pretty little piece of deviltry, at that. "I'll show you male brutes a thing or two! We women can do something when we get started!"

"Careful, careful, little Susie!" says I. "Don't burn its nice fingers! Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to get blistered. You may show us what you'll do when you start, but look out we don't show you what you'll do when you're stopped!"

But she just snaps her head and walks off, full of trouble.

Next day or so Charley Hand takes me out for a confidential talk. He converses bitterly between his grinding teeth.

"Yah!" says he. "Could you ask for a quieter home, a decenter layout, than this was before that little carrot-headed, swiveled-tongued, hen-witted, peppertempered ten pounds of impudence and riot hit this placer camp?"



"No," says I.

"Sure not!" says he. "And now! If I don't get it slammed into me from morn to eve what a bunch of misapplied mistakes my whole darn life is, I'm a second-rate dog-robber! I ain't a-going to say one word against the wife. 'Tain't her fault; she just talks like a poll-parrot. But what the devil ails Susie, anyhow? She's got the nicest man that ever lived, and plenty to eat, drink, sleep, and wear. Why, that darn little monkey would start something in heaven! If a he-angel had wings five inches longer than hern, she'd plot with the devil to let the old boy in the back way of a dark night. You don't know what it is to stand a woman's gabble about things neither you nor she knows anything about. And a good woman's worse than a bad woman. I don't know how I'm going to stand that wife of mine much longer."

I gave him all the paregoric pursy-flage I had on tap and sent him on his way.

And then I sighed and thought of the ruin of our happy home. Hadn't much more 'n got decently melancholy, when here comes Bill Gaudy, boilin'. Bill, he's another kind of feller from Hand, altogether. He used to be shootsome and punchiferous before he quieted down, and strong streaks of the old days lay in him yet. Hand took argument; Gaudy, action. Hand ground his teeth; Bill snapped 'em.

"See here, Red Saunders!" says he. "I'm a-goin' to raise somethin' so close to hell-fire and brimstone around this camp that 'twould take an old line Methody parson to learn the difference. Bob Waters may be a good feller, all right, when he's alone; but now he ain't no more 'n Mister Susie, and I'm a-goin' to work on them principles."

"Well," says I, giving up all hopes of quiet grief, "what's loose this time? I've just passed Charley along."

"He makes me sick," says Bill. "Talk, talk, talk! I'm for motion; that's me, Joe Bush! If Bob don't rope and tie down that heifer of hisn, why I'll lam him till my wind gives out. He's responsible, he is."

"But what's it all, Bill?"

He kinder stammered and got red in

the face. "Well," he says, "it's like this: wife and me, we never got certificate-married. When I was twenty-odd, I took cross-lots with an outfit Sally and her father was in. Cheyennes jumped us. Plugged Sal's father. He says, 'Take the gal and skip!' After he died, I done accordin'. Sal and me we liked each other from the jump. If two people don't get moderately well acquainted and find whether they're really suited to each other, spendin' two months dodgin', shootin', and otherwise carryin' on with Injuns, I dun'no' what anybuddy could suggest. Question is, how's Sal an' me to dig up a preacher when we're on the keen livin' jump, mornin', noon, an' night, with the Cheyennes cayoodlin' on our trail? Don't you think we'd been darn glad to see a preacher, or any other old white thing you'd be minded to mention? On your life, pardy, on your life we would! But there ain't none to be had. We was always goin' to get married proper some day, but sumpin' blew crossways to head us off. Sometimes Sal she ain't got any good dress; sometimes I ain't got any good pants; or we go a-hustlin' after pay summers, or some darn thing, anyhow. Preacher or no preacher, where you goin' to find better kids than ours? Upstandin' manly little fellers, that never give their paw nor maw a word o' slack nor make no trouble at all. Then what? Why, here comes that little ginger-topped filly of Waters' without more 'n one hoof to the ground ever, and runs into my herd niggerin' and squealin' and kickin' till the old lady is war-hoppin' and singin' ghost songs all the time. My old pardner!" yells Bill. "The best that God ever made, accusin' me of workin' roots on her! The woman that shot side by side with me, starved with me, thirsted, and faced death and torture, accusin' me of playin' low down on her! Just because that copper-headed, wigglin' snake of a Waters woman has told her it ain't respectable to be married onless a parson caps for the game! God A'mighty married me, an' I don't want nothin' from no parson. Had she 'a' come easy at me, I'd sasshayed to town at once. But rough-housin' like this? Nonny-no, little Sal! You gotter play easy with the old man. 'S'mever, wait till I get



through with Waters—he'll be a runnin' stream, all right."

So he left, chawing the air in his frenzy. A little chipmunk hopped in front of me, jerked his tail, shook his head, and moseys off, saying as plain as day, "I'm feeling for you, old man, but you're sure slewed sideways now!"

And then to my mind comes a picture of Mr. J. H. Devilkins, sitting at his ease, a cup of boiling spiced pitch by his side, smoking a good cigar, and laughing till his tail cracked. Quite a chunk broke off my patience at the sight.

"Listen!" says I to him. "Many's the turn-up you and me have had together. Many's the time I've let you have the best of it out of pure politeness, though you ain't gentleman enough to appreciate it. And now you don't get away with this. I'll see you in hell first."

Yes. But what you going to do with a lady? Almost as bad as figgering what you'll do without one. I sat there and planned and plotted. The sun shone green through the spruces. The creek hollered as it played tag with the rocks. The air come to my nose, sweet with a million smells of greenery and flowers. A deer comes to the creek, sees me, blows and snorts and makes a fuss, but I'm so gummed in my troubles that nary a move for me, so he nuzzles the water and drinks his fill.

"Everything in this world can get along with everything else if it has to," says I. "And," I says, as I got to my hind legs, "it *has* to."

I ambled along to the Waters' shack, hoping to catch Bob alone, but Susie was there, sitting on the doorstep, combing her hair. 'Twas beautiful hair, bright as gold, fine as silk, and she did look so innocent, and creamy, and altogether tasty, so natural a thing for an arm to creep around, and with such a sassy little mouth for kisses, I couldn't blame Bob Waters a particle. She had a trick of squinching up her eyes and nibbling her under lip that made you want to pick her right up and hug her.

"Drat your pretty picture!" I says. "No wonder the devil wants you, too! There ain't a critter with a bit of 'he' in him that wouldn't." That's the point: there was so much she-ness to Susie. The other women were the best

kind of pards, but 'tweren't that fascinating other-side-of-the-way to 'em.

I sat out till Waters finished his noon-time grub and pulled for his claim. I stalked him out of sight of the shack and hailed him.

He looked weary and dispirited.

"Well, Red!" says he. "What kick *you* got coming?"

This opened things.

"Bob," I says, "you got to put your house in order."

He shucked his coat and hung it on a bush. "I've reached the point," says he, "where I'd rather fight than talk."

"Now, Bob," says I, "if you and me come to blows, I ain't denying that you'll do *something*, but ain't it drawing it long to call it *fighting*? Where you been boarding lately, to raise the nerve of talking about fighting me?"

"Well," says he, "let that go as a slip of the tongue. What I mean is, I'd rather take a beating than any more gab. And I dun'no'," says he, his eyes beginning to glitter, "but what, if you bring my wife's name into the conversation, I'll come so near making a fight of it you'll be a busy little boy sorting out the difference. I ain't going to stand no more talk about my wife, nor hear a word against her!"

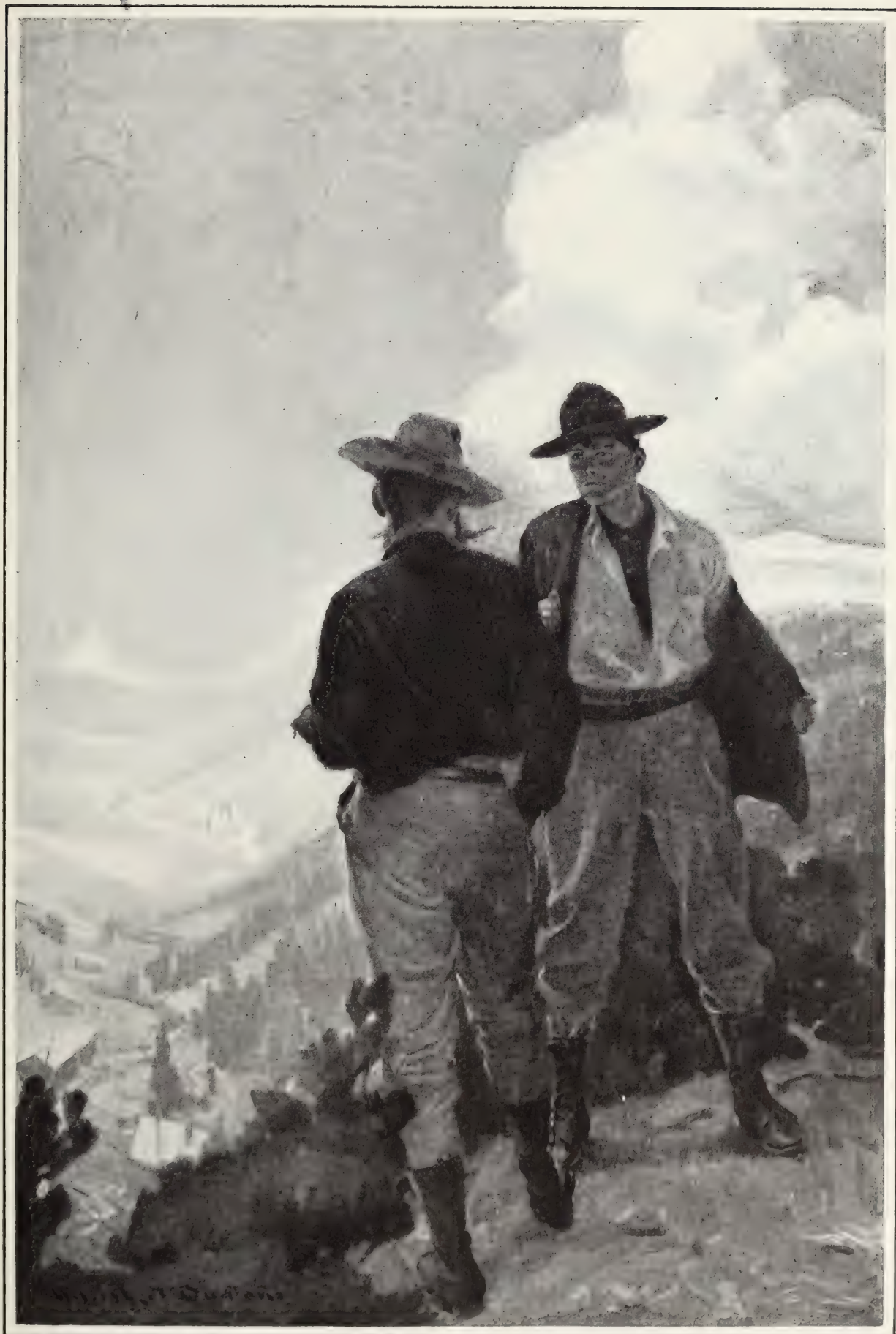
I was smoking a cigareet at the time, and, properly handled, a cigareet is one of the best helps to ontruthful conversation. You can always have a lungful of smoke, or be just taking a puff when you need a minute to think, and if you are putting out something too raw, you can blow a cloud before your face to hide your eyes. So I took a long suck and whoofed it out and then said:

"What's eating you, Bob? Say anything against your wife? Why, man, I was just thinking I ain't ever seen anything prettier in my life than her setting on the doorstep! Why, she's the quickest, brightest, snappiest little lady in the whole of Dakota! No, no, Bob! Don't get your idees tangled! Me say anything against your wife? You're dreaming!"

"Oh!" says he, and puts on his coat.

"No, no!" I said, putting the hand of friendly advice on his shoulder. "What I'm talking about is this: once I owned a little sorrel mare. The slickest, fastest critter on prairie sod. I bought her





*Drawn by W. Herbert Dunton*

Engraved by Nelson Demarest

"I'VE REACHED THE POINT WHERE I'D RATHER FIGHT THAN TALK"



cheap, because the folks that raised her wasn't fit to own her. They didn't understand her, and so she wasn't any use to anybody. You could trace her any time by bits of spokes and buggy-wheels, rags and tags of harness, and odds and ends of skin wore off the would-be drivers as she dragged 'em through the mud. 'Twas a shame, the way the pretty thing was mishandled. I hadn't owned her a month, Bob, before she'd come to my whistle like a dog. I never had to touch whip nor rein to her. She had intelligence, as well as fire, and once she understood who was really running things, 'twould make you cry to see how hard she tried to please. If I told her to stand, there she'd stand, her legs a-tremble, snorting a bit and tossing her head, but there she'd stand, Bob, though hell blew its lid off. Most of the time she had more sense than me, at that. And when I was loaded, she took care of the game—brought me home safe and sound, no matter the road I traveled. All in the world she asked of me was to be her lord and master—that's what she wanted from the time she was foaled: something to look up to, as any high-spirited person does—and that's a thing any gentleman ought to be willing to do for a lady."

"What's that?" says Bob. "I catch your parable, all right, but say it again."

"I say this: When it's plain that a woman is just craving and hungering for a man to be the boss, he ain't half a man 'less he lays all else to the side and makes her dream come true. He owes it to her."

"Um-m-m," says Bob. "If you had to listen to the string of talk I get, you'd gas a lot about a lady wanting a lord and master! Jeehosaphat! All I hear is what a bully I am; how I don't want nothing but my own way; how what I'd like is to make a perfect slave of a woman; the one thing I enjoy is to jump in the air and land on 'em with both feet."

"Why, Bob," says I, "how simple you are!" and I drags in a double lungful of smoke, while Bob gazes at me surprised.

"Meaning how?" says Bob.

"Like this," says I. "What's mosquitoes for, Bob?"

"I'll be damned if I know," says he; "nor you, neither."

"Oh yes, I do!" I says. "That's easy. Mosquitoes live in swamps. Man's so lazy he'd never clean up a swamp in a million years if he wa'n't prodded to it. 'Long comes Mister Mosquito and gives him a jab. 'Go and dig, you lazy brute!' says he—'Jabbitty, jibbity, jab! Dig, you son-of-a-mule, dig!' So the man, being tormented to it, digs."

"Hum!" says Waters. "I wind your smoke!"

"Surest thing you know!" says I. "Susie can't say, 'Come, boss me around,' can she? So she's got to torment you into it."

Bob scratched his head. "You got a mighty persuasive way of putting it," says he. "I kinder wonder if you ain't right."

"Sure!" says I. "The little girl and the mosquito are doing the same thing—prodding you into acting the man."

He grinned. "That story *could* have been told me so's I'd want to fight. You're the darnest old red-headed son-of-a-gun to have your own way I ever know. I'll think about this a bit," says he. "I sure will. But I always reckoned before that mosquitoes and other varmints and these here wimmen's tricks was the devil's work. You twist them 'tother side to—how comes that?"

"Well, God Almighty and the devil are running the whole show between 'em, ain't they?"

"Sure!"

"Then everything they *both* do is all right or the works would blow up. How could you have the two bosses queering each other and get any kind o' result?" Studying this took his mind off his troubles.

Now was my time. "Discipline, my boy!" I said. "Get the best of her! Put it all over her, nice and kind, and firm and final."

He stared at me. Says he: "I thought you were really going to say something, instead of singing yourself lullabys. Why don't you teach people to fly? It's very simple. All you got to do is to draw your hind legs up and keep 'em there!"

I grabbed hold of him. "Listen!" says I. "You've heard about truth lying at the bottom of a well, ain't you?"





THE OTHER WOMEN COME AND TRIED TO ARGUE AND BROWBEAT HIM

"Yes," says he, "I have. What of it?"

"What else do you find in the bottom of a well?"

"Water," says he.

I gave him a gentle punch in the ribs.

"You can make it plural," I said.

"*Waters*—Susie Waters, at that. A prospect hole's a good deal like a well, ain't it? And nobody could come to any great harm at the bottom of a prospect hole, could they? Yet they might be good and glad to get out of it if the party that put 'em there was deter-

mined, hey? Now, don't you ever say I interfered in any way, shape, manner, custom, nor habit with your family affairs, but put my little remarks between your wisdom teeth and chew on 'em."

You could see him think. He was an honest sort of Jimmy, and, like most good-natured people, you'd have to pry him loose with a crowbar once he got sot. "I get you!" says he, slow. "I savvy the burro, and I'll go you once if it busts me. I don't know whether I'm



much obliged or not at this stage of the game, but I'll say thank you, on an off chance."

He grabbed up his tools and passed on.

Well, the next day I happened accidental, more or less, by the Waters' shack. There was Bob in the act of lowering something down the prospect hole. I come up on my tippy-toes. He hollers down the hole.

"There's your breakfast, dear," says he. "I ain't much on making coffee, and flapjacks is my limit in the pastry line—hope you like it; it's good and hot."

And there come a yell from the bottom of that hole, and a sound of rending coffee-pots and smashing flapjacks.

"You take your old stuff back," yells Susie. "Oh, wait till I get out of here!"

"Sure—I'm waiting," says Bob. "I'm about all there is in the waiting line. Soon's you tell me you're going to be a good little girl, up you come. But not before. No."

Then there was much talk from below.

"No," answers Bob; "there ain't a thing to hurt you. If it rains, you can crawl back in the tunnel. I'll bring you water and grub regular. If you don't want to eat, that's your funeral. I'm slow on the cook, and that's a fact. I miss you terrible. Gee! it's lonesome, smoking all by myself nights."

I learned something, waiting around the top of that prospect hole for the next two days. I couldn't have believed there was so many possible arguments, and so many different ways of swearless cussing. She sure was game! I almost begun to believe Bob would have to weaken, but when I spoke of it he said he'd fight it out on that line if it took ten years. The other women come and tried to argue and browbeat him. He never lost a particle of his temper. 'Twould remind you of little birds assaulting a grizzly bear. They wore themselves out. But they kind of got mad, too, when they made nice pies for Susie and she smashed 'em, out of temper.

Well, the morning of the third day she ate her breakfast. Bob apologized for it, and she said it *tasted* first rate, but that he didn't love her any more. He

said he did. There was lots of talk about that.

Finally Bob dropped easy ways and told her blunt she had to stop her foolishness and say she was going to be a good little girl. And then all the quibbling and evading and dodging and squirming and hedging I ever heard was beaten out of sight. She said she didn't know what he meant; she *had* been good—besides, if she said so, how *could* she keep her promise? And how did she know what *he* meant by being good? And what *was* being good, anyhow? And if you *were* good how could you tell it? And so forth and more forth.

"Listen!" said Bob. "All *you* got to do is say you're going to be a good little girl! *I'll* chance your knowing the details—just say them words, and up you come. Don't say 'em, and down you stay."

More talk from the bottom.

"Say, 'I'll be a good little girl,'" says Bob. She talks at him. "Say you'll be a good little girl!"

Talk.

Same old thing, same old thing, same old thing, till I got dizzy.

Finally, seeing nothing was going forward: "All right," says he. "I reckon I'll sasshay along."

"Oo-o-o-oh! Bob!"

"Well?" says Bob, going back.

"You don't give me any time to *think*," says she. "I was just trying to figure—"

"Good-by!" says Bob.

"Bob!"

No answer.

"Bob!"

No answer.

"Bob! *I'll be a good little girl!*"

"Ah!" says Bob. "Now you're shouting!"

There's where I hot-footed it out of that. That afternoon, old Grandpaw and Grammaw beaver returned to the creek. He hit his old shovel-tail on the water and made out to be scared to death, but Grammaw took the cracker out of my hand as usual. Later I heard three yells of greeting from the cliff-side. Our mountain-lion friend was home. Of course the rampike went down for ever: you can't get everything back in the same spot again. But peace had settled once more on Castleton.



# The Price of Love

A NOVEL

BY ARNOLD BENNETT

## CHAPTER V

### NEWS OF THE NIGHT



THE next morning, Mrs. Tams, the charwoman whom Rachel had expressly included in the dogma that all charwomen are alike, was cleaning the entrance-way to Mrs. Maldon's house. She had washed and stoned the steep, uneven flight of steps leading up to the front door, and the flat space between them and the gate; and now, before finishing the step down to the footpath, she was wiping the grimy ledges of the green iron gate itself.

Mrs. Tams was a woman of nearly sixty, stout and—in appearance—untidy and dirty. The wet wind played with gray wisps of her hair, and with her coarse brown apron, beneath which her skirt was pinned up. Human eye so seldom saw her without a coarse brown apron that, apronless, she would have almost seemed (like Eve) to be untired. It, and a pail, were the insignia of her vocation.

She was accomplished and conscientious; she could be trusted; despite appearances, her habits were cleanly. She was also a woman of immense experience. In addition to being one of the finest exponents of the art of step-stoning and general rough housework that the Five Towns could show, she had numerous other talents. She was thoroughly accustomed to the supreme spectacles of birth and death, and could assist thereat with dignity and skill. She could turn away the wrath of rent-collectors, rate-collectors, school-inspectors, and magistrates. She was an adept in enticing an inebriated husband to leave a public-house. She could feed four children for

a day on sevenpence, and rise calmly to her feet after having been knocked down by one stroke of a fist. She could go without food, sleep, and love, and yet thrive. She could give when she had nothing, and keep her heart sweet amid every contagion. Lastly, she could coax extra sixpences out of a pawnbroker. She had never had a holiday, and almost never failed in her duty. Her one social fault was a tendency to talk at great length about babies, corpses, and the qualities of rival soaps. All her children were married. Her husband had gone in a box to a justice whose anger Mrs. Tams's simple tongue might not soothe. She lived alone. Six half-days a week she worked about the house of Mrs. Maldon from eight to one o'clock, for a shilling per half-day and her breakfast. But if she chose to stay for it she could have dinner—and a good one—on condition that she washed up afterward. She often stayed. After over forty years of incessant and manifold expert labor she was happy and content in this rich reward.

A long automobile came slipping with noiseless stealth down the hill, and halted opposite the gate, in silence, for the engine had been stopped higher up. Mrs. Tams, intimidated by the august phenomenon, ceased to rub, and in alarm watched the great Thomas Batchgrew struggle unsuccessfully with the handle of the door that imprisoned him. Mrs. Tams was a born serf, and her nature was such that she wanted to apologize to Thomas Batchgrew for the naughtiness of the door. For her there was something monstrous in a personage like Thomas Batchgrew being balked in a desire, even for a moment, by a perverse door-catch. Not that she really respected Thomas Batchgrew! She did not, but he was a member of the sacred



governing class. The chauffeur—not John's Ernest, but a professional—flashed round the front of the car and opened the door with obsequious haste. For Thomas Batchgrew had to be appeased. Already a delay of twenty minutes—due to a defective tire and to the inexcusable absence of the spanner with which the spare wheel was manipulated—had aroused his just anger.

Mrs. Tams pulled the gate toward herself and, crushed behind it, courtesied to Thomas Batchgrew. This courtesy, the most servile of all Western salutations, and now nearly unknown in the Five Towns, consisted in a momentary shortening of the stature by six inches, and in nothing else. Mrs. Tams had acquired it in her native village of Sneyd, where an earl held fast to that which was good, and she had never been able quite to lose it. It did far more than the celerity of the chauffeur to appease Thomas Batchgrew.

Snorting and self-conscious, and with his white whiskers flying behind him, he stepped in his two overcoats across the narrow, muddy pavement and on to Mrs. Tams's virgin stonework, and with two haughty black footmarks he instantly ruined it. The tragedy produced no effect on Mrs. Tams. And indeed nobody in the Five Towns would have been moved by it. For the social convention as to porticos enjoined not that they should remain clean, but simply that they should show evidence of having been clean at some moment early in each day. It mattered not how dirty they were in general, provided that the religious and futile rite of stoning had been demonstrably performed during the morning.

Mrs. Tams adroitly moved her bucket aside, though there was plenty of room for feet even larger than those of Thomas Batchgrew, and then waited to be spoken to. She was not spoken to. Mr. Batchgrew, after hesitating and clearing his throat, proceeded up the steps, defiling them. As he did so Mrs. Tams screwed together all her features and clenched her hands as if in agony, and stared horribly at the open front door, which was blowing to. It seemed that she was trying to arrest the front door by sheer force of muscular contraction. She did

not succeed. Gently the door closed, with a firm click of its latch, in face of Mr. Batchgrew.

"Nay, nay!" muttered Mrs. Tams, desolated.

And Mr. Batchgrew, once more justly angered, raised his hand to the heavy knocker.

"Dunna' knock, mester! Dunna' knock!" Mrs. Tams implored in a whisper. "Missis is asleep. Miss Rachel's been up aw night wi' her, seemingly, and now her's gone off in a doze like, and Miss Rachel's resting, too, on th' squab i' th' parlor. Doctor was fetched."

Apparently charging Mrs. Tams with responsibility for the illness, Mr. Batchgrew demanded, severely:

"What was it?"

"One o' them attacks as her has," said Mrs. Tams with a meekness that admitted she could offer no defense, "only wuss!"

"Hurry round to th' back door and let me in."

"I doubt back door's bolted on th' inside," said Mrs. Tams with deep humility.

"This is ridiculous," said Mr. Batchgrew, truly. "Am I to stand here all day?" And raised his hand to the knocker.

Mrs. Tams with swiftness darted up the steps and inserted a large, fat, wet hand between the raised knocker and its bed. It was the sublime gesture of a martyr, and her large brown eyes gazed submissively, yet firmly, at Mr. Batchgrew with the look of a martyr. She had nothing to gain by the defiance of a great man, but she could not permit her honored employer to be wakened. She was accustomed to emergencies, and to desperate deeds therein, and she did not fail now in promptly taking the right course, regardless of consequences. Somewhat younger than Mr. Batchgrew in years, she was older in experience and in wisdom. She could do a thousand things well; Mr. Batchgrew could do nothing well. At that very moment she conquered, and he was beaten. Yet her brown eyes and even the sturdy uplifted arm cringed to him, and asked in abasement to be forgiven for the impiety committed. From her other hand a cloth dripped foul water onto the topmost step.



And then the door yielded. Thomas Batchgrew and Mrs. Tams both abandoned the knocker. Rachel, pale as a lily, stern, with dilated eyes, stood before them. And Mr. Batchgrew realized, as he looked at her against the dark hushed background of the stairs, that Mrs. Maldon was indeed ill. Mrs. Tams respectfully retired down the steps. A mightier than she, the young, naïve, ignorant girl, to whom she could have taught everything save possibly the art of washing cutlery, had relieved her of responsibility.

"You can't see her," said Rachel in a low tone, trembling.

"But—but—" Thomas Batchgrew spluttered, ineffectively. "D'you know I'm her trustee, miss? Let me come in."

Rachel would not take her hand off the inner knob.

There was the thin, far-off sound of an electric bell, breaking the silence of the house. It was the bell in Rachel's bedroom, rung from Mrs. Maldon's bedroom. And at this mysterious signal from the invalid, this faint proof that the hidden sufferer had consciousness and volition, Rachel started and Thomas Batchgrew started.

"Her bell!" Rachel exclaimed, and fled up-stairs.

In the large bedroom Mrs. Maldon lay apparently at ease.

"Did they waken you?" cried Rachel, distressed.

"Who is there, dear?" Mrs. Maldon asked, in a voice that had almost recovered from the weakness of the night. Rachel was astounded.

"Mr. Batchgrew."

"I must see him," said the old lady.

"But—"

"I must see him at once," Mrs. Maldon repeated. "At once. Kindly bring him up." And she added, in a curiously even and resigned tone, "I've lost all that money!"

"Nay," said Mrs. Maldon to Thomas Batchgrew, "I'm not going to die just yet."

Her voice was cheerful, even a little brisk, and she spoke with a benign smile in the tranquil accents of absolute conviction. But she did not move her head; she waited to look at Thomas Batch-

grew until he came within her field of vision at the foot of the bed. This quiescence had a disconcerting effect, contradicting her voice.

She was lying on her back, in the posture customary to her, the arms being stretched down by the sides under the bed-quilt. Her features were drawn slightly askew; the skin was shiny; the eyes stared as though Mrs. Maldon had been a hysterical subject. It was evident that she had passed through a tremendous physical crisis. Nevertheless, Rachel was still astounded at the change for the better in her, wrought by sleep and the force of her obstinate vitality.

The contrast between the scene which Thomas Batchgrew now saw and the scene which had met Rachel in the night was so violent as to seem nearly incredible. Not a sign of the catastrophe remained, except in Mrs. Maldon's face, and in some invalid gear on the dressing-table, for Rachel had gradually got the room into order. She had even closed and locked the wardrobe.

On answering Mrs. Maldon's summons in the night, Rachel had found the central door of the wardrobe swinging and the sacred big drawer at the bottom of that division only half shut, and Mrs. Maldon in a peignoir lying near it on the floor, making queer inhuman noises, not moans, but a kind of anxious inarticulate entreaty, and shaking her head constantly to the left—never to the right. Mrs. Maldon had recognized Rachel, and had seemed to implore with agonized intensity her powerful assistance in some nameless and hopeless tragic dilemma. The sight—especially of the destruction of the old woman's dignity—was dreadful to such an extent that Rachel did not realize its effect on herself until several hours afterward. At the moment she called on the immense reserves of her self-confidence to meet the situation—and she met it, assisting her pride with the curious pretense, characteristic of the Five Towns' race, that the emergency was insufficient to alarm in the slightest degree a person of sagacity and sang-froid.

She had restored Mrs. Maldon to her bed and to some of her dignity. But the horrid symptoms were not thereby



abated. The inhuman noises and the distressing, incomprehensible appeal had continued. Immediately Rachel's back was turned Mrs. Maldon had fallen out of bed. This happened three times, so that clearly the sufferer was falling out of bed under the urgency of some half-conscious purpose. Rachel had soothed her. And once she had managed to say with some clearness the words, "I've been down-stairs." But when Rachel went back to the room from despatching Louis for the doctor, she was again on the floor. Louis' absence from the house had lasted an intolerable age, but the doctor had followed closely on the messenger, and already the symptoms had become a little less acute. The doctor had diagnosed with rapidity. Supervening upon her ordinary cardiac attack after supper, Mrs. Maldon had had, in the night, an embolus in one artery of the brain. The way in which the doctor announced the fact showed to Rachel that nothing could easily have been more serious. And yet the mere naming of the affliction eased her, although she had no conception of what an embolus might be. Dr. Yardley had remained until four o'clock, when Mrs. Maldon, surprisingly convalescent, dropped off to sleep. He remarked that she might recover.

At eight o'clock he had come back. Mrs. Maldon was awake, but had apparently no proper recollection of the events of the night, which even to Rachel had begun to seem unreal, like a waning hallucination. The doctor gave orders, with optimism, and left, sufficiently reassured to allow himself to yawn. At a quarter past eight Louis had departed to his own affairs, on Rachel's direct suggestion. And when Mrs. Tams had been informed of the case so full of disturbing enigmas, while Rachel and she drank tea together in the kitchen, the daily domestic movement of the house was partly resumed, from vanity, because Rachel could not bear to sit idle nor to admit to herself that she had been scared to a standstill.

And now Mrs. Maldon, in full possession of her faculties, faced Thomas Batchgrew for the interview which she had insisted on having. And Rachel waited with an uncanny apprehension,

her ears full of the mysterious and frightful phrase, "I've lost all that money."

Mrs. Maldon, after a few words had passed as to her illness, used exactly the same phrase again:

"I've lost all that money!"

Mr. Batchgrew snorted, and glanced at Rachel for an explanation.

"Yes. It's all gone," proceeded Mrs. Maldon with calm resignation. "But I'm too old to worry. Please listen to me. We lost my serviette and ring last evening at supper. Couldn't find it anywhere. And in the night it suddenly occurred to me where it was. I've remembered everything now, almost, and I'm quite sure. You know you first told me to put the money in my wardrobe. Now before you said that, I had thought of putting it on the top of the cupboard to the right of the fireplace in the back room down-stairs. I thought that would be a good place for it in case burglars *did* come. No burglar would ever think of looking there."

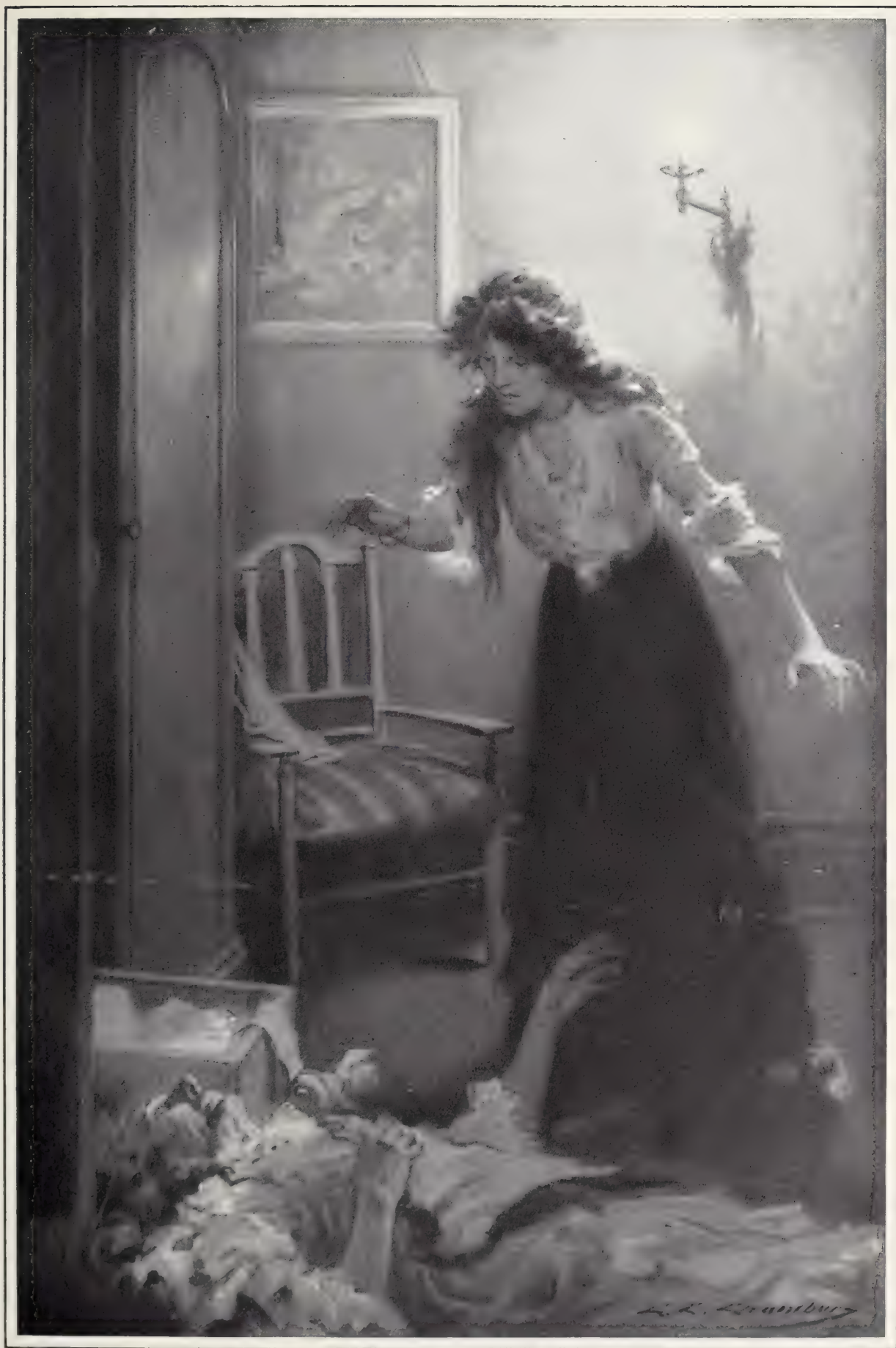
"God bless me!" Mr. Batchgrew muttered, scornfully protesting.

"It couldn't possibly be seen, you see. However, I thought I ought to respect your wish, and so I decided I'd put part of it on the top of the cupboard, and part of it underneath a lot of linen at the bottom of the drawer in my wardrobe. That would satisfy both of us."

"Would it!" exclaimed Mr. Batchgrew, in his heavy, rolling voice.

"Well, I must have picked up the serviette and ring with the bank-notes, you see. I fear I'm absent-minded like that sometimes. I know I went out of the sitting-room with both hands full. I know both hands were occupied, because I remember when I went into the back room I didn't turn the gas up, and I pushed a chair up to the cupboard with my knee for me to stand on. I'm certain I put some of the notes on the top of the cupboard. Then I came up-stairs. The window on the landing was rattling, and I put the other part of the money on the chair while I tried to fasten the window. However, I couldn't fasten it. So I left it. And then I thought I picked up the money again off the chair and came in here and hid it at the bottom of the drawer and locked the wardrobe."





*Drawn by C. E. Chambers*

SHE SEEMED TO IMPLORE HER ASSISTANCE IN SOME NAMELESS, TRAGIC DILEMMA







"Ye thought!" said Thomas Batchgrew, gazing at the aged weakling as at an insane criminal. "Was this just after I left?"

Mrs. Maldon nodded, apologetically.

"When I woke up the first time in the night, it struck me like a flash: Had I taken the serviette and ring up with the notes? I *am* liable to do that sort of thing. I'm an old woman—it's no use denying it." She looked plaintively at Rachel, and her voice trembled. "I got up. I was bound to get up, and I turned the gas on, and there the serviette and ring were at the bottom of the drawer, but no money! I took everything out of the drawer, piece by piece, and put it back again. I simply cannot tell you how I felt! I went out to the landing with a match. There was no money there. And then I went down-stairs in the dark. I never knew it to be so dark, in spite of the street-lamp. I knocked against the clock. I nearly knocked it over. I managed to light the gas in the back room. I made sure that I must have left *all* the notes on the top of the cupboard instead of only part of them. But there was nothing there at all. Nothing! Then I looked all over the sitting-room floor with a candle. When I got up-stairs again I didn't know what I was doing. I knew I was going to be ill, and I just managed to ring the bell for dear Rachel, and the next thing I remember was, I was in bed here, and Rachel putting something hot to my feet—the dear child!"

Her eyes glistened with tears. And Rachel too, as she pictured the enfeebled and despairing incarnation of dignity colliding with grandfather's clock in the night and climbing on chairs and groping over carpets, had difficulty not to cry, and a lump rose in her throat. She was so moved by compassion that she did not at first feel the full shock of the awful disappearance of the money.

Mr. Batchgrew, for the second time that morning unequal to a situation, turned foolishly to the wardrobe, clearing his throat and snorting.

"It's on one of the sliding trays," said Mrs. Maldon.

"What's on one of the sliding trays?"

"The serviette."

Rachel, who was nearest, opened the

wardrobe and immediately discovered the missing serviette and ring, which had the appearance of a direct dramatic proof of Mrs. Maldon's story.

Mr. Batchgrew exclaimed, indignant:

"I never heard such a rigmarole in all my born days." And then, angrily to Rachel, "Go down and look on th' top o' th' cupboard, thee!"

Rachel hesitated.

"I'm quite resigned," said Mrs. Maldon, placidly. "It's a punishment on me for hardening my heart to Julian last night. It's a punishment for my pride."

"Now, then!" Mr. Batchgrew glared bullishly at Rachel, who vanished.

In a few moments she returned.

"There's nothing at all on the top of the cupboard."

"But th' money must be somewhere," said Mr. Batchgrew, savagely. "Nine hundred and sixty-five pun. And I've arranged to lend out that money again, at once! What am I to say to th' mortgagor? Am I to tell him I've lost it? ... No! I never!"

Mrs. Maldon murmured:

"Nay, nay! It's no use looking at me. I thought I should never get over it in the night. But I'm quite resigned now."

Rachel, standing near the door, could observe both Mrs. Maldon and Thomas Batchgrew, and was regarded by neither of them. And while, in the convulsive commotion of her feelings, her sympathy for and admiration of Mrs. Maldon became poignant, she was thrilled by the most intense scorn and disgust for Thomas Batchgrew. The chief reason of her abhorrence was the old man's insensibility to the angelic submission, the touching fragility, the heavenly meekness and tranquillity of Mrs. Maldon as she lay there helpless, victimized by a paralytic affliction. (Rachel wanted to forget utterly the souvenir of Mrs. Maldon's paroxysm in the night, because it slurred the unmatched dignity of the aged creature.) Another reason was the mere fact that Mr. Batchgrew had insisted on leaving the money in the house. Who but Mr. Batchgrew would have had the notion of saddling poor old Mrs. Maldon with the custody of a vast sum of money? It was a shame; it was



positively cruel! Rachel was indignantly convinced that he alone ought to be made responsible for the money. And lastly, she loathed and condemned him for the reason that he was so obviously unequal to the situation. He could not handle it. He was found out. He was disproved. He did not know what to do. He could only mouth, strut, bully, and make rude noises. He could not even keep decently around him the cloak of his self-importance. He stood revealed to Mrs. Maldon and Rachel as he had sometimes stood revealed to his dead wife and to his elder children and to some of his confidential faithful employees. He was an offense in the delicacy of the bedroom. If the rancor of Rachel's judgment had been fierce enough to strike him to the floor, assuredly his years would not have saved him! And yet Mrs. Maldon gazed at him with submissive and apologetic gentleness! Foolish saint! Fancy *her* (thought Rachel) hardening her heart to Julian! Rachel longed to stiffen her with some backing of her own harsh common sense. And her affection for Mrs. Maldon grew passionate and half maternal.

Thomas Batchgrew was saying:

"It beats me how anybody in their senses could pick up a serviette and put it away for a pile o' bank-notes." He scowled. "However, I'll go and see Snow. I'll see what Snow says. I'll get him to come up with one of his best men—Dickson, perhaps."

"Thomas Batchgrew," cried Mrs. Maldon with sudden disturbing febrile excitement. "You'll do no such thing. I'll have no police prying into this affair. If you do that I shall just die right off."

And her manner grew so imperious that Mr. Batchgrew was intimidated.

"But—but—"

"I'd sooner lose all the money!" said Mrs. Maldon, almost wildly.

She blushed. And Rachel also felt herself to be blushing, and was not sure whether she knew why she was blushing. An atmosphere of constraint and shame seemed to permeate the room.

Mr. Batchgrew growled:

"The money must be in the house. The truth is, Elizabeth, ye don't know

no more than that bedpost where ye put it."

And Rachel agreed eagerly:

"Of course it *must* be in the house! I shall set to and turn everything out. Everything!"

"Ye'd better!" said Thomas Batchgrew.

"That will be the best thing, dear—perhaps," said Mrs. Maldon, indifferent, and now plainly fatigued.

Every one seemed determined to be convinced that the money was in the house, and to employ this conviction as a defense against horrible dim suspicions that had inexplicably emerged from the corners of the room and were creeping about like menaces.

"Where else should it be?" muttered Batchgrew, sarcastically, after a pause, as if to say: "Anybody who fancies the money isn't in the house is an utter fool."

Mrs. Maldon had closed her eyes.

There was a faint knock at the door. Rachel turned instinctively to prevent a possible intruder from entering and catching sight of those dim suspicions before they could be driven back into their dark corners. Then she remembered that she had asked Mrs. Tams to bring up some Revalenta Arabica food for Mrs. Maldon as soon as it should be ready. And she sedately opened the door. Mrs. Tams, with her usual serf-like diffidence, remained invisible, except for the hand holding forth the cup. But her soft voice, charged with sensational news, was heard:

"Mrs. Grocott's boy next door but one has just been round to th' back to tell me as there was a burglary down the lane last night."

As Rachel carried the food across to the bed, she could not help saying, though with feigned deference, to Mr. Batchgrew:

"You told us 'last night that there wouldn't *be* any more burglaries, Mr. Batchgrew."

The burning tightness round the top of her head, due to fatigue and lack of sleep, seemed somehow to brace her audacity, and to make her careless of consequences.

The trustee and celebrity, though momentarily confounded, was recovering himself now. He determined to crush



the pert creature whose glance had several times incommoded him. He said severely:

"What's a burglary down the Lane got to do with uz and this here money?"

"Us and the money!" Rachel repeated evenly. "Nothing, only when I came down-stairs in the night the greenhouse door was open." (The scullery was still often called the greenhouse.) "And I'd locked it myself!"

A troubling silence followed, broken by Mr. Batchgrew's uneasy grunts as he turned away to the window, and by the clink of the spoon as Rachel helped Mrs. Maldon to take the food.

At length Mr. Batchgrew asked, staring through the window:

"Did ye notice the dust on top o' that cupboard? Was it disturbed?"

Hesitating an instant, Rachel answered firmly, without turning her head:

"I did. . . . It was. . . . Of course."

Mrs. Maldon made no sign of interest.

Mr. Batchgrew's boots creaked to and fro in the room.

"And what's Julian got to say for himself?" he asked, not addressing either woman in particular.

"Julian wasn't here. He didn't stay the night. Louis stayed instead," answered Mrs. Maldon, faintly, without opening her eyes.

"What? What? What's this?"

"Tell him, dear, how it was," said Mrs. Maldon, still more faintly.

Rachel obeyed, in agitated, uneven tones.

## CHAPTER VI

### THEORIES OF THE THEFT

THE inspiring and agreeable image of Rachel floated above vast contending forces of ideas in the mind of Louis Fores as he bent over his petty-cash book amid the dust of the vile inner office at Horrocleave's; and their alteration was sharpened by the fact that Louis had not had enough sleep. He had had a great deal more sleep than Rachel, but he had not had what he was in the habit of calling "his whack" of it; although never in a hurry to go to bed, he appreciated as well as any doctor the importance of sleep in the economy of the human frame, and his weekly aver-

age of repose was high; he was an expert sleeper.

He thirsted after righteousness, and the petty-cash book was permeated through and through with unrighteousness; and it was his handiwork. Of course, under the unconscious influence of Rachel seen in her kitchen and seen also in various other striking aspects during the exciting night, he might have bravely exposed the iniquity of the petty-cash book to Jim Horrocleave, and cleared his conscience, and then gone and confessed to Rachel, and thus prepared the way for the inner peace and a new life. He would have suffered—there was indeed a possibility of very severe suffering—but he would have been a free man—yes, free even if in prison, and he would have followed the fine tradition of rectitude, extorting the respect and admiration of all true souls, etc. He had read authentic records of similar deeds. What stopped him from carrying out the programme of honesty was his powerful worldly common sense. Despite what he had read, and despite the inspiring image of Rachel, his common sense soon convinced him that confession would be an error of judgment and quite unremunerative for, at any rate, very many years. Hence he abandoned regretfully the notion of confessing as a beautifully impossible dream. But righteousness was not thereby entirely denied to him; his thirst for it could still be assuaged by the device of an oath to repay secretly to Horrocleave every penny that he had stolen from Horrocleave, which oath he took—and felt better and worthier of Rachel.

He might, perhaps, have inclined more effectually toward confession had not the petty-cash book appeared to him in the morning light as an admirably convincing piece of work. It had the most innocent air, and was markedly superior to his recollection of it. On many pages he himself could scarcely detect his own traces. He began to feel that he could rely pretty strongly on the cleverness of the petty-cash book. Only four blank pages remained in it. A few days more and it would be filled up, finished, labeled with a gummed white label showing its number and the dates of its first and last entries, shelved and forgotten.



A pity that Horrocleave's suspicions had not been delayed for another month or so, for then the book might have been mislaid, lost, or even consumed in a conflagration! But never mind! A certain amount of ill-luck fell to every man, and he would trust to his excellent handicraft in the petty-cash book. It was his only hope in the world, now that the mysterious and heavenly bank-notes were gone.

His attitude toward the bank-notes was, quite naturally, illogical and self-contradictory. While the bank-notes were in his pocket he had in the end seen three things with clearness. First, the wickedness of appropriating them. Second, the danger of appropriating them—having regard to the prevalent habit of keeping the numbers of bank-notes. Third, the wild madness of attempting to utilize them in order to replace the stolen petty-cash, for by no ingenuity could the presence of a hoard of over seventy pounds in the petty-cash box have been explained. He had perfectly grasped all that; and yet, the notes having vanished, he felt forlorn, alone, as one who has lost his best friend—a prop and firm succor in a universe of quicksands.

In the matter of the burning of the notes his conscience did not accuse him. On the contrary, he emerged blameless from the episode. It was not he who first had so carelessly left the notes lying about. He had not searched for them, he had not purloined them. They had been positively thrust upon him. His intention in assuming charge of them for a brief space was to teach some negligent person a lesson. During the evening fate had given him no opportunity to produce them. And when in the night, with honesty unimpeachable, he had decided to restore them to the landing, fate had intervened once more. At each step of the affair he had acted for the best in difficult circumstances. Persons so ill-advised as to drop bank-notes under chairs must accept all the consequences of their act. Who could have foreseen that while he was engaged on the philanthropic errand of fetching a doctor for an aged lady Rachel would light a fire under the notes? . . . No, not merely was he without sin in the

matter of the bank-notes, he was rather an ill-used person, a martyr deserving of sympathy. And further, he did not regret the notes; he was glad they were gone. They could no longer tempt him now, and their disappearance would remain a mystery forever. So far as they were concerned, he could look his aunt or anybody else in the face without a tremor. The mere destruction of the immense undetermined sum of money did not seriously ruffle him. As an ex-bank-clerk he was aware that though an individual would lose, the state, through the Bank of England, would correspondingly gain, and thus for the nonce he had the large sensations of a patriot.

Axon, the factotum of the counting-house, came in from the outer office with a mien composed of mirth and apprehension in about equal parts. If Axon happened to be the subject of a conversation and there was any uncertainty as to which Axon out of a thousand Axons he might be, the introducer of the subject would always say: "You know—sandy-haired fellow." This described him—hair, beard, mustache. Sandy-haired men have no age until they are fifty-five, and Axon was not fifty-five. He was a pigeon-flyer by choice, and a clerk in order that he might be a pigeon-flyer. His fault was that, with no moral right whatever to do so, he would treat Louis Fores as a business equal in the office and as a social equal in the street.

He sprang upon Louis now as one grinning valet might spring upon another, enormous with news, and whispered:

"I say, guv'nor's put his foot through them steps from painting-shop and sprained his ankle. Look out for ructions, eh? Thank the Lord it's a half-day!"

And then whipped back to his own room.

On any ordinary Saturday morning Louis by a fine frigidity would have tried to show to the obtuse Axon that he resented such demeanor toward himself on the part of an Axon, assuming as it did that the art-director of the works was one of the servile crew that scuttled about in terror if the ferocious Horrocleave happened to sneeze. But to-day the mere



sudden information that Horrocleave was on the works gave him an unpleasant start and seriously impaired his presence of mind. He had not been aware of Horrocleave's arrival. He had been expecting to hear Horrocleave's step and voice, and the rustle of him hanging up his mackintosh outside (Horrocleave always wore a mackintosh instead of an overcoat), and all the general introductory sounds of his advent, before he finally came into the inner room. But, now, for aught Louis knew, Horrocleave might already have been in the inner room before Louis. He was upset. The enemy was not attacking him in the proper and usual way.

And the next instant, ere he could collect and reorganize his forces, he was paralyzed by the footfall of Horrocleave, limping, and the bang of a door.

And Louis thought:

"He's in the outer office. He's only got to take his mackintosh off and then I shall see his head coming through this door, and perhaps he'll ask me for the petty-cash book right off."

But Horrocleave did not even pause to remove his mackintosh. In defiance of immemorial habit, being himself considerably excited and confused, he stalked straight in, half hopping, and sat down in his frowsy chair at his frowsy desk, with his cap at the back of his head. He was a spare man, of medium height, with a thin, shrewd face and a constant look of hard, fierce determination.

And there was Louis staring like a fool at the open page of the petty-cash book, incriminating himself every instant.

"Hello!" said Louis, without looking round. "What's up?"

"What's up?" Horrocleave scowled. "What d'ye mean?"

"I thought you were limping just the least bit in the world," said Louis, whose tact was instinctive and indestructible.

"Oh, *that!*" said Horrocleave, as though nothing was further from his mind than the peculiarity of his gait that morning. He bit his lip.

"Slipped over something?" Louis suggested.

"Ay!" said Horrocleave, somewhat less ominously, and began to open his letters.

Louis saw that he had done well to feign ignorance of the sprain and to assume that Horrocleave had slipped, whereas in fact Horrocleave had put his foot through a piece of rotten wood. Everybody in the works, upon pain of death, would have to pretend that the employer had merely slipped, and that the consequences were negligible. Horrocleave had already nearly eaten an old man alive for the sin of asking whether he had hurt himself!

And he had not hurt himself because two days previously he had ferociously stopped the odd-man of the works from wasting his time in mending just that identical stair, and had asserted that the stair was in excellent condition. Horrocleave, though Napoleonic by disposition, had a provincial mind, even a Five Towns mind. He regarded as sheer loss any expenditure on repairs or renewals or the processes of cleansing. His theory was that everything would "do" indefinitely. He passed much of his time in making things "do." His confidence in the theory that things could indeed be made to "do" was usually justified, but the steps from the painting-shop—a gimcrack ladder with hand-rail, attached somehow externally to a wall—had at length betrayed it. That the accident had happened to himself and not to a lad balancing a plankful of art-luster ware on one shoulder, was sheer luck. And now the odd-man, with the surreptitious air of one engaged in a nefarious act, was putting a new tread on the stairs. Thus devoutly are the Napoleonic served!

Horrocleave seemed to weary of his correspondence.

"By the by," he said in a strange tone, "let's have a look at that petty-cash book."

Louis rose, and with all his charm, with all the elegance of a man intended by nature for wealth and fashion instead of a slave on a foul pot-bank, gave up the book. It was like giving up hope to the last vestige, like giving up the ghost. He saw with horrible clearness that he had been deceiving himself, that Horrocleave's ruthless eye could not fail to discern at the first glance all his neat dodges, such as additions of ten to the shillings, and even to the pounds here



and there, and ingenious errors in carrying forward totals from the bottom of one page to the top of the next. He began to speculate whether Horrocleave would be content merely to fling him out of the office, or whether he would prosecute. Prosecution seemed much more in accordance with the Napoleonic temperament, and yet Louis could not, then, conceive himself the victim of a prosecution. . . . Anybody else, but not Louis Fores!

Horrocleave, his elbow on the table, leaned his head on his hand and began to examine the book. Suddenly he looked up at Louis, who could not move and could not cease from agreeably smiling.

Said Horrocleave in a still more peculiar tone:

"Just ask Axon whether he means to go fetch wages to-day or to-morrow. Has he forgotten it's Saturday morning?"

Louis shot away into the outer office, where Axon was just putting on his hat to go to the bank.

Alone in the outer office, Louis wondered. The whole of his vitality was absorbed in the single function of wondering. Then, through the thin slit of the half-open door between the top and the middle hinges, he beheld Horrocleave bending in judgment over the book. And he gazed at the vision in the fascination of horror. In a few moments Horrocleave leaned back, and Louis saw that his face had turned paler. It went almost white. Horrocleave was breathing strangely, his arms dropped downward, his body slipped to one side, his cap fell off, his eyes shut, his mouth opened, his head sank loosely over the back of the chair like the head of a corpse. He had fainted. The thought passed through Louis' mind that stupefaction at the complex unrighteousness of the petty-cash records had caused Horrocleave to lose consciousness. Then the true explanation occurred to him. It was the pain in his ankle that had overcome the heroic sufferer. Louis desired to go to his aid, but he could not budge from his post. Presently the color began slowly to return to Horrocleave's cheek; his eyes opened; he looked round sleepily and then wildly;

and then he rubbed his eyes and yawned. He remained quiescent for several minutes, while a railway lorry thundered through the archway and the hoofs of the great horse crunched on shawds in the yard. Then he called, in a subdued voice:

"Louis! Where the devil are ye?"

Louis re-entered the room, and as he did so Horrocleave shut the petty-cash book with an abrupt gesture.

"Here, take it!" said he, pushing the book away.

"Is it all right?" Louis asked.

Horrocleave nodded. "Well, I've checked about forty additions." And he smiled sardonically.

"I think you might do it a bit oftener," said Louis, and then went on: "I say, don't you think it might be a good thing if you took your boot off? You never know, when you've slipped, whether it won't swell—I mean the ankle."

"Bosh!" exclaimed Horrocleave, with precipitation, but after an instant added, thoughtfully: "Well, I dun'no'. Wouldn't do any harm, would it? I say—get me some water, will you? I don't know how it is, but I'm as thirsty as a dog."

The heroic martyr to the affirmation that he had not hurt himself had handsomely saved his honor. He could afford to relax a little now the rigor of consistency in conduct. With twinges and yawns he permitted Louis to help him with the boot and to put an art-luster cup to his lips.

Louis was in the highest spirits. He had seen the gates of the Inferno, and was now snatched up to Paradise. He knew that Horrocleave had never more than half suspected him, and that the terrible Horrocleave pride would prevent Horrocleave from asking for the book again. Henceforth, saved by a miracle, he could live in utter rectitude; he could respond freely to the inspiring influence of Rachel, and he would do so. He smiled at his previous fears, and was convinced, by no means for the first time, that a providence watched over him because of his good intentions and his nice disposition—that nothing really serious could ever occur to Louis Fores. He reflected happily that in a few days he would begin a new petty-cash book—



and he envisaged it as a symbol of his new life. The future smiled. He made sure that his aunt Maldon was dying, and though he liked her very much and would regret her demise, he could not be expected to be blind to the fact that a proportion of her riches would devolve on himself. Indeed, in unluckily causing a loss of money to his aunt Maldon he had in reality only been robbing himself. So that there was no need for any kind of remorse. When the works closed for the week-end, he walked almost serenely up to Bycars for news—news less of his aunt's condition than of the discovery that a certain roll of bank-notes had been mislaid.

The front door was open when Louis arrived at Mrs. Maldon's house, and he walked in. Anybody might have walked in. There was nothing unusual in this; it was not a sign that the mistress of the house was ill in bed and its guardianship therefore disorganized. The front doors of Bursley—even the most select—were constantly ajar and the fresh wind from off the pot-bank was constantly blowing through those exposed halls and up those staircases. For the demon of public inquisitiveness is understood in the Five Towns to be a nocturnal demon. The fear of it begins only at dusk. A woman who in the evening protects her parlor like her honor will, while the sun is above the horizon, show the sacred secrets of the kitchen itself to any one who chooses to stand on the front step.

Louis put his hat and stick on the oak chest, and with a careless, elegant gesture brushed back his dark hair. The door of the parlor was slightly ajar. He pushed it gently open, and peeped round it with a pleasant arch expression on the chance of there being some one within.

Rachel was lying on the Chesterfield. Her left cheek, resting on her left hand, was imbedded in the large cushion. A large coil of her tawny hair, displaced, had spread loosely over the dark green of the sofa. The left foot hung limp over the edge of the sofa; the jutting angle of the right knee divided sharply the drapery of her petticoat into two systems, and her right shoe with its steel buckle pressed against the yielding back of the Chesterfield. The right arm lay

lissome like a snake across her breast. All her muscles were lax, and every full curve of her body tended downward in response to the negligent pose. Her eyes were shut, her face flushed; and her chest heaved with the slow regularity of her deep, unconscious breathing.

Louis as he gazed was enchanted. This was not Miss Fleckring, the companion and household-help of Mrs. Maldon, but a nymph, a fay, the universal symbol of his highest desire. . . . He would have been happy to kiss the glinting steel buckle, so feminine, so provocative, so coy. The tight rounded line of the waist, every bend of the fingers, the fall of the eyelashes—all were exquisite and precious to him after the harsh, unsatisfying, desolating masculinity of Horrocleave's. This was the divine reward of Horrocleave's, the sole reason of Horrocleave's. Horrocleave's only existed in order that this might exist and be maintained amid cushions and the softness of calm and sequestered interiors, waiting forever in acquiescence for the arrival of manful doers from Horrocleave's. The magnificent pride of male youth animated Louis. He had not a care in the world. Even his long-unpaid tailor's bill was magically abolished. He was an embodiment of exulting hope and fine aspirations.

Rachel stirred, dimly aware of the invasion. And Louis, actuated by the most delicate regard for her sensitive modesty, vanished back for a moment into the hall, until she should have fitted herself for his beholding.

Mrs. Tams had come from somewhere into the hall. She was munching a square of bread and cold bacon, and she courtesied, exclaiming:

"It's never Mester Fores! That's twice her's been woke up this day!"

"Who's there?" Rachel called out, and her voice had the breaking, bewildered softness of a woman's in the dark, emerging from a dream.

"Sorry! Sorry!" said Louis, behind the door.

"It's all right," she reassured him.

He returned to the room. She was sitting upright on the sofa, her arms a little extended and the tips of her fingers touching the sofa. The coil of her hair had been arranged. The romance of



the exciting night still clung to her, for Louis; but what chiefly seduced him was the mingling in her mien of soft confusion and candid, sturdy honesty and dependableness. He felt that here was not only a ravishing charm, but a source of moral strength from which he could draw inexhaustibly that which he had a slight suspicion he lacked. He felt that here was joy and salvation united, and it seemed too good to be true. Strange that when she greeted him at the doorstep on the previous evening he had imagined that she was revealing herself to him for the first time; and again later, in the kitchen, he had imagined that she was revealing herself to him for the first time; and again still later, in the sudden crisis at his bedroom door, he had imagined that she was revealing herself to him for the first time! For now he perceived that he had never really seen her before; and he was astounded and awed.

"Auntie still on the up-grade?" he inquired, using all his own charm. He guessed, of course, that Mrs. Maldon must be still better, and he was very glad, although, if she recovered, it would be she and not himself that he had deprived of bank-notes.

"Oh yes, she's better," said Rachel, not moving from the sofa; "but have you heard what's happened?"

In spite of himself he trembled, awaiting the disclosure. "Now for the bank-notes!" he reflected, bracing his nerves. He shook his head.

She told him what had happened; she told him at length, quickening her speech as she proceeded. And for a few moments it was as if he were being engulfed by an enormous wave, and would drown. But the next instant he recollected that he was on dry land, safe, high beyond the reach of any catastrophe. His position was utterly secure. The past was past; the leaf was turned. He had but to forget, and he was confident of his ability to forget. The compartments of his mind were innumerable, and as separate as the dungeons of a medieval prison.

"Isn't it awful?" she murmured.

"Well, it is rather awful!"

"Nine hundred and sixty-five pounds! Fancy it!"

The wave approached him again as she

named the sum. Nevertheless, he never once outwardly blenched. As he had definitely put away unrighteousness, so his face showed no sign of guilt. Like many ingenuous-minded persons, he had in a high degree the faculty of appearing innocent—except when he really was innocent.

"If you ask me," said Rachel, "she never took any of the notes up-stairs at all. She left them all somewhere down-stairs, and only took the serviette up-stairs."

"Yes," he agreed, thoughtfully, wondering whether, on the other hand, Mrs. Maldon had not taken all the notes up-stairs, and left none of them down-stairs. Was it possible that in that small roll, in that crushed ball that he had dropped into the grate, there was nearly a thousand pounds—the equivalent of an income of a pound a week for ever and ever? . . . Never mind! The incident, so far as he was concerned, was closed. The dogma of his future life would be that the bank-notes had never existed.

"And I've looked *ev'-rywhere*!" Rachel insisted with strong emphasis.

Louis remarked, thoughtfully, as though a new aspect of the affair was presenting itself to him:

"It's really rather serious, you know!"

"I should just say it was—as much money as that!"

"I mean," said Louis, "for everybody. That is to say, Julian and me. We're involved."

"How can you be involved? You didn't even know it was in the house."

"No. But the old lady might have dropped it. I might have picked it up. Julian might have picked it up. Who's to prove—"

She cut in coldly:

"Please don't talk like that!"

He smiled with momentary constraint. He said to himself:

"It won't do to talk to this kind of girl like that. She won't stand it. . . . Why, she wouldn't even *dream* of suspicion falling on herself—wouldn't dream of it."

After a silence he began:

"Well—" and made a gesture to imply that the enigma baffled him.

"I give it up!" breathed Rachel, intimately. "I fairly give it up!"



"And of course that was the cause of her attack?" he said, suddenly, as if the idea had just occurred to him.

Rachel nodded: "Evidently."

"Well," said he, "I'll look in again during the afternoon. I must be getting along for my grub." He was hoping that he had not unintentionally brought about his aunt's death.

"Not had your dinner!" she cried. "Why! It's after half-past two!"

"Oh, well, you know . . . Saturday . . ."

"I shall get you a bit of dinner here," she said. "And then perhaps Mrs. Maldon will be waking up. Yes," she repeated, positively, "I shall get you a bit of dinner here, myself. Mrs. Maldon would not be at all pleased if I didn't."

"I'm frightfully hungry," he admitted.

And he was.

When she had left the parlor he perceived evidences here and there that she had been hunting up hill and down dale for the notes; and he went into the back room, with an earnest, examining air, as though he might find part of the missing hoard, after all, in some niche overlooked by Rachel. He would have preferred to think that Mrs. Maldon had not taken the whole of the money up-stairs, but reflection did much to convince him that she had. It was infinitely regrettable that he had not counted his treasure-trove under the chair.

The service of his meal, which had the charm of a picnic, was interrupted by the arrival of the doctor, whose report on the invalid, however, was so favorable that Louis could quite dismiss the possibly homicidal aspect of his dealings with the bank-notes. The shock of the complete disappearance of the vast sum had perhaps brought Mrs. Maldon to the brink of death, but she had edged safely away again, in accordance with her own calm prophecy that very morning. When the doctor had gone, and the patient was indulged in her desire to be left alone for sleep, Louis very slowly and luxuriously finished his repast, with Rachel sitting opposite to him, in Mrs. Maldon's place, at the dining-table. He lit a cigarette and, gracefully leaning his elbows on the table,

gazed at her through the beautiful gray smoke-veil, which was like the clouds of Paradise.

What thrilled Louis was the obvious fact that he fascinated her. She was transformed under his glance. How her eyes shone! How her cheek flushed and paled! What passionate vitality found vent in her little gestures! But in the midst of this transformation her honesty, her loyalty, her exquisite ingenuousness, her superb dependability remained. She was no light creature, no flirt nor seeker after dubious sensations. He felt that at last he was appreciated by one whose appreciation was tremendously worth having. He was confirmed in that private opinion of himself that no mistakes hitherto made in his career had been able to destroy. He felt happy and confident as never before. Luck, of course; but luck deserved! He could marry this unique creature and be idolized and cherished for the rest of his life. In an instant, from being a scorner of conjugal domesticity, he became a scorner of the bachelor's existence with its immeasurable secret ennui hidden beneath the jaunty cloak of a specious freedom—freedom to be bored, freedom to fret, and long and envy, freedom to eat ashes and masticate dust! He would marry her. Yes, he was saved, because he was loved. And he meant to be worthy of his regenerate destiny. All the best part of his character came to the surface and showed in his face. But he did not ask his heart whether he was or was not in love with Rachel. The point did not present itself. He certainly never doubted that he was seeing her with a quite normal vision.

Their talk went through and through the enormous topic of the night and day, arriving at no conclusion whatever, except that there was no conclusion—not even a theory of a conclusion. (And the Louis who now discussed the case was an innocent reborn Louis, quite unconnected with the Louis of the previous evening; he knew no more of the inwardness of the affair than Rachel did. Of such singular feats of doubling the personality is the self-deceiving mind capable.) After a time it became implicit in the tone of their conversation that the mysterious disappearance in a



small, ordinary house of even so colossal a sum as nine hundred and sixty-five pounds did not mean the end of the world. That is to say, they grew accustomed to the situation. Louis indeed permitted himself to suggest, as a man of the large, still-existing world, that Rachel should guard against overestimating the importance of the sum. True, as he had several times reflected, it did represent an income of about a pound a week! But, after all, what was a pound a week, viewed in a proper perspective? . . .

Louis somehow glided from the enormous topic to the topic of the newest cinema—Rachel had never seen a cinema, except a very primitive one, years earlier—and old Batchgrew was mentioned, he being notoriously a cinema magnate. "I cannot stand that man," said Rachel, with a candor that showed to what intimacy their talk had developed. Louis was delighted by the explosion, and they both fell violently upon Thomas Batchgrew and found intense pleasure in destroying him. And Louis was saying to himself, enthusiastically: "How well she understands human nature!"

So that when old Batchgrew, without any warning or preliminary sound, stalked pompously into the room, their young confusion was excessive. They felt themselves suddenly in the presence of not merely a personal adversary, but of an enemy of youth and of love and of joy—of a being mysterious and malevolent who neither would nor could comprehend them. And they were at once resentful and intimidated.

During the morning Councilor Batchgrew had provided himself—doubtless by purchase, since he had not been home—with a dandiacal spotted white waistcoat in honor of the warm and sunny weather. This waistcoat by its sprightly unsuitability to his aged uncouthness, somehow intensified the sinister quality of his appearance.

"Found it?" he demanded, tersely.

Rachel, strangely at a loss, hesitated and glanced at Louis as if for succor.

"No, I haven't, Mr. Batchgrew," she said. "I haven't, I'm sure. And I've turned over every possible thing likely or unlikely."

Mr. Batchgrew growled:

"From th' look of ye I made sure that th' money had turned up all right—ye were that comfortable and cozy! Who'd guess as nigh on a thousand pound's missing out of this house since last night?"

The heavy voice rolled over them brutally. Louis attempted to withstand Mr. Batchgrew's glare, but failed. He was sure of the absolute impregnability of his own position; but the clear memory of at least one humiliating and disastrous interview with Thomas Batchgrew in the past robbed Louis' eye of its composure. The circumstances under which he had left the councilor's employ some years ago were historic and unforgettable.

"I came in back way instead of front way," said Thomas Batchgrew, "because I thought I'd have a look at that scullery door. Kitchen's empty."

"What about the scullery door?" Louis lightly demanded.

Rachel murmured:

"I forgot to tell you; it was open when I came down in the middle of the night." And then she added: "Wide open."

"Upon my soul!" said Louis, slowly, with marked constraint. "I really forget whether I looked at that door before I went to bed. I know I looked at all the others."

"I'd looked at it, anyway," said Rachel, defiantly, gazing at the table.

"And when you found it open, miss," pursued Thomas Batchgrew, "what did ye do?"

"I shut it and locked it."

"Where was the key?"

"In the door."

"Lock in order?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, how could it have been opened from the outside? There isn't a mark on the door, outside or in."

"As far as that goes, Mr. Batchgrew," said Rachel, "only last week the key fell out of the lock on the inside and slid down the brick floor to the outside—you know there's a slope. And I had to go out of the house by the front, and the lamplighter climbed over the back gate for me and let me into the yard so that I could get the key again. That



might have happened last night. Some one might have shaken the key out, and pulled it under the door with a bit of wire or something."

"That won't do," Thomas Batchgrew stopped her. "You said the key was in the door on the inside."

"Well, when they'd once opened the door from the outside, couldn't they have put the key on the inside again?"

"They? Who?"

"Burglars."

Thomas Batchgrew repeated sarcastically:

"Burglars! Burglars!" and snorted.

"Well, Mr. Batchgrew, either burglars must have been at work," said Louis, who was fascinated by Rachel's surprising news and equally surprising theory—"either burglars must have been at work," he repeated impressively, "or—the money is still in the house. That's evident."

"Is it?" snarled Batchgrew. "Look here, miss, and you, young Fores, I didn't make much o' this this morning, because I thought th' money 'u'd happen be found. But seeing as it isn't, and *as* we're talking about it, what time was the rumpus last night?"

"What time?" Rachel muttered. "What time was it, Mr. Fores?"

"I dun'no'," said Louis. "Perhaps the doctor would know."

"Oh!" said Rachel, "Mrs. Tams said the hall clock had stopped; that must have been when Mrs. Maldon knocked up against it."

She went to the parlor door and opened it, displaying the hall clock, which showed twenty-five minutes past twelve. Louis had crept up behind Mr. Batchgrew, who in his inapposite white waistcoat stood between the two lovers, stertorous with vague anathema.

"So that was the time," said he. "And th' burglars must ha' been and gone afore that. A likely thing burglars coming at twelve o'clock at night, isn't it? And I'll tell ye summat else. Them burglars was copped last night at Knype at eleven o'clock when th' pubs closed, if ye want to know—the whole gang of three on 'em."

"Then what about that burglary last night down the lane?" Rachel asked, sharply.

"Oh!" exclaimed Louis. "Was there a burglary down the lane last night? I didn't know that."

"No, there wasn't," said Batchgrew, ruthlessly. "That burglary was a practical joke, and it's all over the town. Denry Machin had a hand in that affair, and by now I dare say he wishes he hadn't."

"Still, Mr. Batchgrew," Louis argued, superiorly, with the philosophic impartiality of a man well accustomed to the calm unraveling of crime, "there may be other burglars in the land beside just those three." He would not willingly allow the theory of burglars to crumble. Its attractiveness increased every moment.

"There may and there mayn't, young Fores," said Thomas Batchgrew. "Did *you* hear anything of 'em?"

"No, I didn't," Louis replied, restively.

"And yet you ought to have been listening out for 'em."

"Why ought I to have been listening out for them?"

"Knowing there was all that money in th' house."

"Mr. Fores didn't know," said Rachel.

Louis felt himself unjustly smirched.

"It's scarcely an hour ago," said he, "that I heard about this money for the first time." And he felt as innocent and aggrieved as he looked.

Mr. Batchgrew smacked his lips loudly.

"Then," he announced, "I'm going down to th' police-station, to put it i' Snow's hands."

Rachel straightened herself.

"But surely not without telling Mrs. Maldon?"

Mr. Batchgrew fingered his immense whiskers.

"Is she better?" he inquired, threateningly. This was his first sign of interest in Mrs. Maldon's condition.

"Oh yes; much. She's going on very well. The doctor's just been."

"Is she asleep?"

"She's resting. She may be asleep."

"Did ye tell her ye hadn't found her money?"

"Yes."

"What did she say?"

"She didn't say anything."

"It might be municipal money, for all



she seems to care!" remarked Thomas Batchgrew, with a short, bitter grin. "Well, I'll be moving to th' police-station. I've never come across aught like this before, and I'm going to get to the bottom of it."

Rachel slipped out of the door into the hall.

"Please wait a moment, Mr. Batchgrew," she whispered, timidly.

"What for?"

"Till I've told Mrs. Maldon."

"But if her's asleep?"

"I must waken her. I couldn't think of letting you go to the police-station without letting her know—after what she said this morning."

Rachel waited. Mr. Batchgrew glanced aside.

"Here! Come here!" said Mr. Batchgrew in a different tone. The fact was that, put to the proof, he dared not, for all his autocratic habit, openly disobey the injunction of the benignant, indifferent, helpless Mrs. Maldon. "Come here!" he repeated, coarsely. Rachel obeyed, shamefaced despite herself. Batchgrew shut the door. "Now," he said, grimly, "what's your secret? Out with it. I know you and her's got a secret. What is it?"

Rachel sat down on the sofa, hid her face in her hands, and startled both men by a sob. She wept with violence. And then through her tears, and half looking up, she cried out passionately: "It's all your fault. Why did you leave the money in the house at all? You know you'd no right to do it, Mr. Batchgrew!"

The councilor was shaken out of his dignity by the incredible impudence of this indictment from a chit like Rachel. Similar experiences, however, had happened to him before; for, though as a rule people most curiously conspired with him to keep up the fiction that he was sacred, at rare intervals somebody's self-control would break down, and bitter inconvenient home truths would resound in the ear of Thomas Batchgrew. But he would recover himself in a few moments, and usually some diversion would occur to save him—he was nearly always lucky. A diversion occurred now, of the least expected kind. The cajoling tones of Mrs. Tams were heard on the staircase.

"Nay, mam! Nay, mam! This 'll never do. Must I go on my bended knees to ye?"

And then the firm but soft voice of Mrs. Maldon:

"I must speak to Mr. Batchgrew. I must have Mr. Batchgrew here at once. Didn't you hear me call and call to you?"

"That I didn't, mam! I was beating the feather bed in the back bedroom. Nay, not a step lower do you go, mam, not if I lose me job for it."

Thomas Batchgrew and Louis were already out in the hall. Half-way down the stairs stood Mrs. Maldon, supporting herself by the banisters and being supported by Mrs. Tams. She was wearing her pink peignoir with white frills at the neck and wrists. Her black hair was loose on her shoulders like the hair of a young girl. Her pallid and heavily seamed features with the deep shining eyes trembled gently, as if in response to a distant vibration. She gazed upon the two silent men with an expression that united benignancy with profound inquietude and sadness. All her past life was in her face, inspiring it with strength and sorrow.

"Mr. Batchgrew," she said. "I've heard your voice for a long time. I want to speak to you."

And then she turned, yielding to the solicitous alarm of Mrs. Tams, climbed feebly up the stairs, and vanished round the corner at the top. And Mrs. Tams, putting her frowsy head for an instant over the hand-rail, stopped to adjure Mr. Batchgrew:

"Eh, mester; ye'd better stop where ye are awhile."

From the parlor came the faint sobbing of Rachel.

The two men had not a word to say. Mr. Batchgrew grunted, vacillating. It seemed as if the majestic apparition of Mrs. Maldon had rebuked everything that was derogatory and undignified in her trustee, and that both he and Louis were apologizing to the empty hall for being common, base creatures. Each of them—and especially Louis—had the sense of being awakened to events of formidable grandeur whose imminence neither had suspected. Still assuring himself that his position was absolutely safe, Louis nevertheless was aware of a



sinking in the stomach. He could rebut any accusation. "And yet . . . !" murmured his craven conscience. What could be the enigma between Mrs. Maldon and Rachel? He was now trying to convince himself that Mrs. Maldon had in fact divided the money into two parts, of which he had handled only one, and that the impressive mystery had to do with the other part of the treasure, which he had not seen nor touched. How, then, could he personally be threatened? "And yet . . . !" said his conscience, again.

In about a minute Mrs. Tams reappeared at the head of the stairs.

"Her *will* have ye, mester!" said she to the councilor.

Thomas Batchgrew mounted after her.

Louis made a noise with his tongue as if starting a horse, and returned to the parlor.

Rachel, still on the sofa, showed her wet face.

"I've got no secret," she said, passionately. "And I'm sure Mrs. Maldon hasn't. What's he driving at?"

The natural freedom of her gestures and vehement accent was enchanting to Louis.

She jumped from the Chesterfield and ran away up-stairs, flying. He followed to the lobby, and saw her dash into her own room and feverishly shut the door, which was in full view at the top of the stairs. And Louis thought he had never lived in any moment so exquisite and so alarming as that moment.

He was now alone on the ground floor. He caught no sound from above.

"Well, I'd better get out of this," he said to himself. "Anyhow, I'm all right! . . . What a girl! Terrific!" And, lighting a fresh cigarette, he left the house.

"And now what's amiss?" Thomas Batchgrew demanded, alone with Mrs. Maldon in the tranquillity of the bedroom.

Mrs. Maldon lay once more in bed; the bedclothes covered her without a crease, and from the neat fold-back of the white sheet her wrinkled ivory face and curving black hair emerged so still and calm that her recent flight to the

stairs seemed unreal, impossible. The impression her mien gave was that she never had moved and never would move from the bed. Thomas Batchgrew's blustering voice frankly showed acute irritation. He was angry because nine hundred and sixty-five pounds had monstrously vanished, because the chance of a good investment was lost, because Mrs. Maldon tied his hands, because Rachel had forgotten her respect and his dignity in addressing him; but more because he felt too old to impose himself by sheer rough-riding individual force on the other actors in the drama, and still more because he, and nobody else, had left the nine hundred and sixty-five pounds in the house. What an orgy of denunciation he would have plunged into had some other person insisted on leaving the money in the house with a similar result!

Mrs. Maldon looked up at him with a glance of compassion. She was filled with pity for him because he had arrived at old age without dignity and without any sense of what was fine in life; he was not even susceptible to the chastening influences of a sick-room. She knew, indeed, that he hated and despised sickness in others, and that when ill himself he became a moaning mass of cowardice and vituperation. And in her heart she invented the most wonderful excuses for him, and transformed him into a martyr of destiny who had suffered both through ancestry and through environment. Was it his fault that he was thus tragically defective? So that by the magic power of her benevolence he became dignified in spite of himself.

She said:

"Mr. Batchgrew, I want you to oblige me by not discussing my affairs with anyone but me."

At that moment the front door closed firmly below, and the bedroom vibrated.

"Is that Louis going?" she asked.

Batchgrew went to the window and looked downward, lowering the pupils of his eyes as far as possible so as to see the pavement.

"It's Louis going," he replied.

Mrs. Maldon sighed relief.

Mr. Batchgrew said no more.

"What were you talking about down-



stairs to those two?" Mrs. Maldon went on, carefully.

"What d'ye suppose we were talking about?" retorted Batchgrew, still at the window. Then he turned toward her and proceeded in an outburst: "If ye want to know, missis, I was asking that young wench what the secret was between you and her."

"The secret? Between Rachel and me?"

"Ay! Ye both know what's happened to them notes, and ye've made it up between ye to say nowt!"

Mrs. Maldon answered, gravely:

"You are quite mistaken. I know nothing, and I'm sure Rachel doesn't. And we have made nothing up between us. How can you imagine such things?"

"Why don't ye have the police told?"

"I cannot do with the police in my house."

Mr. Batchgrew approached the bed almost threateningly.

"I'll tell you why ye won't have the police told. Because ye know Louis Fores has taken your money. It's as plain as a pikestaff. Ye put it on the chair on the landing here, and ye left it there, and he came along and pocketed it." Mrs. Maldon essayed to protest, but he cut her short. "Did he or did he not come up-stairs after ye'd been up-stairs yourself?"

As Mrs. Maldon hesitated, Thomas Batchgrew began to feel younger and more impressive.

"Yes, he did," said Mrs. Maldon at length. "But only because I asked him to come up—to fasten the window."

"What window?"

"The landing window."

Mr. Batchgrew, startled and delighted by this unexpected confirmation of his theory, exploded:

"Ha! . . . And how soon was that after ye'd been up-stairs with the notes?"

"It was just afterward."

"Ha! . . . I don't mind telling ye I've been suspecting that young man ever since this morning. I only learnt just now as he was in th' house all night. That made me think for a moment as he'd done it after ye'd all gone to bed. And for aught I know he may have.

But done it sometime he has, and you know it as well as I do, Elizabeth."

Mrs. Maldon maintained her serenity.

"We may be unjust to him. I should never forgive myself if I was. He has a very good side to him, has Louis!"

"I've never seen it," said Mr. Batchgrew, still growing in authority. "He began as a thief and he'll end as a thief, if it's no worse."

"Began as a thief?" Mrs. Maldon protested.

"Well, what d'ye suppose he left the bank for?"

"I never knew quite why he left the bank. I always understood there was some unpleasantness."

"If ye didn't know, it was because ye didn't want to know. Ye never do want to know these things. 'Unpleasantness!' There's only one sort of unpleasantness with the clerks in a bank! . . . I know, anyhow, because I took the trouble to find out for myself, when I had that bother with him in my own office. And a nice affair that was, too!"

"But you told me at the time that his books were all right with you. Only you preferred not to keep him." Mrs. Maldon's voice was now plaintive.

Thomas Batchgrew came close to the bed and leaned on the foot of it.

"There's some things as you won't hear, Elizabeth. His books were all right, but he'd made 'em all right. I got hold of him afore he'd done more than he could undo—that's all. There's one trifle as I might ha' told ye if ye hadn't such a way of shutting folks up sometimes, missis. I'll tell ye now. Louis Fores went down on his knees to me in my office. On his knees, and all blubbing. What about that?"

Mrs. Maldon replied:

"You must have been glad ever since that you did give the poor boy another chance."

"There's nothing I've regretted more," said Thomas Batchgrew, with a grimness that became him. "I heard last week he's keeping books and handling cash for Horrocleave nowadays. I know how that 'll end! I'd warn Horrocleave, but it's no business o' mine, especially as ye made me help ye to put him into Horrocleave's . . . There's half a dozen people in this town and in Hanbridge



that can add up Louis Fores! And have added him up! And now he's robbed ye in yer own house. But it makes no matter. He's safe enough!" He sardonically snorted. "He's safe enough. We canna' even stop the notes without telling the police, and ye won't have the police told. Oh no! He's managed to get on th' right side o' you. However, he'll only finish in one way, that chap will, whether you and me's here to see it or not."

Mr. Batchgrew had grown really impressive, and he knew it.

"Don't let us be hard," pleaded Mrs. Maldon. And then, in a firmer, prouder voice: "There will be no scandal in my family, Mr. Batchgrew, as long as I live."

Mr. Batchgrew's answer was superb in its unconscious ferocity:

"That depends how long ye live."

His meaningless eyes rested on her with frosty impartiality, as he reflected:

"I wonder how long she'll last."

He felt strong; he felt immortal. Exactly like Mrs. Maldon, he was convinced that he was old only by the misleading arithmetic of years, that he was not really old, and that there was a subtle and vital difference between all other people of his age and himself. As for Mrs. Maldon, he regarded her as a mere poor relic of an organism.

"At our age—" Mrs. Maldon began, and paused as if collecting her thoughts.

"At our age! At our age!" he repeated, sharply deprecating the phrase.

"At our age," said Mrs. Maldon, with slow insistence, "we ought not to be hard on others. We ought to be thinking of our own sins."

But, although Mrs. Maldon was perhaps the one person on earth whom he both respected and feared, Thomas Batchgrew listened to her injunction only with rough disdain. He was incapable of thinking of his own sins. While in health, he was nearly as unaware of sin as an animal.

Nevertheless, he turned uneasily in the silence of the pale room, so full of the shy and prim refinement of Mrs. Maldon's individuality. He could talk morals to others in the grand manner, and with positive enjoyment, but to be sermonized himself secretly exasperated

him because it constrained him and made him self-conscious. Invariably, when thus attacked, he would execute a flank movement.

He said bluntly:

"And I suppose ye'll let him marry this Rachel girl if he's a mind to!"

Slowly a deep flush covered Mrs. Maldon's face.

"What makes you say that?" she questioned, with rising agitation.

"I have but just seen 'em together."

Mrs. Maldon moved nervously in the bed.

"I should never forgive myself if I stood by and let Louis marry Rachel," she said, and there was a sudden desperate urgency in her voice.

"Isn't she good enough for a nephew o' yours?"

"She's good enough for any man," said Mrs. Maldon, quietly.

"Then it's him as isn't good enough! And yet, if he's got such a good side to him as ye say—" Mr. Batchgrew snorted.

"He's not suited to her—not at all."

"Now, missis," said Mr. Batchgrew in triumph, "at last we're getting down to your real opinion of young Fores."

"I feel I'm responsible for Rachel, and— What ought I to do about it?"

"Do? What can a body do when a respectable young woman wi' red hair takes a fancy to a youth? Nowt, Elizabeth. That young woman 'll marry Louis Fores, and ye can take it from me."

"But why do you say a thing like that? I only began to notice anything myself last night."

"She's lost her head over him, that's all. I caught 'em just now. . . . As thick as thieves in your parlor!"

"But I'm by no means sure that he's smitten with her."

"What does it matter whether he is or not? She's lost her head over him, and she'll have him. It doesn't want a telescope to see as far as that."

"Well, then, I shall speak to her—I shall speak to her to-morrow morning, after she's had a good night's rest, when I feel stronger."

"Ay! Ye may! And what shalt say?"

"I shall warn her. I think I shall



know how to do it," said Mrs. Maldon, with a certain air of confidence amid her trouble. "I wouldn't run the risk of a tragedy for worlds."

"It's no *risk* of a tragedy, as ye call it," said Thomas Batchgrew, very pleased with his own situation in the argument. "It's a certainty. She'll believe him afore she believes you, whatever ye say. You mark me. It's a certainty."

After elaborate preparations of his handkerchief, he blew his nose loudly, because blowing his nose loudly affected him in an agreeable manner.

A few minutes later he left, saying the car would be waiting for him at the back of the Town Hall. And Mrs. Maldon lay alone until Mrs. Tams came in with a tray.

"An' I hope that's enough company for one day!" said Mrs. Tams. "Now sup it up, do!"

## CHAPTER VII

### THE CINEMA

THAT evening Rachel sat alone in the parlor, reclining on the Chesterfield over the *Signal*. She had picked up the *Signal* in order to read about captured burglars, but the paper contained not one word on the subject, or on any other subject except football. The football season had commenced in splendor, and it happened to be the football edition of the *Signal* that the paper-boy had foisted upon Mrs. Maldon's house. Despite repeated and positive assurances from Mrs. Maldon that she wanted the late edition and not the football edition on Saturday nights, the football edition was usually delivered because the paper-boy could not conceive that any customer could sincerely not want the football edition. Rachel was glancing in a torpid condition at the advertisements of the millinery and trimming shops.

She would have been more wakeful could she have divined the blow which she had escaped a couple of hours before. Between five and six o'clock, when she was up-stairs in the large bedroom Mrs. Maldon had said to her: "Rachel—" and stopped. "Yes, Mrs. Maldon," she had replied. And Mrs. Maldon had

said: "Nothing." Mrs. Maldon had desired to say, but in words carefully chosen: "Rachel I've never told you that Louis Fores began life as a bank clerk, and was dismissed for stealing money. And even since then his conduct has not been blameless." Mrs. Maldon had stopped because she could not find the form of words which would permit her to impart to her paid companion this information about her grand-nephew. Mrs. Maldon, when the moment for utterance came, had discovered that she simply could not do it, and that all her conscientious regard for Rachel and all her sense of duty were not enough to make her do it. So that Rachel, unsuspecting, had been spared a tremendous emotional crisis. By this time she had grown nearly accustomed to the fact of the disappearance of the money. She had completely recovered from the hysteria caused by old Batchgrew's attack, and was indeed, in the supervening calm, very much ashamed of it.

She meant to doze, having firmly declined the suggestion of Mrs. Tams that she should go to bed at seven o'clock, and she was just dropping the paper when a tap on the window startled her. She looked in alarm at the window, where the position of one of the blinds proved the correctness of Mrs. Maldon's secret theory that if Mrs. Maldon did not keep a personal watch on the blinds they would never be drawn properly. Eight inches of black pane showed, and behind that dark transparency something vague and pale. She knew it must be the hand of Louis Fores that had tapped, and she could feel her heart beating. She flew on tiptoe to the front door, and cautiously opened it. At the same moment Louis sprang from the narrow space between the street-railings and the bow-window onto the steps. He raised his hat with the utmost grace.

"I saw your head over the arm of the Chesterfield," he said in a cheerful, natural, low voice. "So I tapped on the glass. I thought if I knocked at the door I might waken the old lady. How are things to-night?"

In those few words he perfectly explained his manner of announcing himself, endowing it with the highest



propriety. Rachel's misgivings were soothed in an instant. Her chief emotion was an ecstatic pride—because he had come, because he could not keep away, because she had known that he would come, that he must come. And in fact was it not his duty to come? Quietly he came into the hall, quietly she closed the door, and when they were shut up together in the parlor they both spoke in hushed voices, lest the invalid should be disturbed. And was not this, too, highly proper?

She gave him the news of the house and said that Mrs. Tams was taking duty in the sick-room till four o'clock in the morning, and herself thenceforward, but that the invalid gave no apparent cause for apprehension.

"Old Batch been again?" asked Louis, with a complete absence of any constraint.

She shook her head.

"You'll find that money yet—somewhere, when you're least expecting it," said he, almost gaily.

"I'm sure we shall," she agreed with conviction.

"And how are *you*?" His tone became anxious and particular. She blushed deeply, for the outbreak of which she had been guilty and which he had witnessed; then smiled diffidently.

"Oh, I'm all right."

"You look as if you wanted some fresh air—if you'll excuse me saying so."

"I haven't been out to-day, of course," she said.

"Don't you think a walk—just a breath—would do you good?"

Without allowing herself to reflect, she answered:

"Well, I ought to have gone out long ago to get some food for to-morrow, as it's Sunday. Everything's been so neglected to-day. If the doctor happened to order a cutlet or anything for Mrs. Maldon, I don't know what I should do. Truly I ought to have thought of it earlier."

She seemed to be blaming herself for neglectfulness, and thus the enterprise of going out had the look of an act of duty. Her sensations bewildered her.

"Perhaps I could walk down with you and carry parcels. It's a good thing

it's Saturday night, or the shops might have been closed."

She made no answer to this, but stood up, breathing quickly.

"I'll just speak to Mrs. Tams."

Creeping up-stairs, she silently pushed open the door of Mrs. Maldon's bedroom. The invalid was asleep. Mrs. Tams, her hands crossed in her comfortable lap, and her mouth widely open, was also asleep. But Mrs. Tams was used to waking with the ease of a dog. Rachel beckoned her to the door. Without a sound the fat woman crossed the room.

"I'm just going out to buy a few things we want," said Rachel in her ear, adding no word as to Louis Fores.

Mrs. Tams nodded.

Rachel went to her bedroom, turned up the gas, straightened her hair, and put on her black hat, and her blue jacket trimmed with a nameless fur, and picked up some gloves and her purse. Before descending she gazed at herself for many seconds in the small, slanting glass. Coming down-stairs, she took the marketing reticule from its hook in the kitchen passage. Then she went back to the parlor and stood in the doorway, speechless, putting on her gloves rapidly.

"Ready?"

She nodded.

"Shall I?" Louis questioned, indicating the gas.

She nodded again, and, stretching to his full height, he managed to turn the gas down without employing a footstool as Rachel was compelled to do.

"Wait a moment," she whispered in the hall, when he had opened the front door. These were the first words she had been able to utter. She went to the kitchen for a latch-key. Inserting this latch-key in the keyhole on the outside, and letting Louis pass in front of her, she closed the front door with very careful precautions against noise, and withdrew the key.

"I'll take charge of that if you like," said Louis, noticing that she was hesitating where to bestow it.

She gave it up to him with a violent thrill. She was intensely happy and intensely fearful. She was only going out to do some shopping; but the door was shut behind her, and at her side



was this magic, mysterious being, and the nocturnal universe lay around. Only twenty-four hours earlier she had shut the door behind her and gone forth to find Louis. And now, having found

him, he and she were going forth together like close friends. So much had happened in twenty-four hours that the previous night seemed to be months away.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A Later Day

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

NO more, no more, the boat shall slip  
 Along the brimming river;  
 No more the splashing oars shall drip  
 A thousand drops aquiver.

No more by overtopping banks  
 Of towering thatch before us,  
 The prow shall push through reedy ranks  
 That spill their salt dews o'er us.

No more the score of streams that trail  
 Across the wide sea-meadow  
 Shall catch some skimming pointed sail  
 And paint its broken shadow.

No more the eager boat shall slide  
 By creek and shoal untrammelled,  
 And come upon the open tide  
 Silver and blue enameled.

No more the purple vapors play  
 About alluring distance,  
 While sheltering sand-dunes all our way  
 Muffle the sea's insistence.

No more the wavering shapes afar,  
 Falling, forever falling,  
 Beckon beyond the waiting bar,  
 With wild, sweet music calling.

For now a darker bar. And now  
 A fuller tide is tossing,  
 An unknown deep invites the prow,  
 A greater sea the crossing.

A mightier music moves the deep,  
 In long, slow rhythms breaking—  
 Half dreamed, half known—all fallen on sleep—  
 To what a great awaking!



# With Flags Flying

BY CECIL CHARD



RS. PENROSE was hardly conscious, through the long strain of waiting, of the passage of time. To her overtaxed mind the desk telephone near her hand, with its bright air of efficiency, controlled the whole situation. The shining instrument had suddenly developed a physiognomy inscrutably smiling and yet sinister. It represented, to her shrinking sensitiveness, the indiscriminate voice and ear of the multitude. What whispers, what threats, what protestations, what mockeries it might have revealed to her had it but possessed a tongue! Its very silence had become ominous. Was the mere suspicion of possible disaster enough to strike all one's friends dumb?

It had not been the least of her painful surprises to discover that, for all her intelligence, the clear intuition upon which she had prided herself, she could hopelessly flounder among intricacies and complications that every callow newspaper reporter disposed of quite glibly. She had lamentably failed, from the very beginning, to grasp the significance of the attack upon the great firm of which her husband was a member. The prosecution of the Colfax, Meinert, Penrose Company for unlawful business methods had impressed her primarily as irrational to the point of absurdity. A premeditated assault on the Washington Monument would have seemed to her no more amazing.

Her husband's initial explanation, bitterly contemptuous in tone, she had naturally accepted as authoritative. In any case her sources of enlightenment would have been limited; but they had been further circumscribed by his peremptory refusal to permit her to attend court, and her own disinclination to add private dissensions to his extremely public harassments.

The end had apparently justified his unconcern. The triumph of the Colfax, Meinert, Penrose Company had been complete. After months of litigation the case had been dismissed for want of reliable evidence; the energetic young prosecuting attorney had attempted to prove too much. That fact Mrs. Penrose had managed shrewdly to detach from the most contradictory newspaper reports.

Hardly had she recovered from this rude shock when she was stupefied by the news that her husband himself—Murray Penrose, of all men—had been arrested on charges of a similar nature. She had taken even this terrific blow quietly at first, chiefly because her sense of security had been so absolute. Drayton Flint, the distinguished corporation lawyer, and one of her husband's close friends and associates, had contributed to this security by the positive assurance that these charges, including the serious one of bribing legislators, had been trumped up simply as a political move in the so-called Progressive campaign, and would be as easily disposed of as the abortive attempt to involve the firm. She had been unable to follow his jocular advice to lose no sleep over the business, but she had replied with sincerity that she had no uneasiness as to the final outcome, though she did regret that her husband, who had been so generous in every charitable cause, should be subjected to further annoyance. His enemies, however, would find that they had chosen the wrong man for their "scape-goat." He could defend himself.

She could not now recall the precise moment when she had awakened to the magnitude of the interests at stake, the intricacy of the problem involved. The endless delays and postponements by which the trial had been retarded had served no purpose (that she could gather) except to exasperate every one concerned, and to show up brilliantly the dexterity of the opposing counsel.



The press, in the mean while, less dilatory in its methods, had conducted, *ex officio*, a trial of its own. Before this tribunal the guilty criminal might well cower; and that Murray Penrose had been a monster of deceit from his earliest childhood was proved by the most incontrovertible evidence. Mrs. Penrose—who had figured hitherto, in the same columns, as a charming and gracious hostess, whose costumes had been minutely described, and whose movements and opinions had assumed an almost national importance—found herself used as a target for the most incredible suggestions. She had ventured, upon one occasion, to call her husband's attention to a morning paper that had outdone itself in malevolent assertions, quotations, inventions, and lies. He had waved it impatiently aside as beneath notice. "It is part of the game," he had cynically observed; "the reporters must live."

The preliminary notoriety that had seemed to her so outrageous had been merely the introductory chapter to what was still in store for them. With the beginning of the trial the press of the country had settled down to work in deadly earnest. In her inmost heart Flora Penrose felt herself akin to the early Christian martyrs who had been burnt alive; for in spite of her withering consciousness of pain and disfigurement, she had positively to seek for the flame that scorched her; she could not afford to miss a line that was written. Nevertheless, in all the mass of stupendous irrelevance through which she had toiled she had not been able to find the illuminating word. The newspapers were eager only for the sensations of the trial; the lurid light they cast blinded her. In desperation she had tried to concentrate her attention upon the official reports, but had been able to establish no relation between the given statement and its real significance. She could not see the tree for the leaves, nor the truth for the words that obscured it. The ramifications of the colossal enterprises with which her husband had calmly acknowledged his connection positively made her head swim. In the end she was so enmeshed in the myriad threads spun by the lawyers, both for and against the

defendant, that it had seemed, to her exhausted fancy, that no disentangling would ever again be possible—they were all simply going round and round a vicious circle. Only the immense bail, that purchased for her husband temporary immunity, was a kind of searchlight that beat, with steady monotony, upon their exalted position. To this horrible glare, from which there was no escape, she had been forced to accommodate herself; though there had been moments when she had wished passionately that she and Murray had been born to obscurest labor, from dawn to dark, with the sleep that rewarded it and that was almost as undisturbed as death.

Nothing in the whole extraordinary experience had seemed to her half so extraordinary as the attitude of the victim; for it was as a victim that she upheld and worshiped Murray Penrose. Grave, calm, imperturbable, he changed, in no smallest particular, their domestic routine; made no increased demand, upon either her time or her patience. His reticence struck her as nothing short of heroic. Of her loyalty there could be no doubt; but the enormities of which he was accused isolated him even from her, whose heart bled that she could not approach him. Otherwise she would have turned to him in her extremity; but how, at this unfortunate time, would he interpret the sudden intensity of her interest? For years, she sadly told herself, his reserve had not encouraged attempts at intimacy; in their immense absorptions, they had drifted too far apart, lost the habit of familiar intercourse. It was only by her intuitions that she was able to keep pace with him; and now he gave her only the dry, hard facts of the controversy; too dry, too hard for her to assimilate.

For this separation she had been inclined to blame Fate rather than herself or Murray. In their innocence they had imagined that increase of wealth would bring increase of liberty, but she had been ruefully forced to acknowledge that never had they been so unhampered as during the period of their comparative adversity. It was but a faint consolation to her now to realize that she had always done her best to maintain his position at the highest level; that she had accepted,



in no frivolous spirit, her vast social responsibilities. Together they had attained the heights, and in looking back she grew dizzy. A downfall was inconceivable; its consequences too crushing, too devastating to contemplate!

At last, after incredible procrastinations, Mrs. Penrose had been informed, by telephone, that the case had finally gone to the jury. According to Drayton Flint, who had called her up shortly before noon, the verdict was a foregone conclusion. No jury would convict on such shadowy evidence. They might possibly stay out a few hours—to lend more dignity to their proceedings—but they were good men and true, that jury; as fine, as intelligent a body of men as he had ever had the honor to address. In fact, in his peroration he had been so overcome by enthusiasm that, by George! he had been quite unable to control it; and he had given them this spontaneous tribute! Shortly after midday she had read the remarkable outburst, as it appeared in the columns of an extra edition of an evening paper. Its fervid heat had not sufficed to dry the ink that was appropriately blurred. Mrs. Penrose, shuddering with distaste, had rubbed her stained fingers with her handkerchief; but she had long since ceased to regard distaste as a factor to be resented; it was simply part of an immense depression that had grown upon her day by day, hour by hour, moment by moment, till it had darkened her whole outlook. She was beset by misgivings to which she could give no name; oppressed by an intangible fear that nevertheless held her breathless; uncertain of the effect of her every movement, of her lightest word, even of her inmost thoughts.

It was of that formless fear that she had been broodingly conscious during all the long hours that she had waited for the message that might at any moment deliver her from its clutch. The suspense became at last unendurable, and she raised her hand to the receiver to end it; but the thought of what her impatience might betray to the clerk in charge restrained her. By such trivial considerations could she be made to suffer—she, the wife of Murray Penrose! She laughed aloud at the incongruity of it.

Rising abruptly, she paced the floor from the desk to the door, from the door to the desk, never very far from the shining instrument that had made itself the arbiter of her future. Only now did she observe that the light at the window looked faded and wan, and that the room was invaded by the shadows of fast-gathering darkness. Surely, surely, by this time, some decision must have been arrived at.

A faint click at the telephone, to which again she had been irresistibly drawn, answered her; and the sudden silvery shrillness of sound that followed deafened her with its clamor; or was it the wild beating of her own heart?

She presently distinguished Drayton Flint's voice, and its urgent optimism did not fail of its effect. The jury, he told her, had been able to come to no agreement; had been locked up, at their own request, for the night. It was just what he had expected. Had he not forewarned her? The case had been too sensational to be lightly dismissed. The public, bless 'em, had to be considered. Every omen was good, however. Trust him to know which way the wind blew. Her husband would not be detained long; she might look for him any moment.

Mrs. Penrose hung up the receiver, and sat, for a moment, quite still. Then she supported her elbows on the desk and covered her face with her hands. It was a reprieve that she had to call upon all her strength to endure. Oh, to be done with it, to be done with it all!

The inward cry relieved her, and she relaxed—but stiffened almost at once. To relax was to open the doors of her mind to the legions of distrust, of doubt, of horror, that were grimly awaiting their chance to slip in. Her mind was like a town furiously besieged; and she alone knew how easy it would be, once the enemy found a loophole unguarded, to storm and take the inner citadel.

Dinner was served with the scrupulous elaboration that she had reduced to a fine art. It was soundless perfection, but to-night she had occasion to wish that her admirable servants would give her cause for complaint. She quite longed for the cheerful rattle of plates, for some clatter or confusion that would help her to bridge the gaps between her



animated remarks on the soup and her exhaustive comments on the dessert. The glow that her resolve had kindled had gone from her; the ceaseless strain was beginning to tell.

Murray seemed less than ever inclined to idle conversation, and it was clear to her that if she dropped the ball she could not depend upon him to reclaim it. She was unable to keep her attention or his fixed on any subject for more than a moment. Always her insistent thoughts fastened themselves on the one conjecture that filled her mind. Would the jury disagree? Would they be forced to begin again? To face anew all the torturing uncertainty? She began seriously to doubt whether she could endure even another day, at the high level of rigid calm that she had set for herself. Every instant that passed seemed to invent for her its special torment.

They adjourned at last, at her request, to the smoking-room, where, she suggested, they might wait for Drayton Flint.

When she spoke it was with a hardness of intonation that startled them both: "What is Mr. Flint coming about?"

"I haven't a notion," Murray Penrose replied, after an instant in which he tried to restore life to his gray cigarette. "He probably thinks we need the encouragement of his inspiring presence. He wants, perhaps—to buck us up. Lord, he is a talker! He's got burning words up his sleeve; and all he has to do is to shake them out and he moves people to the core."

Mrs. Penrose laughed tremulously. "Did—the prosecuting attorney do as well?"

"He did better; he cut it mercifully short," he easily evaded; "it was the usual song and dance: public rights and private privileges; the power of monopoly, the sacrifice of small investments to the greed of gain. It's the kind of thing we are so magnificent at just now!"

"Mr. Drayton Flint has come, sir. Shall I show him in here?"

Mrs. Penrose heard the name announced a moment later; and the stout, powerful figure that advanced with outstretched hands seemed suddenly to personify all her dread.

He spoke with a deep-chested, breezy cordiality: "How are we, my dear Mrs. Penrose? We've had a tough time of it the last few months; but we're coming out on top, at the very tip-top! Trust your little Flint for that!"

His broad face was deeply flushed with excitement or wine; and in her eagerness to escape, Mrs. Penrose hardly replied at all. As she reached the door her husband sharply recalled her: "You need not go, Flora. Flint can have nothing to say to me that you can't hear."

She paused, irresolute.

Drayton Flint loudly cleared his throat, and frowned significantly at his client, who paid no attention to these delicate insinuations.

"Hm-hm," he said at last; "hm-hm. My dear Penrose, what can your wife want to do with a lot of dull detail? Legal points can't possibly interest you now, can they, Mrs. Penrose?"

"Shall I stay in the next room, Murray, close at hand if I am wanted?"

"I prefer you to remain here," her husband repeated with decision.

Flora went back blindly to the chair she had occupied, so horribly frightened that she could hardly walk for the sudden weakness of her knees. Some crisis had come—of that she was sure, breathlessly sure.

"Of course," began Flint, evidently embarrassed, "Mrs. Penrose is more than welcome to hear—hm-ah—what I was going—to—to—suggest."

He cursed inwardly the whole situation, and Murray Penrose, who had coolly let him in for it. He was in for it, however, up to the neck. And the sense of that painful submersion made him drop his voice into the deep key that he kept for special occasions; he reverted to it now involuntarily.

"I'm sure," he plunged headlong, "you are both too wise and too prudent not to have foreseen every contingency—but just the same, I'd not be doing my duty as a lawyer, as a friend, if I didn't prepare your minds for the one thing we've not hitherto needed to consider. I've said all along, and I'm perfectly convinced of it now, there's no need for anxiety—not the smallest need in the world! I'm not in the least worried—but there's just one chance in a hundred



that *we may lose our case*—and—and it's this unlikely contingency, my dear Mrs. Penrose, we have to discuss—though it's almost out of the question, you understand; still, it would not do to be taken by surprise—”

“I understand,” she managed to interpolate with surprising firmness, but Flint wondered whether it was the electric light that had so intensified her natural pallor.

“Now, there have been rumors,” he continued, somewhat relieved, “absurd, you know; but just the same—if you ignore smoke, you may suddenly have to fight a fire—and so”—he again cleared his throat—“I've come to get your sanction, purely formal, of course, in the unlikely event”—he drew out his handkerchief and passed it stealthily across his brow—“of an adverse verdict. . . .”

His clients might have been cast in bronze for any emotion that they showed—confound them! What did they mean, he inwardly fumed, by adopting for him this amazing pose of calm indifference, as though the whole thing only remotely concerned them? Did they perhaps think it worth while to try to deceive him?

“In case of an adverse verdict”—Penrose repeated, smoothly—“you were saying . . .”

“Well, of course,” the lawyer snapped out, “we must be ready with our appeal.”

He paused to give Mrs. Penrose time to face the brutal admission, but her husband spoke at once with his unshaken calm: “On what basis would you found your appeal?”

“On what basis?” Flint echoed in surprise. “Why, on any number of technicalities, of course. It's only a bad general who does not safeguard a possible retreat.”

Again the silence hung between them like a thick curtain. When Murray Penrose spoke again his voice sounded strange: it was no less calm, but it was charged, nevertheless, with an emotion that gripped his hearers:

“I do not think,” he quite deliberately affirmed, “that in case of an adverse verdict I should wish to file an appeal.”

“What!” shouted Flint, actually bounding from his chair.

Mrs. Penrose made no sound. She felt as though the pace had suddenly increased too rapidly for her to follow. She had been left far behind, like a panting dog, accustomed to run with a carriage, now vainly trying to overtake a motor-car.

“I should prefer,” Penrose repeated, quietly, “not to decide that question to-night. I want to discuss it fully with my wife.”

Drayton Flint dropped back into his chair as though he had been shot. He had a habit of twisting his lips when perplexed, and now he worked them like an infuriated infant. If they wanted to play at cross-purposes, if they wanted to mystify him, to fool him, Drayton Flint, on their own heads be the consequences! It wasn't his funeral, though, by George! It touched him to the quick. He had worshiped Murray Penrose, been proud of his friendship. . . .

Unaccustomed moisture dimmed his sight, and immediately he became angry. What had he not given up for the sake of those two people sitting like cigar-store Indians! How had he not toiled and sweated and lied, yes, lied, right and left, with all his might! And now they calmly proposed to frustrate, between them, all his elaborate scheme, so carefully thought out, so indefatigably toiled over; to waste, for some impulse of insane folly, all his work; all the sacrifice of time and money and energy he had made in their interests! By God! no; they should do as he told them! He'd put the situation before them plainly; he'd not spare their feelings.

“See here, Penrose,” he began, harshly, “I don't know what cards you have up your sleeve, but you are not, at this late hour, going to play me tricks. . . .”

He made inarticulate sounds that conveyed the threats he swallowed. Then suddenly he wheeled about, apoplectic with wrath.

“And when you talk it over with your husband, Mrs. Penrose, just you consider what it means if you uphold him. I can't tell you what's in his mind; I'm no thought-reader, but I can tell you what I think: it is that he needs a strait-jacket if he persists in this in-



credible madness. What is left for him, I should like to know, except to file an appeal? Either he is secretly contemplating flight, and that means hiding in perpetual banishment, with probable rearrest in the end, or he may be contemplating suicide in order to protect your interests; but if he doesn't do one or the other, and doesn't file an appeal—then he's a raving lunatic, and is ready to have his head shaved and to wear a striped suit of clothes for God knows how many years! These are the pleasant alternatives you have to consider, Mrs. Penrose. I wish you both good-night."

He snatched his hat, and the door banged behind him.

Flora had risen mechanically, and her voice and her hands were upraised in the arresting cry that never reached him. As she swayed forward her husband's arm upheld her, and, turning in his embrace, she gave herself up utterly to the sudden weakness that overwhelmed her. Her head fell back against his shoulder; she drooped against him, with her arms fallen at her sides, conscious of nothing but the invading rush of shadows, the leaping of strange, wild creatures in the dark; her tortured thoughts scampered wildly, hither and thither, seeking like hunted hares for cover.

But strangely, through the terrors of the sudden attack, she felt the strength of the arm that supported her, the closeness and the intimacy of a contact for which she had intensely hungered, and for which, in her mortal weariness, she was ready to surrender, to concede anything, everything—except the one amazing, awful thing he was about to require of her.

"Drink this, Flo," he murmured.

She opened her eyes. The face so close to hers wore an expression of concern that softened its customary frowning reserve. He had placed her on the couch, and he now adjusted the cushions so that she might drink of the cup he offered her. She detested the very odor of brandy, but swallowed it to the last drop. At her unhesitating acceptance of the noxious draught the muscles round his mouth quivered, but his voice was quite firm as he suggested,

"If you prefer, we'll let the whole matter drop for to-night."

"No"—she bit her lip till it could be trusted—"it is better that we should have it out now. I couldn't sleep with all this on my mind. I'm quite able to discuss anything you wish. I'm only a little over-tired, I imagine." In her tragic bewilderment she no longer avoided his glance, but met his eyes squarely, her own dumbly appealing.

He replied to her mute question kindly but quite irrelevantly.

"We've been married nearly fifteen years, haven't we, Flora? Do you remember how we used to discuss things? Ideals, and our special capacity for living up to them? We've traveled a long road since those Arcadian days, haven't we?"

She was incapable of more than a lifting of fine, astonished brows.

His eyes made a slow, ironic tour of the room, with its refinements of luxury, its subterfuges to conceal, not to obtrude, the extravagance of its comfort. His glance came back finally to his wife, who seemed so fittingly enshrined in the pale gleam of satin that enfolded her. Against the whiteness of her throat and the dimmed luster of her frock her matchless pearls glimmered, casting faint, warm shadows or dropping little tremulous rivulets of light. She stirred uneasily under the long, mild scrutiny. She had no idea what was expected of her; she could only wait with a positive sickness of perplexity for some sign, some word that would reveal his intention.

"You must think, with Flint, that I've taken leave of my senses," he began, but I've never, I assure you, been more completely in possession of them. What I've suggested seems to you awful because you've not dared to look it in the face as I have. You see, I've had months to prepare for this climax to our troubles, though it is only within the last day or two—only within the last few hours—that my ideas or my scruples have crystallized into determination."

Her stillness was absolute. She gave him her whole attention; her very breath seemed suspended.

His voice dropped into a lower, less argumentative tone. "I've had to bring this matter to a head to-night, Flora, because, in all probability, it will be our

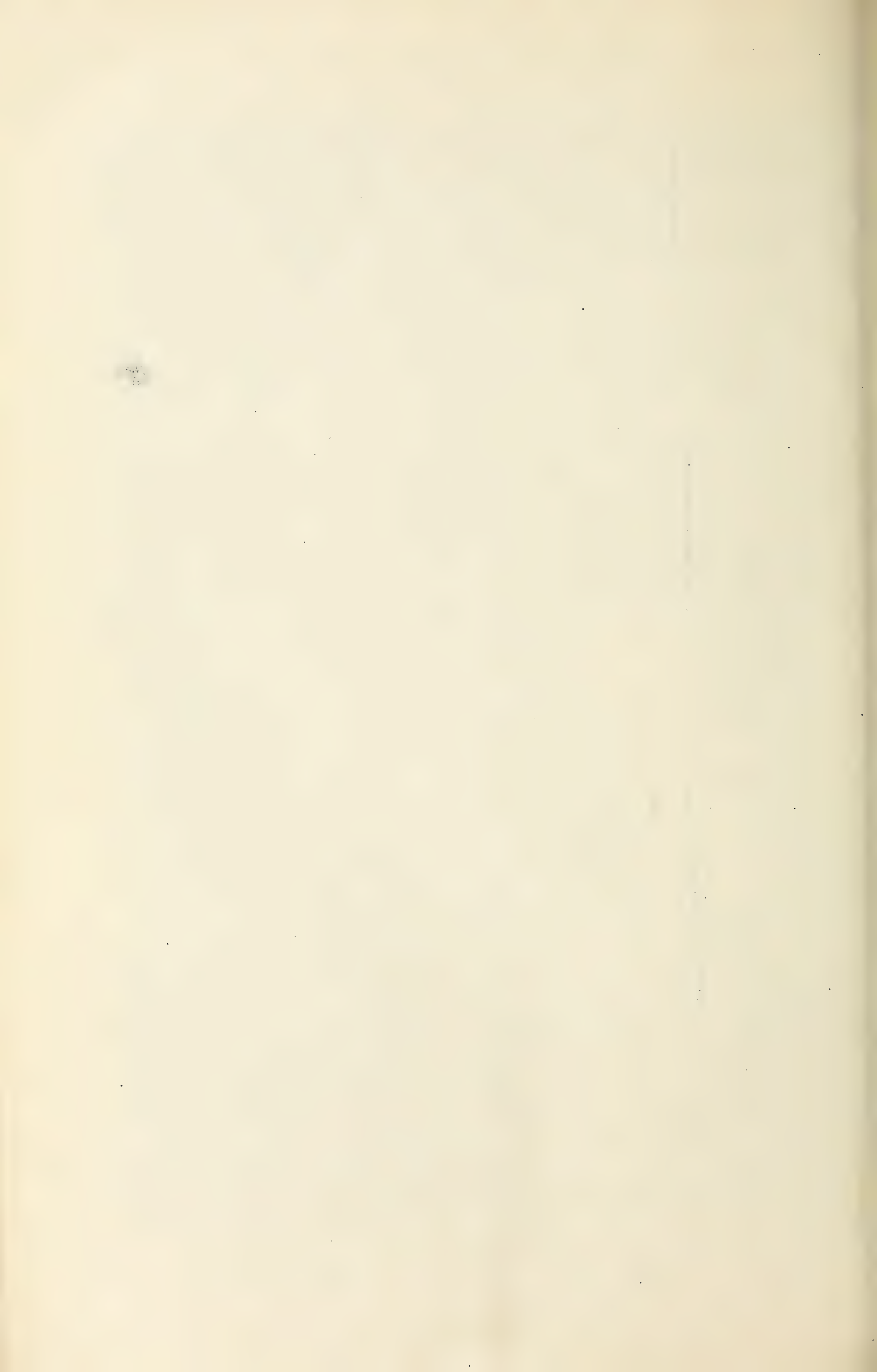




*Drawn by Herman Pfeifer*

SOME CRISIS HAD COME—OF THAT SHE WAS BREATHLESSLY SURE







last chance to talk uninterrupted together for a long time—”

“You mean—” she gasped.

“That I will be found guilty to-morrow, and sentenced—”

She was at his side in an instant, her hand pressed over his mouth.

“I can’t bear it,” she protested, shrilly; “it must not be.” He gently repulsed her, but he kept her hand in his.

“We must not lose our heads, Flora. You must try to listen to me quietly. Here, sit down. We’ve *got* to go through this. There’s no use in my saying I wish I could have spared you. I’m not sure if it’s true. I’m not sure I don’t welcome this opportunity in spite of what it is bound to cost us. I must know what you really feel about things!”

“What I feel about things!” she now indignantly challenged him. “Can there be any doubt what I feel?”

“You can face with equanimity the prospect of being dragged again over the whole ground?”

“If we must,” she desperately assured him; “if we must!”

“Yes, but that is just the point—must we? What do we gain by it?”

“You think, then,” she faltered, “that in the end, it is—so hopeless?”

“No,” he replied, “I don’t think it is what you would call hopeless. We might wear out the prosecution; involve ourselves even more deeply in contradictions and lies; kick up even more dust to cover what Flint calls our retreat—but it would take us months, it might take us years, Flora—years. . . . Besides, that is *not* the question—”

“If that is not the question, for God’s sake what is?” she piteously demanded.

“I can’t make you out, Murray—I don’t know what you want. You can’t mean that you expect me calmly to agree to forego every chance—of—of escape, of success, that with—with an appeal—”

The word was forced from her on a strangled sob. She conjured him with clasped hands, with distended eyes, to remove from her this horror that held her, at last, in its icy grip.

“Dear,” he said, quietly, “will you let me explain to you the alternative?”

She shrank even from the implied caress: “Don’t—don’t mention—don’t think of such—terrible things.”

“I am only thinking of one of them.”

Her look defied enlightenment.

“I want,” he persisted, inexorably, “to accept the sentence.” She flung her hand out as if again to drive the words back into his throat. A burning tide rose to her face.

“Don’t you consider me at all?” she blazed at him.

“I am thinking only of you and of myself. No one, nothing else matters. In these weeks it has seemed to me as though we two stood alone against a world of evil, of which we had been a part, and that was fighting hard to keep us against our will. That is why Flint can’t be left to decide for us—why I must leave it to you—”

“*Leave* it to me then,” she vehemently cried; “leave it to me. If I am to say the decisive word—you have it now. We will fight it out, tooth and nail, to the bitter end.”

“It will be a most bitter end, Flora, for we shall lose.”

She rose and covered her ears with her hands, but she could not shut out the vision of the iron determination that confronted her: “Oh, I can’t bear it,” she cried again, and, covering her face, burst into wild weeping.

He made a quick movement as if to take her in his arms, but with an effort controlled it. What time had they left for the inconsequence of tears! He waited, in difficult patience, till her outbreak had exhausted itself. Then he leaned toward her, drew her hand down from her convulsed face, and again retained it in his.

“I would like to show you how much better even for you it might be, Flora. But you must not give way like this. I have told you, have I not, that it is you who shall have the final word; be quite sure that I meant it. If you determine that I must appeal, I shall carry on the case till we win—or you are satisfied to lose. But before I accept your decision in a matter so vital to both of us you must listen to me, you must understand—”

Her gesture of consent conveyed to him not only her own hopelessness but her resolute antagonism.

Instantly he rose, and she groped mechanically for some support to take the



place of the hand she had relinquished. She found a chair-back, on which she leaned, steadying herself and concentrating her attention with a most painful effort.

"I am going to try to explain the practical side first, Flora; it is the least important, but it counts. If I do not appeal, there will be an instant revulsion of feeling in my favor. Acceptance of the sentence will probably mitigate it, and perhaps even lessen the fine, which is certain, at best, to be huge.

"Instead of our being dragged through months, through years of futile litigation, the conviction would occasion only a nine-days wonder. Then something new would crop up, and the whole wretched business would mercifully sink into oblivion. Consider that alone, Flora; in ten days you might be able to walk the streets without having my name screamed into your ears by an army of newsboys—think of the relief! Then, you must have noticed how even our friends have been avoiding us. It has been because they only suspect evil; they can't play up to us with any degree of sincerity; they dread being involved in our downfall, being splashed by the mud—and shrink from it. That's human nature. But once the inevitable has happened, once they know the worst and don't fear, they'll come flocking back, Flora, all the friends that you need. That's human nature, too. You'll not be left alone and unsupported."

Positively there was almost exultation in his tone; he had straightened his shoulders, flung his head back, as though in imagination he were already free of a crushing burden. But suddenly he paused, his face darkened perceptibly, and for all his iron composure his hard voice shook:

"I can so arrange my affairs as to make you independent of me. There would be enough money for you, if the firm takes up the fine, to keep this house and Seabrook as well. You could go off to Europe for a year or two and—and then, Flora, if on your return you wished to dissociate yourself completely from my disgrace—you would have no difficulty in doing so."

It seemed to her, in the intensity of her surprise, that every drop of her

blood had turned to ice. For a long moment there was no sound in the room.

"So this," she breathed at last, "is what you have been leading to. This is what—in all these weeks—you have been thinking of me." She rose and her white lips could barely form the words. "You probably imagine that you are treating me fairly, even nobly. I believe your intention is kind. I despair utterly of trying to show you the extent of the wrong, of the injustice, you are doing me—but this at least please understand: you are free to make whatever arrangements for yourself seem most satisfactory to you—I shall not attempt to contest them—but I shall accept none that you make for me; neither the divorce"—she flung the word in his teeth—"you so kindly propose for my ultimate protection, nor one penny of the provision that you suggest would maintain in magnificence the wife of the self-confessed criminal—Murray Penrose!"

He put out his hand as if forcibly to detain her, but she shrank back from him.

"I mean this," she attested, speaking now with fervor and without a tremor of voice or lips, "with all my soul! What you have in reserve, what new torment you are devising for me, I cannot fathom; but if you do as you intend, don't comfort yourself with the delusion that I shall not share your fate. If you choose to annihilate yourself, you annihilate me as well. If you sink to the depths—I sink with you."

They looked at each other for an instant like combatants, but suddenly over his ravaged countenance there passed a gleam of infinite relief, almost of joy. He caught her wrists and held them firmly. She acquiesced, too proud to struggle, in that unexampled coercion.

"Now I am free to speak!" he cried, and the ring of exultation in his tone was now loud enough and plain enough to hold her spellbound. "I had to offer you the chance to cut yourself adrift from me. You've refused it, as I devoutly hoped you would. Now you have no choice left. You are coming with me all the way; and it is going to be my way, and you shall yet come willingly. Yes, I'm the self-confessed criminal; self-confessed to you, Flora Penrose, because



perhaps you are only a shade less guilty than I am!"

The faint movement of expostulation only tightened his hold upon her wrists.

"What have we done with our fifteen years? What have we done with the ideals we started with? What good have we ever done any one or each other? How have we helped any cause? You have given words, I money. Have we ever given anything else? What has it ever cost us? What real sacrifice have we ever made? How have we ever *paid* for anything?"

She stood shrinking, as in a terrific downpour; conscious of the pain of his tenacious grip, and yet unwilling, for all the world, to loosen it.

"What's it been worth?" he continued, "this frantic rush and struggle, day in, day out, waking, sleeping. To what a pace has it condemned us! We've been driven so hard, so fast, we've not seen where we were going. We've *scorched*, that's what we've done, madly, recklessly *scorched*! If any one has got in the way, they've had to scramble out of it, or we've ridden over them. Nothing has mattered except to get ahead!"

He drew breath, but it was only to gather more impetus. "How can I hold you blameless? Have you not urged? Have you ever been willing to stop? No, don't look at me like that; I'm quite sane. My troubles have not turned my brain. The lives we've led, our heaped-up enjoyments, might well have deprived us of sanity, but not our troubles. Pleasure may keep us from seeing clear, but trouble rips away the veils with which we muffle ourselves, shows us up pitilessly. For all I know, you may be guiltier than I am, when it comes to the final judgment, the only one that counts—the judgment of your own mind. You haven't been called to account as I have; that makes the difference. You haven't been held before the tribunal of your own soul, forced to pretend, forced to prevaricate, forced to shuffle, forced to shirk, forced to lie, from morning till night for months on end. *I have*; that's where I take my stand; that's why no man can decide for me, can compel me to go on. What is the difference whether I am innocent or guilty of the specific charge that might have been fastened on

any man who has similarly made use of his opportunities! I've done things a long sight worse than those I am accused of. Every one knows it, the witnesses for me and the witnesses against me; the judge and the jury; the lawyer who defends me; my friends and my foes. I know it. *You* know it, Flora Penrose."

The way he associated her with himself had long since deprived her of all power of resistance. She could only stand rigid and still, while all sense of the solid earth beneath her feet was wrenched from her, defenseless in the storm that beat about her, buffeted her, tore from her the last remaining rags of her self-deception.

It was as though the reticent habit of years had been broken by the gathered force, by the concentrated intensity, of all his accumulated resentments.

"We've not cared to call things by their right names, we two. Ambition is what we chose to know it by, that insensate lust for material prosperity that is the maggot at the heart of our success. We are corrupt, that is what we are, corrupt mentally, corrupt socially, corrupt morally—you as well as I. I know of what you are thinking. *We don't stand alone*. We've done nothing that hundreds, that thousands of other men and women all over the country are not doing every day; but that is their concern, they may have other excuses; we have none. We've been well equipped, we've been strong, we've been free. We've given ourselves up voluntarily; we've bound ourselves hand and foot; we've led the race; we have had time neither for leisure, nor for friendship, nor for true kindness, nor for one thing that makes life worth living. And now, with this chance to cut free—to loosen at one stroke the fetters that bind us—you beg me to desist? That is the price you want me to pay for my immunity? Immunity! This is the *real* thing at last, that we two are up against. Which do you choose, Flora, the shadow or the substance? If I am forced to appeal, and finally win what you mistakenly call my freedom, you condemn me to see forever, in the face of every man or woman I meet, the consciousness of my guilt. I shall know the worst



humiliation, the worst degradation—I shall have to live without the respect of my fellow-men, without your respect or my own. Don't think regret or remorse are driving me now—they are meaningless terms. If a soldier takes life it is patriotism; murder is *intent* to kill. In one sense I am no more guilty than the motorist who drives too furiously to stop when a careless child darts across the road. But when the crash comes, and the child lies dead across his path, what if he rides on as fast and as furiously as before and refuses to face the consequences of his blind haste? If I buy my final acquittal—for that is what I should be doing—how can I break away from conditions that have grown loathsome to me without flinging in the face of the world the guilt that I have denied? What a travesty I make of everything—of law, of justice, of honorable living! You shrink from the thought of my public humiliation, that will last at most a few years. Do you not shrink at all from the shame you secretly condemn me to for the rest of my life? I may have already atoned, God knows, in what I have already undergone. But I have sinned publicly and I must atone publicly. There is no humiliation to my mind in a punishment that I voluntarily accept; but what if I am forced to take it finally, fighting and resisting to the last? Because I can't help myself, because I have failed to wrench myself loose from the grip of the law, do I not sink to a deeper degradation? The school-boy sees the thing right; punishment is in itself no shame, it may even be a tribute. The shame is to blab on one's friends, to shirk it, to whine over it. To go to prison absolves me; to go scot-free would be the eternal disgrace. You do see it, you *must* see it, Flora!"

He caught her fiercely by the shoulders and shook her with a kind of savage, insistent tenderness: "Won't you understand? It is freedom, actual freedom; it's escape; it's the snapping of all the bonds that have enslaved us, that have held us apart! Look up!"

She had no longer any sense of volition or of choice. She was swept along with him into the whirlpool, into the rapids. What she felt was the strength of his grasp; what she saw was the

flame that once—how long ago!—had blinded her with joy. It was alive, then, still, under all the heaped-up rubbish they had contrived to pile upon it.

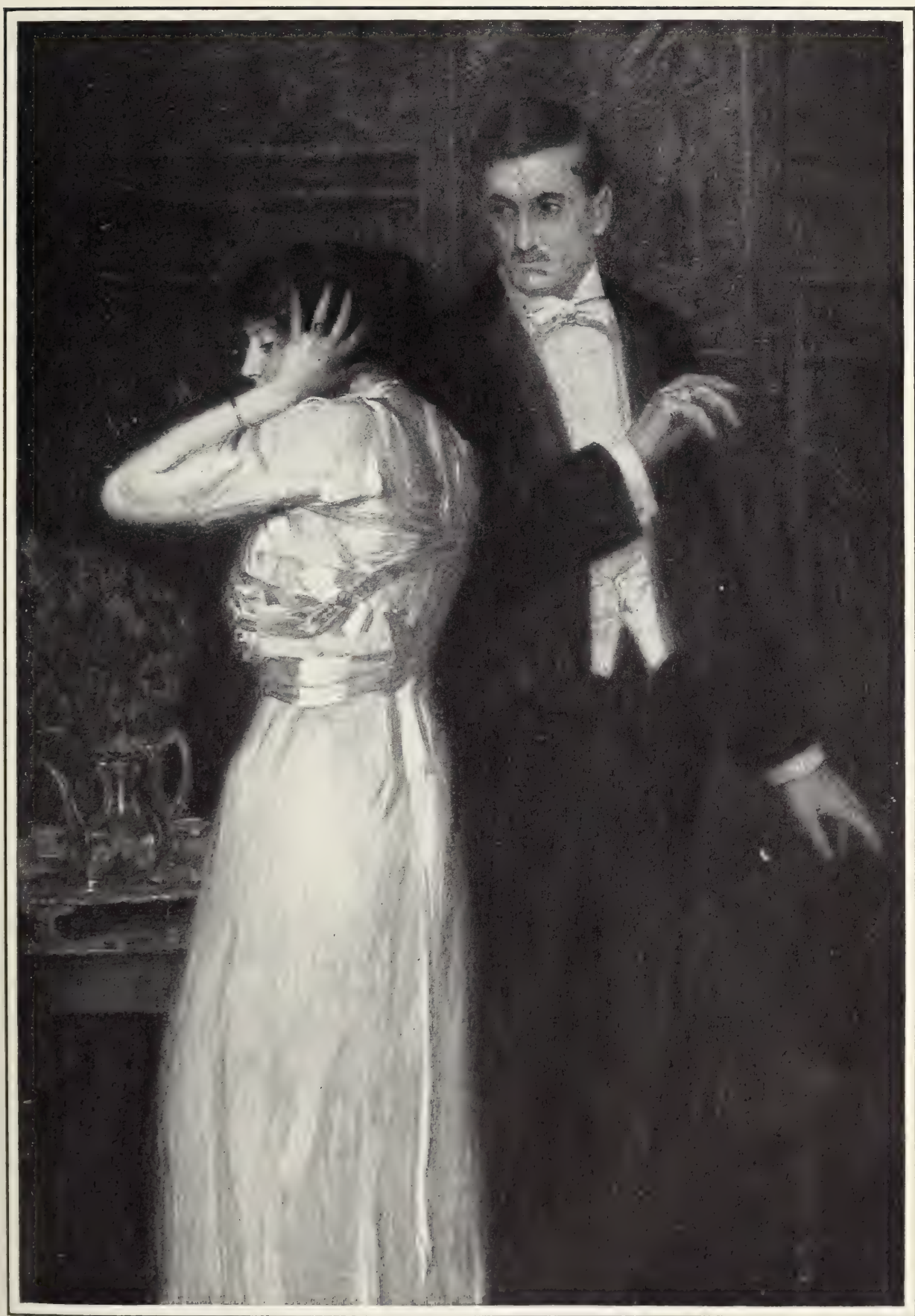
Her voice came to him at last, as from a long distance, in a sigh of utter exhaustion: "Let me be alone, Murray," she pleaded, "will you, just for a little while? I am so tired, I can't think. I must think. I will—if—if you will give me just a little time."

He strode quickly to the door. When it had closed behind him she sank down quite quietly where she stood, and lay half across the chair from which she had risen. Her mind was a blank; it was as though she had been washed ashore on a strange coast, after having been tossed by the waves; and in her abandonment she could only lie prone, too stunned to stir.

Slowly, gradually, however, life returned to her; her cramped position sent a thousand prickling reminders to her numbed brain, her blood began to hammer in her veins, and her first conscious sensation was of agony. Oh, to stop thinking, to be able to stop thinking! If she could not stop, her brain would burst! She pressed her throbbing temples, but her frantic reluctance was of no avail; it was as though the impulse and energy of his thought had so projected itself into her mind that she was carried along by it irresistibly in the same direction.

Her imagination spared her nothing. It overleaped the verdict. Murray guilty! Murray in prison! The country ringing with it! Their disgrace would be written in lines of fire, blazoned on walls, stamped on posters; the last act of the tragedy of their success given over to the derision of the multitude; no village too remote for that hideous climax to excite its ignorant satisfaction. She saw herself braced to meet the blows that must shower upon her from every source; forced to accept the sympathy of friends, the pity of strangers, the veiled sneers of enemies. She would see intentional insult everywhere: in the preoccupation of shop-girls, in the impertinence of servants, in the threatening demands of beggars. The vision of what her life would be without her husband presented itself pitilessly; her days emp-





*Drawn by Herman Pfeifer*

Engraved by Nelson Demarest

SHE COVERED HER EARS WITH HER HANDS . . . "OH, I CAN'T BEAR IT"







ty, endless, passed in restless solitude, unable to set her mind upon the most trivial occupation; the sudden aching need of him that had arisen during the past months growing ever stronger and stronger, and ever unsatisfied. She pictured herself waiting to see him in the prison, among the wives of—of other criminals, the scum of the earth; forced to contacts from which her very flesh shrank, and then she perceived him as he would look sharply etched against the bare background of infamy—her husband, with his head shaven, garmented in shame, enchained with petty thieves, with confirmed drunkards, with burglars, with murderers, with traffickers in women. . . .

She held her hands pressed tightly upon her throat to subdue the screams that she feared would be torn from it. . . . No, no, no, it would kill her, it was killing her now!

With an effort she rose to her feet and groped her way to the window. She needed air—air—to be able to breathe in the atmosphere of horror that enveloped her. . . .

A gust of wind swept lightly across the garden. The trees stirred and whispered together, like children waked suddenly from sleep, then sank back again into shadowy stillness. The rain-freshened air blew damply in, chill, revivifying. The inward clamor was still deafening, but she drank in the dim loveliness, the profound peace and silence of the night, and something of the raging torment of her conflicting impulses was assuaged. The white marble of the terrace shimmered with wet reflections; the fountain, with its group of bathing nymphs, rose palely, like smoke solidified into a ghostly wreath, against the darkness in which the shapes of trees were merged. How proud she had been of it! A garden in New York! A real garden, with quaint paths and flower-beds, a little formal, as became the arches of the loggia that led to it. What that garden represented! What huge expenditure of money, of labor, of effort! How she had loved it! The trees had been uprooted bodily, and conveyed hundreds of miles; the loggia itself had been part of an Italian palace fast falling to decay. She thrilled again as she recalled the exulta-

tion of finding it—of acquiring it! And now this beauty, that she had called into being, would be wasted, wasted utterly! What joy would she ever again be able to take from it?

She stared out and wrung her hands. Like a terrified child lost in darkness, she did not dare to look back or to move forward. Suddenly she seemed to hear herself whimpering so plaintively that the sound struck her to dumbness; and instantly a louder, more vehement voice, harsh with irony, assailed her. Did it come from within, she questioned, or from without?

"Just how many times, in the three years since you created it, have you been in this garden you are bemoaning?"

She stood transfixed. It was as if the blackness had been rent by a flash of lightning; and in that sudden fierce illumination her entire concentration upon herself was pitilessly laid bare. She caught her breath. The reaction was instantaneous. Was it her husband who had spoken in those accents of withering reproof? Was it his voice or her own that she was hearing now? She raised her head, listening intently. It seemed to come from every side, compelling, insistent, contemptuous; but its urgency was imperative, and she quailed under the stinging goad of its relentless severity. She was spellbound, even though she poured out in reply a flood of imploring, of unavailing protestations. Was it not manifestly unfair that they two should have been chosen to be gibbeted in the market-place? What had they ever done but good to their fellow-men? What thousands upon thousands had they not given in the cause of charity! And she had given more; not lip-service merely, but time, thought, energy. . . .

She could not proceed. Against what, against whom was she defending herself so passionately? Against what obscure menace had she fought from the beginning? The room seemed crowded with grim shapes, which encircled her closer and closer, all alike silent with the meaning silence of condemnation. "The truth, Flora Penrose!" they demanded. "Out with it!"

She saw it at last, stripped bare of the trappings with which she had hoped to



stifle and disguise it. To look at it long and steadily, as she was now forced to do, inspired her with courage rather than with fear. How had she presumed, in her complacency, to judge for others, to preach to others, who had so miserably failed to judge for herself? She was overwhelmed by a crushing sense of ignorance, of inexperience, of inadequacy. By what pretenses, by what insincerities of anguish, had she blinded herself to the narrowness of her own perceptions? How had she dared to interpose between her husband and his conscience the inconsequence of her own petty griefs, her shames, her reluctant renunciations? His words came crowding back to her with new force, with new meaning. Had she been opposing him in her despair—not to save him from undeserved ignominy, but to save herself? Was she, in thought, no less guilty than he? In this battle that he was waging had she stood with him, or secretly against him? Had she girded on his armor and sent him forth to conquer—or had she thrown herself upon him, bearing him down with the dead-weight of all her selfish repulsions, of her acquired prejudices? She saw herself now with horror, gripping him convulsively, yet being relentlessly dragged on against her will.

She was no longer conscious of the beauty of the garden, emerging moment by moment from darkness, and she did not discern the light that began to tremble in the sky along the tree-tops. Her eyes reflected only the flame by which she was sharply illumined, and in the sudden spring of her whole being toward the relief of certainty it seemed to her as though she were being carried forward on wings. Dimly she recognized that baser considerations would all too soon renew their hold upon her. If only he would come back to her now, at once, while her courage so glowed within her, while she was still uplifted by the fictitious strength of her feverish exaltation.

It was as if in instant answer to her unspoken appeal that the door opened and her husband appeared.

"I could not wait an instant longer—" His words reached her before he did. She swayed toward him, struggling to find speech to fit the splendor toward

which she groped, but it was only a very piteous whisper that gave him the measure of her surrender: "Murray, Murray, how shall I bear to see you suffer?"

He held her close but for an instant.

"Suffer!" He caught up the word with somber passion. "I want to suffer; I want it as I have never wanted anything in my life. I want to throw into this punishment all that I am, all that I have—even you and your suffering, I want that too." His voice dropped, heavy with fatigue, but gathered force as he proceeded: "I am no saint, God knows, and no hero. Understand that I am fighting for my life. That I have myself to fight, as well as you—my weakness as well as yours. I feel it all now as a kind of rage, a kind of fury; but I know to my cost that if I cease struggling for a single second it will be to crash down again into an inferno of irresolution and doubt."

Oblivious of her for the moment, he had voiced his inmost fear. The stricken pallor of his face, that seemed to have been carved into a marble mask of pain, betrayed not only the extent of his endurance but the depths of his abasement.

Then only she divined, with a breaking heart, over what plowshares he had dragged his bleeding feet.

The deep, clear chime of a clock rang out in the stillness. They counted the strokes: there were three. Their eyes met. How little time would still be vouchsafed them! They clung desperately together.

"It's like death, Flora," he then brokenly declared, "but there's life beyond it—real life, not the horrible travesty we've substituted for it, in our ignorance and folly. It's like seeing the shore across a stretch of stormy sea. We'll reach it, and our lives may be washed clean then. Perhaps we can still make them beautiful, if we try, and calm and free. We can begin like little children, with time to laugh—and to play—and to love. . . . Flora, Flora, you shall yet be proud; you shall yet be unashamed!"

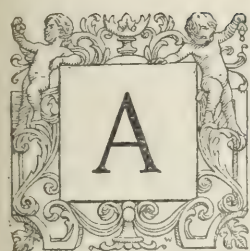
To that cry wrung from his agony she replied instantly without a tremor:

"I am proud, beloved, I am unashamed. If this is shipwreck, we are ready for it. We two will go down together—with flags flying!"



# A Trooper of the Outlands

BY NORMAN DUNCAN



T this time of the year the Queensland tropical coast was flourishing under the last of the rains. Here, far in the north, it is sheltered well from the worst gales of the South Pacific and the Coral Sea by the Great Barrier Reef. It is a rich and lovely coast, indeed. There are many islands, all of tender color, green and yellow and gray, in the vagrant, showery rains and cloudy sunsets, and a thousand placid azure channels, sunlit and warm and languid, and good harbors as well, and brown, deep, perpetual rivers. And there are pastured hills, and abundant fruit and sugar lands, with towns of promise, shaded with palm and banyan and pepper trees; and beyond, over the ranges, lie wild grassy highlands, the unsettled bush awaiting its inevitable occupation still more remote in the west. These were autumn showers—March showers—clearing showers. Some fine day, and that soon, too, a lively breeze would sweep the sky clean of its last cloud, its last shred of mist, and the dry, blue weather of winter would set in, mellow and dependable. Dry weather impended—a stretch of sparkling winter months: what rains would fall were near all down, determining the season.

Out of Colombo, where, late in the spring before this, on the voyage to Sydney, the Australian mails were put aboard, the Returning Queenslander had come uproariously into the smoking-room, waving the latest Melbourne newspaper, his amiable big face alive and alight and warmly flushed with relief.

"I've got mine!" he shouted.

What was this?

"Rain!"

Rain?

"Rain, m' boy! Rain in Queensland! Rain in Queensland! Ten inches at my station already! My word!"

As a matter of course, fall now approaching, the Queensland coast, to which we had come these many miles from Colombo, was by this time drenched. But the back-blocks? What about the Queensland back-blocks—Cunnamulla and Muttaborra and Camooweal and Bungeworgoai? Well, there would be no drought in the back-blocks. The thing was determined. It was all over with: the rains were *down* in the back-blocks. Copious rains, too—thirty inches, sixty inches, eighty inches. Most of the Queensland streams were in flood, the water-holes overflowed, the downs were springing, the farthest bush was in good green health. Grass was assured in Queensland—grass in abundance for the twenty millions of Queensland sheep, knee-high grass for the five million head of Queensland cattle, fattening wayside grass for the long, slow droving over the stock-routes to the markets at tide-water. There was no shadow of disaster. Station-owners, planters, selectors: they would flourish—every one. It was to be a season of plenty, coast and bush and grass-lands, maize and tobacco and sugar-cane, bananas and matchless pine-apples and every luscious tropical fruit. Fat beef, too, and butter and toothsome mutton and much good wool.

A moment before the stars had been out—the Southern Cross winking its brilliant eyes—in a friendly regard of the merrymaking little Queensland town. The shower had crept overhead in the dark. With the first heavy drops, spattering hot and smartly in the circle of torchlight, the brass-band, playing a Friday-night concert on the grassy beginnings of the beach, midway of the street in front of the hotel, made ready for flight by hastily executing some perfunctory chords of "God Save the King," once more to declare an ample and unfaltering patriotism. It seemed to be an



obligation of heroic importance. But having blown these fervid blasts and wheezes, in defiance of the deluge, and having broken down in a confusion of piccolo toots and bass-horn snorts, the bandsmen doused their torches and took to their heels. There was a pelting shower to urge them—a first volley of great, tepid drops. And it was a rout. Off they tumbled to shelter, in shameless disorder, after a scurrying audience of tanned Australians, white-clad and superior, and of ragged black fellows, of mincing, squealing Chinamen, and of jolly Japanese.

"Fifteen feet of rain a year," the Inspector of Mounted Police repeated. "Think of it!"

We reflected and were astonished.

"Sometimes twenty," says he.

It was amazing.

"Why," he went on, delighted, to complete our surprise, "I've known it to rain an inch an hour—and keep on raining all day, too. But it doesn't rain everywhere in Queensland like that, you know. I'm speaking of the coast here. In New South Wales I've known it to rain *six and one-half* inches in *two* hours! Flood? Quite so! At Mooloolah, here in Queensland, they once had a fall of over twenty-nine inches at a pour. And back on the Blackall Range, on the second of February, eighteen hundred and ninety-three," he concluded, delivering the circumstantial thrust with a triumphant smile, "it rained no less than thirty-six inches!"

He paused. "Do you take it?" he inquired, anxiously.

Well, indeed, we were none too sure that we had taken it.

"Three feet of water!"

"One yard."

It was hard to adjust this prodigious spectacle for comparison.

"Quite so," says he. "What's the rainfall in New York?"

This was altogether beyond us.

"Quite so," he agreed, briskly; "I'll find out." He dodged into his own quarters—all the sleeping-rooms of that airy tropical hotel opened on the upper veranda—and presently returned, thumbing a great book in which the useful knowledge was contained. "Here we have it: 'New York: forty-two inches'

—the average. That is to say, to wit: that in the little place I'm telling you about, here in Queensland, almost as much rain fell in a day and a night, let us say, as falls in New York in the course of a whole year." He looked over his spectacles to catch our surprise. There was a good deal of surprise on the wing. He was gratified. "Do you know Singapore?" he inquired. We knew something of Singapore—its dismal reputation in this respect. In Singapore it showers every day—or twice as much the next day. "Quite so," said he. "Then let me tell you this: it rains about two and one-half times as much in Singapore as it does in New York, and four times as much as it rains in London; and here on the northeast coast of Queensland"—he slapped the book shut for emphasis—"it rains almost twice as much as it does in Singapore!"

"Some rain," I remarked.

"Some?" he protested, not used to the American twist. "Not *too* little!"

"Not *too* little?"

"I mean a jolly good lot."

"And I."

It was an understanding.

Down came the rain, then—a mighty dousing of the town! It cleared the walks, obscured the shop-windows, extinguished the green and red of the harbor lights, drenched the banyans, flooded the streets, and pervaded every shelter with warm moisture; and it beat a furious uproar on the iron roof of the upper veranda of the hotel, threatening to demolish it flat forthwith, and continued the tumult, without lessening the pitch for an instant, as if mischievously determined, this season, at last, to complete its perennial endeavor to dissolve the trim town cluster and wash it into the harbor by way of its own gutters. And the patter and gurgle and splash of it—and the thick night and the sudden torrent in the street—gave point to the Inspector's happy contention that service with the Queensland mounted police was in the rainy season a devilish rigorous employment. We were to understand that the service demanded men—men with a smart liking for adventure, and with body and heart enough, too, to further the inclination on its way to





THE TROPICAL COAST WAS FLOURISHING UNDER THE LAST OF THE RAINS

the last frontiers of romance. We were to understand, in short, that it demanded blooded men—thoroughbreds.

"Reckless as a bushranger," the Inspector declared, "and as cunning as a rat."

The Inspector had himself come through the rough and tumble of the service, years of remote patrol and the bloody business of pursuit, with cattle-thieves, outlaws, and red-handed savages to fetch in from the bush, dead or alive—the long riding, in flood and blistering drought, and the tracking, the chase, the shooting, the capture; and he was now at last become an officer of conspicuous rank in a distinguished, wide-riding organization of a military sort, as delicately jealous of its efficiency and honor as any British regiment of the regular line. He was no mere superior of city bobbies, snaring timid small game in the streets, with a tap on the shoulder for sufficient weapon and authority: he was a veteran of the big man-hunt—a sentimentalist under the skin, withal, and seasoned with Irish tenderness. We gathered presently that for many years he had lived in close and

affectionate companionship with an ideal of daily behavior which he called My Duty. It was a complete expression. And plainly it had been philosophy enough. A simple performance, truly; yet it had fashioned a man who was still unable to contemplate fear and shame and all manner of dishonor in men with anything short of amazement.

"I say," said he, his voice lowered, his attitude inviting confidence, as though the thing should be spoken of under cover, "what about that New York murder?"

"Which New York murder?"

"The one they have on their hands."

"Which one?"

Somewhat in the manner of a stage villain the Inspector peered around to make sure of privacy.

"The gambler, you know," said he, cautiously. "Shot down in front of a New York pub, wasn't he? Right?"

That was ghastly fact.

"And they have an inspector of police in custody? Charged with complicity, isn't he? What's the *truth* of it? The despatches say—"

At that moment a trim trooper in a



dripping cloak and khaki came clicking down the veranda with a telegram. He saluted, presented the message, saluted again, stepped back his paces—according to the regulations, doubtless—and saluted for the third time, standing then at attention, until, having been dismissed, he took instant advantage of a last opportunity to salute and clicked away. Whatever the contents of the message, they preoccupied the Inspector past continuing his pursuit of dependable information relating to the incredible conduct of the police of New York.

A trooper of any state of the Commonwealth, having measured up to the physical standard of a man, not less than a wiry five-foot-eight of length and a muscular bulk of eleven stone, with a good eye to back that minimum, and having been heartily accredited as to character, and having shown an aptitude for the service, and having exposed his quality in general, in the course of a cunning interview with the Commissioner, who has a sharp eye for defects and a touchy regard for the honor of the corps, goes then into barracks for a twelvemonth's rigorous military training, whence he emerges, at last, a soldierly fellow—as trim and disciplined and impersonally swift in the performance of duty as many old Tommies of the British line. It is a far patrol, at first—some last region of the backblocks, where rogues and black fellows are to be kept in hand and a widely scattered and forlorn community is to be served with paternal solicitude by the only representative of the state within the hope of reach. There are almost seven hundred thousand square miles to police, from Thursday Island to the long New South Wales border, which implies lonely billets, vast districts, and long riding in haste.

"I rode, once, after a cattle-duffer," said the Inspector, "two hundred and twenty-five miles in thirty-six hours."

He was a big man.

"Seventeen stone and eight at the time," said he.

From the beginning of his service the earth of his neighborhood shakes when the trooper goes abroad—strutting the street of his small township, brushed

and polished, with the broad brim of his felt hat flirled up at the side, in the Australian way, or galloping the dusty roads on active service, clanking authority with every hoof-beat, or perched behind the hump of his camel, lumbering through the deserts. It is a heartening spectacle, indeed, wherever encountered in the bush-lands of the Commonwealth—New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, Tasmania, Western Australia, the Northern Territory, or Queensland. A soldierly figure, spick and span, as opportunity runs: khaki-clad in the heat, with serge and leather trappings for winter weather, and white cord breeches, a white helmet, and sword for parade. He has a wide latitude of discretion. It is assumed at headquarters, it seems, that in any event he will be on the right side of justice and propriety. And he is the law of the frontiers: where he rides there is order, and where his hand falls in the King's name there is one less rascal at large or a trooper near shamed out of the service.

In the days when the Inspector was a trooper (said he) he took a savage black fellow—meaning by this a black fellow of some uncivilized bush—for the murder of a white squatter. The slaughter of one black fellow by another is relatively a thing of small consequence; the aborigine who achieves this savage *éclat* is chastened by an easy detention of a year or two and liberated to his tribe. But to spear a white man is a crime most heinous and intolerable. It is visited with a pursuit which seldom stops short of capture or a death at bay in the open—a chase of a thousand miles, it may be, and quick, grim action at the end of it, arrest or the alternative. Having now with vast satisfaction taken his savage, the Inspector made haste back with him toward his station to dodge the impending rains. But the rains caught him. A river, dry in the outward track, was widely in flood; and on the bank of it—the rain threatening a long increase—the Inspector stopped, chagrined. It was wild country, and the trooper was alone with his captive, who desired nothing more, as the trooper very well knew, than a cunning opportunity to do his captor to death.





*Drawn by George Harding*

A FRIDAY NIGHT CONCERT ON THE BEACH



A crossing must be made.

"Well, now, *how*," the Inspector inquired of us, in twinkling expectation of our bewilderment, "did I manage it?"

"You swam."

He laughed.

"First of all," I continued, to make the action pleasantly melodramatic, "you strapped your revolver on your head; and having done this, as any good bushman could, you took your knife between your teeth, drove the black fellow in advance, and so came safely to the other side."

The invention was woefully short of the reality.

"'Tis plain," said the Inspector, "that you've never seen a black fellow in the water. Man alive, they swim like sharks—like turtle and dugong! A white man would have as much chance with a crocodile. And there's another thing—I can't swim a stroke."

"Then you didn't get across?"

"Ah, but I *did*!" he cried, delighted. "I made my prisoner take me. And the big devil had a clever dodge, too. I give him credit for cunning—I do that. He was to loop a strap over his forehead, you see, and let me flop along at the other end. It was the surest way, says he—the usual way. And that was quite true. But it didn't suit my book. Ah, they're sly, treacherous brutes! Trust myself with that nigger free in the water? Not I! I love my life. He would have turned on me midway. He would have had me drowned in a jiffy. 'Ah, no,' says I; 'it may be that I'm to drown, but if I drown, *you'll* drown, and that's the way we'll have it, b' gorry!' So I strapped his wrist to mine—with a

foot of leather for leeway. There was no getting loose, neither for him nor for me. 'I would take the slash of a knife to do it. I saw to the lashing myself. Do you take my plan? If one of us went, both would go. I had him fast. He couldn't get away. He might drown me, quite

so; but I would have my hands on his throat before he got very far with the business, and he would pay with his life."

"And then?"

"I drove him into the water. He took me across."

It was a prodigious adventure.

"I wonder why it is," the Inspector mused, "that you can't keep a young dog of a trooper from doing foolhardy things like that?"

"A young dog?"

"That's it!" says he. "Sheer youth!"



SAVAGES FROM THE BUSH

In the early Queensland days—when the Black Police, a constabulary of half-tamed savages, officered by white men, rode the country, the ruthless arm of the law on the wild frontier—sentiment was for a time not seriously opposed to the extermination of the black fellows. In the eyes of the settlers they were like wild beasts—their appearance, customs, and behavior. It was the custom to shoot the culprits at sight, their tribesmen and dingoes; and there were men who kept tally of their achievements in the field—"Thirty-seven to date!" Black fellows were intolerably pestiferous: they speared the cattle, hamstringed the horses, thieved what they could lay hands on, and were sometimes bold and cunning enough to murder the settlers, having first tortured them with devilish invention; and for all this wanton work they



were in reprisal massacred in defenseless droves—driven to corner, in lagoons and hollows, like rabbits and wallaby, and shot or cut down without any let-up until the last shivering wretch had fallen. It was a black business altogether: there are gruesome tales abroad of those days—of natives hunted for sport or picked off for target practice, and of the employment of great fires to dispose of the game when bagged in awkward numbers.

"Poisoned 'em, too," said an acquaintance of the road we traveled.

It was a tale so grotesquely improbable that we laughed in scorn of it.

"No, no!" protested our gentleman. "I *mean* it."

"How, then, was the thing managed?"

"Easily enough. Poisoned 'em like rats. Gave 'em barrels of poisoned flour."

Traveling the roads of the Queensland back-blocks we encountered a black fellow shuffling through the dust from his reservation to town. He was an old man, an old, old man, in reservation slops, whose countenance excited a convulsion of disgust, so very bestial was it, and whose proximity, in a general way, was altogether shocking to one's composure. He had no savage pride, like a North American Indian, to win the smallest measure of any man's respect; nor had he any jollity, like a negro, to gain an indulgent regard, but had only a slouch and a mumble and a half-witted titter. Somewhat he resembled a negro—the color and thick lips and flat nose of him; but he had no clear, mild eye, nor was he in any way upstanding and frank—flaring red and treacherously shifty little eyes, indeed, set far back, and a slinking way, like a mongrel dog brought to heel; and a gap in his shirt disclosed

that he was as hairy as an ape. Indeed, he was so debased in feature and demeanor that it stirred the wrath to find him fashioned indubitably in the likeness of a man. Beholding him, I was almost enabled to credit the preposterous tale that it was at one time thought to be no grave breach of Christian morality to feed the aborigines to the dogs.

He was no fair example, to be sure, of his own race.

Near by this town, long ago, this man's tribe had murdered a family of settlers in the night, save one lad, who escaped death by opportunely tumbling to the floor between the bed and the wall, himself wounded, unconscious, and left for dead. What the provocation was nobody knows. It is probable that there was no specific provocation. It had doubtless been a wanton thing—a child-



THE TROOPER IS THE LAW OF THE FRONTIERS



ish mischief—undertaken upon savage impulse and accomplished for nothing more than the momentary pleasure of dealing death to some living creature. This was the inspiration of many similar deeds—neither vengeance nor spoil, but the swift, bestial, wanton blood-lust, indulged, celebrated, laughed over for the time, and forgotten; and therein lies a sufficient explanation of the terrible character of the retaliation. Whatever the case, the boy, having thus narrowly survived, made his way to Brisbane, where he related his story to the authorities, and to such good purpose, as it turned out, that he was given a rifle and free leave to return to his district and shoot as many black fellows as he could manage, being heartily assured that the law would not molest him.

"You see," said our fellow-traveler, "he was regularly licensed."

"By the Department of Game and Fisheries?" I scoffed.

"Ah, come, now!" he replied. "I am

not joking. I do not mean to say," he went on, "that the authorities gave this boy an engraved license, suitable for framing, but I do assert that they commissioned him to kill black fellows, and that his commission was not altogether singular, but one of a good many. And he did kill black fellows—hundreds of them, possibly. He killed them where he could find them, running the bush or employed on the stations, not even hesitating in the presence of their white masters. And by and by the thing became a nuisance. It was awkward for the station-owners to have their black boys disposed of in this way. There were complaints. I recall that one station-owner had his best black servant shot from the saddle on the road. He was very angry; but the boy flourished his commission and the station owner could do nothing about it. The end of it was that the boy was summoned to Brisbane and bought off. The old black fellow whom we passed a few moments ago



BLACKS SPEARING CATTLE





THE INSPECTOR WAS CAUGHT ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE RIVER WITH TWO PRISONERS

boasts that he was once pursued by this industrious youngster. And he had a narrow escape. He says that he took to the river, and that he submerged himself, breathing meanwhile through a reed until the hunt was given up."

In these secure and enlightened days the Queensland blacks are cherished by the state with anxious solicitude—encouraged with rations, blankets, school-teachers, and by others with religious instruction. A Chief Protector of Aborigines, his deputies and the police, are charged with the business. "All we can do," said a Queenslander of consequence, with rhetorical pathos, "is to ease the last moments of this dying race." But there are the outlands. Australia is most populous on the coast. There is a rapid decrease as the country approaches the wild interior. Railroads stop far short of it. Civilization thins out. The towns diminish and scatter and the stock-stations grow to vast and vaguely bounded estates. In the remotest back-blocks the stations merge with the wild lands; and beyond—toward the center of the continent—lie the deserts and unmapped bush-lands and the lusty savage life of them. In the Never-Never (as the outermost places are called) the trooper's duty concerns itself largely with the capture of offending blacks who escape to the dry-lands and barren ranges. Still on the frontier the blacks spear cattle and occasionally murder settlers and unwary travelers; and they must surely be taken and pun-

ished if security is to be established in the rich lands of the Never-Never.

It is a service which sometimes demands the exercise of an amazing ingenuity and daring.

"All the cunning," the Inspector declared, again, "of a bubonic rat!"

Once the Inspector—the Inspector with whom we sat on the broad upper veranda of the hotel—was caught on the wrong side of a river of the outlands with a problematical black tracker and two vicious and mighty prisoners. It was far "out back"—the empty wilderness. And it was the beginning of the rainy season. A drenching rain was falling when they came to the bank. It went whipping past with half a gale of wind. The river, in flood, was a wide, brown, swirling torrent, carrying a swift and threatening freight of trees and dead underbrush. It was not a heartening prospect, ruffled by the wind, contemplated through a mist of driving rain: there were currents, shallows, whirlpools—a deep rush of water. The Inspector's prisoners were not repentant culprits. They were naked, savage, terrified by capture and restraint; and their irons had fretted them near to madness. In short (said he) they were like wild beasts, lately taken in a jungle, being conveyed to captivity. And the black tracker, too, was a source of grave perplexity. He was not to be trusted: he was himself fresh from the bush, half-tamed, not proven; and it was the part of caution to assume that he had rather join forces





*Drawn by George Harding*

IT WAS A RENDEZVOUS OF THIEVES AND OUTLAWS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION



with the Inspector's prisoners than serve the Inspector.

It will be recalled that the Inspector could not swim.

"Not a stroke, mind you!" said he.

It was a predicament, indeed. With what shrewd resource the Inspector solved the many and perilous difficulties of the situation could not be fathomed by the most cunning bushman—nor invented by the most reckless teller of tales. There was the river: it was hardly passable, at best, and here in the wilderness there was no craft for crossing it. To attempt to swim the horses through a flood so wide and violent would be to invite the treachery of the black tracker and the escape of the prisoners. There would be confusion; and the issue of that confusion would be the Inspector's death or dishonor. It was not to be chanced. The prisoners must be kept close; they must be unshackled, at last, and driven into the water, but they must surely be kept within range and reasonably placid aim. They could not be shepherded to the other side from the back of a frenzied horse. The black tracker, too, always a menace in a predicament, must be restrained, if by nothing more salutary than a cold glance, occasionally cast in his direction, carrying the threat of quick death.

"You mustn't let your tracker get behind your back," the Inspector paused to explain. "No, no! My word, no!"

Invariably not?

"A raw one, especially," he replied, "if you're in trouble. They're treacherous brutes."

First of all the Inspector lashed two V-shaped pack-saddles end to end. And here, then, was the framework of a small craft. He turned them upside down. It was a good beginning. Of the oilcloth cover of his swag (blankets) he fashioned an outer skin. This he tucked in and kept firmly in place by means of some sapling branches. The craft was finished. He launched it. It floated—floated dry; and so low was its center of gravity when he sat in it (like a man in a bathtub) that it seemed to be amply seaworthy, notwithstanding the turbulence of the current it must weather. How, then, to propel it across? Well,

the Inspector's ingenuity did not fail him. His inspiration had included the means. Having disarmed his black tracker and despatched him in advance with the horses, the intrepid Inspector, stark naked and rueful, harnessed his two prisoners to the bow of his craft and set out on his voyage, his heart in his mouth with fear of drowning, his stout person rigidly upright and stationary, his revolver covering the astonished creatures whom in this remarkable way he compelled to swim with him in safety to the other side, where, devoutly thankful, he resumed his journey.

"It is quite the most extraordinary exploit of the sort," I protested, "that ever I heard of!"

"Quite so," said he, mildly.

After all, the black fellows of the outlands are no warriors. They are given to bloody mischief—to foolish, wanton murder, accomplished from ambush or in the dark. In packs they are truly to be feared by a helplessly inferior force. But they do not make war. As compared with the North American Indian of pioneering days, for example, they are no worse than exasperating. Speaking in the loose fashion of the layman, they are of a low order: they have no useful domestic animals; they do not practise agriculture even of a most primitive description; they have no fixed habitations, but only the *mia-mia*, a temporary canopy or wind-break of brush. Thus from season to season they subsist and wander like the beasts of the field. And they are not in a largely more intelligent way capable of concerted action. They have no hereditary chiefs—no chiefs, properly speaking, at all, except old men of more or less influence. Consequently an attack by any tribe in full force and under powerful leadership is not to be expected; and an alliance, tribe with tribe, for sustained and directed war, could never occur. Wary travelers are safe enough in their progress through the land, and the outermost settlers of the Never-Never, so long as they do not neglect the accepted, simple precautions, are reasonably secure.

Australia is rid of the bushrangers who long ago celebrated the roads of the colony with their picturesque villainies.



It is a curious circumstance that the last band of consequence to be dispersed by the police followed their adventures incased in vizored helmets and a sort of medieval armor. Bushranging vanished with the gold-fever of Victoria and New South Wales. In the Kalgoorlie days there was no highwayman of conspicuous achievement. Nor was there much lawlessness of a capital degree: the small offenders—thieves and claim-jumpers—were merely drummed out of camp and forbidden the fields. But there are half-caste and white rogues to be dealt with by the constabulary in the back-blocks. In some small town of the Queensland bush we encountered the announcement that His Excellency the Governor had been pleased to direct the offer of five hundred pounds in reward for the capture of a young horse-breaker whose mother was a half-caste Chinese and whose father was a Kanaka. It was an enterprising crime: between Turkey Station and Bustard Head the refugee had shot down the swain of a young woman of whom he was himself enamoured, and had thereupon carried her off with him on the back of his horse, leaving no trace.

Shearers and drovers are a wild company to keep in hand when the checks are distributed and the liquor begins to flow in the back-block public-houses.

"Ah, yes, but they don't draw knives," said the Inspector, "and they don't shoot from their coat-pockets."

In short, their customs were British.

"They settle their differences with their fists," the Inspector declared, warmly, "like men!"

Once the Inspector cut out his quarry from a "mob" of rogues in a shanty-saloon of the Queensland frontier. It was a remote and dangerous wayside inn—a rendezvous, after a sort, of cattle-duffers (thieves) and outlaws and suspects of every Australian description. To enter single-handed and demand a man in the King's name was a feat of cold temerity; but the Inspector accomplished it without agitation—a casual arrest, as it were, an affair of no general consequence—and rode away with his captive. It was a hanging charge. The prisoner had nothing more to lose. He would kill the Inspector if he could.

And the Inspector had no illusions. But the two rode amiably together until the day's riding was done. They made camp in the bush. The billy was boiled. There was a companionable smoke—more amiable and diverting conversation. It turned out that the prisoner was a clever, agreeable fellow. The Inspector rather fancied him. But at last, night having fallen, and the talk languishing with the fire in the bowls of the pipes, and a journey of many days lying ahead, and the Inspector being desperately sleepy, it was time to turn in. How about a guard? The Inspector did not by any means propose to lose a night's sleep.

It was a simple arrangement, after all: the Inspector handcuffed his prisoner to his own wrist, threw his revolver out of reach, and lay down to sleep.

"Why dispose of the weapon?" I inquired.

"I had no wish to kill my prisoner."

"Very true; but your prisoner—"

"A tussel? Ah, well, I looked him over and I thought I was as good a man as he was."

"But he might—"

"Pish!" the Inspector scoffed, "I wouldn't give him the satisfaction of even thinking I was afraid of him."

Well, now, it was still raining. A wet night, truly—a drenching, splashing, gurgling night. Rain drummed on the roof and overflowed the eaves. The air was thick with a tepid moisture. It was dark in the flooded streets. The town had gone to bed. Another dripping trooper came clicking down the broad veranda and interrupted the Inspector with a punctilious salute and a telegram; and having been dismissed, like the first, and having executed the maximum number of salutes allowed by the regulations, he clicked off into the rainy night, leaving the Inspector in the mind to pursue his quest of reliable information relating to the alleged incredible conduct of the police of New York. This he did with the most polite consideration. Our pride was not to be damaged in the least. The Inspector (said he) was asking for information; he intended no reflection upon the quality of our constabulary—no indelicate insinuation whatsoever.



We were to understand that. And, moreover, he was not disposed to discuss an affair so questionable in the open. As it chanced, our situation was secluded. Except for ourselves the broad veranda was deserted. Yet the Inspector sat up in his steamer-chair and peered cunningly around to make sure that our privacy was not a thing of appearance only.

"I say," he whispered, leaning confidentially near, "what about that New York Inspector of Police?"

"He is in custody."

"In custody! Think of it! Well, now, I say, between ourselves, you know—you won't take this amiss, I'm sure—the despatches seem to hint at what they call 'an alliance between the police and crime.' Really, now, what do they mean by such extraordinary talk as that?"

"That there is an 'alliance.'"

"You don't mean to say that it is openly *charged*?"

"O Lord, yes!"

"My word!" the Inspector gasped.

Really, he was greatly shocked.

## Old Friends

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

YOU speak of us as though we never met,  
 As though my name  
 Were not a household word with him,  
 And his the same;  
 As though I never saw his face before,  
 And never heard  
 That strange, dark voice—ah, how much sweeter far  
 Than any bird!

Why! we have known each other our whole lives long,  
 My friend and I;  
 When I was born he whispered soothingly  
 That I would die.  
 And all the way along the haunted road  
 His hand touched mine,  
 And still upon his smiling secret lips  
 I read the sign.

Colder his hand is as mine colder grows,  
 Slower the beat  
 Of that mysterious heart so close to mine;  
 Those leaden feet  
 That fare so listlessly the April road,  
 Are mine, are his—  
 And when we smile, it is because we hear  
 The river Dis.



# Emma

BY LOUISE CLOSSER HALE



HE was my earliest recollection. And she was not my dear mother, or my sister, or my Aunt L. She was our hired girl, Emma.

We had moved from one city to another, arriving at the rooms that my father had engaged for us toward evening. I know there was gas burning in an unshaded jet. Even then this ugly flare of light impressed me as mean. I cite this boastfully, for I was but three years old. I had not yet formed a standard of beauty. But to see clearly is the gift of the young and the old.

Possibly that is the reason Emma's homely face was very lovely to me: for I was seeing her with the bright vision of a world that I had but recently quitted. I was seeing, through Emma's coarse, irregular features, clear to the soul of her.

There was nothing remarkable in her first statement, the first that she ever made, so far as I can recollect. She asked some one of several people who were moving about among my mental shadows, and who were doubtless my nearest of kin, if the horse got down safely (although I think Emma said "safe"). She was opening a tin of lobster on a marble-topped table, and there were crackers to go with it. She gave me the first mouthful, and ever afterward the first mouthful came to me, even when we had graduated from the tinned variety of the crustacean to the kind that is bought, green and horrifying, at the fish-market.

For some reason, my next definite association with my adored one had also to do with creatures of the deep—with bivalves in this case. My dealings with oysters, however, were a sustained memory, and I was buttoning my frocks down the front instead of the back (the order is reversed nowadays) before the deli-

ciousness of the forty-cent tin of oysters ceased to play an important part in my existence.

"We will have oysters for supper," a voice would say—probably my mother's—on a night that smelled of the first dead leaves. "Run to the store, Maygie, and be sure you take the book." And, after an interval of hastening to and fro, I would be by Emma's side again in the kitchen. She was primitive in her methods; she always used the potato-masher and a dull can-opener to make a hole in the corner of the tin. It took a long time, but I had the crock ready to receive them, and the oysters would go "plump, plump, plump, plump" into the brown earthen dish. I never had to beg, although she always said, "There ain't none to spare." It was with a kitchen fork (the one with the tines bent) that she would scoop up the largest of the succulent extravagance and lower it into my mouth. My lips closed about it, fearful that it might slip down too soon. I have eaten other oysters since, but only those memorable ones—in tins—are to be ranked with wider joys.

I never saw our hired girl eat oysters. On nights when there was company I remember her saying that she didn't like them. But her heroism made no impression on me, and to flagellate myself I will admit that the grass was long on her grave before I appreciated that Emma's turn for a tidbit was the last of the last. Yet her happiness, although purely a vicarious one, was greater than ours when the chicken turned out well, or the tea-biscuits browned nicely. It never came to me in those earliest days that she was not getting her share along with the best of us. Indeed, I did not find out until I had reached the mature age of seven that she did not hold the same proud position which the family enjoyed.

The discovery brought with it a throb of indignation. Here she was, my most



intimate friend, by some curious process of life obliged to eat after us, taking what we had left. I endeavored to correct this. At least I made efforts toward self-denial (always in a loud, ostentatious voice, that I might receive praise), refusing a second helping on account of a possible shortage; and once when there were guests I was sent from the table for making the hungry visitors uncomfortable.

I can remember wandering out to see my pigeons, and the taste of salt tears in my mouth as I sat among them. Sorrow for the starving hired girl—or was it myself?—racked my soul, and when the thought came to me to kill all the pigeons and put them in a pie—for Emma—my roars reached the supper party. It was all right, though. They had arrived at the floating-island stage, and Emma was free to rescue me. I ate another meal with her and the hired man, and there seemed to be plenty for all three of us.

This insistent dwelling upon food to which I appear to be addicted is, in truth, not fair to either of us. In the festal side of my life she figured largely. I associate her with the first of everything that happened to me—the first Sunday-school, the first hail-storm (hiding under her bed). Was it not she who took me to my first party at Hughie's—pulling me through the snow on a sled with swans' heads topping the runners? I saw the tiny sled not long since, and marvel that it could have been managed.

Emma remained at the party, although probably uninvited. I heard her relating to my mother afterward the story of Hughie's punishment when the refreshments were served, and what she thought of Hughie's mother, until my mother said, "I want you to stop talking like that." But Emma didn't stop, and no one who had attended the gathering could have felt anything less than his best indignation. It was this way: Hughie, heading the procession into the dining-room, had sung out "Chocolate cake! Chocolate cake!" when the sweet, brown vision, towering amid the lady-fingers, burst upon him. This annoyed the elders, who believed in discipline; and for a punishment to

Hughie, or the rest of us—I have always been vague about it in my mind—the cake was taken away, and not one of us had the minutest slice.

"And don't tell me she didn't do that to save it," said Emma, in spite of warnings. "What had the rest of them poor younguns done not to have no cake!" Several years after that Hughie's mother went upon the stage. "But what could you expect?" I heard Emma say to mother.

This first snowfall of my memory was followed by others involving forts and battles with snowballs across the irregular, laboriously rolled walls. To be honest, the sporting instincts of my champion were not of the best. When it would seem that my side was getting the worst of it, she would emerge from the kitchen and rout our enemy with great clods of snow, although they were but little girls and boys whose molding of the round white weapons was impeded by wet mittens. "'Tain't fair!" the other side would shout. And it wasn't, but she would never come in until my mother would summon her. Her eyes would be gleaming, and her heavy, unkempt braids falling down upon her rough, bent shoulders. It never occurred to me that she was a child, too, at such times, or that I would ever outstrip her in our process of development.

Outstrip, did I say? I wonder. Knowledge of a kind I acquired. Could I have been but twelve when the taint of pomp and circumstance began to make itself felt? I was still crying: "Why not have Emma with us? Why not? Why not?" when I observed that she held her knife and fork differently from us, that her hats would not sit right on her head, and that there were words that I must spell out for her in Mrs. Southworth's novels. I wonder now, had we taken to the woods upon this discovery of mine—if there had been no neighbors about, rapidly acquiring culture—would Emma and I have escaped this shameful period of my life when she became a creature inferior to me.

I had a little friend next door. According to the nature of things, I despised this little girl for being younger than myself, the while I loved her for being



just herself, and yet stood in a sort of awe of her for—well, for the extra branch to her family tree, perhaps; or, to define my uneasy respect more definitely, because their hired girl wore a cap.

It was not a white one with a bobbing bow; it was of calico, shirred about, but it was a badge. It belonged to a Certain Kind of People. It was the Right Thing for them to wear. There were days when I lorded it over this small neighbor because our hired girl *didn't* wear a cap. I endeavored to put her in the wrong socially by placing myself in the right. I wedged myself into the position through the force of years and argument, but I knew that I was an interloper. I knew, from all that I had read and gathered out of a vast experience, that Emma *should* have worn a cap. The matter was never broached to her, although I sat through meals of nervous, frozen silence with the resolve to speak to her of it when the pie was finished. But either a certain dignity or a certain fierceness which she possessed kept me tongue-tied. I was only brave enough to despise her as time went on, and I continued to accept with more and more languid tolerance the kindnesses that her great love granted me.

As my manners increased in elegance, it must have been that a glaze grew over my eyes. I appeared to be regarding her through a lorgnon. For the lorgnon, of all the instruments of torture employed in social life, is the most belittling. Her face, that I once thought beautiful, became commonplace. I could see her eating in an unlovely manner; could hear the uncouthness of her speech; could watch her with contempt as she ran noisily and awkwardly through the house in her eagerness to serve us.

With curling lips I grew into young ladyhood. All the democracy of youth had vanished. My one fear was that of doing the Wrong Thing, and encouraging it in our household. In spite of my efforts to avoid social errors, however, Emma was not entirely removed from my life. By the employment of a sliding code of honor she could still sit up late to starch a gown for a picnic, still darn my "all-over" embroidery, and start me, beautifully equipped, upon my fashion-

able rounds. But she must not stand upon the front porch to watch me down the street. And, above all things, she must not rush to greet me when I returned, upon the timid arm of some gallant, to ask if my time had been a "nice" one.

When I shut my eyes, now, the memory of that cool stare with which I met her glad questionings freezes my lids.

Then, for a time, the rainbow days of parties, high-school receptions, ham-mocks, candy, and other happenings vital to my existence were obliterated by the black engulfing event which, in its enormity, its simplicity, found me clinging to Emma again. Through the house of death she moved capably; above the sound of mother's grief her voice rose assuringly. In the days before my father was taken from the room where the blinds were down and the windows slightly raised, I was once more in the kitchen with her, until, I remember, she pushed me into the front of the house again, her poor face contorted hideously. "Go on out—I got to cry; I can't hold in forever," she said. I went wonderingly—he wasn't *her* father!

Yet the colors came back into my rain-washed sky, and with them, improperly enough, I returned to my set regard for the proprieties. After a space my mother came to table with us, and we sat staring at the awful emptiness of a place that would never be filled. Emma was not far away, yet not with us, and my mother, piteously regarding the cleared expanse of linen at the head, whispered a plea that our hired girl be called in to join us, and forever after block out the physical bareness. Little tendrils of longing for Emma, too, stretched out from my body, but I was stern. Sit at table with *us*? I shook my head.

My mother looked at me as I remained miserably resolved. Then she spoke quietly: "Emma was good enough for your father to lay his dying hand upon her head as she knelt by his bedside. She was good enough to call by name with his last breath."

Somehow the meal went on, each stumbling silently through the grace which, always before, he had pronounced aloud; each wondering, no doubt, why,



in all the years, we had not more perfectly acquired it. But the Right Thing had been accomplished.

Within the next few months, by many processes of enforced elimination, we found ourselves very nearly at that first state of tinned lobster served on the marble-topped table. As if to alleviate the discomforts of our condition, the table itself had taken on a significance that gave it more importance than its mid-Victorian ugliness justified. It was now an "old piece" that had been long in the family. And the consciousness of possessing it added to that feeling of gentility which attaches itself to those who have enjoyed riches, but were now far removed from them.

We, or rather I, made a virtue out of having lost our house, our horses, and our hired man. I basked in the melancholy of our estate, and covered any lack of creature comforts with an air of pride. It was the particular form of pride that no one who was still pleasantly well-off could suitably display. It was, indeed, the only rich privilege left us.

No; there was one other. Emma remained with us, and not even my little friend next door, who savored of the firmly, if not newly, wealthy, could share my prerogative in the possessing of a "dear old family servant." Their cook with the neat headgear had gone out of their lives years before, to be replaced by a succession of menials, all becaped, to be sure, but by their inconstancy robbing the family of our excellent asset.

Emma was the last to leave the "big" house after the last van had departed, yet, miraculously enough, she was the first to reach the little cottage to which we had removed. At least her pervading presence has left that impression with me. She stood, incorrectly, on the tiny front porch to welcome us home as we straggled up the narrow walk in the dusk of a raw spring day. "The oven draws grand," she said to my mother, and then, for some reason or other, they wept in each other's arms.

There were neighbors about—strange ones, peering—but I managed to assuage my embarrassment over the situation with the new, complacent thought of Emma as a Faithful Retainer. The embracing scene might have happened in a

play; in fact, it frequently did, and never without a choking among the audience. That I might get into the lime-light as well I also made some show of affection. United, we went into the dreary house, and, as usual, ate our hired girl's supper.

No coat of mail is as impenetrable as the veneer of snobbery. Otherwise an appreciation, not only of Emma's rôle, but of Emma in the rôle, would certainly have soaked through to the soul of me. But it was not to come until the varnish of my proud shell had been blistered from my body by the hot strife with the outer world. It was not in the home that I found home truths. I was too near.

If I was proud, she was doubly so—for us. She elected to do the daily marketing herself instead of trading with the near-by grocer, going to and fro, carrying a large basket with a cover. It was a cover that successfully hid the meager parcels which lay scattered at the bottom. Although without the services of a man, our lawn was kept in exquisite order, and only the neighbor sufficiently interested to peep through his casement at four in the morning ever learned that it was Emma who was running the lawnmower over the grass to save an extra expenditure.

I like to think that she found a satisfaction in doing this, apart from my mother's appreciation. I like to think, and I do believe, that she never knew just how lowly I placed her. God had given her a certain obtuseness, a sense of proportion it might have been, which kept her oblivious of any social distinction that I attempted to maintain. Not for a moment did she look upon herself as a Faithful Retainer. She was The Lady who Helped.

As a Lady she had diversions, many of which I was willing to grant her as right and proper, but it was impossible for me to grasp the idea that Emma should want to have any of the things nature was trying to procure for me. For years she had comported herself to my satisfaction in many respects. She had never kept company with any one. Although I was engaged in keeping any company that cared to click the front gate and lump itself down on the steps



beside me, it would have amused me immensely had Emma followed my course. She was too old for that. She had always been too old. I often wondered just why she dressed up, and for whom.

I had reasons for dressing up, for doing my hair each night; and it may have been the charm of my bang, and its evident ensnaring qualities, that tempted her to emulation. Or was it the Spring, and its driving qualities, of which I had yet to learn?

It was on a return from a June visit to a neighboring town the following year that she greeted us, not in the glare of the front porch, but a little in the shadow of the hall, with a bang extending from the back of her head to the tip of her nose. She was, to me, absurd, a thing to be laughed at. It wounded one's feelings. It was not the Right Thing for a Faithful Retainer to possess. I kissed her, according to precedent, but my attitude was disapproving.

And that was not all! She was feverishly anxious to get off that evening to a lodge meeting. A lodge meeting was one of the diversions I had never discouraged. I felt it to be in line with her Walk of Life. But when she returned she was not alone! Some one came with her, involving a delay at the front gate (she never used the back one) and necessitating a shamed explanation to my own joyous band on the steps.

I was indignant, and the rest of us were variously entertained over Emma's "beau." But owing to that quality of fierceness which we were conscious of her possessing, we did not speak to her of her weakness, and she sang all through the summer up to the first china-asters. I don't know if the flowers were as significant to her of the chill of life as they became to me; but years after, when I was picking these autumn blossoms to put into her poor hands, she spoke tenderly of them. "They always make me feel sad, kinda," she said. And I knew the reason.

It was china-aster time at the end of that summer in which she had enjoyed a beau that my mother brought herself to speak of this folly which had to do with "Langtry bangs" and continual singing. I never knew what my mother

said, or how she had informed herself—she shut me sternly out of her confidence—but there had been words, and tears in the night, and "Why not?" from Emma, over and over again.

"Because he isn't any good," my mother's voice once swept out upon the darkness.

Following that were defiant days, a gathering together of Emma's effects, and a tightening of her lips even while her lids were red. Yet she did not leave us, after all. One evening, late, a hack drove up to our side door. I was not sleeping, for a lover's quarrel had ensued that evening on the front steps. I have forgotten the name of the young man now, but for the time the world had stopped.

So I listened through my open window—listened to Emma making her great renunciation, listened to her contemptuously. "I would 'a' liked to have went," she said many times in answer to a rough, rumbling voice.

Finally the hack drove away. My quarrel was made up by early telephone, and Emma trained back her bangs with side-combs and went about her tasks.

That was the autumn I went East to begin my new work. I was running in and out of Emma's room depleting her work-basket for my own, and once she was in the act of changing her gown. I had never before seen her without her homely working-clothes. I stared stupidly. A finger of life laid itself for the first time upon my sleeping consciousness. Emma was a woman like me. She was soft and young like me. And she had cried, "Why not?" to my mother. I tiptoed away. "Why not," indeed!

The hand of life had closed about me before I saw Emma again. The fingers, all of them, had clutched at my throat, twisted themselves about my heart. I had gone out to do battle with the world.

One by one the standards that I held aloft went down. I know now that they had not been glorious standards, that the mottoes inscribed upon them could have carried me no farther than the railway station of our little city. But they were all I had.

Robbed, bewildered, I stood alone, conscious that I must raise new banners



to bear along the way; amazed that my early training would not serve even as the fabric from which to shape my emblems; sick with the certainty that from the horrid environment about me I must choose the threads and weave for myself, upon the loom of experience, my color-guard.

I was not a master workman. At times the snarl was too much for my untaught hands. At times I could discover no progress in my work. Tears blinded my selection of the strands. Like Penelope, I unraveled through the night that which I had woven through the day. Rebellion came. I wanted, pitifully, certain glowing colors to work into my emblem. And I was not to have them. I wanted their warmth and their beauty. I felt that my motto would be better for them. But they were not for me. I stretched for them, but they were beyond my grasp.

"Why not?" I cried in the black hours. "Why not?"

My appeal reverberated and came back to me like some faint echo. I leaned against the wall, my face pressed into the ugly design of the wall-paper, my arms hanging passionlessly. "Why not?" beat in my ears. I remembered then. It was Emma. She, too, had fought against the powers with that unanswerable plea.

So I was no higher than Emma! It would seem that I had learned nothing. I was nowhere.

I went home for a time, to be welcomed by my people at the station—to be escorted up the narrow walk once more to our front door. I was beaten. I thought that I had come back to that little door as I had left it. No whit farther; no jot wiser. Then Emma ap-

peared upon the porch to hail me rapturously. And I looked into her face, and halted. I stood still an instant before my arms were about her.

For she was beautiful once more. She was as I had seen her when I was a little child. I was a little child again. The engulfing waters of striving and failure and longing had swirled about my body, and, receding, had left me clean. My eyes regained their clear vision of earliest youth. I was, at last, as high as Emma!

All through that summer it made little difference whether I sat with Emma or she sat with me. The values of real life, as I had met it, seemed to have small relation to the proprieties of my girlhood. I clung to her as a being whose cry and mine were one, and when I went back I took up my tasks as she had done.

After a while she died. She had gone to a great city for an operation that might check the spread of a fell disease. She had elected to go, and she was among her own people after many years. But a space in the little room which my father alone occupies was reserved for her, and she knew it. I think it was her first and her last worldly ambition.

And yet, it was not until her tired self had been put away in the nearest resting-place, the one most convenient to her people, did we know that she had entirely quitted us. The space is still waiting in our little room, for, by some cruel confusion, her grave cannot be found. She has no monument; no tablet to her memory.

Unless—could this be one? This story as I have told it: do I dare offer this stumbling tribute, not as a soaring shaft of marble, but as a low, rough stone?





# A Northern Woman in the Confederacy

FROM THE DIARY OF MRS. EUGENE MCLEAN

RICHMOND, 1861.



BEGIN at last to appreciate the fact of the Southern Confederacy, and that I am in and of it—though, as I look around upon this beautiful city, I hope it may escape its share of the consequences. Already, however, there is some talk of making it the capital, and a large party is in favor of it, while the residents of the city make strong objections, some fearing one thing, some another, dreading the influx of “people no one knows,” while outside barbarians hint that a little piquant demoralization is the one thing needed to make Richmond society perfect. Just now, adorned with the “pomp, pride, and circumstance” of war, without its honors, it is one of the most attractive places I have ever seen.

Col. Robert E. Lee is here in command of the state forces, looking calm and cool, but much more grave than I have ever seen him, and has already impressed himself upon people as a leader.

Gen. Joseph E. Johnston is also here, another of Virginia’s distinguished sons from whom much is expected; with the dashing Colonel Magruder, who accepts the war as philosophically as he does everything else, and will undoubtedly win renown. Already he is at work with his accustomed energy and will speak in loud tones when next heard from.

I see a great deal of Mrs. Johnston, our conversations ranging from grave to gay, from lively to severe, in the most impartial manner. She is altogether the most agreeable woman I have ever met.

To-day a Marylander and an old friend of my husband’s came to see me, and, in the most delicate manner, begged that I would call upon him for any pecuniary assistance I might need before the return of E. [the writer’s husband]. This relieves me much, as, owing to the United States Government refusing to give E.

the pay that was due him, I arrived here with only ten dollars. Since that was an inadequate sum to commence life on, I had resolved in a committee of ways and means to invest in lemonades and sherry-cobblers for the benefit of myself and friends.

The Northern papers received to-day are filled with details of warlike preparations, broken roads, and burned bridges, all of which makes me feel quite uneasy about E., nor do I at all fancy the possible contingency of being launched on the revolutionary stream in my own frail bark, without rudder, without anchor, and without convoy.

RICHMOND.

I have passed the last three days in walking, driving, visiting. Troops are hurrying in from all directions, and as rapidly hurrying away again, though it is not proper to ask why or wherefore, and I suppose none but spies and officers in command have any accurate information. Conversation turns on “strategic points,” “bases of operations,” “lines of defense,” and glorious plans for the capture of Washington City, while men of all ages and sizes are “deploying” about the hotels and “skirmishing” up and down the streets. The street immediately in front of this hotel is the drill-ground for a South Carolina company, and it is one of my occupations to see how naturally these polka-dancing young men take to the “double-quick.” This company represents the flower of South Carolina chivalry, and numbers in its ranks Prestons, Hamptons, Mannings, Rublidges, Middletons, etc., certainly a very handsome body of men, though my old associations will forever prevent my comprehending or appreciating the status of these high privates. Last evening a Sergeant Somebody was introduced, and I received him with that sort of mental “gulp” with which I receive everything nowadays; but I soon dis-



covered that he wanted only ten minutes' start to prove himself a most charming man, with a fund of conversation that never once trenched on war or politics. It seems a great waste of material to put such men in the ranks, but it's encouraging to know that they are willing to go; and indeed there is no sacrifice—whether of life, money, tastes, habits, or associations—that these men are not ready to make.

E. returned yesterday after encountering annoyances of all kinds, but feels himself quite fortunate in running the gantlet without serious detention. He describes the same scenes that we are surrounded by, and says the Northern people are in earnest, but feel quite secure behind their seventy-five thousand volunteers and the Seventh New York regiment. The wise ones here predict that Mr. Lincoln will have to treble and quadruple his call before long, and we hear that General Scott is of the same opinion, and is consequently looked upon as an old fogey by the "*Veni, vidi, vici*" kind. E. has decided to offer his services to the Confederacy, though many of his friends advise him to take an appointment under the "*Sic semper tyrannis*." If one must be in a revolution, I think, myself, that the center is more desirable than the circumference. I shall write you from our new capital, if I'm not completely demoralized in passing through the Cotton States. Till then, good-by.

MONTGOMERY, ALA.

After a most fatiguing journey from Richmond, enlivened only by military manœuvres of awkward squads and pa-

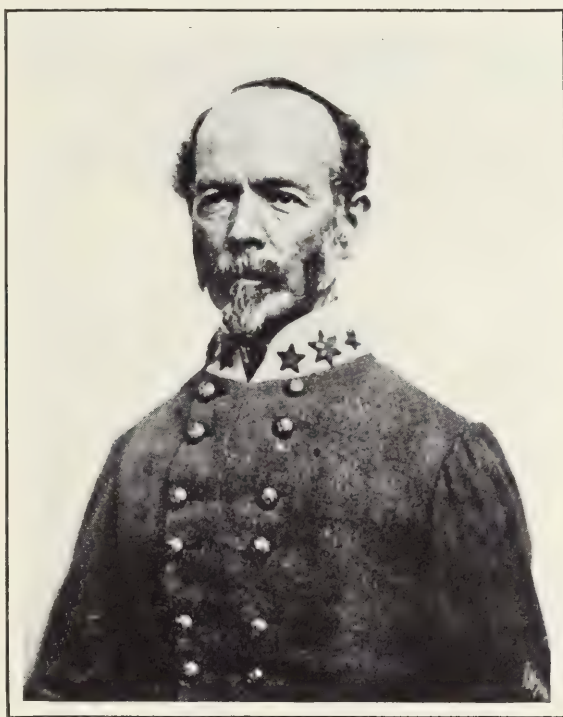
triotic speeches in every town, large and small, we arrived here about dark, and without warning were ushered into the crowded parlor of the Exchange Hotel. There sat all the world and his wife, in full evening toilette, and before I could make my escape I was recognized through the *incog.* of a thin brown veil and several layers of dust. We afterward ascertained that the house was so full that every available spot was covered with cots, and nothing of the reception-room left but the name over the door. Accordingly, E. left me to seek accommodations, and my observations led me to the conclusion that, though the scene was changed, the actors were not.

I had not more than time to take a general survey of the small fry before E. came in with Major B., to say that he had secured a room at

the Washington Hall, of which we took immediate possession, and in which I am now writing as well as the extreme heat of the weather and the mosquitoes will permit.

Yesterday I drove over the town with Mrs. Jefferson Davis, and was delighted with our new capital. There are some beautiful residences, with flower-gardens attached, while the State Capitol, in which the Confederate Congress holds its sessions, is a most imposing-looking building, situated on a hill which commands a view of the whole town. The Congress is known as "the Provisional," and is said to be acting with great unanimity, passing laws every day without the excitement of a shadow of opposition.

The uniform of the Confederacy is to be gray, with insignia of rank on the collar and sleeves. The ornaments are



GENERAL JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON

Photograph from the collection of Frederick H. Meserve



well enough, but I fancy a whole army in gray will look lugubrious. The flag is very much like the United States flag—the same colors, with the blue field and white stars; but, instead of the stripes, three bars of red. At the President's I saw a very poetical one made

it may become in the future. The President occupies a very pretty cottage in about the center of the town, and there Mrs. Davis has her weekly receptions, at one of which I was present yesterday. I saw little to distinguish it from anterevolutionary gatherings. No home-spuns as yet, though the more enthusiastic talk of adopting them, and I suppose they will when everything becoming is exhausted.

The atmosphere of Montgomery is certainly much less warlike than that of Richmond, or any other place I have been in, nor do people seem to be half so much in earnest, while it is said the Government itself is not making the most strenuous exertions to put the country on a war footing. The different states are sending to Europe for arms and ammunition, but an official said the other day that the Government intended to take them from its enemies. Yesterday E. mustered into service a regiment of fine-looking men, said to represent fabulous wealth, as the best and wealthiest men are going into the ranks. It makes me sad to see them, and I cannot help believing—in that little corner of my brain which ought to be paralyzed for the present—that those who are left will find little difficulty in counting their fortunes by the time the war is over.

Mrs. Davis has made herself somewhat unpopular by saying openly that she has no personal feeling against her Northern friends, of whom she likes to talk, and takes great interest in their welfare. It is almost a pity she says so much, as there are always some who are willing to use it to her disadvantage, for already jealousies have crept into our model republic, and some, of old standing, have been imported with



MRS. JEFFERSON DAVIS

Photograph from the collection of Frederick H. Meserve

of flowers and sent to Mrs. Davis by the young girls of a neighboring seminary. The bars were red and white roses, the blue field was larkspur, and the stars white jasmine, so ingeniously woven together that it could be handled without falling in pieces. Many persons object to the Confederate flag because it is so like the Union one. I like it for that very reason, though it can never recall as many pleasant associations, whatever



congress and other respectable institutions. How long will it last?

RICHMOND.

How shall I describe the events of the last ten days, or give you any idea of the feeling by which I have been agitated? It seems as if ten years had rolled over my head, and that the scenes of suffering I have witnessed had burned themselves into my heart, withering every association of the past and every hope of the future. We have talked of battles, and said that they were fought here and there, or would be, but the 21st of July, 1861, made us realize for the first time what war means.

The day dawned quietly, calmly, beautifully. Although we knew Mr. Davis had gone to Manassas Junction, we never suspected the object, but enjoyed the day as one of rest, few of us even going to church. Nor was there anything to disturb the calm, except the sad duty of attending the funeral of a friend's child at five o'clock in the afternoon. I remarked to Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Johnston, who were in the carriage,

that the people in the streets looked excited and I thought there must be some news, but they laughed at my nervous fancies, and I was somewhat reassured by Mrs. D. saying that we would certainly know if there was any news of importance. However, upon our return, I again remarked the same anxious expression on every countenance, and, more to convince me of my error than anything else, Mrs. D. asked a gentleman who was passing if there was any news. "Yes, madam," he replied, "they have been fighting at Manassas since six o'clock this morning." I do not know how we got into the hotel, but when there we were met by the ladies, who had just received the same information, and were perfectly beside themselves with terror and anxiety. There were ten of us whose husbands were known to be on that field, while all the others had sons, brothers, or some near relation, and one poor lady's family was represented by her husband, two sons, a brother, and a brother-in-law. Three hours passed in this suspense before we received a private telegram from Mr.



THE STATE HOUSE AT MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA, WHERE THE CONGRESS OF THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY MET ON FEBRUARY 4, 1861

From "Harper's Weekly," February 9, 1861



Davis with a list of officers killed and wounded, which, while it relieved most of us, brought a crowning sorrow to Mrs. Barstow. Fortunately she was not in the room when it was read, and we were enabled to defer until the next day a communication which no one felt willing to convey. So we retired to our rooms with grateful hearts, though death came too near for us to feel any elation at Mr. Davis's other telegrams, which announced to the people victory, in these words: "We have won a glorious, though dearly bought victory. Night closed on the enemy in full flight and closely pursued."

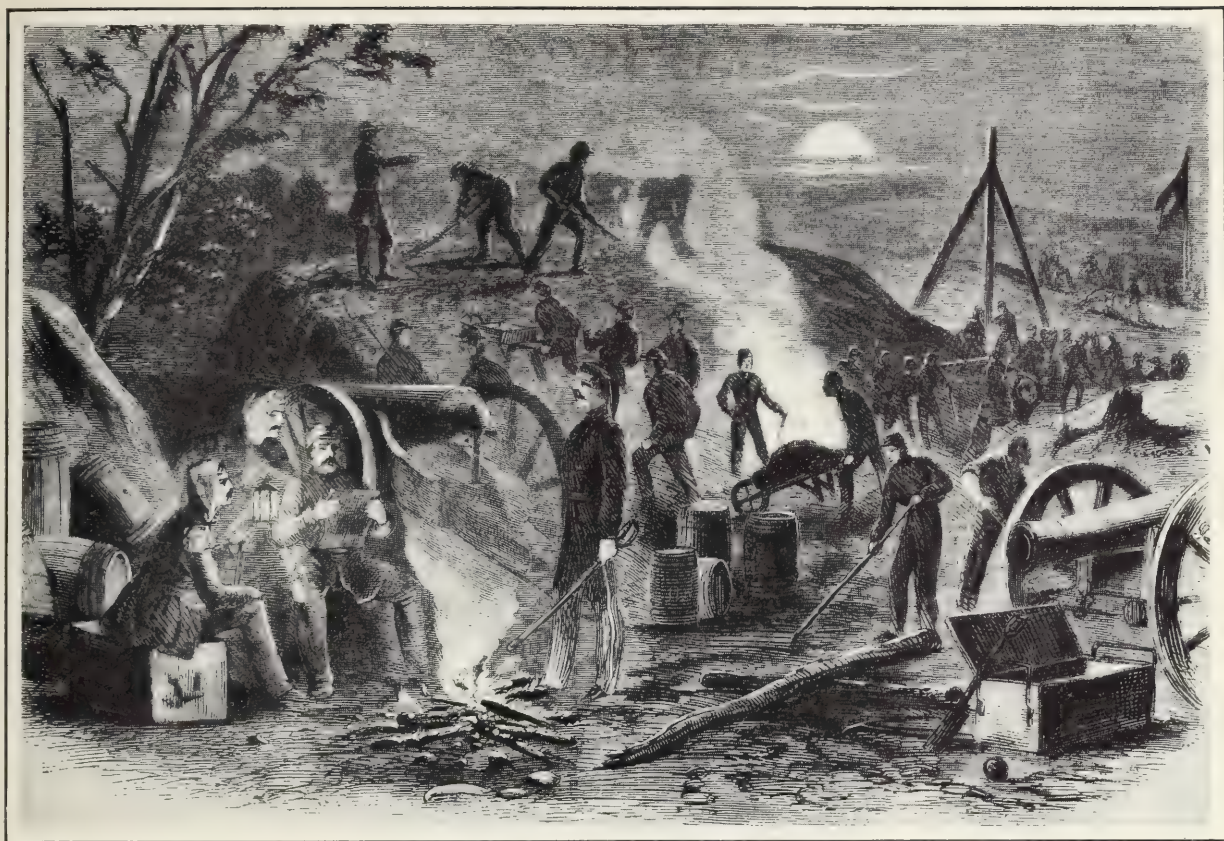
The next day was one of clouds and darkness, with a pouring rain which disturbed the working of the wires. For nearly twenty-four hours we were without another word from Manassas, and no one would have imagined Richmond to be the capital of a victorious people. It seemed as if a pall had fallen on every house, and people spoke low to each other as they waited to learn with what price victory was bought. Every family had its representative with the army, and the women who had talked so freely of their willingness to sacrifice them were bowed down to the dust, fearing they might be called upon. Among ourselves, with that poor stricken woman in the midst of us, there could be nothing like rejoicing, and one of our number, coming out of her room, said, "God help us if this is what we have prayed for!" The day wore on, and it was not until late at night that telegrams began coming in, each one bearing its message of joy or sorrow; but by the morning of Tuesday, which opened brightly, the Richmond people began to look up. There was more of good news than bad for them, and by the time Mr. Davis had returned and had addressed them in one of his stirring speeches they were almost wild with enthusiasm. To me, one of the saddest moments in all that time was when everything appeared the brightest—when Mr. Davis had returned, and the parlors were illuminated, and friends were congratulating one another, and the street in front of the house was crowded with a multitude cheering for "the President," "the Confederacy," "the Generals," and

"the Army"; while, like a passage in the minor key in some brilliant piece of music, I heard at a distance the "Dead March," and knew that the bodies of General Barstow and General Bee were being escorted to the State Capitol. I left the parlor feeling that, let war bring what it would, I should always hear the accompaniment of that sad note. The next day the bodies lay in state in the Senate Room, where they were visited by hundreds. Eloquent eulogies were pronounced by their personal friends, and the determination to avenge them recorded on high. The trains also began to bring in the wounded. Richmond threw open the doors of its private houses, and ladies who would have shrunk a few days before from the sight of blood devoted all their time to dressing wounds and caring for the sick.

On the fourth day after the battle Mrs. Johnston and I, hearing of a good opportunity to go to Manassas, procured the necessary permission from the Secretary of War, and, without listening to any remonstrances, took the early morning train.

On the way we met the train containing Union prisoners, but they seemed to enjoy their situation so much, laughing and singing, and were such a horrible-looking set, that we felt it would be going quite out of our way to sympathize with them, tacitly agreeing to look on them as so many curiosities. Upon our arrival at the Junction we were met by General Johnston and several officers of his staff, who conducted us in safety through the scene of confusion that surrounded the depot. There were congregated the sick, the well, and the wounded, Unionists and Disunionists, conquerors and conquered, people who had just found their friends, and others, alas! who had given up all hope of ever seeing theirs in this world, while surgeons and hospital attendants were either placing those of the wounded who could be moved into the return train, or anxiously looking for the medicines and little comforts that were expected from Richmond. By some strange carelessness or oversight the medical department found itself, after the battle, deficient in the very articles it most needed, and many a poor wretch lay there groaning when a little





THE FOURTH SOUTH CAROLINA REGIMENT WORKING IN THE TRENCHES AT NIGHT AT MANASSAS JUNCTION  
From "Harper's Weekly," August 10, 1861

morphine would have relieved him. We were successfully pushed and piloted into the carriage that stood in waiting, and soon reached the headquarters, a small farm-house with nothing to distinguish it but its temporary occupants. Almost the first things we saw were the captured cannon, and the first thing we heard was an account of the thirty thousand handcuffs that had been taken. This hinted at such an uncomfortable state of subjection that I worked up a very respectable feeling of rebellion, when a well-meaning but stupid man informed me there was nothing in it—that one box of handcuffs was taken, and that it was quite proper an army of that size should have that number. I thought to myself that shackles for the feet would have been more useful under the circumstances.

In a few moments E. came in to say that his "mess" were in readiness to receive and welcome us; so, declining the kind invitation to remain in the house, I walked over to the encampment and found it just what might have been expected. However, in times of excite-

ment creature comforts are a matter of minor importance. After a fatiguing day's journey one can sleep very well on a camp cot, with nothing to separate one from the outer world but a Sibley tent—more especially if one feels, as I did, that everything had been done to render it as comfortable as circumstances would permit. It was not until the next morning, when I discovered that my occupancy of the tent had obliged all the gentlemen to bivouac under trees, that I fully realized what an unjustifiable imposition I was. Tents, it seems, are not among the superfluities of the Confederacy; and indeed, the more I see and hear, the more impressed am I with the belief that we are going to war with very few of its requisites. But what surprised me more than all else was to hear intelligent men express the opinion that the war was over, that this one battle had decided it. They have convinced themselves that the North can never raise another army. If this should prove to be so, I trust that I shall be quietly removed from all participation either in the self-complacency of the South or the pusillanimity of the



North. As a people, we are given to boasting. I look forward to the future with great horror, whichever party is victorious, but privately entertain the idea that neither will be till both have suffered enough to teach them a proper respect for each other. I remember hearing some gentlemen in Washington discussing this very question, and they agreed that the North needed a defeat to unite it—opposite views, I confess, but I give them to you for what they are worth.

Of course I heard many interesting incidents of the battle, each one having an experience of his own to relate. I also heard a great deal of the technical part of it, which I did not understand, and when I was taken over the field I knew less than I did before. If you are so behind the times as to imagine that a battlefield is anything like the pictures you see, disabuse yourself of the idea at once. If you suppose, as I did, that two lines of men are drawn up opposite to each other on a level piece of ground with nothing to do but fight, you confess a lamentable ignorance. This battlefield covered some seven miles in extent. In that territory there may have been some level spots, but I saw nothing but a broken country interspersed with woods, streams, and quite respectable little hills, and when I heard that the enemy advanced in such and such a direction, and perhaps some two miles distant was shown the exact spot where some brilliant manœuvre dislodged or scattered that enemy, you will not wonder that I could not understand, though General Beauregard himself condescended to explain. By the by, he looks like one of Napoleon's marshals, and was evidently meant for a soldier. The only facts I really appreciated were the numbers of new-made graves, and the atmosphere, which in some portions of the field was almost insupportable.

I also fully realized the situation of our old friend Captain Ricketts, who is wounded and a prisoner. He is in a house at about the center of the field, which, because of the convenience of its location, was converted into a temporary hospital. There I found Federals and Secessionists occupying adjoining rooms, all suffering alike and all miserable for

the lack of some articles which a little forethought might have provided. Hearing that Captain Ricketts was in a deplorable condition, I ransacked the mess-chest for such things as I thought he might need, and succeeded in raising a bottle of brandy, some rice, and some sugar, which, with the only blanket we had, I was conveying to him, when, in passing the room that adjoined his, I saw a young Middleton of South Carolina lying on a heap of straw in the corner, gasping his life away from exhaustion. His wound had been pronounced mortal from the first, but, having no stimulants to give him, his poor father and brother, who sat beside him, felt that he was dying sooner than he needed to. I shared the brandy I had with them, and, after making some arrow-root, went into the next room, where lay Captain Ricketts and several other Federal officers. Mrs. R. had arrived the previous evening from Washington and was doing all that could be done with their limited means and poor accommodations. The Captain was suffering dreadfully from his wound, but was better off than the Confederate wounded, as he lay on a camp cot instead of on the floor. He never alluded to the battle except once, when he pointed to the place where he lost his guns and where young Ramsay was killed. Mrs. R. described the scene that greeted her as she entered the house, not knowing whether her husband was dead or alive, and fearing to glance at the large table in the lower hall which, she told me, was an amputation table, on which lay stretched a man who had died under the operation. Then the groans of the wounded and the shrieks of the dying met her ears, and she felt absolute relief when she found her husband no worse than he is, though it is by no means certain he will not lose his leg. I had known and liked Captain R. so well in happier times that I was completely overcome as the contrast between past and present rushed upon my mind. The other officers were slightly wounded, and, I thought, looked on in that cold, critical manner that people sometimes assume when dissatisfied with themselves and everybody else. After leaving them I saw one of the medical directors, and asked him to procure, if



possible, some more comfortable place for Captain Ricketts and his wife; but he said they preferred to remain where they were; and indeed Mrs. Ricketts thought it was better for the Captain to remain with his friends, while she was willing to submit to any discomforts for herself.

Just as I had bade the Ricketts a tearful good-by I saw in the room opposite a pair of eyes glittering with such an extraordinary expression that, without asking any questions or looking to the right or left, I walked straight up to them and, laying my hand on the head of the apparition, asked if there was anything I could do. The eyes rolled toward me, and, without any change in that same glittering look, their possessor told me that he was from Brooklyn, had been wounded, had had his leg amputated twice, once by a Federal surgeon, and once by a Confederate, and was waiting for them to come and cut it off a third time, adding, with a resolute air, "But I can stand it as long as they can." His voice never faltered till he spoke of his mother, to whom he asked me to write. While I was taking down the address he caught my hand, saying, "I will write myself," and without the least perceptible tremor he wrote a short note which I have this day mailed, but which was such a curiosity, considering the condition of the writer, that I showed it to several surgeons, who pronounced it as wonderful as the incident told of Marshal Lannes, who smoked a cigar while his leg was being amputated.

I found some few of the constitutional grumblers dissatisfied because our army

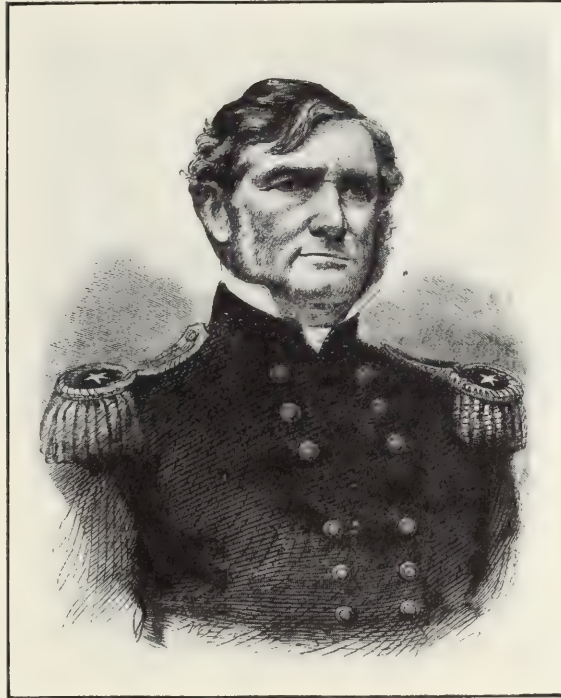
had not pushed right into Washington, but the majority were content to believe that there never had been such a victory, and never would be, unless the Yankees should have the temerity to fight again. A few, a very few, acknowledged that it had been a hard day's struggle, and considered Kirby Smith's opportune arrival providential, while they seemed to think

that it would have been quite impossible to do more, considering the fatigued condition of the men. Some of them went into battle after a half-day's march, and all of General Johnston's men had been marched and counter-marched for the two weeks previous. Besides, there was a great deal of confusion among the independent gentlemen soldiers, who had done all they thought necessary for the time.

Every one agrees that General Johnston is

magnificent on the field, but the friends of Beauregard claim for him the entire credit for the plan of the battle, which the others are not willing to yield. Mrs. Davis gives equal credit to both, and one would suppose there was glory enough for all; but military men seem inclined to be monopolists in this respect, and from present appearances I think it not unlikely that the more battles we fight with the enemy, the more "scrimmages" we shall have among ourselves.

E. returned with me, completely broken down from the effects of diphtheria and the exposure and fatigue to which he had necessarily been subjected. The night after the battle he, with General Johnston and all the staff, slept under a tree. He says they were so tired that they were only too glad to find any place to lie down. He is now in the hands



THE CONFEDERATE BISHOP-GENERAL POLK  
From "Harper's Weekly," October 25, 1862



of the physicians, who have prescribed entire rest and sulphur baths. We leave to-morrow for the Montgomery White Sulphur Springs. I have been so much occupied in getting ready for this hurried start that I know nothing of the *on-dits* of the city; I hear the battle is the only thing talked about. A Washington paper received to-day almost claims a victory for the Federals, and is minute in its description of the cannon, which have been placed in the square to show that none fell into the hands of the enemy! Private accounts from there, however, represent an immense amount of consternation and confusion. A great many letters were picked up on the field, most of them a disgrace to the language in which they are written, and I cannot imagine what part of the United States could have produced the writers; but I cease to be astonished at any kind of brutality or demoralization that this war may develop since hearing of a New Orleans "tiger"—as he called himself—displaying a toothpick and candlestick made from the bones of a dead Yankee. What a deliverance the war would be if it would only kill off such wretches on both sides!

MEMPHIS (Early Winter).

Will you believe it? I have been in a battle! And, availing myself of the privilege granted to "veterans," will henceforth tell the story on all occasions. Left Memphis about a week ago for a little trip to Columbus, where I had some business, taking passage in a Government boat which did not carry passengers, but had a place fitted up especially for us, so that I was the only woman on board, though there were some half a dozen gentlemen in the forward cabin. The weather was delightful, and we had a charming time, stopping long enough at Fort Pillow to walk over its very extensive but unfinished works. As we approached Columbus we heard rumors of a battle; but such rumors are always afloat, and in this instance gained no credence, though, as we neared one of our batteries on the Missouri side, a shot across our bow led us to suppose that we were to stop for some reason. We were about obeying the mandate when one—two—three—four—five—ten shots

were fired at us, not one hitting us, though two went between the boilers, and all came near enough to scare us considerably. As it was evident by this time, the enemy had possession of our guns, and were turning their fire against us. Why we were not struck I cannot imagine, a steamboat being an uncomfortably conspicuous target when one happens to be in it—as was keenly realized by an unfortunate Irishman of the Bob Acres school. For myself, not appreciating the danger, I did not dread it. Indeed, I was engrossed in watching the Irishman, whose first movement was to divest himself of a uniform coat and red sash, in which he had "splurged" most satisfactorily, while in piteous accents he entreated the captain to turn the boat, exclaiming, from time to time, "Thirs shills! Thirs shills!" So I was thinking less of the cannon than of the coward, as the more novel sight of the two. I will also divulge to you, in strict confidence, that it was my intention, if things got much worse, to creep under my berth, having always had an ostrich inclination to hide my head in case of alarm. But not a word of this, for I woke next morning to find myself a heroine, and have not felt called upon to disprove it.

As soon as the boat could be turned and rounded to, at a wooding-place, the gentlemen went on shore to make inquiries, but could learn nothing very satisfactory from the only persons they met—the stragglers and the "lame who started early"; who, to justify themselves, were obliged to represent the Confederates as being cut to pieces, Columbus evacuated, and all in full retreat. This being the only information to be procured, G. gave it as his opinion that the boat had best proceed to Columbus, as, in case of disaster, it would be needed; and accordingly we prepared to run the gantlet again. But there is a tide in the affairs of battles, as in everything else, and by the time we were opposite the battery again the Federals were in retreat, making for their gunboats, and closely pursued by the reinforcements that General Polk led onto the field about two in the afternoon. The United States troops under General Grant attacked General Pillow at Bel-





AN ALABAMA REGIMENT MARCHING THROUGH CAPITOL SQUARE, RICHMOND, TO JOIN BEAUREGARD

From "Harper's Weekly," October 19, 1861

mont (opposite Columbus) in the early part of the day, with complete success, but were forced to retire later, losing all they had gained, and leaving their dead and wounded on the field. All this we learned from an officer who stepped on board the instant the boat touched the Columbus landing, with an order that it should proceed at once to the opposite, or Belmont, side.

There was, of course, no time to get my things together and disembark, therefore I stayed on board, not sorry to keep up the excitement, and without any idea of the ghastly sights I should see. First, some prisoners were brought on, poor, miserable, dejected-looking creatures, with whom I could not help sympathizing, as they were forced to listen to the taunts and jeers of the common men on the boat. I was roused to active demonstrations at hearing them say to a wounded officer: "Let him lie on that pile of bricks—it is good enough for him"; and I went in search of Mr. McLean, who saw him as comfortably placed as was possible, and gave him some brandy, which restored his failing strength, but failed to impart a gentle-

manly politeness. He took all that was offered to him, as a matter of course, and in response to Mr. McLean's kind inquiry as to where he was wounded, gruffly replied, "In the back, sir, but not in running away from the enemy." "I should not have insinuated such a thing under the circumstances, whatever may have been the probabilities," said Mr. McLean, turning away disgusted, with the remark to me that "the United States uniform did not inevitably cover gentlemen nowadays." I thought little more of him, one way or the other, as by this time other wounded were being brought on board.

While bathing the face of a man in the agonies of death, I chanced to look round, and there by my side were thirty or forty corpses that had been brought on board, rolled in the blood-stained blankets in which they had been carried from the field, and wearing every expression by which the human face is distorted. I had always heard that persons dying of gun-shot wounds preserved a happy expression, but on those ghastly faces was fixed anger, revenge, suffering, and one man, with a demoniac stare in



his eyes, had his right hand raised and clenched, as if to defy death itself. Of all who lay there I saw but one who seemed to have died in peace: a young boy of about seventeen, with light hair, beautiful features, and a heavenly expression, as if he had been translated far from that scene of woe and suffering. As I looked in his large blue eyes that no kind hand had closed, I thought of the distress awaiting those to whom he was dear, and, stooping down to brush his hair aside, could not restrain the tear which fell on his white face, seeming to mar its placid purity so much that I hastily wiped it off, feeling as though he had silently reproached me for my sorrowing. Among the sufferers was a son of General Pillow, who received neither more nor less attention than any one else; all lay crowded together, dead and dying, friends and enemies—civil war in all its hideousness! I wished that the picture could have been daguerreotyped on the brains of those who let us drift into it—it would have been punishment enough, even for them.

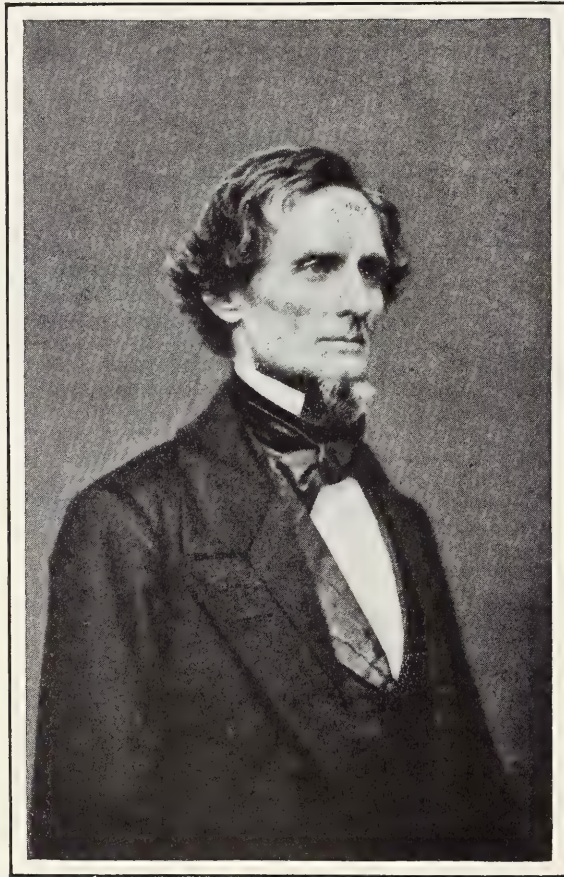
When the boat was filled with its pitiable cargo we returned to the Columbus side of the river, where ambulances were in waiting to convey their temporary occupants either to the hospitals or to their graves. We went to General Polk's headquarters, but found it entirely deserted, nor did the General and his staff return until nine o'clock at night. The firing across the river became more and more animated till dark-

ness closed on the scene, while the town of Columbus itself was rendered as unsafe as the battlefield by the irregular and constant firing of the volunteers who were left there, and who expended their excitement by shooting at everything, anything, or nothing. I was more alarmed than I was on board of the boat, and did not at all relish the idea of being accidentally shot.

When General Polk and his staff returned, flushed with victory and proud of the day's deeds, reveling in the excitement of danger met and overcome, and recounting to one another their individual experiences, I felt that I could have been a soldier myself; I forgot for the moment the dark side of the picture, and wondered if these men could ever degenerate again into every-day mortals. There is something electrical in glory, and the old General, with his head thrown back and his eyes sparkling with the fire of youth, seemed more like a pala-

din than a bishop of the Church, and it would be difficult for any one in his presence to condemn his exchange of the miter for the sword, so thoroughly is he persuaded that he is right.

Later in the evening, all the glamour of war faded out of our minds as we saw G. W. Butler, of Louisiana, brought into the house mortally wounded. He was a great-grandson of Martha Washington, and had just returned from Europe, where he had been attached to various legations. His handsome personal appearance and chivalric bearing had attracted attention as he went into the



JEFFERSON DAVIS

From the collection of Frederick H. Meserve



battle which Fate had ordained should be his first and last, and there was something so noticeable about him that after he was wounded and the Federals were in retreat a United States officer, who chanced to see him, dismounted, gave him some water, and threw his own blanket over him, saying, "Poor fellow, I wish I could do more for you!" I shall never forget the scene as I entered the room. The wounded man lay on the trestle which had borne him from the field, his younger brother leaning over him in great distress, while a brutal doctor announced in loud, harsh tones that there was no hope, and therefore no use in doing anything. He refused even to dress the wounds, so that Butler's shattered arm lay just as it had been struck, while his life blood welled from a wound in his breast. I never felt more indignant, and, taking the doctor aside, observed that at least a little morphine would ease the sufferer. "Nothing will do him any good or any harm, and I have no morphine to waste," was the response. During this colloquy I shuddered to perceive that pain had not so deadened the sufferer's faculties that he was prevented from hearing every word. But he beckoned to me, saying in the gentlest manner, but with all the spirit of his race in his eye, "Never mind, I know I am dying, but I shall have proper attention"; and from that moment he seemed to revive, while I administered stimulants from time to time, determined that if human means could save him he should not die. Alas, all our care and all the surgical skill that had been exhausted on him were in vain, and after deluding us with false hopes for some twenty-four hours he passed quietly away without a struggle. In those few hours I felt as if I had gained and lost a friend. All the pain and agony that he suffered seemed to reveal in stronger relief his many noble traits of character and his gentlemanly breeding—his firmness, his gentleness, his delicate consideration for others, that never left him till the end; and as I afterward saw him lying in his coffin, with the Confederate flag folded over him, I felt for the first time that those colors were sanctified. If I feel so, how dear must they be to those who have sacrificed

their all to it! General Polk was with Major Butler when he died, and offered one of the most earnest prayers I have ever heard. Immediately afterward he said to me, with a great deal of feeling, "What a terrible scourge is this war!"

If I could only get up a wholesome, hearty hatred for one side or the other side, it would be so sustaining; but my wishy-washy way of sympathizing with everybody that happens to be hurt is perfectly contemptible, and I am losing all self-respect. By way of encouraging a more healthy frame of mind, however, I have taken to knitting socks, in the hope that I shall become so raveled up that there will be no extrication; besides, an enlightened public opinion demands a certain number of these articles from every woman's patriotism. Accordingly, I have been cramping my fingers and puzzling my brain in "heeling" and "toeing," "rounding off" and "taking up," till I am at times entirely oblivious of the weightier matters of the war, though never of the conversation that usually accompanies this engrossing occupation when we patriots meet, with our respective socks in their various degrees of advance and decline. "Our poor soldiers" is echoed in every possible inflection of the female voice, and, like a game of ball, it is only necessary to keep it up to insure complete success. Occasionally an energetic woman, with a superabundance of vitality, breaks out against the "Goths, Vandals, and infidels of the North," but it is not necessary to notice it if you knit. So, if you wish to picture me to your mind's eye, fancy a coarse, misshapen sock with a subdued appearance at the other end of it, and you will have all that is left of Margaret Sumner McLean.

The telegraph announces this morning a terrible accident at Columbus. It seems that a new gun, which was being tested, exploded, severely injuring General Polk and killing several officers and soldiers. I feel as if every step were on a grave.

To-morrow we leave for Richmond, and, thanks to the "bridge-burners" in East Tennessee, we shall be some six days *en route*. With "foes without and fears within," it needs a St. Paul to possess one's soul in patience.



# The Outrage at Port Allington

BY R. E. VERNEDE



TRANSPORTATION in many of its phases has reached such a pitch of perfection nowadays that we are apt to forget that it has not yet been applied to the class of goods known as ideas. To such places as Port Allington ideas are supplied irregularly. Do not suppose that Port Allington lacks thinkers of its own. Mrs. Watherstone, perhaps its leading resident, Miss Tindal Atkey, Mrs. Bossington, Mr. Mills, and the Rev. Upton James—these, to name no other members of the Port Allington Literary and Philosophical Society, can argue, at one of the society's debates, in a style so subtle and cultured that the simplest subject seems in their mouths capable of making one's head spin; nor, if you want theosophy, free-will, or the psychical self discussed in a refined manner, and one that could not possibly offend the strictest Puritan, need you go further than to one of the society's meetings. Outside these, it is true, the feast of reason flags at times. As Miss Atkey once observed to Mrs. Bossington, we cannot always be feasting. A feast—even of ideas—is a luxury; it may even become a strain. The idea has first to be caught like the hare in the cookery book, and—I quote Miss Atkey again—"the common task, the trivial round, absorbs so much of the thinker's energy." Miss Atkey herself spent at least half an hour every day polishing her toast-rack—a silver one, the gift of a cousin in India, supposed by one or two of Miss Atkey's friends to be the nucleus of a romance long dead—if romance is ever dead. Mrs. Watherstone had to see that her numerous servants did not waste their time. Mrs. Bossington spent hours combing Precious, an intelligent but delicate little dog without much hair. Mr. Mills, again, is a banker, and everybody who

has a pass-book of his own knows what that means; while the Rev. Upton James, when he is not preparing a backward pupil for some stiff examination, always has his sermons to polish up and put stops into, besides doing a weekly "Things Thought" for the Port Allington *Leader*. I mention these matters merely as examples of how people's time can be taken up; they do not cover a tithe of the actual work accomplished.

Ideas, then, certainly new ideas (for I ought perhaps to explain that "Things Thought" is mostly a résumé of some of the more familiar reflections of our most familiar writers, with explanations by Mr. James which give them a homely touch) are not imported into Port Allington on quite the same scale as into London, Paris, New York, and such centers, where people have more leisure; and even news filters through in the necessarily rather scrappy telegrams and articles supplied by a syndicate to the Port Allington *Leader*. They are full of go, these articles, but they rarely, if ever, cover the whole ground, or even make it quite clear what the ground that has to be covered is. The battles in the Balkans, aviation disasters, the Putumayo atrocities—these and kindred subjects are supplied, as it were, without the prologue, the editor preferring to plunge *in medias res*. If, by the way, you find "in medias res" in any column, it is internal evidence enough that Mr. Gipps has written it, though his *noms de plume* are numerous, and include "A Thoughtful Taxpayer," "Senex," "One of the Rising Generation," and so forth. As a result, you get hard facts about appalling battles and bombardments, including the names of the protagonists usually spelled wrong (but what does it matter with these foreign names?) and the numbers of the victims invariably misprinted (but, then, figures are misleading, anyhow, even if you do print them approximately right). Lots of people got quite mixed



about the Balkans in Port Allington, though of course they fervently supported the Christian cause; and Mrs. Bossington was at one time constantly making the annoying error—annoying, that is, to Miss Atkey (she never noticed it herself) of supposing that Putumayo was the capital of Albania, or, alternatively, the name of a distinguished Turkish general. Once she even got it into her head that Putumayo had won a Marathon race, and after that Miss Atkey insisted on her looking it up on a map at the library; but it was not given, the atlas being vague on the subject of the Americas, and Miss Atkey could only prove to Mrs. Bossington, who was unusually obstinate on the point, that, anyway, it was not the capital of Albania.

It is difficult under these circumstances to follow the history of one's own times with the closeness and impartiality that it demands, and one just has to be thankful that things are no worse than they are, and that civilization is in some way holding its own, though it does not always look like it. Civilization did not look a bit like holding its own when the *Leader*, after practically neglecting the opening phases of the women's suffrage movement, which Mr. Gipps had not thought worth the money the agency wanted for them, plunged one morning into lurid accounts of axes being thrown at England's Prime Minister and bombs being left about in St. Paul's Cathedral, together with detailed bulletins of the state of the hunger-striking leaders' digestions. Miss Atkey, who had, in the prehistoric stages of the movement for woman's emancipation, read a paper temperately supporting it before the Lit. and Phil., instancing, as women capable of exercising the vote beneficially, Sappho, Queen Elizabeth, and Grace Darling, undoubtedly ratted when these later awful examples of what a sex war meant appeared in cold print in the *Leader*; and explained at more length than was necessary, perhaps, that she had never said, much less thought, that women as a whole ought to have the vote, but merely that in exceptional cases the right might be accorded to a chosen few with advantage to the state. She was quite testy when Mrs. Bossing-

ton, who loved to agree with people, but would take things too much *au pied de la lettre*, wondered doubtfully whether the votes of Sappho, Elizabeth, and Grace Darling would make an appreciable difference at a general election, even if they all happened to live at the same time. And she was very angry indeed with old Mr. Webstone for asking her in the library one morning where she was hiding Christabel, and when she meant to set fire to the Town Hall. Mr. Webstone was so old that you could never be quite sure whether he was silly or only facetious, and to have to answer him softly greatly increased one's wrath. Most of the other Port Allington ladies were in the luckier position of never having read papers on the subject at all, or thought of it, and consequently they could reasonably adopt the position of being strong anti-suffragettes. They would have been even stronger had the question of votes for women ever taken a practical form in Port Allington. It had not done so. It did not seem likely to do so until about a fortnight before the events I have to describe. Then, suddenly and crucially, it came before an astonished community in its most dramatic form.

To begin with, Port Allington became aware that it had received in its midst a real live suffragette in the person of young Lumley Moreland's wife. Lumley Moreland was a sort of relation of Mr. Mills, the banker, a second cousin of Mr. Mills having married a Lieutenant Moreland who was in the navy. These naval matches are never very satisfactory, for, as Mrs. Bossington pointed out, even if it is not true, as one hopes it is not, that a sailor has a wife in every port, a sailor's wife certainly has her husband in every port except the one she happens to live in herself, and is practically a grass widow until she is a real one, which in Mr. Mills's cousin's case was quite early in life, her Lieutenant being drowned in the Persian Gulf. Lumley, their only child, was to have followed his father's profession, but was rejected, owing to his eyesight being defective. Mr. Mills then very kindly offered to take him into the bank, with the result that Lumley spent some years in Port Allington, and might—it



was generally held—have aspired to the hand of Agatha Mills if he had only shown more application and prudence in banking. Unfortunately he seemed to have the happy-go-lucky spirit of the sailor, in spite of his eyesight. Miss Atkey had more than once condemned (to Mrs. Bossington) the extraordinarily reckless way in which he shoveled sovereigns about with the scoop, and nobody was surprised when Mr. Mills and he quarreled. It was rumored that Lumley could not keep accounts correctly, and was constantly making the mistake of causing clients to think they had more to their credit than they had paid in. Naturally Mr. Mills could not tolerate this, but very magnanimously, instead of just dismissing Lumley, he recommended him to a bank in London. Old Mr. Webstone said it was a case of generosity beginning at home and continuing abroad.

Lumley must have shown some capacity in his new sphere, for he was now being sent down to open a branch of his bank in Deeds, the neighboring manufacturing town, which is only a quarter of an hour's railway journey from Port Allington. The fact of his arrival in Port Allington, where he had temporarily got rooms, of his new position, and of his recent marriage to a suffragette who had actually been in prison, were soon the staple subjects of conversation. Miss Atkey called on Mrs. Watherstone the day after she heard them, to learn what Mrs. Watherstone intended in regard to calling on Mrs. Lumley. In matters of this sort, the final decision usually rested with Mrs. Watherstone, and even Miss Atkey, with all her individuality and strength of character, deferred to her. Mrs. Watherstone announced that she intended to call.

"My husband has asked me to," she explained. "It appears there is nothing against the girl except in a political sense. She is a lady—the daughter of a well-known barrister."

"Really," said Miss Atkey.

"Yes," said Mrs. Watherstone. "I have promised to call. I expect the Millses will do the same. It will look a little like business jealousy if they do not."

"Oh, of course the Millses will follow

your example," Miss Atkey assured her. "Mrs. Bossington and I had practically decided that it would be the right thing to call, and I am so glad to know you agree. After all, her opinions are her own."

"And can be ignored," said Mrs. Watherstone, with her calm air of *grande dame*.

"Quite so," said Miss Atkey, and went home relieved. It would have been uncharitable—and a little dull—not to have called on Mrs. Lumley Moreland. As it happened, they were able to get one of Wheeler's victorias for the very next day, which was lucky, for, as Miss Atkey remarked to Mrs. Bossington on the drive up, if you meant to do a kind thing to a new-comer, the sooner you did it the more it would be appreciated.

"And it's so nice, too," Mrs. Bossington agreed, "to be able to say one has seen her already. People are certain to be curious about her, and we shall be quite first in the field."

"That aspect of our visit had not struck me," said Miss Atkey, crushingly; "nor, if I had thought of it, should I have asked you to come with me so early. Perhaps we had better turn back."

"My dear!" said Mrs. Bossington, horrified. "We can't do that. What will Wheeler's man think?"

"I should not dream of allowing the opinion of Wheeler's man to influence me," said Miss Atkey.

"But we shall have to pay him, in any case," Mrs. Bossington reminded her quickly. "Besides, we ought to find out what she's going to be like, don't you think?"

Miss Atkey, who had bent forward as though to give an order to the stolid figure of Wheeler's man, who was never supposed to hear the conversation that went on two feet away from him, sat back stiffly.

"We will go on if you like," she said, "but please remember that we are merely paying a call. I propose to ignore her on her militant side and I hope you will do the same."

"Oh, certainly," said Mrs. Bossington.

Her submissiveness was invalidated by reason of the fact that Mrs. Lumley





"NOT AT ALL," SAID MISS ATKEY. "I'M AGAINST THE VOTE"

herself broached the subject within three minutes of their arrival. She was a slight girl with a keen, intelligent face, and a way of serpentine her body about that showed, no doubt, a restless spirit. It seemed to Mrs. Bossington's fascinated eye that she did not wear corsets, and she would have liked to make sure by asking her, if Miss Atkey had not been present. To Miss Atkey's modesty such conversation would have been terrible: the spirit, not the flesh, for Miss Atkey, whose stiffness was upset almost as badly as if corsets had been mentioned when Mrs. Lumley, who had answered some questions about herself and received some information about Port Allington in quite a normal way, asked, abruptly, "You're one of the few people with us in this place, aren't you, Miss Atkey?"

The form of the question rather annoyed Miss Atkey, who was accustomed to be slightly in advance of people, rather than with them.

"In what respect?" she inquired with dignity.

"The militant movement."

"Most decidedly not," said Miss Atkey, indignantly.

"What a pity!" said Mrs. Lumley. "I quite thought you were. Lumley told me of some paper that you read to that old society—what's its name?—in which you took up quite the advanced position."

"If Mr. Moreland was thinking of the paper that I read before the Literary and Philosophical Society," said Miss Atkey, incensed by the compassion in Mrs. Lumley's tone, "I am afraid it shows that he did not understand it."

"But he assured me that you were for the vote," insisted Mrs. Lumley. "There was something about Sappho and Grace Darling."

"Er—not at all," said Miss Atkey. "I'm against the vote."

"She read the paper," explained Mrs. Bossington, loyally coming to her friend's rescue, "before the movement



really began and before we'd properly thought about it."

"Oh, I see," said Mrs. Lumley, dryly, and Miss Atkey rose and held out her hand.

"I read the paper," she said, icily, "before the movement developed into a series of criminal imbecilities. I must beg your pardon if I am hurting your feelings, for I believe you are—"

"Oh yes, I'm one of the imbeciles," said Mrs. Lumley, quite peaceably. "I've even been in prison for breaking windows. I've given it up since I married. It doesn't help my husband in his business. We're an inconsistent sex, aren't we?" She spoke rather dreamily, and Miss Atkey, who prided herself on her consistency, did not reply.

Mrs. Bossington seized the opportunity, as Mrs. Lumley showed them out, to ask, "Were you forcibly fed?"

It was not mere inquisitiveness on her part. Sometimes for days together Precious would not take his food, and she had vaguely wondered if a tube would be helpful.

"Yes," said Mrs. Lumley, with brevity. "I didn't like it." They were at the hall door now, and she went on: "It all seems so wrong and stupid, doesn't it? It makes one wonder if it is a nice world we live in."

"When you have lived in Port Allington for a little you will come to less morbid conclusions," said Miss Atkey with pardonable patriotism, and on the way she explained to Mrs. Bossington that she felt very doubtful whether it would be right to vote for Mrs. Lumley as a member of the Literary and Philosophical Society, supposing the question came up. Mrs. Bossington said she thought she liked Mrs. Lumley, and, anyway, she was very glad they had called. She had never met any one who had been in prison before, and it was so interesting. Privately she decided to consult Mrs. Lumley about the possibility of forcibly feeding Precious.

It was about a week later that the first outrage in Port Allington occurred, and you may imagine the excitement when the *Leader* came out with large handbills:

OUTRAGE IN PORT ALLINGTON  
Attempt to Destroy H. M.'s Mails  
Militant Suffragette Suspected

Copies of the *Leader* sold like hot cakes, and it may be said that the dramatic account of the outrage, written by Mr. Gipps's own pen, was read in every home that night. It appeared that the pillar box in General Gordon Street—in other words, the box nearest to where both Mrs. Bossington and Miss Atkey lived—had had some dark liquid of mysterious composition poured into it by a hand or hands unknown. As a result a large number of letters were smeared and stained, and in some cases rendered undecipherable, while the bag of Crossley, the postman, was almost stuck together, and it took him hours—so he assured a representative of the *Leader* in an interview—to get the stuff off his hands and trousers. Mr. Gipps, like a good journalist, made the most of these facts. He warned readers to be careful how they handled their letters during the next few weeks—expressed a belief that though the chemicals used were of a corroding nature as far as stationery was concerned, they were not necessarily dangerous to human life, exhorted the police to keep a sharp lookout in the neighborhood of General Gordon Street, and ended with an earnestly expressed hope—not too hopefully worded—that no similar excesses would again stain the fair name of Port Allington. No reasons were adduced for supposing the outrage to be the work of suffragettes, but at the same time everybody knew that a militant in the person of Mrs. Lumley had come to live in Port Allington. Facts are facts, and you can only piece them together.

It is perhaps needless to say that after the publication of Mr. Gipps's article Mrs. Lumley was to Port Allington much as a tiger is to the Indian villagers in whose neighborhood it has taken up its residence—a cause at once of the deepest terror and the most stimulating gossip. Her chances for election to the Lit. and Phil. were, in Miss Atkey's opinion, but small, for a member of that society had to be, like Cæsar's wife, above suspicion. She happened to express this opinion, by no means for the first time, to Mrs. Bossington, one afternoon about five days after the outrage had been committed, and Mrs. Bossington, in one of her obstinate



moods, had said she did not see why Mrs. Lumley should be suspected.

"I see no more reason to suspect her," said Mrs. Bossington, "than—than—to suspect you."

"Thank you," said Miss Atkey, coldly, and allowed Mrs. Bossington to depart rather earlier than was usual when they sat together over a cup of tea. Miss Atkey was not altogether sorry for this, partly because she disliked to be contradicted in her own house, or indeed in anybody else's, partly because she wanted to pack and post a little woolen cap that she had just knitted for a cousin's child recently born. She set about this as soon as Mrs. Bossington had left, and finding that the cap, rolled up neatly in brown paper in the form of a sausage, looked as if it could, with a little squeezing, be got into the pillar box instead of having to be sent to the post-office, she presently started out to post it in the box with her own hands.

As she went she passed the new constable, a big, surly man who had lately, much to her own and Mrs. Bossington's regret, superseded Giles, a smiling, cheerful policeman who, if he could do a service to one of the residents, was always ready to do so. Mrs. Bossington had said of Giles that when he was on his beat it was almost as good as keeping one's own footman, for you

could rely upon him to hold open the door of a cab, carry in a box, post a letter, or do any little thing that he could to be obliging. If it had been Giles Miss Atkey passed, she would have handed him the parcel to post; but not fancying the looks of this new man, she went on with it herself. She had forgotten all about him in her efforts to squeeze the cap into the letter-box, when, on turning round on the completion of her task, she looked up to find him standing close beside her. Her astonishment may be imagined when she heard him say as she turned to go back,

"You'll wait 'ere a moment, please."

"What did you say?" said Miss Atkey, uncomprehendingly, taking a step forward as she spoke.

The man instantly interposed his burly form between her and the way she wished to go, and repeated, "You'll 'ave to wait 'ere a minute."

"What for?" demanded Miss Atkey, sharply. "I hardly think you understand what you are saying, constable. Do you know who I am?"

"No," said the big man, rudely, "but I 'ave my suspicions. We'll see in a minute if I'm right or not. If I'm right you'll 'ave to come along of me to the station on suspicion of trying to destroy this 'ere pillar box with chemicals."



SOMETIMES FOR DAYS TOGETHER PRECIOUS WOULD NOT TAKE HIS FOOD



"How dare you suggest such a thing?" demanded Miss Atkey, shrilly. She had meant to be quite cool, but as a matter of fact hot shivers, mingled with indignation and fear, were beginning to cause a loss of self-control. Never in her life had she conceived the possibility of her coming into opposition with the law or its guardians, and the suddenness and indignity of the thing appalled her. Suppose she were marched to the police station!

"I have only been posting a little parcel," she went on. "It contained a child's cap. If you will open the box you will see it on top of the other things."

"Just what I'm a-goin' to do," said the huge man, menacingly. "'Ere is the postman—I was expecting 'im. 'Ere, Jim," he added, as the postman came up, "be careful 'ow you opens that box. Unless I'm mistook, there's been another attempt on it, by this 'ere party."

"You don't never say so!" said the postman. He was a young man whom Miss Atkey did not recognize—a young man with a large mouth and a fatuous grin, who seemed to find something funny in the situation in which Miss Atkey stood. She watched with a sick presentiment as he stooped to unlock the box; her limbs shook under her as he drew out a handful of letters smeared with some black substance, and said with a loud guffaw, "'Ere's 'a go. She've done it sure enough. I never see such a mess. Why, there must 'ave been a pint of it."

"It has nothing to do with me," said Miss Atkey in a quavering voice. "I am innocent."

"Yes, we've 'eard that before," said the policeman, heavily. He laid an enormous hand on Miss Atkey's shoulder as he spoke, and added, "You'll 'ave to come along o' me to the station. And I warn you that anything that you say 'll be used as evidence against you."

Miss Atkey never afterward could explain satisfactorily to herself what happened next, but it must be assumed that a panic seized her. Courageous in all intellectual situations, she had never before found herself, or even pictured herself, in a position of actual peril.

Now in a moment she saw herself haled shamefully to jail, lodged in a cell, placed between wardresses in a dock, condemned perhaps to penal servitude, and in that moment her one instinct was to escape before all these dreadful things happened. Without reasoning, without being able to reason, she suddenly slid from under the policeman's hand and ran like a hare down General Gordon Street.

She ran for a minute that was a lifetime, with strange things dancing before her eyes and strange noises buzzing in her ears, and she came to a stop in the arms of Mrs. Lumley Moreland. She knew that, because she could hear Mrs. Lumley Moreland saying, "How dare you?" to the big policeman. She also knew that, strangely enough, Mrs. Bossington was there, for after a couple of minutes Mrs. Lumley transferred her to Mrs. Bossington's arms, in which she must have fainted. The actual course of events she only heard half an hour later when she had recovered in her own house with Mrs. Bossington applying eau de Cologne to her temples and talking volubly the while. It appeared then that Mrs. Lumley had saved her from the dock. Mrs. Bossington was too excited to explain the matter clearly to a person in her friend's condition, but it appeared that, with Precious in her mind, she had gone to see Mrs. Lumley again, and that lady, though discouraging the idea of a tube, had announced herself an expert in the diseases of dogs and had offered to go back with Mrs. Bossington and give an opinion about Precious. They were on their way when Miss Atkey dashed into them.

"I was so horrified myself with that brute," said Mrs. Bossington, "that I could do nothing but threaten him with my umbrella, and I expect if I had been by myself I should not have been able to keep him off for long. Mrs. Lumley was absolutely calm. She seemed to know exactly what to say, and the man was cowed at once, and apologized to me on your behalf most humbly. I said that it was the most outrageous thing I had ever heard of, and that you would probably insist upon having him dismissed from the force. Then, very luckily, Pratts passed with one of





"THERE'S BEEN ANOTHER ATTEMPT ON IT, BY THIS 'ERE PARTY"

Wheeler's cabs, and after we had got you into it, Mrs. Lumley went off with that dreadful man."

"What for?" inquired Miss Atkey.

"My dear," explained Mrs. Bossington, "she confessed to putting that stuff in the box! I don't know when she did it, and for a moment I wasn't sure whether she hadn't said it just to take that dreadful brute away from you. But she mentioned being in Holloway, and he seemed to have no doubt that he had got hold of the right person."

"He seemed to have no doubt about that with me," said Miss Atkey, sitting up. "If you think there is the smallest doubt about it," she went on, earnestly, "we ought to do something at once."

"What?" asked Mrs. Bossington.

"Inform some responsible person," said Miss Atkey. "Lumley ought to know."

"But he won't be back from Deeds yet," objected Mrs. Bossington.

"Mr. Watherstone, then, or"—Miss

Atkey's voice faltered slightly, for she was still shaken by her adventure—"Mr. Webstone. He is nearer. I do not think that he would be—be—irresponsible in an emergency."

"I thought of him," said Mrs. Bossington, "if you wouldn't mind, Priscilla. I do not think he would laugh. He can be a perfect gentleman."

"It is my duty not to mind," said Miss Atkey, stiffly. "And in any case there is nothing to laugh at. That policeman is a disgrace to Port Allington, and I shall not rest until his conduct has been exposed."

She resisted Mrs. Bossington's entreaties to her to rest, and almost ran that lady, whose championship of her friend had greatly exhausted her, to Mr. Webstone's house. Luckily they found him in, and, as Mrs. Bossington had expected, extremely chivalrous when the serious nature of the case was laid before him.



"Quite intolerable of the constable," he said to Mrs. Bossington. "I only wish you'd broken your umbrella on the man's back. I can't think how he can have suspected Miss Atkey of militancy. It's not even as if he were a member of the Lit. and Phil."

"I—" began Miss Atkey.

"Quite so, quite so," said Mr. Webstone. "You say that Mrs. Lumley has confessed to the charge but you don't believe that she did it? Nor do I. I'll send a message round to the inspector at once. You ladies must drink a glass of port wine while I write it. Then we'll go round and interview the real authors of the outrage."

"Do you know them?" asked Mrs. Bossington, amazed.

"I have an idea that I do," replied Mr. Webstone.

He was amazingly quick for an elderly gentleman. The ladies had barely finished sipping their port wine before his letter to the inspector was done and a carriage that he had mysteriously ordered was at the door. Into it he handed Mrs. Bossington and Miss Atkey, and then ordered the driver to take them to an address in the poorer part of the town. They drew up before a cottage in the front window of which was placed a placard bearing the words, "James Tripp. Chimney sweep."

"Good evening, Mrs. Tripp," he said to the woman who came out in reply to a knock on the door. "I want to see Jimmy and Jos, please, if you'll ask them to step out for a minute."

"They ain't barely back from school and having their teas. I'll call 'em," said the woman. She went into the cottage and returned in a moment with two small boys of about the age of eight and ten. They had that weak appearance about the legs which tight knickerbockers give, and large heads covered with tow-colored hair.

The moment they perceived that Mr. Webstone, whom they evidently knew in a friendlier guise, wore a face of severity, they looked uneasy and shuffled with their feet. Mrs. Tripp, who evidently knew the symptoms, said, as she marshaled them in front of the carriage door, "I hope they haven't done nothing wrong?"

Instead of replying, Mr. Webstone suddenly stretched an accusing forefinger between the pair. "Now then," he said, "which of you two put that stuff in the letter-box?"

The reply was instant, if contradictory. "Jos did," said the larger boy without compunction.

"No, I didn't," said the younger one. "Jimmy did it hisself. I couldn't reach to it."

"Ha!" exclaimed Mr. Webstone, "so Jos is a fibber and Jimmy's a sneak. D'you think I don't know about it? You mixed the stuff together, you amazing ruffians. Then Jimmy held Jos up while Jos dropped it in."

"Jimmy 'e mixed more than what I did," pleaded Jos.

"Well, I never!" groaned Mrs. Tripp. "I couldn't have believed it of them."

"That's because you never were a boy," explained Mr. Webstone. "I was. Boys 'll do anything—except hunger strike." He turned to the culprits again, of whom Jos was now blubbering and Jimmy had his fists ready to affix to his eyes as soon as they felt wet. "What did you do it for?" he demanded.

The motive was supplied by Jimmy, not without snuffles. "Teacher she told us in school as there was ladies what put in a black linquid in the letter-boxes in London."

"That's the modern idea of keeping children up to date with the current events," commented Mr. Webstone. "Didn't she tell you it was very wrong?"

"She said as it was very sad," distinguished Jimmy, "but it showed us p'raps women was braver than men, though men did think such a lot of themselves."

"There you are," said Mr. Webstone—"the spread of sex antagonism. Teacher's evidently got it badly. What next, Jimmy?"

"When we come out of school," said Jimmy, sniffing, "Liza Swan said as she was braver than what I was, 'cause she was a woman, and no boy ud dare put black linquid into a letter-box—"

"That'll do," said Mr. Webstone, and he turned to Mrs. Tripp. "Kindly tell your husband," he said, "that I want all my chimneys swept on Thursday, but I shall give the job to Driver if he hasn't





"NOW THEN, WHICH OF YOU TWO PUT THAT STUFF IN THE LETTER-BOX?"

given both those boys a good whipping by then. They're very bad boys. They're more desperate than girls. They'll end by being forcibly fed on bread and water. Jimmy's to get three extra whacks for being a sneak, and Jos two for telling fibs. Good night, Mrs. Tripp. Home," he added, to the coachman.

They were some way on the return journey before Mrs. Bossington had sufficiently recovered from her astonishment at this display of detective prowess on the part of Mr. Webstone to ask him how he did it.

"I know everything that goes on in Port Allington," replied Mr. Webstone,

twinkling. "It comes of leading an idle life. All the best detectives are idlers. In this particular case I happened to be looking out of my window at the time the first outrage was committed. Of course I didn't know what they were up to at the moment, but as soon as I heard that some black chemical had been put in I put two and two together. I remembered Jimmy and Jos took a good long time posting whatever it was. I knew that they were the sons of Tripp. I knew what a fine mixture you can make out of soot and water. Why, I remember turning my own sister into a regular brunette with it when I was Jimmy's age."



"Why didn't you elucidate the matter before?" asked Miss Atkey.

"It didn't seem fair to Gipps," said Mr. Webstone. "He had written a fine, stirring article on the situation, and it wouldn't have been right to spoil it. Besides, it would have been a feather in the caps of the suffragettes—what? We can't encourage these revolutionaries at Port Allington."

"But why did Mrs. Lumley—" began Mrs. Bossington.

"Just neighborliness, I suppose," said Mr. Webstone. "She's not afraid of policemen, you see, and thought she could do Miss Atkey, here, a good turn. My own opinion is that even anarchists have their good points. Personally I like Mrs. Lumley. I think she's an addition to Port Allington."

"So do I!" said Mrs. Bossington, enthusiastically. "I could almost be a militant myself when I think of her noble behavior."

"I shall leave the town if you do," said Mr. Webstone. "It would not be safe. No, you must get Miss Atkey to lend you that anti-suffragette essay of hers, to counteract the effect of Mrs. Lumley."

"I'm not at all sure," said Mrs. Bossington, "that Priscilla won't feel

quite militant herself after the way that policeman treated her."

"No," said Miss Atkey, severely. "I shall always feel grateful to Mrs. Lumley, but I hope that I shall never confuse principles with practice."

There were two or three sequels to Miss Atkey's adventure. The heavy policeman received a wiggling and was made to offer an apology to Miss Atkey, which she received with unparalleled dignity. He is now nearly as polite as Giles. The young postman did not get a Christmas box. Mr. Gipps, who had already sent to press a further article dealing with the second outrage on the strength of an interview with the postman, had to retract some very hard sayings about the militants in his next issue, and confess himself wrong. But confessing oneself wrong never comes hard to the born journalist, who is a lover of truth in all its aspects, both earlier and later. And, finally, Mrs. Lumley, proposed by Miss Tindal Atkey, and seconded by Mrs. Bossington, was unanimously elected a member of the Literary and Philosophical Society. But none of these things can be taken to prove that outrages further the cause of progress.

## After the Rain

BY THOMAS WALSH

ALL day the rain came ceaseless down;  
But now that evening soothes the town,  
The skies and little streets are clear—  
The lamps and stars seem strangely near.

It seems as though some lovely face  
Had brushed away the old tears' trace,  
And, sweeter grown than e'er before,  
Returned to guard our lonely door.



# The Handkerchief Lady's Girl

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE



It is mostly the women that whisper about women (at least it was so here in Old Harbor, when I was a boy of twelve) and the old men that whisper about ships. I don't mean that they actually whisper—those old men sitting in their rockers on the gray wharves along all the spacious yellow beach—but the effect is of a vast aggregate of little voices, passing judgment.

The little voices damned the *Angie* before ever her keel was wet. The *Angie's* builder, up Dorchester way, had sent down a "man-killer" once before, and the whispering gossip mulled and mulled, and the new sloop would be a "bad boat"—that was the verdict of the little voices. She had no witness, no counsel; she herself was not even sitting on the flat circle within the canted yellow ring from which she was being judged, but there she was damned, and there she remained damned.

A man killed himself in her cabin on the trip from the yards. After that no one would ship in her, she lay idle at her moorings for months at a time, gathering disrepute and disrepute, so familiar a fixture of my childhood that I should not recall her existence at all had she not helped to make one of those pictures that stand in my memory. And I remember my life, not as a narrative, but as a succession of pictures, often far apart and isolated.

I have a picture of a day when the world was red. I have a picture of a tormented moon making a silhouette of something floating on a troubled sea; a picture of dim sand hummocks and a monstrous man striding across them; and a picture of a brilliant, dry sunrise, when the world was like a stage, its thin furnishings cut from canvas and cardboard.

From the little house where I lived when I was a boy, one can look to the westward along the State Road into Old Harbor, a mile up-shore from us. In the early autumn the sun goes down into the very core of the town. When there is just enough mist in the air, the red disk touching the tower of the Congregational church seems to set off a conspired train, and immediately all the huddled roofs and trees and wharves and masts of Old Harbor are caught up and overwhelmed in a tremendous crimson destruction.

It was on an evening of my twelfth year that I saw my mother's cousin coming along the State Road, growing and blackening against the flare behind like a ponderous survivor, fleeing leisurely. I knew he was coming to talk with my father, who was painting a dory-thwart in the fish-shed, so there I went and stowed myself away in a corner.

Dedos was a man of enormous girth. When he came into the shed and sat down on a pile of old sail-cloth, he brought to my mind the picture of a pyramid in a book they gave me at Old Harbor school—but very solemn and grotesque and snapping his fingers. He was forever snapping those huge fingers of his, and it has come to me in later years that "Dedos," our Portuguese for "fingers," was not his real name, though I have never heard any other in Old Harbor. Every one knew Dedos as a comical fellow, and though he seldom spoke, and then with a hesitating gravity, one always roared at him.

Now he sat for some time in silence, pyramid-wise, watching my father's brush. When he spoke it was with a comical embarrassment.

"I—I've took the *Angie*," he exploded, with something desperate in his wide face.

"Debil," my father muttered, shaking his head. "Dat's debil sheep. You one



beeg fool, I t'ink. You no git nobody go weed you in dat boat, Ded's."

Dedos said no more; only sat lumped upon himself in extravagant trouble, while my father fell to work again with studied vigor. Because I was so young I filled in the pause with a doggerel couplet I had heard in Old Harbor streets as long as I could remember:

"*Angie* is a scow,  
Better sink her now."

I had hardly come to the last word when the back of my father's hand sent me rolling into a heap of tarred weirtwine. When I had got my small frame on its proper end once more he was still swearing his pregnant Island oaths, and through the open doorway I could see Dedos lumbering away, his fingers snapping aimlessly and his big head sunk forward as though in humorous determination to butt out the last vestiges of the western fire.

Dedos *was* a fool to take the *Angie*. He used to emerge from the crimson destruction, of an evening, and sit on the sail-cloth in the shed, the same droll pyramid of trouble. And every evening the crescendo of his popping fingers led up to the same explosive phrase: "I ain't got nobody yet—an' the mackerel's goin' fast—fast."

I used to watch Dedos's popping fingers with a boundless awe. Try as I might, and with his accomplishments always in eye, it was but a poor commotion I could raise between my small thumb and forefinger.

It was perhaps two weeks after Dedos took the *Angie* that those popping fingers ceased to qualify the man in my eyes, and he was suddenly thrust forward upon my stage, clothed in the habiliments of romance. And romance is a sweeping and terrible thing to a boy of twelve.

I was out that afternoon in the back country on the affairs of a pirate's cave I had lately finished on a ridge near Paul Dyer's road. I was dragging along a fragment of an old sheet-iron stove as a start toward cave-furnishing, and I was suffering in spirit—you may believe it or not—because the world was so red. There is no other place in the world so

red as the Cape when the high-bush blueberries turn.

There is a spot to the east of Small's Pond, a sweeping hillside shut away from the water and the sand, which might be the very inner temple of the Fire God, it is so crowded with still flame. It was here that I came upon a girl, picking sprays from the bushes. I had never seen this girl before, but beyond that strangeness was another and deeper strangeness I could only sense vaguely and not understand at all. She looked pale and fragile, a ghost of a girl with pallid hair; but this was the fault of the red world. I wondered why she threw the sprays aside as fast as she gathered them, and why she seemed frightened and abashed at me.

Then came to my ears a familiar sound, a rhythmic popping of fingers, and there was Dedos, a dun-colored pyramid looming from the tapestry uphill. A tremendous solemnity was written on his face, and no god of stone was ever more apart from the world than Dedos.

I stood there for a moment matching the blueberry bushes with my embarrassment. Then I turned and ran, leaving the iron stove behind, not embarrassed now, but important as one who should go along the front street announcing that I had seen Dedos with a *girl*.

The distinction was never to be realized, however. I tested the news on my mother, whom I found at home mending an old oil-jacket of my father's.

"I seen Dedos with a girl," I pronounced.

"W'at girl was eet, Zhoe?"

"I never seen her before."

My mother's attention shifted from the oil-jacket. "W'at deed she look lek, Zhoe?"

I tried to tell her the little I could remember, and my little was enough to bring her down upon me in a torrent of passion which one who did not know her would have taken for genuine rage.

"Don' you tell nobody, Zhoe—don' you tell nobody. And don' you go near to dat girl, Zhoe. Do you hear your mudder, Zhoe? Do you?"

"Why for, mother?"

"Zhoe, dat's de Han'k'chief Lady's girl."



And thus was the cloak of romance thrown over my mother's cousin.

Was there an Old Harbor child, in my day of youth, who did not know about the Handkerchief Lady? Most of us had seen her at one time or another, slipping through the edges of the town at twilight or in the very early morning, and I for one had come upon her gathering white shells on the beach half-way to Truro. I presume it was some sort of a veil she wore over her face—to Old Harbor it was the "han'k'chief."

"We had all seen the Handkerchief Lady, but none of us had ever seen the place where she lived. Her dwelling was a hovel; it was a mansion; it was a palace of horrible witcheries; it was a hole scraped in the sand. It lay miles away over the dunes; it was near Coon Hollow station; it was near-by, just around the shoulder of some hill a boy had never explored; it was anywhere. Some said she had a child, others denied it, and I have witnessed fights in the front street on every phase of this one point. The only thing we knew surely was that nobody had ever seen the Handkerchief Lady's face.

Of course we were wrong. There was a time when many people had seen her face and seen that it was very beautiful. There was a time when the Handkerchief Lady was a girl, and the well-beloved of Old Harbor. Boys of twelve and thereabouts should not know these things. Then there was a young man with a yacht and a fine way with him, and the yacht sailed off merrily one morning, and after a week or so the girl came back, not so merrily, and good women kept indoors.

It was the Handkerchief Lady that went out into the dunes that day.

And now suddenly, through the touch of my kinsman, I found myself touching this remote and mysterious existence. In the days that followed, Dedos took on for me all the trappings of romance. I moved along the edge of an alluring land, oppressed by my secret knowledge.

I saw the two together again before Dedos sailed with the *Angie*. They were walking over the dunes beyond Snail Road, the man floundering heavily, the girl scarcely discernible except when a ridge brought her against the sky. So

long as I could see them they walked far apart and seemingly unmindful of each other's existence.

One evening Dedos came out to announce that he had found a man to go with him—Johnnie Silva. My father roared, and even I joined in the mirth over the joke. Johnnie was hardly more than a boy, and half-witted in the bargain.

But Dedos was not through with his ponderous comedy. The next day he sailed away with his frail crew and a brave new set of dragging-nets. He put them down in the wrong place and took no mackerel, though half a mile to the leeward Sim Mayo stocked seven barrels. He went again and went wrong again—twice.

My father was dragging with Antone Perez that year in the *Flores*, and doing very well as dragging goes. I shall always remember the day they went out for the last set of the season. A sharp air blew off-shore, catching up the after-swell of a dead "easterly" in a diaphanous violet fringe all along the beach, and this fringe, at either extremity of sight, merged into a luminous and opalescent veil that shrouded the circuit of the horizon. The world was like the chamber of a shell immeasurably magnified.

I remember the veil about the horizon so vividly because against it I saw over twenty sail of draggers making out for the last set. One of them was the *Angie*.

They came back after dark that night, not the nicely slanting fleet I had seen against the opalescent veil, but a straggling rout of lights fighting around Long Point through the seas of a northeaster. Long before sundown, when the thing was making up, my mother's hands, playing in each other, had betrayed her mind, and since that time she had been outdoors, hovering along the front fence, with her eyes to sea. Her anxiety grew with the hours, and as the dark came on she forgot about me and worried aloud. It was not till one of the lights drew away from the struggling ruck and made down for our own creek that her writhing hands grew calm and she went indoors to prepare a belated supper.

I ran down to the creek and watched the *Flores* come to anchor. And



there I saw something to set me wondering. The *Flores* had gone out that day with my father and Antone Perez. She came back with three men—even through the streaming darkness I was sure of it. When they had ferried ashore I saw that the third figure was Johnnie Silva.

So soon as the three had come into the kitchen my mother knew that something was wrong. The picture of her hands all covered with meal and spread wide in apprehension remains with me to this day.

"W'ere's de *Angie*?" she demanded. "W'ere's him—my cousin?"

She had to put the question again before she had an answer, and then it was only my father's hand gesturing toward the open sea.

• "Drowned?" my mother screamed.

"God he knows," my father said, hunching his shoulders. "Dedos wouldn't come in. We got Johnnie off him—Dedos wouldn't come."

"Says he's goin' git feesh," Perez broke in, with the venom which hides a fisherman's trouble, whatever it be. "We come astern of him an' p'inted at the weather an' he stood up there shakin' his head. 'I'm goin' git feesh afore I goes in,' he says, an' we couldn't move him if all hell was comin' over the skyline. We got Johnnie off an' come in with the rest. Dedos' out there now—seven mile off Plymouth."

"Debil sheep," growled my father. He had been swearing all the time—a running, terrible bass, holding up the other's recitative.

I have always wondered if, when they ran astern of him that afternoon, Dedos stood up against the sunset. That is the way I like to think of him, with his big legs apart to the roll of the "bad boat," a huge, dark silhouette against the crimson explosion, no longer a ponderous fugitive, but waiting.

The following morning I lay late abed, deceived by the darkness in my garret. It was one of those black days when to read print one must crowd up close to the window. I played shipwreck with my baby brother almost all day, down in the clamorous fish-shed, muddling his small head with terrific denunciation of his cowardice, thundering

at him to go ashore with the rest, while I posed with my feet as wide apart as I might manage on the sail-cloth and defied the elements. All that day men came out along the State Road to talk with my father and peer through the scud to sea.

The second day more people came out, some of them women, though the State Road was a booming hell of sand and wind and water. I noticed that none of them peered to sea this day, and that the women gathered in knots and looked at my mother and shook their heads. After a while it came to me that Dedos must be dead.

I tried to get this through my brother's head; I did my best to make him understand the importance cast upon us, and grew very impatient at his lack of enthusiasm. That day is dwarfed into a brief and unimportant passage of time, however, in my memory, by the night which followed—perhaps the most momentous night of my boyhood—the first night I ever passed outside of my own bed.

Two vessels were aground on Peaked Hill bars that night. Peaked Hill is just across the Neck from us, and all night long people were going back and forth from Old Harbor, most of them stopping for a word or a cup of coffee, so that our house was like a stage with its alarms and excursions. My mother was so busy with these comings and goings that she forgot all about me, and I watched the hands of the kitchen clock move around with a rising sense of adventure.

Any shipwreck is the cardinal concern of a sea people. My mother gathered the news from the incomers and passed it on to the outgoers with such an energetic care for the last scrap of it that a new idea grew up in my small head. I waited for a moment when she was alone, went to her and said, pointing over the Neck with my thumb:

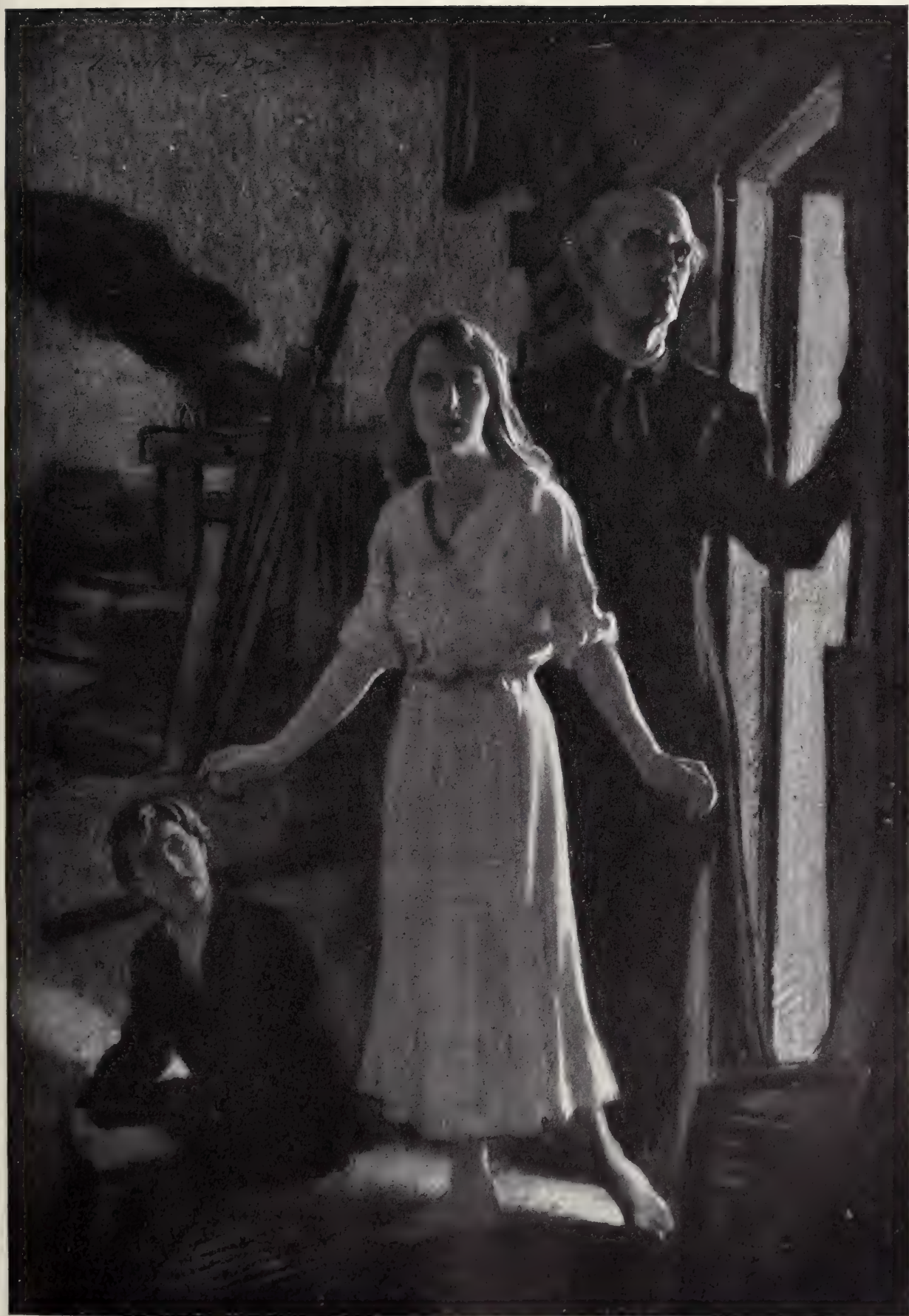
"Uncle Dedos out there?"

She looked down at me and shook her head. "No, Zhoe; Dedos weel never come back no more. He's dead. He's drowned in dat debil boat—long afore now, Zhoe."

So I had been right before. I had it from her own lips.

I think she was upon the point of





*Drawn by F. Walter Taylor*

"WHY—WHY—IT'S OUT," SHE SAID, SLOW AND WONDERING. "IT'S GONE—OUT"







sending me off to bed then, but at that moment more women came in, six or eight of them, their damp clothes sending up a mist in the hot front room. Over their shoulders, as they entered, I saw a streak of the moon, and knew that the storm had broken with a shift of wind. I should have noticed that the world seemed strangely quiet long before had I not been so overcome with the spectacle of the kitchen clock telling the hour of eleven, and my own struggle to keep awake.

It was not long before this struggle had me back to my last ditch. I crawled under the front room table to hide my ignoble state and closed my heavy eyes, unmindful of the chattering voices.

I don't know how long I lay there before I was awakened by an abrupt cessation of noise in the place. Without moving, I opened my eyes, ever so little. Then I opened them wide, very much awake.

Young as I was, I realized that something very queer would be afoot with the Handkerchief Lady's daughter in our front room. She stood up with her back against the door, her bare feet in a little spattered ring of sand, her hands tangled in the ragged skirt, and her head bent forward and smothered under its burden of tawny hair.

For a long time not a sound was heard in the room. I couldn't understand for the life of me why all the women had stopped talking because a girl no more than half the age of the youngest among them had come into their midst. From where I crouched in the shadow I could see old Mrs. Sousa staring straight ahead of her, with little hard lines radiating from the corners of her mouth. After a time I heard two of the women whispering in another part of the room, and then my mother's voice, loud and abrupt.

"W'at do you wan' here, girl?"

I believe she thought the Handkerchief Lady's daughter had come about Dedos—I know I had no other idea.

"W'at do you wan'?" my mother asked again. The girl remained silent, nor did she move, except that her hands disentangled themselves from the skirt and went up under the veil of hair. In

the quiet moment that followed I heard the tide gnawing at the edges of the creek and footfalls of people coming into the State Road from the path across the Neck. The girl heard the footfalls, too, moved from the door and stood beside the table, not a yard from my head.

"Why don' the child speak?" Mrs. Sousa was saying, each word separate and hard, when there came the crash of the opening door. Then there were many people filling the little room, staring at the Handkerchief Lady's girl—a dozen voices mingling questions.

It must have been a strange and terrible coming into the world for that child of vacant places. A fresh circle of sand grew about her bare feet close to me—a signal that her ankles were shaking. Of a sudden an immense, unreasoning pity for her came over me. I hunched myself nearer to her, protruded my head between her skirt and the edge of the table, all unmindful of a banged ear and the crash of show dishes. Looking up under the hanging hair, I saw that her face was drawn with fear and her eyes wide, and I lied to her with a shrill might that hushed the clamor of the room in the space between two words.

"He *ain't* dead," I screamed to her. "Eet's mistake—he ain't dead."

"No—not dead," she screamed back at me, her face whiter than ever in the shadow. Then she turned and faced the room, startled into courage.

"No," she cried out, "she ain't dead, but she's sick. My mother's sick an' she says she'll be dead—an' she wants a—a minister."

Then, before I knew it, her hand was gone from my shoulder and I saw her skirt fluttering in the blue of the moon out-of-doors.

I didn't know what the women were about till I heard two of them whispering near me.

"Eet's out beyond Black Water," one of them was saying.

"No eet ain't. Eet's fuder t' d' east-'ard. An' eet's queer—eet's queer." The second of the whisperers smoothed down her damp apron with wide, gray-brown hands.

"I t'ink I better go out an' see w'at I keen do," she said, this time aloud.



Immediately there were a dozen women who would go. The words had been like a spark through the surcharged atmosphere of the room. All the women there were ready to go out and smooth the death-pillow of the Handkerchief Lady. In the common revulsion of feeling they were ready to forgive the Handkerchief Lady and forget her crime against them—that she had gone away into the sand that long-ago day instead of coming to them in a right humility. I may have been an over-sensitive child—I don't know why I should have been—but I trembled and went hot all over at this piling up of sudden kindliness. The women trooped to the door, leaving the men about the edges of the room, opened it, poured out over the sill—and stopped there.

Two men were standing in the moonlight, one of them (the larger) with his hands held up. The second of the two was my father. I had not seen him leave the room. He must have gone out the back way.

The man with the lifted hands was Father Ventura, the priest of Old Harbor parish. The Portuguese boys used to shout at the Protestant boys, when I was a child, that Father Ventura could pick up any man in Old Harbor with one hand. He was such a priest as one expects to find along the frontiers of the world. I think of him now as a lawless man—a man who loved his brother more than he loved the letter of any law.

"Where are you going, children?" he asked. And because my father had told him already, he went on without waiting.

"No, you're not going out there. I am going alone."

It was not till I was years older that I could understand why Father Ventura did what he did that night.

He had said that he was going alone, but he was wrong. The night had got into me. I slipped out of the back door, skirted the fish-shed and a corner of our own dune, and presently came up with the big man striding to the northeast, away from the State Road. Here was the greatest adventure. After a little Father Ventura bent down and took my hand.

We had set out to the northeast, but with the bending of the shore-line we

bore more and more to the eastward till, looking back from the crest of a hummock, I saw open water between us and the lights of my father's house. Then we passed Black Water pond, lying stark and motionless, as though one among that shadow army had fallen for the last time. We were beginning to come into the massive dunes that buttress High Head to the southwest. All my life I had wondered about those dunes standing across a corner of the bay from me, and here right away was something to speculate upon. On the summit of the last shoreward hill burned a tiny spark of light. We passed it a hundred yards to the left, but I could make out nothing else on the crest save the bald sand.

We had come a long way, and I was beginning to tail out at the end of Father Ventura's arm and near wishing I was in my bed at home, when we crossed the shoulder of a rise and saw below us the place where the Handkerchief Lady lived.

The naked sand swept down from the north and east and south and west, without a flaw of any kind to mar the barren ring. A thicket of trees, like dregs in a cup, made a spot of black in the center of the depression. When we had come down the side of the bowl we had to wind our way through the tops of buried trees before we stood on the level floor of the thicket itself. The sand was gnawing at the dregs. I went to the spot a year ago, and the sand had finished its work. The cup was empty.

Father Ventura must have been there before, because we were immediately in a narrow, well-trodden path, with the light from a window shining at the other end. Here we had to go in single file, so I let go of Father Ventura's hand, and when he had come to the door and opened it I fell back, suddenly turned timid, and stayed outside in the glowing checkerboard under the window. I was not at all afraid here, I was so taken up with wonder over the house. I call it a house, but there is really no word to say what the Handkerchief's Lady's abode was like. It was made of incongruous bits of almost everything one can imagine—boards, bricks, stones, tin cans flattened out, sail-cloth—but all fashioned together with such an intricate



fortune, and so studded and patterned with many-colored shells, and so furnished and worked upon, that it seemed more like a precious trinket wrought by some master craftsman than any human dwelling-place. Nor did it stop with the house, for all the open space about it, and even among the tree trunks, was illuminated and embellished with patterns of shells, so that where the moonlight fell it appeared like silver and lacquer work.

From the memory of that childhood picture I have built up in myself a monstrous and heretical belief, and that is that the Handkerchief Lady was good.

I could see her now when I stood on tiptoe and peeped in through the window. She lay on a bed with her back to me, and I saw that the "handkerchief" was not there.

The priest stood over the bedside with a crucifix in his hand, talking, but not loud enough for me to hear. He was so big, and the crazy-cornered room was so little, that he appeared to my eyes to be holding the whole affair about him with his shoulders. By contrast, the frail white hand of the woman, fluttering away the things he was saying to her, seemed to have passed over already into the world of spirit. For many years I could not understand the meaning of that pantomime—I could not understand that the Handkerchief Lady's fathers had worshiped God at Marston Moor, while his had worshiped God among the lemon-groves.

The Handkerchief Lady's girl was only a shadow to me, cast upon the opposite wall from some invisible corner. The shadow never stirred except when the priest turned his head toward the corner and said a word to the girl.

After a while it seemed that Father Ventura talked about the girl, quieting the dying woman's heart. He told her that he was going to take the daughter with him and see that she was cared for. He pictured a place of wonderful joy and beauty where the girl was to be welcomed, and I think the mother believed him, but the shadowed arms were up now in rigid dissent and pleading, and when he persisted the girl hurried out of the corner and came to the door and opened it.

She couldn't have been more than four feet from me as she stood there looking out through the night. She gazed so long, and with such an intensity of expression in her face, and her clenched hands went out before her with such an agony of mute appeal, that I turned and followed her eyes to see what she could be looking at. And there, just over the southern rim of the bowl, burned the spark of light we had passed on our way. She must have heard me when I turned, for when my eyes came back to her she was staring at me as terrified as though she were seeing a ghost.

"I come with heem," I explained, pointing through the window. She turned away indoors with a little gasp at me.

And then the Handkerchief Lady went away, out of the gray bowl with the dregs at its bottom. She had her two hands pressed together, praying in her own way. Father Ventura's lips and hands moved through the form of extreme unction in silence. And thus the two made shift to open the gates of heaven for the Handkerchief Lady.

After a time the priest lifted up the girl who was down on her knees beside the bed, and drew the coverlet over the Handkerchief Lady's face. Then he led her away, talking to her all the time, and they had come as far as the door before she realized what he wanted. I know now that he wished her to come back to my father's house with me while he stayed and watched out the night. When she did understand, the door was already open and I could hear her words.

"I can't go away," she was crying, "I can't go away. I've got to stay here—please—please."

And then her eyes went out over the sand, and she stopped with a sudden intaking of breath.

"Why—why—it's out," she said, slow and wondering. "It's gone—out—"

The next moment she had broken away from Father Ventura and run back into the house. When she reappeared she seemed distracted. First she made as though she would run away through the trees; then she glanced back over her shoulder at the room and the bed in it, and then she did not know what to do. Father Ventura believed she had gone



out of her mind. He put his arm about her shoulders, and the touch seemed to straighten her out a little. She looked down at me, glanced again at the place where the spark had been, then, bending over me, thrust into my hand a candle and matches.

"Run, boy," she whispered. "Run, run, run and light the lantern. Go quick—please."

It never entered my head to question, when she whispered that way. I didn't even look at the priest. I thrust my bulging hand into a pocket and scurried away as fast as my small legs would go through the narrow path and up the shelving sand of the slope to the south.

I was going not so fast when I reached the top. Here was a strange enough thing for a child to be doing at one o'clock in the morning. I have often wondered over that picture of myself laboring, very small and very tired, up that sweep of moonlit sand, my head too full of the extraordinary night to be at all amazed or appalled at being where I was. I had long ago forgotten how queer it was that a light should be burning on the top of a barren dune.

When I came to the top of the slope I looked out across a mottled valley toward the hummock which reared over its other side, itself in the shadow of a wisp of cloud. In the strange light it appeared a day's journey away—it was really not above a hundred yards, as I found when I had got myself heavily across it.

It was no difficult thing to find the lantern, hanging from a twig driven into the sand, for beyond a few spears of "poverty grass" the hummock was bare as the roof of a house. I put my candle into the little old-fashioned box of glass, lit it, and sat down within the circle of light beneath. Here I was, all alone, on the top of the world. The rags of cloud still streamed across the moon; from the invisible beach far below the thin crying of the surf droned up to me in my little chamber of light, and it seemed, all of a sudden, to be years upon years since I had moved or spoken.

I was so very sleepy. My sight appeared to have become ponderable, so that I moved it from place to place with a definite effort. It rested upon the path

of the moon's reflection athwart the bay, and from there I could not lift it.

And now happened one of the strangest things my memory has to show me. As I stared and stared at that long, shimmering lane, I became aware that something moved upon it—something low and black, curtesying, coquetting sluggishly with the intricate whirls and convolutions of the watery fire, floating idly and yet progressing across the path from the east to the west. It swam nearer and nearer the western edge, and then, just as it was about to vanish from the flaming street, it appeared to hesitate, then to shrink upon itself, till it showed only a fraction of its former bulk. For some inexplicable reason, somebody's boat out there had worn around and was standing in for the shore and the lantern and me.

It grew before my eyes, sidling down along the edge of the light like some king's hunchback of old clinging to the balustrade of the palace stairway. All my days I had seen boats—boats of every kind—but my eyes had never rested upon the like of this. It was a harlequin of all boats, a travesty on the whole beautiful race of them. Its mast was broken in half, its sails a gossamer of rags; it lurched and veered and wallowed like a disreputable vagabond far in his cups.

Thus it came along till the curve of the dune obliterated it, so that I could not see how it came to the beach.

I was now so done up with the night, and my mind so battered and outraged with the things which had been put upon it, that I verily believed the thing crawling over the shoulder of the hummock a little later was the crazy boat itself. The black bulk reeled against the sheen of the water behind in the same abandoned way as it progressed ponderously up the long, smooth slope. After the first moment of panic I knew that it must be a man. And then, as the silhouette broadened and darkened, I fell into such another fright that I could not have moved, I believe, had I been struck with a whip.

It was Dedos.

But Dedos was dead. Everybody knew Dedos was dead.

It was Dedos.





*Drawn by F. Walter Taylor*

HE LOOKED OUT AT THE PEOPLE ON SHORE WITH SOMETHING AKIN TO DEFIANCE







But I had my mother's own word for it that Dedos was dead.

Then it was the ghost of Dedos.

He came up and passed over the ridge, no more than fifty feet from where I cowered under the lantern. His head sank forward upon his chest, his garments hung loose about him, as though he had lost half his girth. And yet he seemed immeasurably larger than I had ever seen him in other days—gigantic, portentous, terrifying.

He passed over and down the other side. And when I looked across the little valley, another big black man was coming down the opposite slope. It was Father Ventura, coming to get me. They met at the bottom of the hollow. I could see the priest's arms raised in wonder, and even his word came to me: "Dedos!"

Then Dedos was talking and the priest listening, raising his arms in other wonder and repeating in a different way, "Dedos."

After that the two big men started back up the slope toward the rim of the Handkerchief Lady's cup. As they went they grew to be monstrous creatures that reeled and staggered up an endless stairway of cold fire leading away toward the moon—but the last part of this was in my dream.

The next thing I knew I was being lifted in some one's arms. I opened my eyes to the light of a new day and looked down over my father's shoulder into shallow water above white sand. He stood to his thighs in our own creek, and there, when I lifted my hot lids, was the little house, looking thin and unreal in the horizontal rays of the sun. It was utterly beyond me at that moment to try and understand why a multitude of people should be crowding along the bank and gesticulating in our direction. I closed my eyes again.

After a little rest I opened them. Three or four feet away, and low down, was the rail of a wrecked sloop—wrecked, in that everything above-decks was either washed away or battered to shreds and pieces. It was beginning to cant to port with the seeping away of the tide. It was the *Angie*.

Two figures stood up near the wheel in the stern—Dedos and the Handkerchief Lady's girl. Dedos's huge arm lay across the girl's shoulders, and he looked out at the people on shore with something so nearly akin to defiance that it seemed incredible on the face of fat and comical Dedos. There were new lines along his cheeks, his shirt hung about him in damp festoons; he was not so heavy by twenty pounds as he had been when the fleet of draggers went out so nicely slanting.

And the Handkerchief Lady's girl. I don't know what to say about the Handkerchief Lady's girl, because I find no words to tell the way in which she stood close to Dedos and looked up at him. Never was so much sadness and gladness together in any one, not struggling, but mingling in peace.

For the Handkerchief Lady's girl of yesterday possessed as fair a name as any in Old Harbor this day. There had been a marriage as well as a death in the house of motley the night before.

I know something of how she felt, because I came to love her as one of the best friends I have had in life. At her house, so long as such remained a coin of affection, I was always sure of good things to eat, and after I had grown beyond them I found her wiser in counsel than many who have never suffered the vacant places.

Now my father hitched me over to the other shoulder and spoke to Dedos.

"W're's Fadder Ventura?" he asked.

Dedos pointed back across a corner of the bay toward High Head. "He's watchin'," he said.

Then, leaving the girl by the wheel, he walked forward, got down on his knees, lifted a hatch, and plunged his arms into the water again. My father and I and all the people along the shore saw that they were full of mackerel. He threw them over the side, went down and brought up others and others, casting them abroad over the water with a gesture which no alien air will ever efface in a child of the Islands.

"By ——," marveled my father. "He got feesh—lek he said. Damn—dat's one good boat—dat *Angie*."





## EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

MORE than once in this place the amaze which seizes the returner to New York after, say, six months' absence has been expressed: expressed measurably, for wonder so great cannot be fully uttered. You leave New York in May, suppose, and you spend your glad exile by the sea or in the hills, or perhaps you take an outgoing steamer and celebrate your escape in regions generalized as Europe. It does not matter where you go or stay, what quiet Parises or dreamy Londons you sojourn in; when you come back to New York it is with the same awakening to a mighty change, as if you had been lolling on the beach or huckleberrying in the hills through the intervening months. It is still New York, but not the New York you left. That has been pulled down or swallowed up so largely that only the inalienable topographical lines remain. The terrible mysterious forces have not yet effaced the familiar streets; there are still Broadway and Fifth Avenue; there is Long Acre Square, and the numbered thoroughfares that cross the avenues from east to west; there is South Ferry and there is Harlem, but on all these, while you were away, the sleepless genii of enterprise and capital have been at work and made the city over, recreated it. Where a meek little ten-story edifice cowered when you went away an architectural geyser or volcano now shoots into the air; the winter sky-line has been sawed into peaks and chasms, and the horizon has been lifted a hundred feet above the level where it used to keep the beautiful autumn sunset lingering low adown.

Every year when you come back you find the air denser, thicker, and fouler with the breath of the multiform motors, which now pack Fifth Avenue so closely, coming and going, that you could walk to and fro on their tops more safely than you can cross the street among them. As for Long Acre

Square, it is a terror to the eye which shrinks from the snorting and snuffling and threatening herd of cars of all types, and rests with comparative relief on the faces and figures of the passing chorus girls, who have the strange property of imparting their effect to all the other women. In the Avenue it is as if the women wished to appear like the women of the Square, but here and elsewhere the fog which more and more of late years New York has studied in emulation of the London fog intervenes and softens the spectacle. Neither the new fashions nor the new edifices are so startling as they would be without it. If the morning opens clear (as it is still apt to do in New York) the afternoon closes dim, and the tops of the cliffy piles and the feet that fly from the slit skirts along their bases are alike subdued to the wondering eye. The very nature of the passing crowd seems different, or its quality. A little while ago and there were passers upon whom your eye had time to rest with the pleasure that gentle faces and figures give the beholder; but what has become of them? Who is it that walks in Fifth Avenue now? No doubt people as fine and good as those one sees no more under the wild disguises that the pale mist tries to hide. There is no long-distance walking now; only hurrying swiftly from shop to shop, and mounting into motors and whirling away.

It is not only the unique avenue and the exceptional square that are changed between spring and fall. Every eastering and westering street from Washington Square to Central Park has put on a new effect. Terrific sierras of apartment-houses and office-buildings and vast shops and factories have started from the graves of the simple old high-stoop or English-basement dwellings which you left dreaming of permanence in May, and glower upon you from a thousand windows, colossal skeletons of



steel clothed on with brick or granite or marble. The strangest thing of all is the convincingness the change has. It is the pitiless logic of prosperity, of unrelenting industry, of all-conquering commerce. Farther and farther up-town the successful enterprises stride in their twenty and thirty storied boots, and plant themselves here, there, and everywhere, never to be moved from their places except by other enterprises of longer legs and firmer foothold. If you would see a sad, mocking image of the old-time leisurely movement of the Fifth Avenue crowd, go visit the region of these prodigious shops when at the noon hour they pour upon the street the weary thousands of their workers to breathe the outside air a little and to eat their meager mid-day meal. They do not walk much; they block the pavement with their slow-moving or moveless mass; they do not exchange the small talk of the gay world; they laugh hysterically, some of the weary girls; none of the men laugh at all, and they do not seem to gossip very cheerily in their Yiddish or their Polish or their Russian, or the obscurer accents of their strange central European worlds. People with business or pleasure in that part of Fifth Avenue must push through them or walk round them in the gutter; and there begin to be faint murmurs of their molestiveness. When they are made to keep away (to Heaven knows where) there will remain not even the wretched ghost of the old Fifth Avenue promenade.

More and more densely the department stores and the factories and the apartment-houses and hotels and office-buildings must cover the earth and blot the sky. Meanwhile we cannot deny the immense picturesqueness, the lawless magnificence of the effect. The effect is that of the Roman Forum on a scale for which there is no word adjectively huge enough. But the clutter which made the Roman Forum in its glory the ugliest place in the world was the tasteless crowding of forms mostly beautiful; the clutter of New York is the crowding of forms mostly ugly to an effect of sublimity. This is what we ourselves cannot deny and what all wonder-stricken strangers make haste to confess. They begin to gasp when they

come up the North River to their steamer's dock, whether by day or night, at the sky-scrappers glowing or glowering in the foreground or background; and if they are literary, as they seem so largely to be, they begin to sort their adjectives while the returning native is lost in an anguish of doubt whether he has done well to declare everything in his baggage, or whether his queasy conscience has not added a needless burden to that of the poor customs-inspector, who will now have to hunt for the dutiable articles and get an inspector to value them.

One of the latest of the glad, astonished strangers who have no such doubts to torment them, in their immunity from our duties on personal effects, has written, upon the whole, one of the most surprising of the many books written about us. But she has apparently done her devoir to the alien's arrival at some former time; she skips those marginal sky-scrappers, as it were, and launches herself in the very heart of our hustle with the fearless denial that it is hustle at all, or hustle in the matter of swift movement in the streets. We do not, she finds, walk nearly as fast as the people of the European capitals, and if we seem to escape with every appearance of flight from the rush of motors in our avenues, it is an optical delusion which better focusing will correct. But there is no mistake about the sky-scrappers or the ladies' lunches, and the butter the ladies eat, and the cream they consume in every manner of sauce, as well as in its native richness. In fine, it is a very amusing book which Mrs. Alec-Tweedie has written about us, and such as to prove her a very eager and pretty accurate observer, if not a quite convincing reflector. Yet even the reflection is not so bad, and since she gives a full list of the people in our different cities who entertained her as her hosts and hostesses, the proof of her opportunities for observation is unquestionable.

What seems to us the most valuable thing in her book is the sense of social luxury which with us is female luxury. One really gets something like an adequate notion of the feeding, delicate in quality, gross beyond belief in quantity, which goes on among our women in all the great and little social centers of our



continent. For every sort of good causes and for the improvement of their minds and morals, around lunch-tables filling the illimitable vistas on every hand, millions of mothers and daughters are feeding like one on food which is not only delicate in itself, but is so beautifully served in glass and silver and china, and is so daintily appareled in laces and ribbons of every apposite color, that it is almost a greater pleasure to the eye than to the palate.

Of course Mrs. Tweedie sings the qualities of our splendid and expensive hotels as well as the defects of their qualities, and of course she notes that our home life is fast disappearing into them, where she perceives that so many of those fairy lunches are sipped and nibbled. The disappearance of our home life has been noted before—that is, the home life of such of us as can afford to be driven from our domestic hearths by the lazy, untrained, extortionate servants whose worthlessness Mrs. Tweedie must have heard bewailed at thousands of these ladies' lunches. Perhaps out of say twenty-five million American housekeepers a million may have taken refuge from their hardships in hotels, but the most of the remaining twenty-five millions are not cursed with bad servants, because they are doing their own housework. Or if they can afford to "keep a girl," they are "around" with her, helping her and showing her how to help them. So plain a fact, so unhandsome a fact, does not show itself to polite observation, though many housewives like these can read and write, and will be interested—perhaps a little enviously, but also humorously—to see who "entertained" Mrs. Tweedie; while they wonder how she got her notion that we are all living or going to live in hotels.

It is a very old notion of us, though perhaps not so old as the time of Frances Anne Kemble's first visit to America in 1832, before she was Mrs. Kemble Butler. At that time we had not all gone to live in hotels because there were almost no hotels, and such as there were were so bad, according to her tell, that no housewife who could afford to "keep a girl" would be willing to live in them. Miss Kemble went with her father to the best of them when she came with him to

play in New York, and she tells, with the frankness which distinguished her throughout a life of plain speaking, how deplorably uncomfortable and self-satisfied it was. We will not give its long-forgotten name; we may better remember that Mr. Astor was just then going to build the great hotel which was called after him and has only now been pulled down: he was the one millionaire in New York, and he could afford to build the Astor House, and risk its paying. That was of course a chance, for our city was only a goodish-sized town, not long out of its villagehood. Miss Kemble found it pretty, with rather gay shops and rather tasteful dwellings, and on the whole looking somehow more French than English. She found the unscrapered sky beautiful, sunny by day and starry by night; but, oh, she moans more than once, for a wreath of London fog! She walks under the bright sky, before and after dark, to the Battery, which was once "a fashionable resort, but, owing to its being frequented by the lowest and dirtiest of the rabble, who in this land of liberty roll themselves on the grass and otherwise annoy the more respectable portion of the promenaders, it has been deserted lately." When she "came home up Broadway," she noted that it was "a long street of tolerable width, full of shops; in short, the American Oxford Road, where all people go to exhibit themselves and examine others. The women that I have seen hitherto," she says, "have all been very gaily dressed, with a pretension to French style." She does not meet them at white, pink, or mauve lunches in the hotels, but sometimes she dines at their houses, which "are all painted glaring white or red; the other favorite colors appear to be pale straw-color and gray. They have all green Venetian shutters, which give an idea of coolness, and almost every house has a tree or trees in its vicinity, which look pretty and garden-like. . . . The women here, like those of most warm climates, ripen very early and decay proportionately soon. . . . They marry very young, and this is another reason why age comes prematurely upon them. . . . As for their figures, like those of Frenchwomen, they are too well dressed for one to judge exactly what they are



really like; they are, for the most part, short and slight, with remarkably pretty feet and ankles"—not at all, one would say, like the towering, stalwart "sports" of our day, but of some such similitude as their houses, with green Venetian shutters and trees about them, would bear to the vast hotels in which Mrs. Tweedie says our women now mostly live. Miss Kemble does not give a list of the people who entertained her, as Mrs. Tweedie does, and so we lamentably lack the knowledge of who was who, which we might have had from her.

It is the difference which passes between things literary and things journalistic. Mrs. Tweedie's book reads like a lively society page from a Sunday edition; Miss Kemble's, with its passion for beauty, its girlish gladness in novel and agreeable experiences, and its delight in nature, has the flavor of an old-fashioned romance written in the form of a diary. She was afterward to cast her happy lot unhappily with us, but she was then a bright, eager girl, hating her life of actress as she always did, but adoring, somewhat critically adoring, her father's beautiful art. No faithfuller witness of our life has ever described it, and we can send the reader to the quaint volumes—they are quaint now—with the assurance that if he can find them he will find a very uncommon pleasure in them. She studies unsparingly but justly enough Philadelphia and Boston as well as New York; but she abandons herself to unstinted raptures in the beauty of nature as she finds it in our new world. Especially she raves over the magnificence of the Hudson, a stream that has fallen into a sad desuetude with the arts, and is no more popular with cultivated visitors than with the summer residents who once whitened its shores with their villas or darkened them with their castles.

For our own present purpose we could have preferred more Broadway and less Hudson in Miss Kemble's intelligent page. Yet it is something to know from her that in Canal Street, "much broader and finer than any" she had seen in New York, she "thought the crowd a more

civil and orderly one than an English one. The men did not jostle or push one another, or tread upon one's feet, or kick down one's shoe-heels, or crush one's bonnet into one's face, or turn it round upon one's head, all of which I have seen done in London," perhaps because there was really no hustle in our streets then, as Mrs. Tweedie says there is not now. "The young men invariably made room for the women to pass; as they drew near us they took the segar from their mouth," yet Miss Kemble was warned not to go out alone with her maid at night lest she should be spoken to.

Poor old Broadway, now lapsing into a country lane with a few trolley-cars purling up and down, was beginning to be macadamized. It was the great street of shops, but would "not bear a comparison with the brilliant display of Parisian streets, or the rich magnificence of our own," or perhaps with Fifth Avenue now. We should like for the uses of contrast, for the sake of the sensation in turning from a picture of that New York of 1832 to the actuality of this New York of 1913 (it is still last year as we write) to have had rather more of these vanished streets and avenues, even if we must have had less of the Hudson River and its shores. Yet we are not sure that the shock of such a contrast would in some things be more penetrating, more interesting, than that afforded by the lapse of time any year now between May and November. To note this adequately we should need the company of the personal-journalistic muse of Mrs. Tweedie and the emotional-literary muse of Miss Kemble; but with one of these on one arm and one on the other, the Imagination might fare forth in this New York of lightning changes and seize an adequate impression of the astounding facts.

But better even than this it would be if in successive autumnal returns one should find New York changed indeed, but changed back, and by some potent magic ever changing back till we should see it as Miss Kemble saw it, with a macadamized Broadway, and gay little houses painted pink and white and cooled by green "Venetian shutters."





IT seems now that Science is to find its new field of wonder in the physical universe, in what we call non-living matter. Dr. Henry Smith Williams's recently published book, *Miracles of Science*, is a vividly interesting as well as a concise and comprehensive summary of what has been accomplished by scientific research in physics, chemistry, and biology, since the close of the nineteenth century, the record of whose achievements in science he had already so competently presented. The brief period covered by this later survey—substantially only a decade—is not more remarkable for its momentum of progress, its accumulation of results, which in number and importance surpass the array presented by the notable century preceding it, than for the precedence taken in this advance by purely physical science.

The glory of nineteenth-century science was the establishment of the evolutionary hypothesis, the fabric of which remains to-day as Darwin left it, though some of its propositions have in their very illumination by Hugo de Vries, Mendel, and Morgan been modified. It is Herbert Spencer's philosophic exposition of evolution—extending its application to the universe, including the mind of man and the development of human society—that has been most radically transformed, not by scientific research so much as by the conception of all evolution as creative.

In its original field the idea of evolution was incidental to an inquiry as to the origin of species and was thus associated only with the organic kingdom; and to this day very little light has been thrown upon the evolution of the physical universe, at least by those actually engaged in scientific investigation. No hypothesis corresponding to that of organic specialization has been forthcoming; the inorganic kingdom has had no Darwin.

The zest with which indications of physical evolution have been sought is shown by the stress laid by the immediate followers of Herbert Spencer upon the nebular hypothesis as conceived by Laplace. Some of our readers will recall John Fiske's enthusiastic lectures in New York fifty years ago, illustrating this most fascinating theory of the genesis of worlds, and ingeniously defending it against assaults based upon recent discoveries of contradictory phenomena. At its best and at its plausiblest, it was a barren theory when placed alongside of Darwin's genealogy of species. The theories which have displaced the nebular hypothesis from Sir Norman Lockyer's, according to which the worlds of space have grown by meteoric accretion, to the latest modification of this view during the present century in the planetesimal scheme, in which nuclear spots in the nebulae are built up into worlds by meteoric bombardment, are still more mechanical and repellent to the poetic imagination. Even the Milky Way has been shorn of its mystery, and, instead of being, as was supposed, the very realm of nebulosity and the matrix of yet unborn stellar systems, is seen to be a vast array of such systems already perfected or grown old in their well-established order ages before the star-streams nearer and more familiar to us, and to one of which our comparatively insignificant sun belongs, were emergent. Indeed, it may seem a corollary of Professor Svante Arrhenius's theory of light pressure that these nebulous streams which we behold in various stages of world-formation owe their existence to the electrified particles driven off by the push of radiant energy from that older order of stars, being thus by-products of a more ancient but still existent universe.

The reference to "radiant energy" and to "electrified particles of matter"



suggests a very different kind of astral and planetary specialization from that indicated by the old nebular hypothesis, according to which rings were thrown off from a whirling incandescent central mass of nebulous vapor, and these rings, condensing, sphered into planets and planetary satellites. So different is always the *a priori* conception formed by the human mind concerning any order of things—even if it is a mind like that of the poet Lucretius—from that disclosed by Nature herself to the patient observer! The later view, especially clarified during the present century, rests upon actual astronomical observation, supplemented by laboratorial research, and aided by most ingeniously contrived instruments like the spectroscope, the bolometer, the radiometer, and the photographic film—this last bringing within the range of vision vistas of outlying phenomena not otherwise observable by means of the most powerful telescope and microscope; and, after all, it is not merely the instruments themselves, some of which antedated our century, that have contributed to the recent remarkable discoveries, but mainly the more intelligent and competent use of them during the last decade. The later view of physical evolution thus reached may seem to us more mechanical than our formerly cherished fanciful genealogy, when we are brought up against “cosmical dust” and “meteoric bombardment”; but every new disclosure imparts to it some new wonder until it seems almost genetic. The infinitesimal particles, charged with electricity, thrown off from parental stars by radiant pressure, seem to suggest some analogy to Darwin’s gemination theory of reproduction in the organic kingdom.

Of course all physical analogues to physiological processes must be very dim, and must seem remote, by reason of the sharp distinction between living and non-living matter, but we seek them with avidity. From this point of view crystallization, so vividly presented in moving-pictures to our school-children, seems like an intimate wonder in its simulation of organic functions. We see the motions, apparently spontaneous, by which the crystals expand as they

form and throw off infant crystals, like reproducing like. We jealously deny spontaneity to these activities and refrain from calling them functional. Our regard is fixed upon the motions and upon the structure, precisely exact, and yet so distinctive in its symmetry that we even classify crystals by their angles. We call the motions mechanical and the growth mere accretion; nevertheless, with all these reserves, the analogy is impressive. So, too, we behold with a kind of awe the elaboration by modern synthetic chemistry of compounds hitherto known only as products of organic functioning, though only as by-products.

In what Dr. Williams aptly calls “juggling with life,” which has been going on since the beginning of this century, there have been many wonderful results of laboratory experiments. Simply by mechanical interference one embryo has been made to produce two or more individuals (only smaller in size than ordinary individuals of the species), and, contrariwise, two ova have been blended, developing a single individual, of correspondingly larger size. Dr. Alexis Carrel won his Nobel Prize for his success in transplanting internal organs from one animal into another. Working on the basis of Dr. R. S. Harrison’s experiments and generalizing his method, Drs. Carrel and Burroughs have shown that tissues removed from an organism, even after the death of the animal, not only may be kept alive for a considerable period, but may grow, developing new cells.

These results, effected by inventive mechanical ingenuity, are very important—some of them for the preservation of human life, and others (such as the experiments with ova and embryo) for the new light they throw upon exceptional biological phenomena, like twin-births and giantism, and for the new complications they introduce into the problem of individuality itself.

But Dr. Jacques Loeb’s experiments with the eggs of sea-urchins involve something more than a merely mechanical interference with biological processes and have an important bearing upon the subject we have been considering—the analogies that are offered of organic in inorganic procedure. The



eggs were first placed in a weak acid solution and then subjected to a salt solution. "The acid," as Dr. Williams explains, "causes the formation of a membrane which ordinarily does not develop excepting in a fertilized egg. The salt solution extracts a certain amount of water from the cell, and in so doing inaugurates mysterious chemical changes that result presently in the development of an embryo which advances, for a time at least, as if the egg had been fertilized."

Here we have not simply an analogue between two kingdoms, but, apparently, the actual substitution of a chemical for a living process—one kingdom functioning in the other. It is another instance of juggling with individuality. Something is lacking in the absence of the male parent, and the resulting organism is of brief continuance; but the remarkable fact remains—the embryo is developed, and the event is shorn of none of its wonder by any reference to the propagation of the lowest organisms by mere cell division or to parthenogenesis in animals of as complex organization as the honey-bee. We may as well resume the whole career of cell life and inquire as to the origin of protoplasm itself, the primordial mystery. One thing only seems reasonably certain—the continuity of the purely physical into the chemical, then into the physiological. The continuity may be genetic, and if it is it confirms instead of denying the idea of creative specialization.

The very fact that we feel a kind of bewilderment in the application of such a term as "genetic" to a physical process shows by what a chasm the living world, in our thought, is separated from the non-living. And yet the word "nature" is essentially genetic. It is because of the definite disclosures of science that matter in general has come to be thought of as inert and acted upon by detached "forces." But, prompted by the evolutionary idea, during the last sixty years men of science have intuitively tended toward the conception of a living universe, refusing to regard any part of it as strictly inorganic, and evolution itself is more and more thought of as creative.

The discovery of radium has led to investigations of radioactive phenomena, the results of which are the glory of the early twentieth century, as Darwin's experiments in natural selection were the glory of the middle nineteenth. It is due to these later researches—those especially of Thomson, Ramsay and Rutherford—that we have any distinct conception of physical evolution, of the genesis and constitution of matter. We are looking to these apostles of a new gospel of Science for surprising revelations in the near future. Their work is almost creative, since they have to invent the very instruments of that inquisition to which they are subjecting Nature in their laboratories, asking her to disclose the very secret of her life. They have their intuitions also, as Newton had—the creations of a coordinative imagination. Sir Oliver Lodge, in his conception of the ether, unites conscious life with unconscious matter in a harmony which has none of the sterility of the monistic theory, and even makes the ether the basis of the continuity of man's psychical life after physical death.

We shall continue to have from the most fertile scientific investigators their wonted terms—molecules, atoms, electrons, mass, velocity, and the like. But Lodge translates mass and velocity into functions of matter. We shall still be listening to the testimony of apparently barren though mightily energetic structures, and their appeal to our sense of wonder will be in terms of quantity—of their vastness or their smallness. But quantity becomes qualitative when it indicates proportion—the mathematics of morphology. Almost we seem to be in a living world when we read of the disintegration and transmutation of physical elements. We may yet have testimony of reintegration, of ascents in the inorganic world as well as cathodic procedure.

We think of Nature as wearing a veil. But really it is ourselves that wear the veil—that of our exquisite but limited sensibility, beyond whose range lies almost entirely the dynamics of the physical universe, untranslatable in the terms of our life. We are shut out from Nature, not Nature from us.



# EDITOR'S DRAWER

## Further Inventions of Professor B. House

BY BARRY GILBERT

### THE NOISELESS SOUP-SPOON

AND will the wonders never cease!!!  
Behold the Prof.'s great Masterpiece.

"Why, Maud! You're eating like a goop!"  
"Let's go and hear the rich eat soup."  
And other gibes will be extinct



"And suction will do all the rest"

As dinosaur, ornithorinc-  
us, three-toed horse, or mastodon,  
When Maudie tries this soup-spoon on.

(Directions for Using)

Immerse the bowl. The lid press to  
With fork or knife. The thumb might do.

VOL. CXXVIII.—No. 765.—60

The standpipe to your lips now press,  
And suction will do all the rest.  
Repeat *ad lib.*

No noise like croup  
When Maud now sips, for supper, soup.  
A dozen persons now get done  
With no more noise than one, or none,  
While snowy linen, stainless gown,  
And manners reign in Spotless Town.

Thus Art, Invention, Science, and  
Dame Etiquette go hand in hand.

### THE BUG-HOUSE BUTTERETTE

BEHOLD the Bug-House Butterette,  
An aid to table etiquette,  
Designed with elegance to spread  
The butter on our daily bread.



"The Butterette will butter it"





*"The book's like day; the room's like night"*

How rude the ancients' ways appear!  
Our fathers' customs, oh! how queer!  
Until to-day, in this fair land  
Our bread was buttered all by hand!  
The modern method here we see.  
The Prof. employs machinery!

*(Directions for Using)*

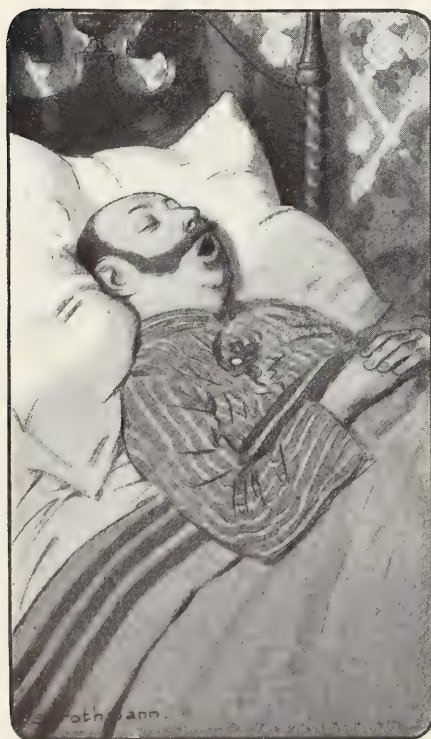
The butter on the incline place.  
Revolving knives will scrape its face  
And drop the fragments down upon  
The roller. (Not the roll.) Then run  
It o'er the bread, and, bit by bit,  
The Butterette will butter it.

Thus, one by one, the customs rude  
Of former times in taking food  
Are banished by the Prof. Instead  
We learn to dine in ways well-BRED.

THE SQUIRTOSCOPE

LET Edison and Westinghouse  
Their puny, feeble glims now douse.  
The ordinary lamp, when lit,  
Sends half its light straight up, to hit  
The ceiling, and one-half the rest  
Across the room, so that at best  
A quarter only of it bides  
To lighten up the hither sides.  
A fraction, less than ten per cent.,  
Will strike the book, it's evident.

Some ninety-nine and forty-four  
One-hundredths, and perhaps still more  
Per cent. of all the light that flies  
The Squirtoscope will utilize.  
Down from the jet the light is sent,  
Except what passes out the vent.



*"His mouth hangs open to the sky"*



*"No snore disgraces"*



A leaden globe and tube of tin  
 Are lined with looking-glass within.  
 The former all the light collects.  
 The latter all of it reflects  
 Down to the nozzle, where the sage  
 Squirts it out upon the page  
 And floods the book with dazzling light.  
 The book's like day; the room's like night.  
 Should he care to move about,  
 The candle's there to help him out.

## THE SAFETY MATTRESS

THE Safety Mattress, you'll observe,  
 Contains a tunnel on a curve.  
 If one upon one's back should lie,  
 His mouth hangs open to the sky.  
 If one lies on one's arm, instead,  
 It goes to sleep before one's head,  
 While hard it is, unless she's tied,  
 To keep Friend Wife on her own side.  
 But the Professor's little scheme  
 Makes night for both a pleasant dream.  
 The picture shows in use one side,  
 The other not yet occupied.

*(Directions for Using)*

The arm within the tunnel hide;  
 Lie down and hang the hand outside.  
 The mattress anchors one in place;  
 One lies upon one's side; and space  
 Is given for one's arm. Results  
 Are room and comfort, quiet pulse,  
 And pleasant dreams. No snore disgraces.  
 To lie on other arm—swap places.

## THE AUTOMATIC BED

NO scheme so good but that it may  
 Be still improved on in some way.  
 The safety mattress seemed to be  
 The acme of u-til-i-ty.  
 Not so. The automatic bed  
 Will bear away the palm instead.

The cogs upon the motor fit  
 The cogs upon the rod; and it  
 Is fastened to the mattress, so  
 That up the mattress has to go  
 Whene'er the rod begins to rise,  
 As round and round the motor flies.

When Norah sleeps, our Norah sleeps!  
 When Norah sleeps, she sleeps for keeps!  
 At least, that always used to be;  
 But now, *no one gets up like she!*

Upon the left, the scene disclosed  
 Is that at night when Norah dozed.  
 The clock upon the shelf is set  
 For just the hour our household pet  
 Should rise. The view upon the right  
 Is Norah in the morning light!

## THE PNEUMAFLYOSLIDE

THE Pneumaflyoslide, no doubt,  
 Will help the fly, and you, too, out.

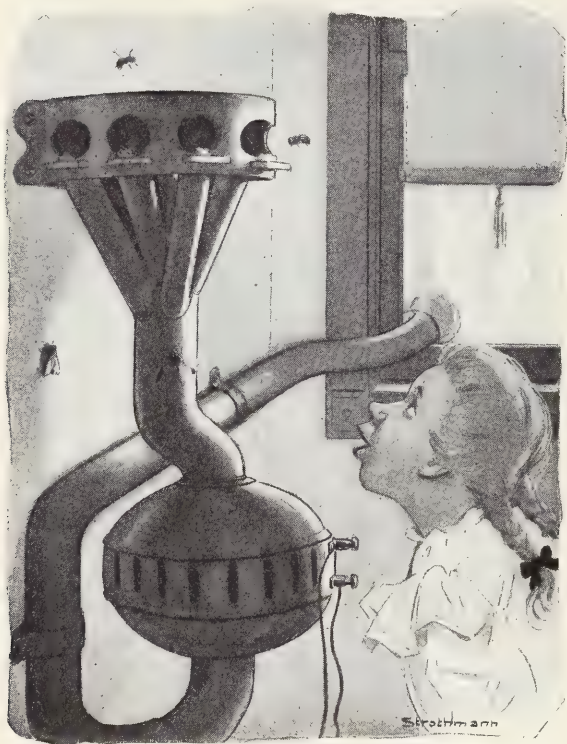
No more these pests in buzzing swarms  
 The house will fill with germs and forms



*"The automatic bed will bear away the palm instead"*



Bacterial. They're put to rout.  
 The Prof.'s machine just whisks them out,  
 And sends them off the way they've come  
 By the simple use of the vac-u-um.  
 Before each hole of an eight-hole trap  
 A shelf projects, on which—oh, hap-  
 py thought of the Prof.!—there's glued  
 A bit of imitation food.



*"It must be a pleasure to the fly"*

The fly alights—and at once is gone.  
 By the suction, down through the tube  
     he's drawn;  
 And thence through the larger pipe he's  
     passed,  
 And shunted out by the motor's blast.  
 He shoots the chutes through the window-  
     pane.  
 The method is simple and most humane,  
 And we know, as he goes a-sailing by,  
 It must be a pleasure to the fly.

#### The City Child

MY small Suzanne, who has recently begun to study geography, came to dinner from her home work the other evening with a puzzled look. "Daddy," she said, "I don't exactly understand about the Rocky Mountains—what they divide, I mean. Will you explain it to me, please?" At the end of a rather detailed explanation she exclaimed, joyfully: "Oh, now I understand. Thank you, daddy. You know I always supposed before that Fifth Avenue divided the East from the West."

#### Nothing Personal

A WORKER in one of the mission settlements was speaking to some water-front boys with reference to Roman history. He touched upon the doings of Nero, giving a vivid picture of the cruelty of the Emperor. It seemed to the speaker that he had fixed the idea of injustice and wickedness in the minds of his hearers. Then he began to ask a few questions.

"Boys, what do you think of Nero?"

Silence, broken only by an uneasy shifting of the lads in their seats.

"Well, Clancy," said the lecturer, making an individual appeal, "what do you think of Nero? Would you say he was a good man? Would you like to know him?"

Clancy hesitated. Finally, after again being urged to reply, he did so in these words:

"Well, he never done nothin' to me."

#### His Happiest Moment

A BACHELOR of considerable wealth was much sought after by many of the most charming young women of the town.

Minnie Rivers, a very pretty maiden, was sure she had brought him almost to the point of a proposal.

"What was the happiest moment of your life?" she asked, while they were taking a moonlight stroll one evening.

"The happiest moment of my life," answered the bachelor, with a reminiscent smile, "was when the jeweler took back an engagement ring and gave me some cuff-links in exchange."

#### Social Gatherings

HE had lived in the city but a short time and was having a talk with a young woman one evening.

"Was there much life in the country town from which you came?" she asked.

"Well, I guess!" he exclaimed, promptly. "You ought to have seen the gatherings in our cemetery of a Sunday."

#### Raising the Rate

LITTLE Edward had got into the habit of saying "darn," and his mother very seriously disapproved.

"Edward," she said, "I am going to give you ten cents if you will promise me not to say 'darn' any more."

"All right, mother," said the boy, as he took the money, "I promise."

Putting the money into his pocket, he said: "Mother, I know a word that's worth fifty cents."





THE ROOSTER: "Gee! there's extravagance for you—raising a family and eggs sixty cents a dozen!"

#### An Emergency

THE Marine Barracks at Washington was visited on one occasion by a party of young girls from a Delaware town, friends of one of the officers of the barracks. The party exhibited much interest in everything pertaining to the life and discipline of the post.

"What do you mean by 'taps'?" queried one of the young women.

"Taps is played every night on the bugle," answered the officer addressed. "It means 'lights out.' They play it over the bodies of dead soldiers."

A puzzled look overspread the questioner's pretty face. Then she asked:

"What do you do if you haven't a dead soldier?"

#### Subtle

WILLIAM MACDONALD, a youthful Scotchman, was seriously in love, but to arrive at the point of proposing marriage to the fair one of his choice was too much for his sensitive soul. Finally, after many hours of deliberation, he hit upon a plan.

It was a moonlight, starry night, and he led the maiden of his heart to a churchyard, and, pointing to the various headstones, said:

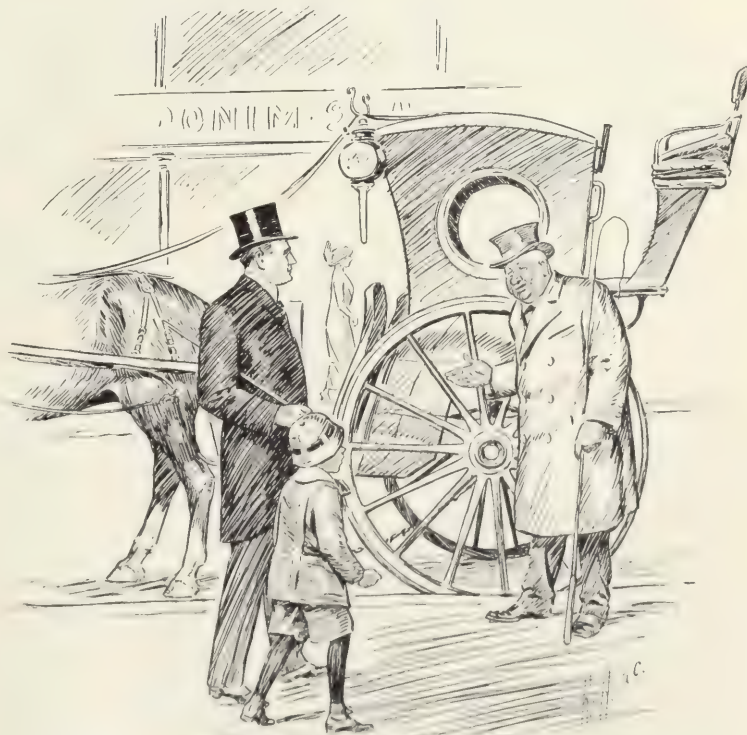
"Allie, my folks are buried there. Wad ye like to be buried there, too?"

#### Timid

MRS. FRANKLIN, who had recently returned from an extensive tour, was relating some of her experiences to her friend, Mrs. Newton, who had only recently acquired riches.

"Yes, while we were in Egypt we visited the Pyramids. They were literally covered with hieroglyphics," said she.

"Ugh!" replied Mrs. Newton. "Wasn't you afraid some of 'em would get on you?"



"Want a cab, sir? Want a cab?"  
"Why doesn't he want it himself, papa?"





Father Learns the Turkey-trot

## As the Twig is Bent

BY SARAH REDINGTON

WHEN I was Sweet-and-Twenty  
 My mother used to say:  
 "Don't poke your head and chin out!  
 Don't stand that awkward way!  
 Erect, and trim, and tidy  
 Young girls should always be." . . .  
 When I was Sweet-and-Twenty  
 That's how she talked to me.

But modern Sweet-and-Twenty,  
 My pretty daughter Anne,  
 Has lessons in deportment  
 On quite another plan.  
 I aim to make her modern  
 And smart to a degree,  
 So this is what my daughter  
 Hears all the time from me:

"Be limp, my dear, and knock-kneed,  
 Affect a slouchy gait,  
 Look imbecile and spineless,  
 Just like a fashion-plate.

Do try to poke your chin out,  
 And hump your shoulders, too!  
 When you look trim and tidy  
 I'm quite ashamed of you."

And all the time I hate it,  
 This fashion of to-day;  
 "O Tempora! O Mores!"  
 I moralize. . . . But stay!  
 A good time may be coming  
 When mothers can once more  
 Admonish Sweet-and-Twenty  
 As in the days of yore:

"Now please don't poke your chin out!  
 Stand square upon your feet!  
 Young girls are not good-looking  
 Unless they're trim and neat."  
 Oh, isn't that old-fashioned?  
 But isn't it too true!  
 That's how, my Sweet-and-Twenty,  
 I long to talk to you!



## Together

YOUNG Arthur had recently taken up the study of anatomy at school and had shown a great interest in the course. He drank in all information about the various parts of the body with absorbing interest. The progress at school, however, was too slow, so he sought to gain more information at home. One afternoon upon returning from school, as he sat hungrily devouring a generous-sized piece of bread and molasses, he asked his mother, in grave perplexity:

"Mother, I know where my liver is, but where is my bacon?"

## Scientific Management

A PROSPEROUS looking drummer entered the office of a merchant to whom he had sold his new "Filing System" a short while before.

"Good morning, Mr. Hobbs," said he in his genial way. "And how is the 'Filing System' working?"

"Great!" said the merchant.

"Good!" said the agent, rubbing his hands. "And how is business?"

"Business?" echoed the merchant. "Oh, we have stopped business to attend to the filing system."



"I don't know what we're going to do for dinner, Jack. I asked cook to kill one of the chickens, and she said she simply couldn't."

"Well, I'd rather starve than do it myself, but we might call in our next-door neighbor. He belongs to the National Guard."

## Forethought

MRS. WHANN, the weeping widow of a well-known man, requested that the words "My sorrow is greater than I can bear" be placed upon the marble slab of her dear departed.

A few months later the lady returned and asked how much it would cost her to have the inscription effaced and another substituted.

"No need of that, marm," replied the man, soothingly; "you see, I left jes' enough room to add 'alone.'"

## Unimportant

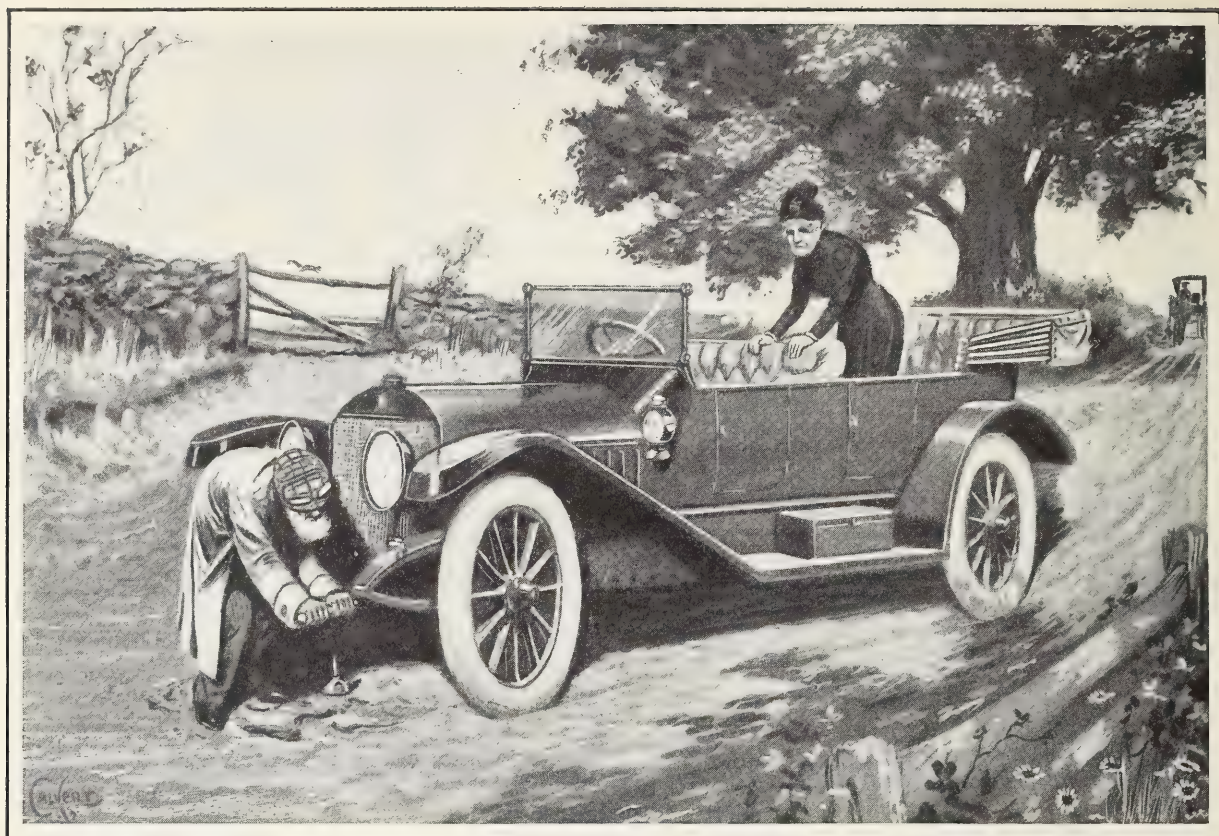
WHEN Mr. Johnson returned home from the office the other evening, he found his young wife in tears.

"Why, Grace!" he cried, in surprise. "What is the trouble, darling?"

"Oh, Ernest," she sobbed, "I baked a cake this morning and set it on the window-sill, and a tramp came along and stole it."

"Well, don't cry, dearest," said the husband, consolingly. "One tramp less in the world doesn't matter."





“Be still, William! Here comes our minister”

#### The Lure of the Unknown

I’VE often wondered, for the nonce,  
 —What people do when they ensconce.  
 I’ve sat on sofas and on chairs,  
 On davenports and on the stairs,  
 On hammocks and piazza swings;  
 On ruined thrones of ancient kings.  
 But, whether upon this or that,  
 I’ve simply, solely, plainly *sat*.  
 And ere I’m laid upon the shelf,  
 I’m anxious to ensconce myself.  
 It’s often done in story-books—  
 Mostly *editions de luxe*,  
 Where ladies of patrician mien,  
 Attired in robes of silken sheen,  
 Ensconce themselves on divans rich,  
 Behind the arras—in a niche—  
 (Or some such place, at any rate;  
 I am not sure I have it straight)—  
 And when they *are* ensconced, they meet  
 Some great adventure—dire or sweet.  
 Of course, I count such things as naught.  
 ’Twas but a passing, idle thought.  
 But I’d ensconce just once, to see  
 What then *would* happen unto me!

CAROLYN WELLS.

#### The Smoking Chimney

IN London they tell of a certain distinguished statesman who is an optimist on all points save marriage.

One afternoon this statesman was proceeding along a country road when he saw a cottager eating his supper alone in the road before his dwelling.

“Why, Henry,” asked the statesman, “why are you eating out here alone?”

“Well, sir, er—” the man stammered, “the—er—chimney smokes.”

“That’s too bad,” said the statesman, his philanthropic sentiments at once being aroused. “I’ll have it fixed for you. Let’s have a look at it.”

And before the cottager could stay him the statesman proceeded to enter the cottage. As soon as he had opened the door a broomstick fell upon his shoulders and a woman’s voice shrieked:

“Back here again, are you, you old rascal! Clear out with you or I’ll—”

The statesman retired precipitately. The cottager sat in the road shaking his head in sorrow and embarrassment. The statesman bent over him and laid his hand in kindly fashion on his arm.

“Never mind, Henry,” said he, consolingly, “my chimney smokes sometimes, too.”









*Painting by Walter Biggs*

Illustration for "The Blue Dimity Dress"

MILLY LOOKED IMPATIENTLY FROM ONE TO THE OTHER



# HARPER'S MAGAZINE

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## Aspects of Monopoly One Hundred Years Ago

A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED ESSAY

BY JAMES MADISON

Fourth President of the United States

With an Introduction by Gaillard Hunt, Chief of the Division of MSS., Library of Congress



JAMES MADISON retired from the Presidency in 1817 and died in 1836, nineteen years later. This was the growing period of American nationality, and it was during these years that an enduring attachment was formed for the frame of government under which the growth took place. So, as Madison had been the master-builder of the government, he enjoyed extraordinary prestige, and whatever he said on public questions was regarded as oracular. He felt the weight of the responsibility and expressed his views carefully, realizing that he was addressing posterity. During the closing years of his life he prepared certain papers for posthumous publication, the chief one being the journal he had kept of the proceedings of the Federal Convention of 1787. This journal, with certain letters which he had grouped with it, was published by the United States Government in 1840 in three volumes under the title of *The Madison Papers*. Before this mode of publication was decided upon, however, the papers were

offered by Mrs. Madison, who inherited them under the terms of her husband's will, to several publishers, and among others to Messrs. Harper & Brothers; but a satisfactory pecuniary arrangement could not be reached by private publication, and the papers were sold to the government.

It was not known that, at the same time with *The Madison Papers*, or perhaps a few months later, several essays which Madison had prepared for publication were placed in the Messrs. Harpers' hands, but such, as it now appears, was the fact. All of these have since found their way into print, except the one which follows. It was written, or revised, by Madison some time before 1832, and is in the penmanship of one of the amanuenses whom he employed at Montpelier.

It is entitled "Monopolies, Perpetuities, Corporations, Ecclesiastical Endowments," and deals for the most part with the subject of religious freedom, of which he could justly claim to be one of the great champions. It was he who had caused the Virginia Bill of Rights to be amended so that it declared for free



exercise of religion instead of toleration or permission to exercise religion; it was he who wrote the remonstrance against assessments for religious purposes in Virginia which broke down the bill for that purpose; it was he who carried through

the Virginia legislature the bill for complete religious freedom which Jefferson had written. There are few historical characters whose views on this subject are as valuable as his.

GAILLARD HUNT.



MONOPOLIES tho' in certain cases useful ought to be granted with caution, and guarded with strictness against abuse. The Constitution of the United States has limited them to two cases—the authors of Books, and of useful inventions, in both which they are considered as a compensation for a benefit actually gained to the community as a purchase of property which the owner might otherwise withhold from public use. There can be no just objection to a temporary monopoly in these cases; but it ought to be temporary because under that limitation a sufficient recompence and encouragement may be given. The limitation is particularly proper in the case of inventions, because they grow so much out of preceding ones that there is the less merit in the authors; and because, for the same reason, the discovery might be expected in a short time from other hands.

Monopolies have been granted in other Countries, and by some of the States in this, on another principle, that of supporting some useful undertaking, until experience and success should render the monopoly unnecessary, and lead to a salutary competition. This was the policy of the monopoly granted in Virginia to Col. Jno. Hoopes to establish a passenger-stage from . . . to . . . But grants of this sort can be justified in very peculiar cases only, if at all; the danger being very great that the good resulting from the operation of the monopoly, will be overbalanced by the evil effect of the precedent; and it being not impossible that the monopoly itself in its original operation, may produce more evil than good.

In all cases of monopoly, not excepting those in favor of authors and inventors, it would be well to reserve to the State, a right to extinguish the

monopoly by paying a specified and reasonable sum. This would guard against the public discontents resulting from the exorbitant gains of individuals, and from the inconvenient restrictions combined with them. This view of the subject suggested the clause in the bill relating to J. Rumsey in the Virginia Legislature in the year 1784, providing that the State might cancel his privilege by paying him ten thousand pounds.<sup>1</sup> And to secure him against the possibility of a payment in depreciated medium, then a prevalent apprehension, it was proposed that the sum should be paid in metal, and that of a specified weight and fineness.

One objection to a Bank is that it involves a qualified monopoly; and the objection certainly has weight in proportion to the degree and duration of the monopoly.

Perpetual monopolies of every sort are forbidden not only by the Genius of free Governments, but by the imperfection of human foresight. (Among such monopolies, cannot be included the grants in perpetuity of public lands to individuals, the grants being made according to rules of impartiality, for a valuable consideration; and all lands being held equally by that tenure from the public, the vital principle of monopoly is lost. The benefit is not confined to one or a few, but is enjoyed by the whole or a majority of the community. The evil of an excessive and dangerous cumulation of landed property in the hands of individuals is best precluded by the prohibition of entails, by the suppression of the rights of primogeniture, and by the liability of landed property to the payment of debts. In countries where there is a rapid increase of population as in the U. S. these provisions are evidently sufficient; and in all countries would probably be found

<sup>1</sup>The monopoly was for steam navigation.  
—G. H.



so.) Where charters of incorporation, even the common ones to towns for the sake of local police, contain clauses implying contracts, and irrevocable, they are liable to objections of equal force. The ordinary limitation on incorporated Societies is a proviso that their laws shall not violate the laws of the land. But how easily may it happen that redress for such violations may not be pursued into effect? How much injury may accrue during the pursuit of redress? And above all, how much local injustice and oppression may be committed by laws and regulations, not in strict construction violating any law of the land. Within the local limits, parties generally exist founded on different sorts of property, sometimes on divisions by streets or little streams: frequently on political and religious differences. Attachments to rival individuals, are not seldom a source of the same divisions. In all these cases, the party animosities are the more violent as the compass of the society may more easily admit of the contagion and collision of the passions; and according to that violence is the danger of oppression by one party on the other; by the majority on the minority. The ways in which this can be effected, even beyond the cognizance of the paramount law of the land have scarce any other limits than the ingenuity and interest of those who possess the power. Is a tax to be collected? What inequality may attend the rule or mode of assessment? Is a public building to be erected, what is to guard against partiality or favoritism in fixing its site? Is there a single regulation of police which will not differently affect the component parts of the society, and afford an opportunity to the majority to sacrifice to their prejudices or their conveniency the conveniency or the interests of the minor party.

When the town incorporated is not only a market town for the neighborhood, but a port for an external commerce the effect of its police has a wider range, and its corporate powers the greater need of some other control than the vague and inefficient one, of the law of the land.

The best illustration of these remarks is to be found in the recorded proceed-

ings of the various local Corporations. What is generally known sufficiently justifies them. Without even a recurrence to facts a common knowledge of human nature, would suggest the probability of the abuses on which they are founded.

The most effectual and perhaps the least exceptionable provision against them, seems to be that of superadding to the general restraint of the law of the land, a previous veto in some impartial and convenient quarter on each particular by-law. The Executive Authority of the State or that authority in consultation with a judge or judges of the highest grade might perhaps be relied on for the control on these local legislatures, most likely to preserve a just, a uniform and an impartial exercise of their subordinate powers.

The danger of silent accumulation and encroachments by Ecclesiastical Bodies has not sufficiently engaged attention in the U. S.

They have the noble merit of first unshackling the conscience from persecuting laws, and of establishing among religious sects a legal equality. If some of the States have not embraced this just and this truly Christian principle in its proper latitude, all of them present examples by which the most enlightened States of the Old World may be instructed; and there is one State at least, Virginia, where religious liberty is placed on its true foundation, and is defined in its full latitude. The general principle is contained in her declaration of rights, prefixed to her constitution; but it is unfolded and defined, in its precise extent, in the act of the Legislature, usually named the Religious Bill, which passed into a law in the year 1786. Here the separation between the authority of human laws, and the natural rights of man, excepted from the grant on which all political authority is founded, is traced as distinctly as words can admit, and the limits to this authority established with as much solemnity as the forms of legislation can express. The law has the further advantage of having been the result of a formal appeal to the sense of the Community, and a deliberate sanction of a *vast* majority, comprising every sect of Christians in the



State. This act is a true standard of Religious liberty; its principle the great barrier against usurpations on the rights of conscience. As long as it is respected and no longer, these will be safe. Every provision for them short of this principle will be found to leave crevices at least, thro' which bigotry may introduce persecution; a monster that feeding and thriving on its own venom gradually swells to a size and strength overwhelming all laws divine and human. Ye States of America which retain in your constitutions or Codes, any aberration from the sacred principle of religious liberty by giving to Cæsar what belongs to God, or joining together what God has put asunder, hasten to revise your systems, and make the example of your Country as pure and complete, in what relates to the freedom of the mind and its allegiance to its maker, as in what belongs to the legitimate object of political and civil institutions.

Strongly guarded as is the separation between Religion and Government in the Constitution of the United States, the danger of encroachment by Ecclesiastical Bodies; may be illustrated by precedents already furnished in their short history.<sup>1</sup>

The most notable attempt was that in Virginia to establish a general assessment for the support of all Christian sects. This was proposed in the year 178 . . . by Patrick Henry and supported by all his eloquence aided by the remaining prejudices of the sect which before the Revolution had been established by law. The progress of the measure was arrested by urging that the respect due to the people required in so extraordinary a case an appeal to their deliberate will. The Bill was accordingly printed and published with that view. At the instance of Col. George Nicholas, Col. George Mason and others, the memorial and remonstrance against it

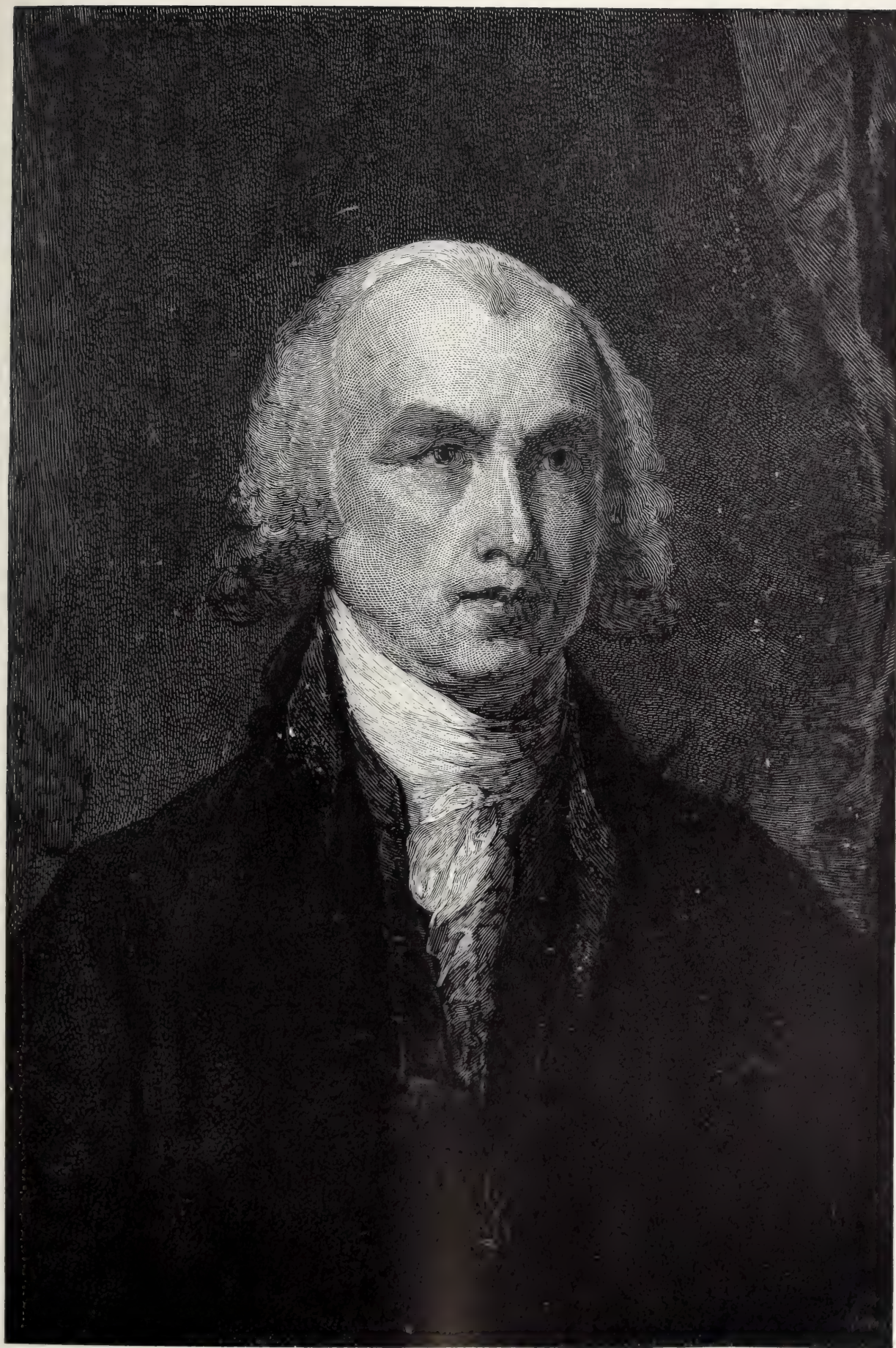
<sup>1</sup> See the cases in which negatives were put by J. M. on two bills passed by Congress, and his signature withheld from another.—See also attempts in Kentucky; for example, when it was proposed to exempt Houses of Worship from taxes.—Madison's note. [The two bills which he vetoed in 1811 provided, the one for the incorporation of an Episcopal Church in Alexandria, then in the District of Columbia, the other for reserving a portion of the public land in Mississippi Territory for a Baptist Church.—G. H.]

was drawn up<sup>1</sup> and printed copies of it circulated thro' the State to be signed by the people at large. It met with the approbation of the Baptists, the Presbyterians, the Quakers, and the few Roman Catholics universally; of the Methodists in part; and even of not a few of the sect formerly established by law. When the Legislature assembled, the number of copies and signatures presented displayed such an overwhelming opposition of the people, that the plan of a general assessment was crushed under it, and advantage taken of the crisis to carry thro' the Legislature the Bill above referred to, establishing religious liberty. In the course of the opposition to the Bill in the House of Delegates, which was warm and strenuous from some of the minority, an experiment was made on the reverence entertained for the name and sanctity of the Saviour, by proposing to insert the words "Jesus Christ" after the words "our Lord" in the preamble, the object of which would have been to imply a restriction of the liberty defined in the Bill, to those professing his religion only. The amendment was discussed, and rejected, the opponents of the amendment turned the feeling as well as judgment of the House against it, by successfully contending that the better proof of reverence for that holy name would be not to profane it by making it a topic of legislative discussion and particularly by making his religion the means of abridging the natural and equal rights of all men, in defiance of his own declaration that his kingdom was not of this world. This view of the subject was much enforced by the circumstance that it was espoused by some members who were distinguished by their reputed piety and Christian zeal.

But besides the danger of a direct mixture of religion and civil Government, there is an evil which ought to be guarded against in the indefinite accumulation of property from the capacity of holding it in perpetuity by ecclesiastical corporations. The power of all corporations, ought to be limited in this respect. The growing wealth acquired by them never fails to be a source of

<sup>1</sup> By Madison. It may be found in Vol. II, p. 183, of *The Writings of Madison*.—G. H.





JAMES MADISON

*Engraved on Wood by G. Kruell from the Painting by Gilbert Stuart*

Owned by T. Jefferson Coolidge, Esq., Boston







abuses. A warning on this subject is emphatically given in the example of the various charitable establishments in Great Britain, the management of which has been lately scrutinized. The excessive wealth of ecclesiastical corporations and the misuse of it in many countries of Europe has long been a topic of complaint. In some of them the Church has amassed half perhaps the property of the nation. When the reformation took place, an event promoted if not caused by that disordered state of things, how enormous were the treasures of religious societies and how gross the corruptions engendered by them; so enormous and so gross as to produce in the Cabinets and Councils of the Protestant States a disregard of all the pleas of the interested party drawn from the sanctions of the law, and the sacredness of property held in religious trust. The history of England during the period of the Reformation offers a sufficient illustration for the present purpose.

Are the U. S. duly awake to the tendency of the precedents they are establishing, in the multiplied incorporations of Religious Congregations with the faculty of acquiring and holding property real as well as personal? Do not many of these acts give this faculty without limit either as to time or as to amount? And must not bodies perpetual in their existence, and which may be always gaining without ever losing, speedily gain more than is useful, and in time more than is safe? Are there not already examples in the U. S. of ecclesiastical wealth equally beyond its object, and the foresight of those who laid the foundation of it? In the U. S. there is a double motive for fixing limits in this case, because wealth may increase not only from additional gifts, but from exorbitant advances in the value of the primitive one. In grants of vacant lands, and of lands in the vicinity of growing towns and cities, the increase of value is often such as, if foreseen, would essentially control the liberality conferring them. The people of the U. S. owe their independence and their liberty to the wisdom of despoiling in the minute tax of 3 pence on tea, the magnitude of the evil comprized in the precedent. Let them exert the same wisdom, in watch-

ing against every evil lurking under plausible disguises, and growing up from small beginnings. *Obsta principiis.*

Is the appointment of Chaplains to the two Houses of Congress consistent with the Constitution, and with the pure principle of religious freedom?

In strictness the answer on both points must be in the negative. The Constitution of the U. S. forbids every thing like an establishment of a national religion. The law appointing Chaplains establishes a religious worship for the national representatives, to be performed by ministers of religion, elected by a majority of them; and these are to be paid out of the national taxes. Does not this involve the principle of a national establishment applicable to a provision for a religious worship for the Constituent as well as of the Representative Body, approved by the majority and conducted by ministers of religion paid by the entire nation?

The establishment of the Chaplainship to Congress is a palpable violation of equal rights as well as of Constitutional principles. The tenets of the Chaplain elected shut the door of worship against the members whose creeds and consciences forbid a participation in that of the majority. To say nothing of other sects, this is the case with that of Roman Catholics and Quakers who have always had numbers in one or both of the Legislative branches. Could a Catholic clergyman ever hope to be appointed a Chaplain?<sup>1</sup> To say that his religious principles are obnoxious or that his sect is small, is to lift the veil at once and exhibit in its naked deformity the doctrine that religious truth is to be tested by numbers, or that the major sects have a right to govern the minor.

If Religion consist in voluntary acts of individuals, singly or voluntarily associated, and if it be proper that public functionaries, as well as their constituents should discharge their religious duties, let them, like their constituents, do so at their own expense. How small a contribution from each member of Congress would suffice for the purpose! How just would it be in its principle! How

<sup>1</sup> A few years after this was written, on December 11, 1832, Charles Constantine Pise, a Catholic priest, was elected Chaplain of the Senate.—G. H.



noble in its exemplary sacrifice to the genius of the Constitution; and the divine rights of conscience! Why should the expense of a religious worship for the Legislature, be paid by the public, more than that for the Executive or Judiciary branches of the Government?

Were the establishment to be tried by its fruits, are not the daily devotions conducted by these legal ecclesiastics, already degenerating into a scanty attendance, and a tiresome formality?

Rather than let this step beyond the landmarks of power have the effect of a legitimate precedent, it will be better to apply to it the aphorism, *de minimis non curat lex*: or to class it "*cum maculis quas aut incuria fudit, aut humana parum cavit natura.*"

Better also to disarm in the same way the precedent of Chaplainships for the army and navy, than erect them into a political authority in matters of Religion. The object of this establishment is seducing; the motive to it is laudable. But is it not safer to adhere to a right principle, and trust to its consequences, than confide in the reasoning, however specious, in favor of a wrong one? Look thro' the armies and navies of the world, and say whether in the appointment of their ministers of religion, the spiritual interest of the flocks or the temporal interests of the shepherds, be most in view; whether here, as elsewhere the political care of religion is not a nominal more than a real aid. If the spirit of armies be devout, the spirit out of the armies will never be less so; and a failure of religious instruction and exhortation from a voluntary source within or without, will rarely happen; and if such be not the spirit of armies, the official services of their Teachers are not likely to produce it. It is more likely to flow from the labors of a spontaneous zeal. The armies of the Puritans had their appointed Chaplains; but without these there would have been no lack of public devotion in that devout age.

The case of navies with insulated crews may be less within the scope of these reflections. But it is not entirely so. The chance of a devout officer, might be of as much worth to religion, as the service of an ordinary Chaplain. But

we are always to keep in mind that it is safer to trust the consequences of a right principle, than reasonings in support of a bad one.

Religious proclamations by the Executive recommending thanksgivings and fasts are shoots from the same root with the legislative acts reviewed.

Altho' recommendations only, they imply a religious agency, making no part of the trust delegated to political rulers.

The objections to them are 1st that Governments ought not to interpose in relation to those subject to their authority, but in cases where they can do it with effect. An *advisory* government is a contradiction in terms. 2. The members of a Government as such, can in no sense, be regarded as possessing an advisory trust from their constituents in their religious capacities. They cannot form an Ecclesiastical assembly, Convocation, Council or Synod, and as such issue decrees or injunctions addressed to the faith or the consciences of the people. In their individual capacities, as distinct from their official station, they might unite in recommendations of any sort whatever; in the same manner as any other individuals might do. But then their recommendations ought to express the true character from which they emanate. 3. They seem to imply and certainly nourish the erroneous idea of a *national* religion. This idea just as it related to the Jewish nation under a theocracy, having been improperly adopted by so many nations which have embraced Christianity, is too apt to lurk in the bosoms even of Americans, who in general are aware of the distinction between religious and political Societies. The idea also of a union of all who form one nation under one Government in acts of devotion to the God of all is an imposing idea. But reason and the principles of the Christian religion require that if all the individuals composing a nation were of the same precise creed and wished to unite in a universal act of religion at the same time, the union ought to be affected thro' the intervention of their religious not of their political representatives. In a nation composed of various sects, some alienated widely from others, and where no agreement could take place thro' the



former, the interposition of the latter is doubly wrong. 4. The tendency of the practice to narrow the recommendation to the standard of the predominant sect. The 1st proclamation of Gen. Washington, dated January 1, 1795, recommending a day of thanksgiving, embraced all who believed in a Supreme Ruler of the Universe. That of Mr. Adams called for a *Christian* worship. Many private letters reproached the proclamation issued by J. M. for using the general terms, used in that of President Washington; and some of them for not inserting terms particularly according with the faith of certain Christian sects. The practice if not strictly guarded naturally terminates in a conformity to the creed of the majority and of a single sect, if amounting to majority. 5. the last and not the least objection is the liability of the practice to a subserviency to political views; to the scandal of religion, as well as the increase of party animosities. Candid or incautious politicians will not always disown such views. In truth it is difficult to frame such a religious proclamation generally suggested by a political state of things, without referring to them in terms having some bearing on party questions. The Proclamation of President Washington which was issued just after the suppression of the Insurrection in Pennsylvania, and at a time when the public mind was divided on several topics, was so construed by many. Of this the Secretary of State himself, E. Randolph, seems to have had an anticipation.

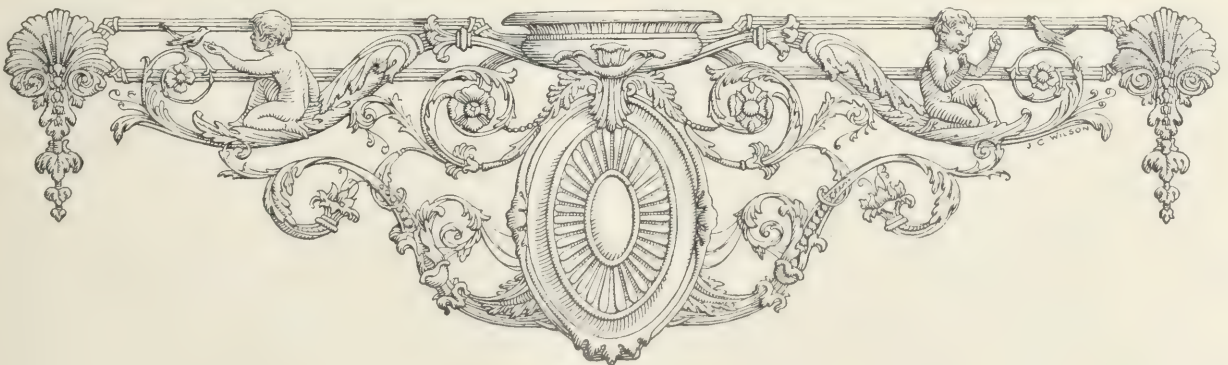
The original draught of that Instrument filed in the Dept. of State is in the handwriting of Mr. Hamilton the

Secretary of the Treasury. It appears that several slight alterations only had been made at the suggestion of the Secretary of State; and in a marginal note in his hand, it is remarked that "In short this proclamation ought to savour as much as possible of religion; and not too much of having a political object." In a subjoined note in the hand of Mr. Hamilton this remark is answered by the counter-remark that, "A proclamation by a Government, which is a national act, naturally embraces objects which are political," so *naturally*, is the idea of policy associated with religion, whatever be the mode or the occasion, when a function of the latter is assumed by those in power.<sup>1</sup>

During the administration of Mr. Jefferson, no religious proclamation issued. It being understood that his successor was disinclined to such interpositions of the Executive, and by some supposed moreover that they might originate with more propriety with the Legislative body, a resolution was passed requesting him to issue a proclamation.

It was thought not proper to refuse a compliance altogether; but a form and language were employed, which were meant to deaden as much as possible any claim of political right to enjoin religious observances by resting these expressly on the voluntary compliance of individuals, and even by limiting the recommendation to such as wished a simultaneous as well as voluntary performance of a religious act on the occasion. The following is a copy of the proclamation.

<sup>1</sup> The draft of the proclamation is still in the State Department and contains the notes as quoted by Madison.—G. H.





# Spring Recurrent

BY EDITH BARNARD DELANO



THE Denison girls were perfectly devoted to their mother. That was what everybody said, and just what they often repeated among themselves. The phrase itself was almost a part of their devotion. Even Mrs. Denison used it; she often reminded herself, a little ruefully, "Well, of course they are perfectly devoted to me, poor dears."

They were excellent girls, her Helena and Margaret and Emily—serviceable and womanly. Their manners were unexceptionable, and their voices were cheerful. They ended their sentences on a note either of deference or of question; sometimes of a mild sorrow that things should be as they were. They were very, very pleasant; they had inherited their dear father's disposition.

Nor were they useless in their genteel sphere. Margaret kept house and played the piano for the infant class in Sunday-school; Emily went to the Art Institute, but avoided the nude; and Helena had classes in St. Faith's Settlement House. It was felt that Helena knew a great deal of the other side of life. Once or twice she had given her sisters discreetly expurgated accounts of things that were distressing some of the teachers at the House; but, naturally, they kept such things from their mother.

They were always solicitous about their mother's health, and if there appeared, at times, a hint of impatience in her eyes or voice, they ignored it; secretly they excused it as one of the infirmities of approaching age, but on no account would they have spoken of it, even to one another. Rather would they redouble their tender care.

Mrs. Denison was reminding herself of that as she walked homeward in the delicious April sunshine. She lingered a little now and then, accepting every ex-

cuse for remaining out-of-doors, loitering before shop windows, stopping to speak to some children at play, greeting the crocuses in the park with a welcoming smile, sometimes just pausing to lift her cheeks to the soft breeze. She passed a candy-store where a bevy of young girls were having soda-water. She retraced her way for a few steps, went inside, and bought a little bag of chocolates, which she buried in her muff; then, with a quick movement of decision, she, too, ordered a glass of soda-water.

But when she mounted her own steps at last she reminded herself, with a little sinking of the heart, that it was Wednesday. Mrs. Denison always dreaded Wednesday evenings. It was not that she objected to going to church. She had been brought up by an excellent mother, and would not have dreamed of staying away from morning service on Sundays. Nor had she the least objection to the mid-week meeting in itself; it was the manner of her going, the way the girls got her there; above all, the talk there was about it. That April evening it was very much as usual.

"Why, mother," said Helena, from the opposite end of the table, "you have not eaten your tapioca! Don't you feel well, dear?"

"Never felt better in my life," Mrs. Denison declared, with an unaccustomed jauntiness of manner which was somehow discordant with her daughter's cheerfulness.

Margaret looked anxious. "I am afraid you over-tired yourself this afternoon, dear," she said. "Norah said you did not get home in time to rest on the bed before dinner."

The bolts and bars of this tender surveillance pressed upon Mrs. Denison's consciousness. "No, I did not," she said. "I did not want to rest on the bed before dinner—shouldn't have done it if I'd stayed home."



Margaret would have spoken again, but Helena restrained her with a significant look, and tactfully changed the subject, quite unaware of her mother's longing to slap her.

"I'm sure it was a very good thing for you to go out, dear," she said. "We all are better for the inspiration that a little change gives us." Then she remembered something. "Oh! It was the afternoon of the lecture on the monasteries of northern Tibet! Of course! Do tell us about it, dear."

"I did not go to the lecture, Helena," said Mrs. Denison.

"Oh!" said Helena, with the patient look of one whose tactfulness has been in vain.

They all followed their mother into the living-room. For a while there was a constrained silence; each of the girls took up her evening task, but Mrs. Denison sat with idle hands. Presently Margaret said: "I hope you have not caught cold, dear. I hope you did not leave off your furs this afternoon!"

"Oh, I wore them," said Mrs. Denison. "I still carry my conscience about with me, Margaret. I wore my furs and—melted."

Margaret looked puzzled, but kind. It was Emily who at last voiced their vague alarm by tacitly submitting an explanation.

"I think every one is apt to feel the languor of spring," she said.

Margaret and Helena brightened perceptibly. "Of course," said Helena.

Presently she looked at the clock and went up-stairs to put on her hat and coat. Margaret laid aside her knitting and came and bent over her mother.

"Perhaps you are too tired to come to service this evening, dear," she said.

"The new *Point of View* came to-day," said Emily. "Won't you let me stay at home and read it aloud to you, dear?"

Mrs. Denison arose. "I never felt better in my life," she once more affirmed, from the stairway.

But, once in her own room, she did not open the door of the wardrobe where she kept her bonnet; instead, she opened a window and stood looking out into the darkness of the April night, on her cheeks the same soft breeze which had

allured her that afternoon; she stood there until she heard her daughters go down-stairs; then she closed the window and followed them.

When they looked up at her, coming bonnetless down to them, she could only laugh aloud at the bewilderment, alarm, and gentle pain that came into their eyes.

"Why, mother!" cried Emily; and the others echoed, "Why, mother!"

Her laugh intensified their expressions. "I am not going to service this evening," she said, and walked past them, without haste, into the living-room.

But in the doorway she took pity on them and turned. "Pray don't be anxious on my account, children," she said. "Better run along, or you'll miss the opening sentences."

She waited for the pained, well-bred silence in the hall, for the little stir of departure, and for the closing door; then she seated herself beside the center-table and smiled, with a quality in the smile that her daughters had never seen.

Presently she shook her head and said, aloud, "Well, anyway, they are perfectly devoted to me, poor dears!"

Unconsciously her gaze was moving about the living-room. It was Margaret's custom to keep a fire laid on the polished andirons; but the fire was never lighted. The sticks were laid in log-cabin fashion, with three logs upon them; there was no paper underneath, because paper gets so yellow and dusty. Mrs. Denison's eye fell upon the new copy of the *Point of View*; she tore out some of the back pages, thrust them under the log cabin, and set fire to them. She was smiling, but she wore a guilty air. She felt rather like an incendiary.

Margaret's knitting was always a white cotton wash-cloth; her work was upon the table. Mrs. Denison took it up, carried it across the room, and put it under one of the sofa-pillows. Her smile deepened until there were alluring little shadows at the corners of her mouth where there used to be dimples. From behind the other sofa-pillow she took the bag of chocolates and a book. It was a library book which Mrs. Denison had been trying to get for weeks, and which she had brought home that afternoon in her muff. It was not a book the girls



would have approved of, but it was being talked about everywhere.

On the way back to the table she passed the chair where Emily had sat. Her work was still upon it—she had been hemstitching some neat little collars. The mother's face softened; Emily always seemed a little more her own than the others. She often pitied Emily—she wished that Emily might have married; she would have enjoyed Emily's lovers. Mrs. Denison had had escapades in her youth—oh, very mild escapades, even for their day, but none the less delicious in retrospection.

Mrs. Denison poked the blazing logs and sat down with her book and the bag of chocolates. It had been years since she had tasted a chocolate marron. Occasionally they all had after-dinner mints; but Margaret had ideas about dietetics, and Helena had conscientious scruples about spending money on candy which might otherwise be spent for pasteurized milk for the poor. The second bonbon was—yes, it was flavored with cordial! There was no doubt about it. Mrs. Denison tried to find another like it in the bag.

Suddenly she jumped, like a child caught in mischief. The door-bell had rung! Norah, who had lived with them eighteen years, had gone to bed an hour ago. The girls were at church—and the door-bell had rung!

Mrs. Denison laid the bag of candy and the book on the table, and waited. The bell tinkled again, more insistently. A look of alarm came into her eyes, and she stood up. Again the bell—and Mrs. Denison went to the door and opened it. A man stood in the vestibule, and he wore a silk hat; but he promptly removed it when he saw who had opened the door.

"Well, well!" he said. "This is better than I expected! May I come in, Becky?"

"Becky!" For twenty-seven years she had not been called "Becky!" Mrs. Denison stepped back, and the man stepped in. His hair was mostly missing, and, in spite of a close shave, any one could tell that his beard would have been white; but there was a certain rosiness about him and a twinkle in his eyes which proclaimed him youthful. In fact,

it was his look of perennial youthfulness which at first veiled his identity from Mrs. Denison. He closed the front door behind him, held out his hand, and laughed.

"Now, Becky, you know me perfectly well!" he said.

And, quite suddenly, though almost unbelievably, she did know him.

Every girl who has many lovers has also one who is ever faithful, ever scorned for his faithfulness, ever at hand when wanted, ever made use of, yet ever ruthlessly put aside—and John Henry King had been just such a one when Becky Patmore was a belle. And this was John Henry King!

Mrs. Denison laughed, flushed most becomingly, and held out both hands. In days gone by she had never offered him more than one, and often not that.

"Know you? I'm not at all sure I know you!" she cried, and John Henry laughed back at her.

When she had led him into the living-room he looked about him and at her, as if trying to get his bearings after so many years. He took up the book she had brought from the library that day, looked at the bag of chocolates, and laughed.

"You're the same Becky, after all! Only"—as he noted the title—"only—shall we say—a trifle more—er—emancipated?"

Mrs. Denison flushed, but she laughed. She knew just how emancipated she was not, but she liked being thought so.

They talked, they laughed; they recalled old jokes and ignored old sentimental passages. They had come to the place where the sentiment that had been a part of their youth no longer appealed to them; instead, they discovered a new spirit of comradeship which they found far more delightful. The John Henry of their youth had been a trifle dull and heavy; the John Henry of the present was exciting! And as for John Henry himself, he was glad that he had sought her out, sorry that he was to be in town but that one evening, happy once more to find himself under the old spell of her charm.

Time was nothing to them, neither the time which had lived itself out into life and age, nor the time whose speeding





THEIR SURPRISE THREW THEM INTO A STATE OF SPEECHLESSNESS

minutes were bringing her daughters home from mid-week service. She started at the opening of the front door; the sudden consciousness that she had a good deal to explain brought a flush to her cheeks; in her embarrassment she looked very youthful, and John Henry smiled.

"My girls are coming home from service," she said, rising nervously. "I have three such dear girls!"

"Ah!" was all of John Henry's comment; he, too, arose, so that when the three came into the frame of the door they were met with an opposing battalion of two.

Their mother introduced them. At first their surprise threw them into a state of speechlessness. Helena was the first to recover.

She smiled at John Henry with a kindly tolerance. "I am so glad to meet one of mother's old friends," she said;

and John Henry bowed with a jaunty little bend and a returning smile which both repudiated her implication of his age and went a good way toward putting her in her place. She turned to her mother. "Why didn't you tell us, dear? We could have stayed at home and made a little 'festa'!"

Before their mother could speak, Margaret bent over her with tender anxiety. "Are you less tired, dear?" she asked, kissing Mrs. Denison's cheek and putting back a loosened wisp of her mother's hair which had been most becoming.

Mrs. Denison saw John Henry's hand go up to his mouth and begin to caress his mustache. In earlier days John Henry had not dared to laugh at her. Now she would show him!

Her smile embraced all her daughters. "I am glad you got home in time to meet Mr. King," she said. "Now run along to bed!" She could not meet their sud-



den stiffening. "My girls are so tired—you will excuse them, I know," she said to John Henry, with an air of quiet assurance which hid her secret trembling. "They are so busy, so useful—they need their sleep."

Mr. King bowed again. "At least I am delighted to have met your little bevy," he said.

There was absolutely nothing for well-bred daughters to do but return the touch of his hand and go up-stairs. Neither of the two in the living-room moved until they heard the shutting of the third door in the silence of the house overhead. Then, slowly, their eyes met; already they smiled.

"Well, you have them in hand," Mr. King admitted.

Mrs. Denison drew a long breath and sat down. She grasped the arms of her chair, and bent toward him. "John Henry, have you ever wanted to jump up and down, make faces, and—*smash* things?"

"I have," he confessed.

"That was the first time in years and years that I have issued an order to my daughters," she told him. "They are excellent girls, just like their dear father, and they are perfectly devoted to me. But I am taken care of, and followed about, and—and shielded, until I wish I had to scrub floors for a living. I dress according to their ideas of fitness; I eat what they think is good for me—they call it 'nourishing'; I go to bed when they decide that I am tired; and I have to lie down and rest at regular intervals; when I want to be—well, dancing! When I open a window to get a breath of air, I have a shawl put around my shoulders. When I am cross, they say I am 'overwrought.' They bring me milk-and-eggs flavored with nutmeg. How I loathe nutmeg! I have not read a book in years that they have not read first—oh, I sneaked that one home from the library only to-day, in my muff. Think of it, John Henry, *in my muff!*"

She sat back in her chair and sighed. Then she bent forward again to say, in the manner of confessing a dreadful secret: "John Henry, there are times when I'd like to jump over the moon! There are times when I'd sell my soul for one real good old time, with flowers and

candy and theaters and things to eat that will disagree with me—and beaux! When I was a girl and happened to have some extra pocket-money, I used to get some of the other girls to go on a spree—a candy spree or a flower spree or a soda-water spree. Well, there are times even now, John Henry, when I'd like to go on a spree!"

"Well," said John Henry, "why don't you?"

It was half-past eleven when Mrs. Denison crept up to her room, having said good night to Mr. King and put the chain on the door. As noiselessly as possible she closed the door of her bedroom; she did not know that a moment afterward three other bedroom doors opened silently, as silently to close again.

When Margaret and Helena and Emily found themselves alone at the breakfast-table, they avoided one another's eyes. Their mother's place was conspicuously vacant, yet no one referred to it. Helena was a trifle pale, and Margaret's eyes looked as if she had not slept; it was Emily who replied with a soothing message, when Norah came in to say that Mrs. Wilkinson had sent from across the street to know whether any one was sick, because their light had been burning so late last night. After that, conversation utterly died.

Emily departed for the Institute, and Helena for the Settlement House; it was not until after she had ordered the meals for the day and counted the laundry that Margaret discovered the note on their mother's pincushion.

It was a crisis which demanded the safety-valve, so to speak, of sudden self-expression. But Margaret could not scream, and she had never fainted in her life. She could, however, indulge in extravagance; so she telephoned for a messenger-boy, and sent him off to St. Faith's for Helena and to the Institute for Emily, even giving him car-fare and a tip to bribe him to hurry.

No one was willing to read the note aloud; they passed it from hand to hand. Mrs. Denison had written:

DEAR GIRLS,—Do not be anxious about me. I shall be home to-morrow.  
Lovingly, MOTHER.



That was all. They read it. Helena was very pale, and Margaret quite flushed; Emily laughed nervously. Presently Helena, out of her large experience, said, "This is terrible. We must find her."

"We can't," said Emily, with a giggle. "We don't even know where she's gone!"

Helena covered her face with her hands.

Margaret had her plan. "No one must know," she said. "I shall tell Norah she is sick, and take the tray up myself. I will put the food into a paper bag, and Emily can drop it somewhere on her way to the Institute."

"It is sinful to waste," Helena reminded her. "You may give it to me, and I shall take it to some one who is hungry."

Whenever Mrs. Denison had traveled with her daughters they had gone in the day-coach, always telling one another that it was perfectly comfortable, and foolish to waste money on a Pullman. So the very beginning of her journey was marked by that exhilaration which comes to a woman from a deliberate act of unaccustomed extravagance; for she bought a seat in the Pullman. She made up her mind that she would give the porter a quarter and take a cab to the hotel. She laughed as she thought of her departure from the house, and went over again, in her mind, the contents of her bag. She had forgotten her brown silk

waist and her best lace jabot; they had been the first things she had taken out, too! Well—she would buy new ones—and the waist should not be brown, either. Old rose—or a soft gray—or both!

By the time her cab stopped before the hotel she was in a flutter, and the flutter was not allayed when the clerk announced that Mrs. Denison's brother had engaged her room by telegraph. She was still in a flutter when John Henry's name was telephoned up to her, an hour or so later; and John Henry laughed aloud when she stepped out of the elevator and came toward him.



"THE FIT IS QUITE PERFECT, MADAM"



"Becky! You're scared!" he cried.

"Well, what if I am?" she demanded.

"I am here, just the same!"

"You're a sport, Becky," he assured her. "Here's a box of candy for you. What shall we do this afternoon? I'd have got tickets for the Folies Bergères, or 'Fanny's First Play,' but I didn't know which you'd prefer."

"This afternoon? Couldn't we go to a theater to-night? I—I thought I'd like to do a little shopping this afternoon."

So they went shopping. John Henry knew the ropes, and she had nothing to do but enjoy it all. The last time she had been in New York a stately double line of victorias and hansoms passed up and down the Avenue in the afternoons; now John Henry piloted her from curb to curb between most alarming intricacies of motor-vehicles; it made her think of him in quite a new light, as a sort of hero. At last, when she had spent more on clothes than her daughters spent in a year, he even took her out to the Park in a taxi. Her joy therein was curiously enhanced by the consciousness of the miles and dollars being reeled off by the meter beside the chauffeur—she fairly reveled in the thought of the amount that drive was going to cost him!

John Henry, apropos of the filmy, narrow gowns that the saleswomen exhibited, had told her that she would probably feel more at home in the theater and restaurant at evening if she were dressed *décolleté*; and she had yielded to the saleswoman's suggestion that "Madam would look charming in this mauve—with a yellow rose at the corsage!" But when she at last beheld herself in the long mirror on the bath-room door, for the first time in years arrayed as for a ball, she felt cold about the heart. A vision of Helena's earnest eyes flashed before her. If Helena saw her in that gown, with her shoulders bare—

She shuddered, and rang for the chambermaid. When the girl came in, Mrs. Denison was faintly reassured by the quick appraising look of approval that she surprised on the face which tried to remain passive.

"Madam wishes her gown fastened?" the maid suggested. She came forward to her task as if it were quite usual;

Mrs. Denison met her frank Irish eyes in the mirror. "Madam will pardon me, I hope," said the girl, "if I say that madam's gown is very becoming—and that rose!"

Then Mrs. Denison asked the question that had been troubling her. "Is— Do—ladies— Is this dress perfectly—proper?" she asked.

The maid stood off, with her head on one side. "The fit is quite perfect, madam," she said.

"That's not what I mean," said Mrs. Denison. "I mean—do ladies—*ladies*, you understand—really wear clothes like this?"

The servant's training forsook her. Her face lengthened into lines of perplexity. "Ma'm?" she exclaimed, her mouth falling open in surprise.

It was fortunate for Mrs. Denison's embarrassment that John Henry's flowers arrived on the moment. When she pinned on the orchids she had a pang of regret that she had not bought silk stockings to match the gown; but after having bought that and the evening cloak, and the two new waists and a hat that made her look no more than forty, and presents for every one at home, somehow it seemed, in a queer, indefinite way, to salve her conscience when she resisted the silk stockings!

John Henry laughed again when she came down to him. "By Jove! Beck, you're stunning!" he declared.

"If I were not going out to dine alone with you, John Henry, I should feel twenty again!" she told him, when they were safely past the hazard of the revolving doors and in the intimate solitude of another taxi.

He turned to look fully into her face. "Becky," he said, "you need more than one day and night in New York."

She laughed. "I know I do! But why?"

"Is it your belief that girls of twenty are still chaperoned?"

"What?" she exclaimed, rather than asked.

John Henry slowly shook his head. "Dear! Dear! How well your daughters have protected you!" he said.

He watched her during the play, and found himself bewitched by the soft flush





"BECKY," SAID MR. KING, "MARRY ME AND STAY REAL"

of her cheeks, the lips parted in excitement, the laughter that she tried to restrain lest a word from the players escape her. When they came out of the theater she was speechless, and it was not until he had ordered supper and she had looked around the sparkling room of the huge restaurant that she met his eyes.

Again he shook his head at her. "Becky," he said, "you *are* twenty!"

"No, I'm not, John Henry; I'm only masquerading. But I'm having a perfectly beautiful time!" She looked around the room at the women at other

tables; then, with the smile that almost brought back the dimples at the corners of her mouth, she bent toward him. "And I do believe my gown is as pretty as any here!"

His look softened, but dwelt upon her. He rested his arms on the table, and bent across toward her; people looking at them wondered whether this nice elderly couple were honeymooning.

"Becky," he said, "wasn't the other masquerading? Isn't this you?"

Looking into his eyes, she seemed to consider for a moment. Then she shook her head in denial. "No," she insisted.



"What I have lived has been too real. There has been no make-believe about that, John Henry. This is just a dream."

But Mr. King waved that aside as nonsense. "It's nothing of the kind, Becky. You are here in New York—"

"Without my girls!"

"You are here in New York, charmingly dressed, looking perfectly fetching, laughing as you used to laugh thirty years ago, talking as you could not possibly have talked then, enjoying yourself as you could not in those days—this is the real you. The you I saw in your own home was not real. Becky," said Mr. King, a still deeper note of earnestness in his voice, "marry me, and stay real!"

Mrs. Denison sat back in her chair and stared at him, lips parted. "Why, John Henry!" she exclaimed at last, almost reproachfully.

He ignored the protest. "You wouldn't marry me before, and all these years have been wasted. Come on, Becky, marry me now!"

She flushed, hesitated, then laughed. "You *have* kept your youth wonderfully, John Henry," she said. "And you're ever so much nicer than you used to be!"

At that he beamed, and matched her flush with one of his own. "Then you will?" he exclaimed.

But she shook her head. "Ah, it just shows me how old I am, that I am not surprised at your man's materialism!"

John Henry stood to his guns. "Do you call it materialism to be in love?"

"No. But you are not in love. You want just what I wanted, to have a good time, a gay time, a frivolous time—to jump over the moon! But, being a man, you are not willing to admit that it can last only for an hour or two; so you try to grasp at something—"

"Of course I do!" he cried. "Why not?"

"We can't do it, John Henry! And in your inmost heart you know we can't. Besides, even if we could, neither of us would be willing really to go back again to youth and the things that belong to youth. Looking back from our vantage-point, John Henry, we remember only the joys; we forget the pangs and uncertainties and stress and turmoil. What we really want is to have another taste of

the good things, and then to return to our middle-aged serenity."

"I'll be hanged if I do," said John Henry.

But she only laughed; and they sat in silence for a while, he watching her, she looking about the glittering room. Presently she gave a little laugh.

"But I *have* had such a good time," she said. "There has been nothing lacking—flowers, and candy, and dinner, and theater, and drives, and supper—oh, and new clothes! And—" she leaned forward, to look mischievously into his rather gloomy eyes—"and even a proposal!"

"I am sure I am glad to have contributed my part!" said Mr. King, with a laugh which had not much mirth in it.

"I am, too," she assured him. "It will be something to hang over the girls!"

When he escorted her to the station the next morning, he could have brought no more in the way of parting gifts if he had been the messenger of a whole battalion of beaux.

"Oh, I am trying to do my part to the end," he said, a little ruefully, when she tried to thank him. But on the train, when he had arranged his gifts around her chair and she was standing with him on the platform for a last word of good-by, his attempted humor failed him.

"I say, Becky, I wish you *would* marry me!" he said, looking into her eyes beseechingly.

But all she said was—as if there were no possible answer to his appeal—"John Henry, you're a dear!"

On the way up to her house in the cab she resolved not to give the girls so much as one word of explanation; her eyes danced at the prospect, and when she rang her own front-door bell she was looking ten years younger than when she went away.

It was Helena who opened the door for her, and as she stepped over the threshold she could hear Margaret calling down the back stairs to tell Norah that she need not come up to answer the bell.

They kissed her solemnly and helped her to bring her things from the vestibule. She tipped the cabman a quarter before them all. Then she went into the





"WE HAVE KEPT IT FROM EVERY ONE, MOTHER. NOT EVEN NORAH SUSPECTS"

living-room, pleasantly conscious of the supporting force of John Henry's orchids and his huge bunch of violets.

"Well, dears!" she said, cheerfully, beginning to unpin her new veil with the dots.

She watched her daughters in the mirror, and realized that she could never have the heart to tell them nothing. Emily was smiling nervously and looking, wide-eyed, at the things her mother had brought home, now littering the neat center-table, the chairs, the sofa. Margaret's head was slightly bent, in the attitude of a "Mater Dolorosa"; her eyes were veiled. Helena's lips made a straight line across the whiteness of her face. She was the first to speak.

"We have kept it from every one, mother," she said. "Not even Norah suspects."

VOL. CXXVIII.—No. 766.—63

Mrs. Denison's cheeks flamed to the battle, but she remembered all that had happened in New York, and, by the memory of that grand good time, was calm.

"Ah!" she said. "Then she'll be all the more surprised with the little presents I've brought her."

She turned away from the mirror to toss her new hat across the room to the sofa. Margaret's eyes followed its flight a little wildly.

"Mother!" cried Helena; and Margaret echoed, "Mother!"

Mrs. Denison smiled at them, benignly, indulgently. "Oh, I've brought you each something, too, dears!" she declared, unpinning her violets as she spoke. "These violets are for you, Nelly. You must wear them to-day, and to-morrow you may take them to some



of your poor people, if that will give you pleasure. I want you to have pleasure—I've been having such a good time!"

Helena took the flowers because they were put into her hands; but she did not look at them. She could not. Her lips were parted and her eyes were fixed upon her mother's face. Mrs. Denison went on:

"Oh, such a good time! This candy is for you, Margie! You must eat all you want to, dear; you deny yourself too much! And this box is for Emily—a lace shirt-waist frill. And there are silk stockings for you all in my bag. Yes, I've enjoyed my little trip so much—shopping, and such an amusing play, and—dinner, dinner with Mr. King."

Margaret gasped, Helena bit her under lip and shut her eyes, and Emily giggled, then suddenly was silent.

"Yes," said Mrs. Denison, "we all need a little change, a little good time, once in a while."

She was gathering up her parcels now. As she neared the door she stopped before Emily, put her hand under her youngest daughter's chin, and kissed her—on the mouth, which was by no means the family's approved way of kissing.

"Mother is going to take you with her next time, little Emmie," she said, and went from the room.

The girls, still standing, still holding their presents, looked at one another. "Nelly!" "Margie!" "Little Emmie!" The diminutives smote their ears, excluding, for the moment, all else. But their mother had one thing more to say. On the stairs she paused, bent over the banister to look through the doorway, and said:

"Oh! I meant to tell you—Mr. King asked me to marry him!"

She added nothing to the simple statement, though she knew she was cruel. Three pairs of kindly, horrified, admiring, bewildered eyes looked up at her. She knew she must say more if she delayed, so she ran up the stairs to her room. She closed the door behind her and tossed her parcels upon the bed.

"There!" she said. "I guess they won't dare to make me drink any more

of their nutmeg stuff, nor rest on the bed when I don't want to, nor supervise my reading!"

For a few days her daughters were unusually silent. Their cheerfulness seemed displaced by a voiceless wonder. It was not until the Wednesday following their mother's return that the clouds lightened and swiftly passed away.

Emily came down to dinner that evening with a face unusually rosy, and wearing for the first time her mother's gift of lace. There was also something ineffably festive about the others, but Mrs. Denison did not express herself until the dessert came on. It was prune *soufflé*. Mrs. Denison recognized it as the utmost of Margaret's gastronomic endeavor, and exclaimed as it was set before her. Margaret looked pleased, but the explanation came from Helena.

"No, it's nobody's birthday, dearest," she said, "but we thought we would give you a little surprise party. My share is tickets for the Russian dancers—I'm sure they must be delightful. And we are even teaching dancing at the Settlement now."

Mrs. Denison sat back in her chair, looked from one of her smiling daughters to another and another, and then laughed. "Girls!" she cried. "I do believe you are afraid to leave me home another evening!"

Margaret and Emily laughed with her, but Helena's eyes held a question.

Mrs. Denison's lips wore the little smile that John Henry had found so alluring. "Mr. King will not come this evening, my dears," she said, demurely; "nor any evening."

The girls exchanged quick glances, "I'm sure we're not thinking about that," said Helena.

"Of course not," Margaret echoed; while Emily laughed nervously, and said, "Not at all!"

But as they settled into their seats at the theater, an hour or so later, Emily put her hand through her mother's arm and whispered, "But all the same, I thought your friend, that Mr. King, looked very pleasant and kind."

Mrs. Denison pressed the hand and smiled. "I have always found him," she said, "both kind and useful."



# Matutum, the Mountain of Mystery

BY MAJOR ELVIN R. HEIBERG, U. S. A.



OF all our recently acquired possessions, the island of Mindanao is probably the most interesting, the most mysterious, the most remarkable. It is especially interesting to the soldier from the fact that since our first occupation the presence of troops has been a necessity, and field operations of varying magnitude an almost continuous occurrence. The campaigns of Baldwin and Pershing around Lake Lanao, and of Wood in the Cotabato Valley, are replete with thrilling incidents and acts of individual heroism, which, had we a Kipling to perpetuate them in song and story, would have made Mindanao familiar to all the world. No little mystery attaches to the island by reason of the considerable tracts within its rugged interior that are still virgin to the white man, with peoples and with natural resources yet to be discovered. For while the Spaniards occupied Mindanao for more than four centuries, their expeditions were very limited, both as to extent and number, and were confined to the sea-coast and to short dashes along the easiest lines inland. Mindanao's claim to being remarkable rests in the fact that by including it among our dominions we have acquired a Mohammedan people. Previous to that time our problems of religion had been confined practically to the various denominations of one, the Christian faith. Now another of the world's great faiths, equally strong in the number of its followers, enters into our national affairs to add to the complexities of government. A comparison of our experiences with those of the English in dealing with the followers of Islam would be premature at the present time, but profitable, perhaps, a few years hence.

A visit to the southernmost portion of the island reveals a country as untrop-

ical in general appearance as is Wyoming or Montana. From Sarangani Bay to Lake Buluan, a distance of some sixty miles, is one continuous stretch of rolling prairie land, intersected here and there by streams of clear water from the flanking mountains, two parallel ranges about twenty miles apart.

Rising out of the center of this attractive bit of plain is a majestic mountain whose peak dominates not only the lowlands and adjacent ranges, but all of southern Mindanao. To the imagination of an ignorant and superstitious people, this gigantic monument of the Creator's handiwork naturally makes appeal, and the legends associated therewith by the various tribes which come under its influence—Moros, Bilanes, Manobos, Bagobos, Tagacolas, Sangirs, Tirurayes—are countless, and interesting to a degree. The name of the mountain, Matutum, is derived from a Moro verb, and means, literally, "has burnt," or "fire out"; in other words, an extinct volcano.

My first view of Matutum was obtained while on an exploring expedition from Sarangani to Cotabato, and I promptly felt its weird influence. One of the objects of the expedition being to visit the various chieftains of this little-frequented section, I had occasion to make a stop at Kulanadal, the rancheria of the Sultan of Talik, head-man of the tribal ward which includes the major portion of this particular section of Mindanao. It was during the feast of the Ramadan, and I was so fortunate as to find practically all the Sultan's warriors—some two hundred—assembled at the rancheria, which is situated in a beautiful little pocket of the mountains about ten miles to the west of Matutum's base. Among the Moro's excellent traits, his whole-souled hospitality is perhaps the most charming. In this instance—and it illustrates the manner in which I was always treated during numerous trips



through the country—the Sultan insisted on my taking possession of his own large room, notwithstanding the number of guests already on his hands.

After a short siesta following a hearty meal, I asked the Sultan to assemble his people, in order that I might discuss with them matters pertaining to their welfare. This duty—followed out with all the ceremonial of a court function—being finally over, I had opportunity to question them regarding the big mountain which loomed up so conspicuously before us. I heard for the first time tales of the flying deer and huge python; of the bees as large as birds, whose sting is fatal; of the leeches which, according to accounts, must be sufficiently large to wrap themselves entirely about their victims; of the salt-water lake in the crater at the very top, containing deep-sea fish and white crocodiles; of the fabulous and terrifying “Busao,” a combination of spirit and wild animal, which devours human flesh.

But most astounding of all was the information that the mountain had never been ascended by any one, white man or native, American or Spaniard, Moro or mountain tribesman! This seemed hardly believable, in view of Matutum's conspicuousness, its evident great height, its beauty of contour, the accessibility to its base, and the absence of any insurmountable obstacles to its ascent, so far as the field-glasses showed. But all my later investigations verified what I heard that afternoon, and with each verification the desire to make the attempt and be the first to attain the summit grew stronger.

Mounted on the Sultan's best ponies, our little party left Kulanadal early the next morning, with little girls, dancing and simulating by graceful gestures the strewing of flowers in our path, preceding us down the village street. There is no need attempting to conceal or deny the pleasure which even a true democrat can obtain from being treated as royalty, even though the quasi-subjects be brown. The world looked very charming that bright September morning, and those little sarong-clad maidens with their imaginary roses had undoubtedly something to do with my pleasant frame of mind.

Out of sight of the village, a few miles off to the right of the trail, dominating the eye and the mind during all that long hot day's march, stood the mountain concerning which I had heard such strange tales from the Sultan's people the afternoon before. Our trail took us to within several miles of the very base, and opportunity was afforded to study the western slopes. A few Bilane shacks were discernible here and there a short distance up the sides, but above these was nothing but dense forest, apparently to the very top of the crater. I made a silent vow that day to conquer this mysterious mountain before my tour of duty in Mindanao should be terminated.

This expedition over, I lost no time in continuing my search for knowledge concerning Matutum. The books of reference available merely mentioned the fact of the mountain being an extinct volcano, and described its location. I was more pleased than otherwise over this paucity of information, for it tended to verify the statements that no one had ever made the ascent. Shortly afterward I received a copy of the report of Dr. Warren D. Smith, of the Bureau of Science, in which he describes the results of his observations made during a geological reconnaissance of certain portions of Mindanao, including the ascent of Mount Apo, the highest peak in the Philippine Archipelago. Apo is about sixty miles north of Matutum, and Dr. Smith's observations from its summit with transit led him to infer that the top of Matutum was on exactly the same level. Allowing for the curvature of the earth, this indicated that Matutum was the taller of the two.

A mountain as yet unscaled, and that one possibly the highest in all the Philippines! Surely here was incentive enough for a task, and I began at once making plans for its accomplishment.

But I was doomed to numerous disappointments. The instruments necessary to make the ascent worth while from a scientific standpoint were not obtainable this side of London. Too impatient to await their arrival, I would set a day, and preparations would be made accordingly, when affairs requiring immediate attention would summon me elsewhere in the district. Advantage





THE STEAMER "J. H. HALL" ASCENDING THE RIO GRANDE

was taken, however, of numerous visits to the Sarangani country to reconnoiter the mountain and determine the most suitable approach and ascent.

About this same time southern Mindanao was shaken by a series of earthquakes of varying intensity which continued intermittently for a whole month. The officers at these posts were all of the opinion that Matutum was responsible for the disturbances, and the concurrent eruption of Taal volcano, with the accompanying frightful loss of life, produced apprehension that the supposedly extinct volcano of Matutum might be preparing to follow Taal's example. On the heels of my return to Cotabato from Makar came a message from the commanding officer of the latter post to the effect that "on March 6th severe earthquakes were felt at 11.30 P.M.; the following day Mount Matutum was smoking freely. Severe earthquakes were again experienced on the 22d." Here was possibly a new obstacle to the attainment of the summit. I began to feel like one who, in his dreams, starts for a place which he is destined never to reach.

My departure for the States on leave of absence being now quite imminent, the day for the expedition was finally

set, in spite of a threatened visit of inspection from my chief, and in spite of the preparation of numerous reports and returns and other work which both the civil and military establishments congest into the last of the fiscal year. Telegrams were sent to several friends who were eager to take part in the venture. A hypsometer, made in Manila especially for the expedition by Dr. Smith, formerly mentioned, arrived most opportunely, and I immediately set out to test my instruments, and incidentally myself, by climbing Kabalalan, a picturesque and lofty pyramidal peak which stands sentinel at the very entrance to the Cotabato Valley.

All of my friends who had been telegraphed for wired their regrets, one reason or another preventing their coming. I seemed destined to make my cherished trip without any white companion, when Lieutenant Calvin B. Carter of the Constabulary—who had accompanied me on many a hard "hike," and had demonstrated his worth and his nerve on several trying occasions—returned to Cotabato from a tour of detached service just three days before the start.

At seven o'clock on the night of April 23, 1911, accompanied by Carter, one of his Moro Constabularymen, and one



Philippine Scout soldier, I boarded the river steamer *J. H. Hall*—a government vessel named after a gallant young officer who lost his life in Cotabato Valley during the Ali campaign—and started for Matutum.

The first stage of the journey—up the Rio Grande de Mindanao—was an easy one, the *Hall* being a veritable houseboat with every convenience. Often as I have made this trip, I never weary of it. The Rio Grande is the largest stream in the Philippines, and passes through a wonderful valley which has been often compared with that of the Nile.

At one o'clock the following morning the boat arrived at Dulauan, the home of Datu Piang, most influential of Moros. That dignitary came aboard for a consultation which he had requested by messenger several days previously. This over, we proceeded on our way to Reina Regente, where we arrived an hour later. Here, in an elaborate fort bequeathed us by the Spaniards, was a garrison of some fifty Scout soldiers, from among whom three of the best had been previously selected to accompany our party. Thus augmented, we continued our journey up the broad, winding river until we reached the entrance to Lake Liguasan, into which the steamer could not penetrate. Here, at five in the morning, we found awaiting us the large vinta and

crew belonging to Datu Ynok (of whom more anon), and no time was lost in transferring ourselves and impedimenta to this vehicle, decidedly less comfortable, but well adapted to crossing the great expanse of swamp and lake which lay between us and Buluan, Ynok's home. Thirteen full hours of constant paddling were occupied in reaching our destination for that day, but they were by no means uninteresting. The swamp-lake, with its profusion of lilies and lotus-flowers and other aquatic plants, forms an ideal resort for all manner of bird life, most conspicuous being the myriads of wild ducks and the flocks of stately pelicans. Occasionally a giant crocodile, awakened out of his sun-nap by the sound of the paddles, would make his escape into deep water with much commotion but in remarkably quick time.

At Ynok's we found awaiting us a detachment of three Constabularymen who had been sent ahead to make arrangements for our advance from that point. These men had a rather trying experience while crossing Lake Liguasan. They were lost for a day and a night in the labyrinths of channels, during which time they had no means of cooking their food, and were the prey of myriads of mosquitoes, which made life almost unbearable during the night hours. To



THE EXPEDITION PREPARING TO CROSS LAKE LIGUASAN





DATU YNOK'S HOUSE ON THE BULUAN RIVER

add to their troubles, they were attacked by a huge crocodile, which charged their vinta and all but reached it before the corporal in charge disposed of the monster with a shot from his Krag rifle.

Datu Ynok, to whose home we were now welcomed, is beloved by all who know him. Since our first occupation of Moroland, Ynok has been loyal to the American government, and as he has perhaps greater influence for good among his own people than any other native, his friendship is extremely valuable. He has been the recipient of gifts from various government officials, his most valued possession being a Colt's revolver with silver butt-plate bearing the inscription: "To Datu Ynok from General Leonard Wood, Governor Moro Province." This he always carries. I once presented him with one of those dangerous inventions, a "pump-gun," with which he almost blew the top of my head off as he was loading it for the first time.

From Buluan our party, augmented

by Datu Ynok and some nineteen of his retainers, left before sunrise the following day by vinta, proceeding up the Buluan River, and reaching the outlet of Lake Buluan just before sunrise. In deference to a Moro superstition, all joking and loud talking ceased as we entered the lake, in order not to arouse and anger the large crocodiles which infest these waters.

Looking across the ten-mile expanse of Lake Buluan and the forty miles of rolling plain beyond, all eyes became riveted upon the beautiful profile of Matutum, clearly outlined by the horizontal rays of the just-risen sun, and perfectly reflected in the limpid waters of the lake. Under the peculiar conditions of light and air, the intervening plain was eliminated, and the mountain transferred bodily to the very edge of the lake. By the time we reached the opposite shore, however, the mountain had receded to a considerable distance.

Then came two hours of difficult



traveling through a mangrove swamp, partly accomplished in small vintas, and partly by floundering in the deep ooze on foot, finally ending at a settlement called Pinamulan. Here, thanks to Ynok's foresight and influence, we found three ponies awaiting us. Carter, Ynok, and I climbed into the uncomfortable Moro saddles, and our column began its march, the Scout soldiers forming the advance-guard and the Constabulary-men bringing up the rear. The nineteen retainers of Ynok's, with the exception of four kris-men who constituted his body-guard, were employed as *cargadores* (burden-bearers). When this trip was first mentioned to him, the Datu had begged to be one of the party. All his life, he said, had been spent within sight of Matutum, and he was heartily ashamed of himself at never having attempted its ascent. Ynok is the most progressive of Moros, and during twelve years of association with Americans has absorbed a good deal of the American spirit.

We arrived at Talik, the home of Datu Katatuan, brother of the Sultan of Talik, late in the afternoon. That dignitary seemed to have advance knowledge of our coming, for he and his retinue met us on the trail and escorted us to his village, where everything was done to make us comfortable for the night. Although we left at dawn the next morning, our host was up betimes and accompanied us well on our way. At about four o'clock that evening, after a hot, trying march across an open plain, we reached Tupi (elevation about one thousand feet). This is nothing more than a tiny stream near the edge of a forest, yet it meant much to us, for Tupi is within striking distance of Matutum's base.

Meanwhile Ynok, who apparently knows everybody in the country, had gone into the hills and returned to camp, bringing with him, albeit against their will, two quite untamed Bilanes. A few gifts in the form of canned salmon and hardtack from us, and assurances from Ynok that the Americanos were not going to kill them, put the prisoners at their ease, and we were entertained that night with the legends and superstitions which these simple people associate with the mountain of mystery. A hint that I

contemplated taking these Bilanes with me filled them with such evident terror that I promptly reassured and dismissed them, fearing the effect their actions might have on my impressionable Moros. They had barely been given opportunity to advance a few rods beyond the circle of light from our fire when Ynok, prompted by a boyish spirit of deviltry, yelled out in Bilane, "Look out for the Busao!" at the same time hurling a large rock through the branches over their heads. Stampeded with fright, they came rushing back and begged for an escort to accompany them to their homes. Evidently regretting the havoc he had wrought with these imaginative creatures, Ynok produced a candle, lighted it, and handing it to one of the Bilanes, told them that with this in their possession no spirit could harm them. Never having seen a candle before, these trusting children walked off into the dark woods, gingerly carrying the wonderful charm between them.

Leaving Tupi early in the morning, we skirted the western side of the mountain. While at Talik one of Datu Katatuan's men had informed me that he knew the trail leading to the last Bilane shack up the mountain-side, and he was accordingly impressed as a guide. After marching two hours we reached the point where this trail enters the forest of the mountain-slopes, but the outlook through my glasses was so unpromising that, much to the disgust of the guide, I gave up this approach. It developed later that the ascent in this direction would have been impracticable, involving days of needless travel across several successive ranges, and leading up to the very steepest face of the real mountain.

We arrived at ten o'clock near the foot of a long spur running in a northeasterly direction, and apparently leading straight toward the highest peak. This was the ridge which close study of the mountain with glasses on every available opportunity during the past two years had convinced me offered the most practicable means of ascent. Reaching the fringe of the woods, we dismounted and, leaving our horses in charge of three *cargadores*, struck into the dense jungle.

Every member of the party was armed





THE SON OF THE SULTAN OF TALIK AND HIS ESCORT

with a keen-edged *bolo*, for use in cutting our way through the thick undergrowth. Once Carter, while leading the column, made a right swing at an overhanging vine and lost his hold of the weapon, which flew back and struck me, fortunately with the side of the blade, on the hand. Soon after, in making a forward blow, he cut himself below the knee clear to the bone. After this accident we concluded that the *bolo* was too dangerous a weapon in our inexperienced hands, and were content to have each native in turn head the column and cut the trail.

We had frequently to cross deep gorges which, to my dismay, contained not a trace of water. Although rain fell that afternoon, the question of water caused me great concern, as I believed we were committed to the mountain for six or seven days, with problematical rainfalls—the dry season being on—as our only source of supply. This contingency had been provided for by requiring each soldier to carry two canteens, and each *cargador* two large bamboo

tubes filled with water. Orders were given prohibiting the soldiers from touching the water in their canteens, and the *cargadores* were warned to use only what was absolutely necessary. Being an ardent fisherman, I had entertained a lingering hope of finding somewhere, in the upper regions of Matutum, a stream of water cold enough to harbor brook-trout, and had actually brought along—in my hat—some silk line and an assortment of my favorite flies. Except for a tiny pool in the side of a precipice near the summit, there was an entire absence of water on the mountain-side.

We trudged on until darkness threatened our further ascent. The aneroids indicated an elevation of 3,650 feet, and I was well pleased with the progress made on our first day's actual climb. The all but impenetrable jungle undergrowth near the foot of the mountain had been left behind, and we were now in the midst of a forest of giant trees of molave, narra, and ipil, the valuable hard woods of the Philippines. Such



was the density and height of this growth that from the moment we entered the forest at the foot of the mountain not a single glimpse of the outside world nor of the peak could we obtain.

That night was one of misery for us all. Everything was drenched from the afternoon rain, and fire-wood there was none: two facts which served to accentuate the very considerable drop in temperature from that of the lowlands. The leeches were there in force; while in size they failed to measure up to the Bilane specifications, they certainly made up for it in numbers and bloodthirstiness. The night was made particularly uncanny to the sleepless *cargadores* and native soldiery by the incessant, weird barking of wild deer which seemed to form a cordon around the camp. Had the flying deer actually descended from the mountain fastnesses to challenge our further advance? If any one should

have suddenly shrieked "Busao!" I verily believe there would have been a stampede for the foot of the mountain. Datu Ynok, who is a very devout Mohammedan (rather rare among the Moros, their observance of the faith being confined generally to wearing the turban and eschewing swine's flesh), fortified his faith often throughout that night by facing the west, with his prayer-mat at his feet, and going through the usual genuflexions and incantations of the true believer of Islam. To me the figure of this man, clad in nothing but his sarong, standing in the exceedingly cold night air and solemnly performing his devotions, was inspiring. Not so with young Carter, whose bump of reverence was not in evidence that night; every incantation of "Allah, Allah, Allah-il-Allah" on the part of Ynok brought forth the echo, *sotto voce*, "Allah, Allah-il-Allah," in spite of my protest.



MEMBERS OF THE MATUTUM EXPEDITION

The *cargadores* are crouching in the rear, afraid to face the camera. Central figures, from left to right: Major Heiberg, Datu Ynok, Lieutenant Carter



We needed no summons to rise the next morning. As soon as there was light enough to see our way, every one was on the march. After the night's experiences Carter and I were willing to give greater credence to the Bilane superstitions, and I, for one, was constantly on the alert from now on for the huge pythons, which really are quite numerous in the mountains of Mindanao.

The climbing became harder and harder, and the halts, to enable the *cargadores* to close up, more and more frequent, until after several hours we found ourselves against a wall of sheer precipitous rock, hundreds of feet high. Our compass bearings indicated that this was directly between us and the peak, but straight up we could not go, and I was in a quandary as to which

way to turn. Deciding on the right, we worked around the obstacle's base and up its sides until, at ten-thirty (elevation 5,500 feet), I learned that some of the *cargadores* were far below us. Every effort was made to bring them up, but after over an hour's delay there were still five of them far down near the foot of the precipice, beyond which point neither persuasion nor threat could drive them; nor would those who had managed to close up on the head of the column move any farther. Their packs were comparatively light, so it was hardly exhaustion which caused these wiry, agile savages to quit; an examination of the bamboo tubes showed that every one of the improvident creatures had drunk or wasted all his water—which was intended to last four more days—during the morning's climb! What I said to the motley assembly upon this discovery will not bear translation here.

Hastily deciding to push on from this point with Carter and four soldiers, I called for volunteers, two Scouts and two

Constabularymen responding promptly. Discarding everything except our arms, canteens, one blanket, four days' scant half-rations per man, and my instruments, I dismissed the rest of the detachment and the *cargadores* with orders to go into camp at the foot of the mountain



DATU YNOK, THE SULTAN OF TALIK, AND HIS BROTHER

and await our return. Datu Ynok, who had accompanied us to this point, was in such evident distress that he, too, was sent back. We had barely started when two of the *cargadores*—one a mere boy—declared that they would go with us; overjoyed, we each transferred some portion of our packs to their shoulders, and resumed the climb, our small volunteer detachment permitting of a very rapid pace. However, after several hours of this trying exertion, one of the *cargadores*—the older—began showing signs of collapse, and asked if we were not going to camp for the night very soon. As we were at that time on the side of an almost sheer precipice, his plaint seemed ludicrous indeed.

At one-thirty (elevation 6,380 feet) we found the tiny pool before mentioned, and—Carter and I, at least—had our first drop of water since the morning of the day before. There was barely enough to moisten our lips, but, considerably refreshed, we resumed our climb straight up the mountain-side at about a



seventy-five-degree slope. The flora had undergone a sudden, complete, and rather startling change. Instead of massive trees and tangle of bamboo thickets, bejuco vines, etc., we were now climbing through an uncanny dense growth of gnarled, twisted, squat trees which seemed to have no substance; the trunks and limbs were laden almost to the breaking-point with thick, heavy, slimy moss which exuded moisture, sponge-like, under slight pressure of the hand. From here our ascent was made principally on hands and knees, frequently twisting in and out among the roots, for we were afraid to trust our weight to the semi-rotted, slippery trunks and branches. This strange, unnatural forest was certainly a place to inspire terror in a superstitious mind.

We could see only a very short distance above us, and there was no way of telling how far off lay the peak toward which we were constantly advancing, nor of determining whether it was the highest of the several which form the crater. Suddenly, at about four o'clock, seeing an opening overhead, I scrambled past the soldier who was then leading the column, and emerged upon the highest peak. Carter and the rest of the detachment, who were on my heels, struggled up eagerly, and we all gave a cheer, followed by three volleys, in celebration of Matutum's first ascent.

The peak is perhaps twenty feet in diameter and, with the exception of some scrub growth about six feet high, was fortunately quite bare, enabling us to obtain an unrestricted view in every direction whenever the fleeting clouds below permitted. I had taken a camera along, but, when the *cargadores* gave out, had been forced to leave it behind as excess baggage.

The perimeter of the extinct crater consists of four distinct peaks (one double) and averages about three hundred and fifty yards in diameter. Carter and I made several attempts to descend into it, but were finally forced to give up on account of its precipitous sides, the ropes I had brought along being necessarily left behind with the *cargadores*. We were able, however, to observe that every portion is covered with the same peculiar dense growth described

above. It is about four hundred feet deep, and an immense gorge which opens out toward the west prevents the formation of any lake. The volcano has been extinct for a century at least, the reports of the commanding officer at Makar to the contrary notwithstanding.

There is an entire absence of rock on the very top, and all of the cone above approximately 6,000 feet elevation, except, of course, the vertical and overhanging walls, is covered with a peculiar vegetable loam. The huge outcroppings of rock—the precipices heretofore mentioned—are in two different colors, gray and red, and granitic in appearance.

Just about sunset the thermometer dropped from 74° to 59° F.—fifteen degrees in fifteen minutes. How cold it actually was during the night I do not know, my thermometers not being self-registering and neither Carter nor myself caring to leave our single blanket to investigate. Sufficient to say that, what with a cold rain followed by alternate clearings and cloud-banks, and always the penetrating wind rolling over us, not one of our party secured a moment's sleep that long night. The soldiers and *cargadores* did not even try, but sat huddled closely about a small fire. At sunrise the thermometers registered 53° F., and by 8 A.M. had reached only 58°.

The view that morning was incomparable, and even the two apathetic *cargadores* stood shivering in their scant sarongs, spellbound, for nearly half an hour, gazing at the wonderful panorama of mountain and river, sea and plain, beneath us.

After completing my observations, I placed data concerning the expedition in a brass tube, which was then mounted in the crotch of a roughly constructed tripod, the whole contrivance looking for all the world like a machine-gun, and the deception being made complete by a few clever touches and additions given it by the soldiers. The brass tube—the barrel of the gun—was carefully sighted to cover the approach to the peak and then made fast. Should any other party make the ascent in the near future, the first man to reach the top may receive somewhat of a shock upon discovering that he is covered by this wicked-looking little gun.





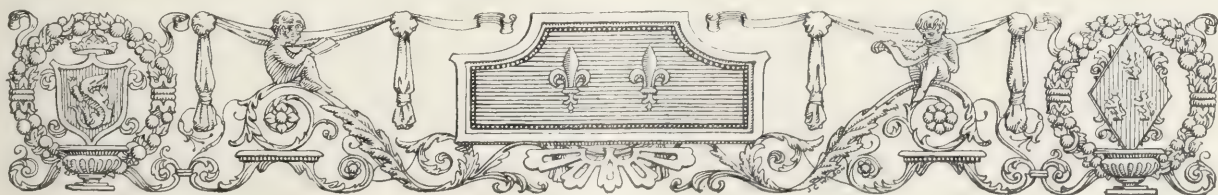
MARKET DAY AT BULUAN

At 8.40 A.M., after a last lingering look at the fascinating picture below us, the descent was begun, following the trail we had already made. Traveling twice as fast as during the ascent, we arrived just before sunset at the camp of the other detachment in the open near the base of the mountain, whither they had anticipated us by only a couple of hours. The next morning we resumed our march homeward. At Tupi we were overtaken by a large cavalcade headed by my old friend, the Sultan of Talik, who came to offer us gifts of chickens and eggs. All along our return route to Lake Buluan, news of our success had evidently preceded us, and the natives gazed at our party with considerable curiosity and (possibly this was imagination on our part) awe. We were invariably greeted with the question, "Is there a lake up there?" When we reached Ynok's house, whither the news had not yet come, the numerous women of his establishment became very much excited and wanted to hear all about

the party's adventures. The two *car-gadores* who had accompanied us to the very top were greeted as heroes, while the others became the subjects of merciless ridicule.

Leaving Buluan the morning of May 2d, we were fortunate enough to meet the good steamer *Hall* at the outlet of Lake Liguasan, and arrived at Cotabato that night, four days ahead of my schedule.

By boiling-point thermometer I determined the height of Matutum to be 7,880 feet, although my corrected aneroid readings indicated a height of 8,004 feet; the former computation is of course the more reliable. The results of these observations were a great disappointment to me, since I had firmly believed, with others, that this picturesque cone was the tallest in the Philippine Islands. Yet the remembrance of our unique experiences, coupled with the knowledge that we were perhaps the first to ever attain the summit of this mysterious mountain, is sufficient recompense.





# An Adventure in Paleontology

BY ALAN SULLIVAN



IN front of Houghton's bungalow the river slipped, black and lustrous, between its hundred-foot walls of breathless forest. Half a mile below him, Fechter's cottage squatted like a brown toad in a gash in the jungle. Ten miles farther up, Ellison, the next white man, was ripping away the ancient growths in pursuit of an elusive quartz vein. These were Houghton's social boundaries. Morning and evening the boom of dynamite drifted through the tangled lianas; every nightfall he watched the Fechter's lights jump at him through the tropical dusk.

For a month the botanist—a slight, dark, nervous man with questioning eyes and delicate finger-tips—had camped here, collecting specimens for his university. Ellison had dropped in twice; Fechter he had only seen in passing. As for the rest, it had been for Houghton the bewildering maze of exotic life and the diurnal march of the tropics. Always the sun leaped up hot and blistering; always at that moment the forest sank into utter silence. At midday came clouds and the breathings of great winds, then lightning and sheets of rain. Followed after this coolness and the benison of dusk; and, at the healing touch, the forest's myriad voices awoke to shrill, reiterant calling and chirping and trumpeting that lasted long after its tangled depths were obscured by the blackness of night.

Only a month of it had there been, but already Houghton was weighed down with the mystery of this prodigality of Nature and the utter impossibility of grasping at more than the fringe of her marvelous garment. And this personal insufficiency, this scientific bewilderment, was burdening his spirit when one evening he heard through the gloom the dip of Fechter's paddle and imper-

fectly made out the big German sitting in the stern behind the faint white blur of his wife's dress.

Fechter was an immense man, with rosy cheeks, flaxen hair, and huge gnarled and jointed hands. He spoke excellent English, with a slow, quaint deliberation. But it was Fechter's eyes that most excited Houghton's interest. These were large, of the palest blue, and had a peculiar flatness of orb—so flat that the botanist wondered whether he were not partially blind. The eyes magnetized him. He found himself looking into them as if they were plates of glass behind which the real man had retired to survey the world. And always they seemed to hide Fechter, to screen him, to say to the questioner, "You shall know as much of me as I please, and no more." His voice was low and deep, and trailed off into guttural rumbles that reminded Houghton of the expiring echoes of Ellison's dynamite. For a big man he moved almost noiselessly.

Opposed to his bulk the frailness of his wife seemed unearthly. Whatever interest and mental sustenance Fechter may have drawn from the forest, it evidently yielded no recompense to her exile. Her thin white face was dominated also by her eyes, but these were large, and charged with what Houghton at once decided was nothing less than apprehension. This was evident in every movement and gesture. Her gaze rarely left her husband's face. She answered Houghton quickly and with a nervous jerkiness. If Fechter's face defied an interrogation, his wife's expressed one—wordlessly, but with a thread of delicate reiterancy that resolved her whole fragile being into an epitome of helpless uncertainty.

They drifted through the "how far," "how long," and "where to" of the wilderness. The specimens on his walls, asserting Houghton's profession, led Fechter into a dissertation on Amazo-



nian botany, so learned that Houghton said, "You are a botanist, too?"

"No, I am an explorer. Of your plant life I know a little, but not much. Just now"—he hesitated a moment—"I investigate the mammals of the Amazon."

Houghton looked at him curiously. "Really! Do you know, I have seen very little animal life here?"

The big German swung slowly in his chair and stared down the river toward the obscurity of his cottage. Visibly the man flung his mind across that half-mile of black water. "Ach!" he said, slowly, "perhaps that is so."

A long silence ensued, in which the denseness of the tropical night enfolded them more closely, and the shrill call of crickets and tree-frogs was broken by a mysterious booming from the purple depths. Then Fechter began again, sometimes diffident, sometimes contemptuous, as if he were voicing a theory, not merely non-academic, but opposed as well to the scientific training they had mutually shared:

"The forest of contradiction is full. I begin to think that. Here, on the Amazon, there is of nature no rule, no order. These contradictions fly, crawl, climb, burrow. We catch them, kill them, stuff them, and say, 'Now we know.' Bah! we know nothing. I to-day a fact establish; to-morrow I by the fact am confounded. In the sand, I, with a year of labor, make a mark. Nature yawns. Of me she is weary and flings down a new wonder. The past we say is dead, because only in stone and mud its records can we see." He suddenly sat up straight and thrust out a long finger. "How much has nature changed? Old forms, old life, old marvels; may these not, in such a place as this, exist? That it is not so, have you proof? There may be more than you think—here—on the Amazon. I believe that—yes."

Houghton was enormously interested. "Have you done any geologizing? I found a sedimentary outcrop not far from here—Jurassic, I think. I'd like to show it to you."

"Ja, the plateau is Jurassic. At once I saw that." His voice rumbled deeper; then he burst out: "Temperatures! Consider them! What change, here in this

latitude, in the last ten thousand years has taken place? Answer, and the key to knowledge is in your hand. You know not? Well, follow me! Temperatures have not changed much. Your fossil fauna I can, here on the bank, duplicate alive, practically. The fish to his ossified brother is still similar. His bill and wing and legs the bird has shortened, but not much. If it were known—" He stopped abruptly. From his wife came a quick, sharp indrawing of the breath. Her face was whiter than ever, her eyes riveted on Fechter. The slight body bent forward and the small waxen hands clenched rigidly over the arms of her chair. Never before had Houghton seen such pitiful appeal imprinted on any countenance.

A sudden transition occurred in her husband. He seemed to thrust something aside, something that had possessed and enveloped him, and to emerge from it again impersonal and elusive. His eyes took on again their flat opaqueness. "I have talked too much. You will come soon and see us, and you will do the talking?"

With lighted lantern he picked out the trail. Behind him came Houghton, steadying the silent figure of Mrs. Fechter. Through her frail body nervous tremors were pulsing. Then she put out her hand as Fechter pushed the canoe from the bank. It lay in his own for a moment, cold and damp.

"Good night," she said under her breath. "Please come soon."

Houghton peered after them from his veranda. They vanished instantly, silently; and the night that covered them seemed no deeper than the mystery already shrouding his own mind. He sat wondering, and searching in vain for some solution. The woman's affection for Fechter was evident in many ways—he could see that. She leaned utterly on his strength and intimate knowledge of things. But for all of that she moved palpably in an atmosphere of anticipatory fear. Her spirit seemed to cringe at the approach of something nameless and imminent—something of which he knew, of which he had nearly spoken—but from the revelation of which her own soul shrank.

Blacker and more profound closed the



night; sharper and more insistently shrilled the multitudinous chorus from the dark ramparts of the forest. Then across the water the red eye of Fechter's window jumped into life. They had arrived safely. Houghton rose to enter his own door, aimlessly relieved at this unflickering beam, when he became aware of an odor, at first faint, then gradually strongly mephitic, creeping across with a light breeze that lifted delicately up the river. He stopped instantly, nostrils expanded, breathing in something stranger, sharper, more noisome than he had ever known before. It was of the forest and yet not of it; animal, yet not animal. It seemed old, infinitely old, yet rank with the festering recesses of a swamp. Straight from Fechter's cottage it came—unhuman, unearthly; and, as he stared, the utter silence was shattered by a shout—a hoarse, bull-like roar, horribly triumphant; a bursting of the lungs in which the whole being of a man flung itself out. Horror struggled with triumph. Fear battled with amazement. All these were in the shout—and it was Fechter's voice. Simultaneously the light moved from the window, as if it were snatched up and hurried over uneven ground. Then it blinked once and disappeared. Silence rushed back, the night voices creaked into audibility, the harsh odor of death and corruption was slowly dissipated into the warm, moist emanations of the teeming earth, and Houghton stood rigid, staring with unwinking eyes.

At daylight, after a sleepless night, through which the vision of Fechter stalked mysterious and incongruous, he started up-river for Ellison's camp. In three hours the raw stumps of a mine clearing crowned the high banks, and, farther back, the skeleton of the engineer's headgear straddled the dump of his prospecting shaft. Never had any one seemed so evident and satisfying as Ellison when he climbed up his swinging ladders and emerged, streaked with candle-grease, from his aureate burrowing. He was here in the world of light and work for one all-sufficient and practical reason. The crudity of his buildings, the cough of his air-compressor, the thud of his blacksmith's hammer—all these declared a comforting self-justification.

Houghton fumbled in this practical glare. He had a dim conception of the army of engineers who were contentedly doing exactly the same thing in innumerable corners of the earth. He felt almost ashamed of himself.

Ellison listened gravely. He had knocked about enough to realize that life in the wilderness is life on the edge of a hinterland of possibilities. Of Fechter he had seen little; of his wife, still less. Whatever opinions he might have formed were kept absolutely to himself; and it was this negation of view, this impersonal diffidence, that encouraged Houghton to unburden his mind thankfully and completely.

"I didn't know what to do," he concluded. "There was no gun-shot, no call for help. The whole thing was mysterious, absolutely. I never heard a human voice pitched like that, and I know that that odor was real and ghastly and unhuman; and yet I somehow felt that it was their affair. Was I right?"

Ellison sucked at his pipe and jerked fragments across the dump. "You couldn't do anything, and it's perfectly evident you weren't wanted to. You didn't hear her voice at all?"

"Nothing but that roar. That was Fechter, without doubt."

"You said he was talking and stopped suddenly. What was he talking about? Why did he stop?"

"About paleontology. A queer mix-up. Sounded as if he wanted to bring prehistoric things to life. I didn't interrupt. He seemed to have cut loose, and then his wife stopped him."

"How? What did she say?"

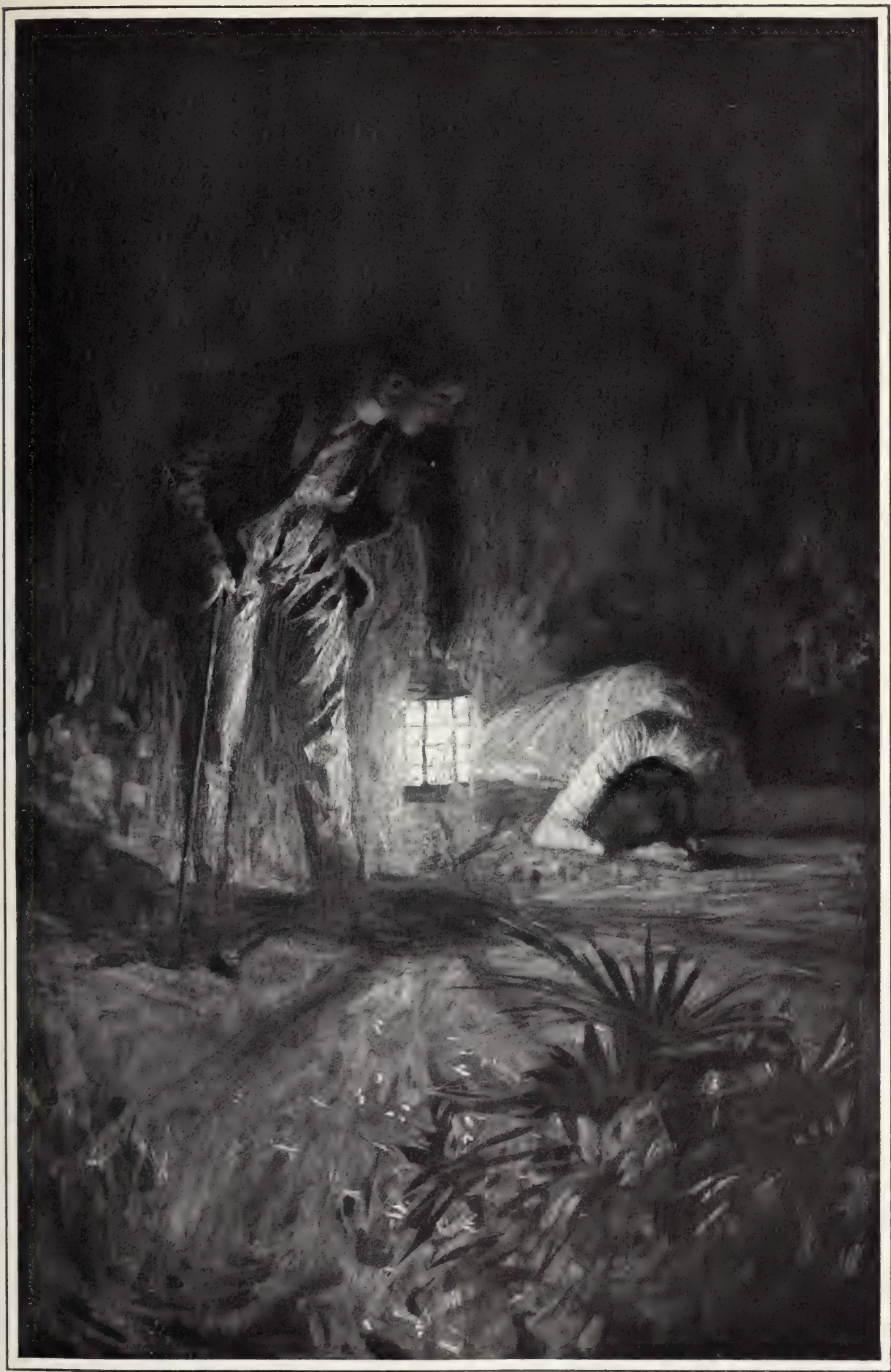
"Nothing," replied Houghton. "She just looked and caught her breath. It queered me altogether. It seemed as if she were in mortal fear of something getting out—something that affected her as much as her husband."

"And that's all?"

"Except what happened after they got home."

Ellison sat for a long time, staring with half-lifted lids across the clearing. There was something in Houghton's story that he could not altogether put aside, and yet—"What do you want me to do?" he said, abruptly.





*Drawn by W. Hatherell, R. I.*

APPROACHING WARILY, HE SAW IT WAS MRS. FECHTER







"I don't exactly want you to do anything. I want you to know about it, that's all, in case—"

"When I first came to the tropics," put in Ellison, slowly, "there were several million things I wanted to know, that I thought I was meant to know. Twenty years have taught me a good deal, and the first lesson was that there are several million things that the mind of man can never comprehend, and many of them are in the tropics. Roughly, our daily work will give us more than we can comfortably grip, and for the rest, if we knew, where would we finish up? By God!" he said, soberly, "if I knew I should go to pieces. I couldn't stand that—" His arm swept out toward the green ring of the woods and the velvet carpet of motionless tree-tops melting into a shimmering horizon. "As for the Fechtters, I would do nothing. If you are needed you will know it, without any mistake. And," he added, "you can't build a mystery out of a smell."

Houghton got up, balanced a piece of quartz, then pitched it through the feathery crown of an assai palm. "I can, out of that one," he said, thoughtfully.

In the days that followed he botanized ceaselessly, with an almost savage assiduity. The Fechtters were thrust firmly into the chiaroscuro of the things that were, after all, none of his business, however strongly they projected themselves into the round of his appointed duties. But constantly he was face to face with the truth of Fechter's proposition that fossil fauna could be practically duplicated from the tangled mazes of the green jungles around him. He began to try and establish himself as contemporary with the spell of this forest, because more and more did his cool scientific mind yield to the fantasy of stepping back through one remote period to another, till now he explored the abode of the megatherium itself. Evening after evening he returned, laden with specimens, weary from ceaseless clambering through the cable-like lianas that roped the jungle into a tangled brown and twisted network. And always at sundown, with the mounting clamor from those dank recesses, Fechter's light heliographed derisively at him.

And thus wheeled the cycle of his

days, till came the evening when he decided, after much indefinite self-questioning, to accept the little white-faced woman's invitation. It was just as he was descending to the river-bank that again there drifted across to him the first faint suggestion of tainted air. He stopped short, with the quick, instinctive action of a pointer scenting his invisible quarry through thin, quivering, expanded nostrils. The light was there in ruby solitude, blinking placidly at the ruddy bar it projected on the black water. But, seemingly from the fringe of cassia-trees beside it, this fetid odor breathed unceasingly, in waves of suffocating and horrible intensity. Houghton's every sense snatched at it in swift analysis, but no brain cell came to the relief of his taut mind. Not to anything previous or predetermined could this ghastly cognizance be referred. Sharper, more acrid, more terrifying in its cloaked suggestiveness of unnamable horrors, it enveloped him till there awakened a prickly fear of that which must lie behind the night—a fear that dried his lips and left the frame of the man limp and ineffectual. And then, while he was still groping, still struggling to lift himself out of the slime of this mental and physical quagmire, the Fechtters' light was snatched up. It danced rapidly toward the edge of the viewless ravine, oscillating to the hurried steps of some nocturnal searcher. Suddenly it vanished—so suddenly that it seemed to leap out of light; and, high above the minute voices that palpitated endlessly through the gloom, he caught the terrified scream of a woman. Fear, the ultimate shriek of it, shrilled aloud. It dominated the slow sweep of the black bowl of the night. It silenced for an eternal instant the reiterant chirpings of a million creeping, climbing, crawling things. It ran like a swift river of ice through the marrow of his bones. It echoed in shuddering diminuendoes back and forth across the torpid river; and, as it died, the blood froze around Houghton's heart.

For a moment he stood, then, after one long stare into the void that shrouded the cottage, he raced to his bungalow and rammed cartridge after cartridge into the magazine of his rifle. In an-



other minute his paddle was tearing the surface of the river into foam as the canoe headed across and down the stream.

He approached without sound. His throat refused to utter a single call. On top of the high bank the cottage loomed darkly. He climbed up, the rifle at half shoulder height, his eyes straining into the impenetrable gloom, his own lantern the center of a glare that died at the edge of a twelve-foot circle.

The cottage was perched on stilts. A broad veranda compassed two sides—one to the river, the other overhanging the ravine whose rift was discernible from his own bungalow. The sound of his feet on the steps was hollow and ghostly. There was no light within, and he knocked on the door that swung half open. Still the silence assailed him. Then he saw on the floor a chair—overturned. As for the rest, it was as its occupants had left it, with letters, papers, books—every intimate touch. Opening other doors, he searched in vain. The house was deserted. The veranda yielded no clue; and with rifle ready for instant use, he slipped noiselessly to the ground.

At a little distance he made out a blur of white; approaching warily, he saw it was Mrs. Fechter. He stooped over her and put his hand on the thin shoulder, but she did not move. Her face was toward the soil and buried in the elbow hollow of her right arm. Her left arm was thrust rigidly out, with palm flat and fingers extended. He turned her gently on her back. She was stone dead.

He knelt beside her for what seemed an age, then slowly got up and examined the ground around. Gradually extending this area, he determined that she lay half-way between the cottage and that point where the ravine bank fell sharply away. And here his exploration ended. There was no sign of Fechter, no response to the calls which his gradually returning courage enabled him to send out in a queer, thick, jerky voice that seemed utterly unlike his own. So, because of fear that the mystery and horror of the place might seize upon and utterly confound his own brain, and because his soul revolted at the thought of leaving that delicate clay at the mercy of he

knew not what, he picked up the limp body and staggered down the bank to his canoe.

All night he sat beside her, and at day-break sent for Ellison. All through the morning he groped ineffectually, till, at high noon, he descried the flash of the engineer's oars far up the blinding sweep of the sun-smitten river. And, as the Englishman sat, chin in hand, staring into the contorted lines of the woman's still face, Houghton felt some inexplicable remote part of his own intelligence inwardly shouting: "I knew it. I told you so!" He realized with a grotesque, inhuman complacency that for him it was not now the horror of the thing, but its mystery. Mrs. Fechter's body offered no clue. She lay apparently uninjured, with no stain on head or dress, light as a patch of thistledown. Her face was a mask on which terrified amazement was imprinted so indelibly that slow post-mortem sequences had as yet smoothed out not a single line.

Ellison stared and stared, his eyes receding till they were narrow slits, his lips compressed, his heavy chin jutting forward. He got up heavily. "Let us go over."

The cottage seemed steeped in forbidding silence beneath the high sun's vertical rays. Behind it was a maze of shrubs. Scarlet passion-flowers glowed like fires in a green mantle; yellow and violet trumpet-flowers were everywhere, star-scattered among dark and glossy myrtles, and a barricade of wild bananas fended off the jungle life with the sharp sword-blades of their gigantic growth. Then came the mimosas and cassia-trees, and beyond these the riot of the forest. The emptiness of the cottage mocked them. The overturned chair lay as Houghton had found it. Ellison stepped out on the veranda, raised his rifle, and fired thrice. The crackling echoes flung themselves back and forth across the river, and silence dropped over the place again.

Carefully the two men sectioned the ground where Mrs. Fechter had dropped. Then Ellison reached the brink of the ravine.

"By Jove!" he said, suddenly. "Houghton, come here!"

Beneath lay a huge egg-shaped depres-



sion, running at right angles to the bank. Fifty feet wide in the middle, it narrowed at either end to a ten-foot neck. One of these lipped the river's edge; the opposite one made straight into a steep slope of laminated marl, and, towering above the slope, rose a vast overhanging wedge of soil—an upthrusting of the earth through its own friable crust, that now seemed poised for one interminable moment ere its millions of tons roared irresistibly down. The bottom was not water, but mud, from bank to bank. Grayish-black, oily, and viscous, this slimy sheet lay flat and repellent. Its streaked surface was broken intermittently into slow, smooth wrinkles that found and lost themselves in greasy mobility. Bubbles of gas worked constantly upward, freckling the putrid expanse with tiny diamond-like points of light. The shores were fringed with thick, pulpy growths, whose coarse fleshy fronds sweated with the moisture of the steaming pit and dragged heavily in the reek of its slimy surface. It was a place of death and corruption—a place that might, through some whim of nature, have been screened from human eyes so that here, if nowhere else, the putrescent relics of prehistoric ages should rot for ever in the sun.

Together they stared, and suddenly Houghton raised a tremulous finger. "Look!" Half-way down the bank, lodged in a cavity of the crumbling marl, lay a lantern. He recognized it as Fechter's. "Did he fall? Why should he be here at night?"

Ellison shook his head. "No, he knew the place too well for that." Then he gripped the botanist's arm. "What made that?"

Above and below the lantern the bank was scarred and furrowed with cuts, such as are left by the teeth of a dredge-bucket.

Houghton's voice faltered. He wanted to cry, "I told you so! I told you so!"

The engineer began to throw sticks at the cuts. "What made that—and that—and that?" Then he stopped, stood up, and leaned forward. "Look at that stick."

Houghton looked. "It's moving—it's moving—"

Ellison's hand closed over his wrist. The stick was moving, very slowly, but

very steadily. They stood, eyes fixed. Once it almost disappeared, as if something had plucked at it from beneath; always it was surrounded by a ring of bubbles. In ten minutes it had reached the steep laminated slope; then it disappeared.

The eyes of the two men met, and the question jockeyed between them. Then Ellison raced for the slope; after him came Houghton, with his rifle. Very carefully, digging his heels into the marl, the engineer worked downward, criss-crossing the sliding face, bringing with him small, white, dusty avalanches, and blinking up at the trembling mass that reared high above his head. He reached the clump of gigantic foliage that screened the vanished stick, peered long and closely, and, as Houghton slid slowly down beside him, bent back a huge frond and pointed.

Into the bank, beneath the mass of verdure, ran a black and slimy tunnel. It was perhaps ten feet square, and floored with the stream of slow and inward-moving mud. Its sides were smooth and caked with slime, and beyond was utter blackness. Houghton shrank away instinctively, and, doing so, caught a breath that rolled sluggishly outward.

Ellison caught it, too. The botanist's lips began to move, but something took him by the throat. He stared in, every muscle tense, stirred to the very depths by the thought that he was peering for that which was not meant to be seen of man. The engineer's face told him that there was no need to speak. Oppression fell over them. The towering forest wall took a step forward, as though preparing to flatten them between its opposing palisades. They grew strangely breathless and dry-lipped.

"Come on," said Ellison, thickly, and made for the canoe-landing. Half-way he turned abruptly, ran up the veranda steps, and reappeared with a book in his hand. "Fechter's diary, I think. We had better go through it."

The night dropped as they reached the bungalow, so black and starless that they put off till morning that which must yet be done. Then Ellison laid Fechter's note-book beside the lamp. It was full of irregular memoranda. Here and there were references to letters and reports.



The explorer seemed extraordinarily ambitious to prove the survival of fossil flora and fauna. There were allusions to a monograph evidently forwarded shortly after his arrival on the Amazon. Under a date that came within the previous month he had written, "I agree with Kraussman that the M—— was, in the highest degree, destructive and carnivorous. It appears to me that it is also practically terrestrial, although, should my firm belief as to the real character of my mud lake be realized, I may be forced to modify this conclusion."

Ellison, who was translating, blinked across the table. "What the devil does he mean by that?"

"Go on," said Houghton, uncertainly. He had a strange but fixed conviction that they were about to turn an undreamed corner. He pushed the whiskey across the table. "Go on."

"Here is July seventeenth. It's about you, and—I say—listen:

"A remarkable thing has happened. Now, as I write, I am trying to convince myself. This evening we visited Mr. Houghton, across the river; a nice young man, who comes to the tropics for the first time. He is a child playing with pebbles on the shore, but he induced me to talk. I fear I talked too much—Elsa stopped me; I was thankful. We returned about ten o'clock—very dark. As usual, I sat by the brink of my mud lake—looking, waiting; then, by the end of the pond, something stirred. It was too dark to see clearly, but the growth at the tunnel mouth changed shape, and I could hear movings, large and soft; there was no other sound except the water plants being pushed aside. At the same moment the odor (see monograph) became very strong. For a moment I was stupefied; then, without knowing why, I shouted aloud—such a shout!—after that, nothing. Elsa ran out with the lantern and dropped it. Afterward I examined the tunnel mouth, but it was too dark. Am I right, or am I mad? A few weeks more should tell. Elsa is very nervous. She begs me to leave. I cannot go yet."

Ellison looked up. "Were they here on the seventeenth?"

The botanist nodded. "I came to see you next day, just a week ago."

"Here's another entry: 'July 21st. Still waiting and watching.'" He stopped abruptly, and both men heard the silence singing in their ears.

Instinctively Houghton glanced toward the bedroom—his own room—where the small, stiff figure lay so quietly. Then still more slowly his eyes wandered, till they gazed straight across the table.—"I don't just know how to put it," he said, with a half-controlled quiver in his voice, "but somehow I'm not surprised—at—at the end of this. You told me I couldn't build a mystery out of a smell, but there was no need of that. The mystery was there all the time. I couldn't explain it, but I knew it." Again his glance roamed uncertainly till it met the soft, impalpable darkness that pressed almost with weight and substance against the window-frames, and again it resought the gray eyes of the engineer. "What killed her? Where is her husband?"

"Fear killed her. God knows where Fechter is."

"Fear of what?" snapped Houghton, nervously.

"Something she saw, something she—" He stopped short, with a swift evasion of that formless possibility that each of them was silently hurling at the other, but neither voiced, because he mentally dared not let go of himself long enough to put the ghastly thing into words. "Here's the last entry—yesterday's:

"Nothing further of interest has happened—no odors, no stir; and yet something tells me I am near the solution of my riddle. I have tried to explain to Elsa what it would mean. She refuses to agree with me. I am anxious about her, and sorry, very sorry—but what can I do? She lacks the scientific stimulus, and tension is wearing her away. Sometimes she looks at me as though she thought I was mad. In her eyes there is always fear—fear. I have offered to send her home, but she will not leave me. Soon we shall return to Freiburg. What a return that will be! What will Herschmann and Schneider say when I tell them that—these eyes have seen—"

"Go on, go on," creaked Houghton, in thin, high-pitched tones.





*Drawn by W. Hatherell, R. I.*

HOUGHTON BENT BACK A HUGE FROND AND POINTED







"That's all. He didn't finish it. He must have been writing that just before you—you heard him shout."

The botanist pulled the diary across the table, peering down at it, head bent forward, as though he awaited some ghostly hand that would shortly emerge from the shadows behind him and soundlessly complete the unwritten word. This intimate self-unfolding of Fechter, that ceased just as it was about to admit him to the innermost cell of that mysterious brain, now thrust him back into a maze of dark and futile questioning that he felt instinctively would always assail him. Clinging like the shirt of Nessus, this wordless thing would incorporate itself with every nervous, querulous process. The sensitive, overstrung mind of the man revolted. "I say, Ellison, we've got to do something. We can't drop it like this; we've simply got to." His voice climbed higher, broke—and climbed again. The thread was about to snap.

The engineer looked at him quickly, then took the lamp and opened the door of the bedroom. Houghton followed him unsteadily. They stood for a moment before the sheeted figure. Ellison turned down the cloth. The yellow rays streamed down into the small, thin face. It looked inexpressibly old and weary. Already the strange metamorphosis of dissolution had tempered the terror so vividly stamped on the motionless form, but still there lingered an indefinable shadow of repulsion. She seemed pitifully small, pitifully helpless, pitifully exiled. And, gradually meeting that unanswering front, the nameless thing that had contracted Houghton's heart merged itself in the greater mystery. She knew it all now.

Ellison's arm dropped for a moment into his own. "Poor little woman," he said under his breath. Then they came out and shut the door.

Instinctively the two men slipped quietly out on the veranda. The night was black and formless, its upper regions pricked out with softly luminous stars, whose light only revealed vast distances and depths. Across the river they caught the loom of the land, but it also was obscure with suggestions of ebony soli-

tudes. This great sweep of space seemed warm and pregnant with mysteries that moved closer and closer in the shadows, full of things that chuckled and grinned and doubled up in fantasies of mirth at the helplessness of mere mortality.

Houghton stared into it till his eyeballs burned, and turned to go in, when suddenly a tremor crept across the water, followed by a rumbling that gradually swelled into a deep, booming roar. Heavier and stronger it came, and, in the tumult of it, he could hear trees cracking sharply and masses of earth splashing ponderously. It seemed as if somewhere near Fechter's cottage the earth was being savagely remolded by some vast titanic force that worked desperately and ruthlessly in the black of the night.

Then, with snapping of roots and thunder of rolling boulders, the storm of sound drifted away, and at the men's feet a slow succession of radiating wavelets stole across the river and died sleepily in the long ferns at the water's edge.

At sunrise Houghton's canoe floated opposite what had once been Fechter's cottage. Instead of the ravine lay a long slope of fresh earth, transfixed with the splintered stems of huge palms. The mud lake had vanished. The overhanging wedge of soil was smoothed out as if its crown had been shorn off. At the edge of the landslide stood the skeleton of a cottage, half of it ripped away.

Utterly and inconceivably crude, it seemed that some gigantic hand had descended in the night to sweep this festering spot out of existence and leave instead the raw, staring fabric of which worlds are fashioned.

The two men climbed the bank and looked silently at the ruin. The swift processes of the tropics would soon sheathe it in exotic verdure. That was in both their minds. But, deep in this wreck, smothered beneath millions of tons of earth, lay that which the yawn of nature had buried for ever from mortal eyes.

"Well," said Ellison, "are you answered now?"

Houghton shook his head. "Fechter was right. I am a child playing on the shore."



# American Dinners and American Manners

BY WU TING-FANG

Late Chinese Minister to the United States



MAN is a gregarious animal, and when he takes his food he likes company; from this peculiarity there has sprung up the custom of dinner parties. In attending dinner parties, however, the guests as a rule do not seek sustenance, they go to them only when they have nothing else to do, and many scarcely touch the food that is laid before them. Their object is to do honor to the host and hostess; not to eat, but to be entertained by pleasant and congenial conversation. Nevertheless, the host, at whose invitation the company has assembled, is expected to provide a great abundance and a large variety of savory dishes, as well as a good supply of choice wines. Flesh and wine are indispensable, even though the entertainers eschew both in their private life and most of the guests daily consume too much of each. Few have the courage to part with conventional practices when arranging a social function.

American *chefs* are excellent caterers, and well know how to please the tastes of the American people. They concentrate on the art of providing dainty dishes, and human ingenuity is heavily taxed by them in their efforts to invent new gustatory delicacies. The dishes which they place before each guest are so numerous that even a gormand must leave some untouched. At a fashionable dinner no one can possibly taste, much less eat, everything that is placed before him, and yet the food is all so nicely cooked, and served in so appetizing a manner, that it is difficult to resist the temptation at least to sample it; and once you have done that you will continue eating until it has all been finished, but your stomach will probably be a sad sufferer, groaning grievously on the fol-

lowing day on account of the frolic of your palate. The two seem an ill-mated pair, and seldom seem to agree, although both are chiefly interested in food. I must not omit to mention, however, that the courses served at an American millionaire's dinner are, after all, less numerous than those furnished at a Chinese feast. When a Chinese gentleman asks his friends to dine with him the *menu* may include anywhere from thirty to fifty or a hundred courses; but many of the dishes are intended only for show. The guests are not expected to eat everything on the table, or even to taste every delicacy, unless, indeed, they specially desire to do so. Again, we do not eat so heartily as do the Americans, but content ourselves with one or two mouthfuls from each set of dishes; and allow appreciable intervals to elapse between courses, during which we make merry, smoke, and otherwise enjoy the company. This is a distinct advantage in favor of China.

In Europe and America, dessert forms the last course at dinner; in China this is served first. I do not know which is the better way. Chinese are ever ready to accept the best from every quarter, and so many of us have recently adopted the Western practice regarding dessert, while still retaining the ancient Chinese custom, that now we eat sweetmeats and fruit at the beginning, during dinner, and at the end. This happy combination of Eastern and Western practice is, I submit, worthy of expansion and extension. If it were to become universal it would help to discourage the present unwholesome habit—for it is only a habit—of devouring flesh.

Will some one inform me why so many varieties of wines are always served on American tables, and why the sparkling champagne is never avoidable?



I do not suppose that many will agree with me, but in my opinion it would be more agreeable, and would improve the general conversation, if all drinks of an intoxicating nature were abolished from the dining-table. It is gratifying to know that there are some families (may the number increase every day) where intoxicating liquors are never seen on their tables. So long as the liquor traffic is extensively and profitably carried on in Europe and America, and so long as the consumption of alcohol is so enormous, so long will there be a difference of opinion as to its ill effects; but in this matter America, by means of its State prohibition laws, is setting an example to the world. In no other country are there such extensive tracts without alcohol as the "dry States" of America. China, who is waging war on opium, recognizes in this fact a kindred, active moral force, which is absent elsewhere, and, shaking hands with her sister republic across the seas, hopes that the latter will some day be as free of alcoholic poisons as China hopes to be of opium. The facts and arguments adduced against tobacco-smoking, strong drink, and poisonous foods are set forth in such a clear and convincing manner in a book written by a talented American lady, that soon after reading it I became a teetotaler and "sanditarian" and began at once to reap the benefits. I felt that I ought not to keep such a good thing to myself, but that I should preach the doctrine far and wide. I soon found, however, that it was an impossible task to try and save men from themselves, and I acquired the unenviable sobriquet of "crank"; but I was not dismayed. From my native friends I turned to the foreign community in Peking, thinking that the latter would possess better judgment, appreciate and be converted to the sanditarian doctrine. Among the foreigners I appealed to, one was a distinguished diplomat, and the other a gentleman in the Chinese service with a world-wide reputation. Both were elderly and in delicate health, and it was my earnest hope that by reading this book, which was sent to them, they would be convinced of their errors and turn over a new leaf. I was disappointed. Both, in

returning the book, made substantially the same answer: "It is very interesting, but at my time of life it is not advisable to change life-long habits. I eat flesh moderately, and never drink much wine." They both seemed to overlook the crucial question whether or not animal food contains hurtful poison. If it does, it should not be eaten at all. The rule of moderation is applicable to things which are nutritious, or at least harmless, but not to noxious food, however small the quantity of poison it may contain.

Pleasant conversation at the dinner-table is always enjoyable, and a good talker is always welcome, but I often wonder why Americans, who generally are so quick to improve opportunity, and are noted for their freedom from traditional conventionalisms, do not make a more systematic use of the general love of good conversation. Any one who is a witty conversationalist, with a large fund of anecdote, is sure to be asked by every dinner host to help to entertain the guests, but if the company be large the favorite can be enjoyed only by a few, and those who are too far away to hear, or who are just near enough to hear a part but not all, are likely to be aggrieved. They cannot hear what is amusing the rest, while the talk elsewhere forbids their conversing as they would if there were no interruptions. A *raconteur* generally monopolizes half the company, and leaves the other half out in the cold. This might be avoided if talkers were engaged to entertain the whole company during dinner, as pianists are now sometimes engaged to play to them after dinner. Or, the entertainment might be varied by engaging a good professional reciter to reproduce literary gems, comic or otherwise. I am sure the result would bring more general satisfaction to the guests than the present method of leaving them to entertain themselves. The Chinese employ singing girls; the Japanese geishas talk, sing, or dance. The ideal would here again seem to be an amalgamation of East and West.

It is difficult for a mixed crowd to be always agreeable, even in the congenial atmosphere of a good feast, unless the guests have been selected with a view to



their opinions rather than to their social standing. Place a number of people who have ideas in common, with a difference, around a well-spread table, and there will be no lack of good, earnest, instructive conversation. Most men and women can talk well if they have the right sort of listeners. If the hearer is unsympathetic the best talker becomes dumb. Hosts who remember this will always be appreciated.

As a rule, a dinner conversation is seldom worth remembering, which is a pity. Man, the most sensible of all animals, more readily leans to nonsense than to rational discourse. Perhaps the flow of words may be as steady as the eastward flow of the Yangste-Kiang in my own country, but the memory retains only a recollection of a vague, undefined—what? The conversation, like the flavors provided by the cooks, has been evanescent. Why should not hostesses make as much effort to stimulate the minds of their guests as they do to gratify their palates? What a boon it would be to many a bashful man, sitting next to a lady with whom he has nothing in common, if some public entertainer during the dinner relieved him from the necessity of always thinking as to what he should say next? How much more he could enjoy the fine dinners his hostess has provided; and as for the lady—what a number of suppressed yawns she might avoid! To take great pains and spend large sums to provide tasty food for people who cannot enjoy it because they have to talk to one another, seems a pity. Let one man talk to the crowd, and leave them leisure to eat, is my suggestion.

The opportunities afforded at the dining-table may be turned to many useful purposes. In China when people have quarreled their friends generally invite them to dinner, where the matters in dispute are amicably arranged. These are called "peace dinners." I would recommend that a similar expedient should be adopted in America; many a knotty point could be disposed of by a friendly discussion at the dinner-table. International disputes might be arranged in this way, and the representatives of nations having complaints against one another might sometimes discover un-

expected ways of adjusting their differences if they dined together once or twice. Why should such matters always be remanded to formal conferences and set speeches? The preliminaries, at least, would probably be better arranged at dinner parties and social functions. Eating has always been associated with friendship. "To eat the salt" with an Arab forms a most binding contract. Even "the serpent" in the Book of Genesis commenced his acquaintance with Eve by suggesting a meal.

It almost seems as if there were certain unwritten laws in American society, assigning certain functions to certain days in the week. I do not believe Americans are superstitious, but I found that Thursday is greatly in favor. I remember on one occasion that Mrs. Grant, widow of the great general, sent an invitation to my wife and myself to dine at her house one Thursday evening three weeks in advance, and we readily accepted her invitation. After our acceptance, about a dozen invitations came for that same Thursday, all of which we had, of course, to decline. Curiously enough, we received no invitations for any other day during that week, and just before that eventful Thursday we received a letter from Mrs. Grant canceling the invitation on account of the death of one of her relations, so that we had to dine at home, after all. Now we Chinese make no such distinctions between days. Every day of the week is equally good; in order, however, to avoid clashing with other people's engagements, we generally fix Fridays for our receptions or dinners, but there is not among Chinese an entertainment season as there is in Washington and other great cities. During the season I frequently attended "at homes," or tea parties, in half a dozen places or more in one afternoon, but no one can dine during the same evening in more than one place. In this respect America might learn a lesson from China. We can accept half a dozen invitations to dinner for one evening; all we have to do is to go to each place, partake of one or two dishes, then excuse ourselves to the host and go somewhere else. By this means we avoid the seeming rudeness of a declination and escape



the ill-feeling which is frequently created in the West by the refusal of invitations. The Chinese method makes possible the cultivation of democratic friendships without violating aristocratic instincts, and for candidates at election-times it would prove an agreeable method by which to make new friends. We are less rigid than Americans about dropping in and taking a mouthful or two at dinner, even without a special invitation.

A banquet in America is a more formal affair than the dinners I have been discussing. It is the inevitable rule that on such occasions speeches will follow the eating, and people attend, not for the sake of the food, but for the privilege of hearing others talk. Indeed, except for the opportunity of talking, or hearing others talk, people would probably prefer a quiet meal at home. Speakers with a reputation, orators, statesmen, or foreign diplomats, are frequently invited, and sometimes eminent men from other countries are the guests of honor. These functions occur every year, and those foreign ministers with whose countries the associations have commercial relations are generally present.

The topics discussed are nearly always the same, and it is not easy to speak at one of these gatherings without going over the same ground as that covered on previous occasions. I remember a colleague of mine who was a clever diplomat, and for whom I had great respect, who was once asked to make an after-dinner speech. He reluctantly rose and, as far as I can remember, spoke to the following effect: "Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, I thank your association for inviting me to this splendid banquet. As I spoke at your banquet last year, I have nothing more to add, and I refer you to that speech." He then sat down. The novelty of the remark, of course, won him applause, but I wonder what the company really thought of him. For my part, I praised his wisdom, for he diplomatically rebuked all those whose only interest is that which has its birth with the day and disappears with the night.

Commercial men do not understand, and are impatient with the restrictions which hedge a foreign minister, and in their anxiety to get speakers they will

look anywhere. On one occasion I received an invitation to go to Canada to attend a banquet at a commercial club in one of the principal Dominion cities. It would have given me great pleasure if I had been able to comply with this request, as I had not then visited Canada, but, contrary to my inclination, I had to decline. I was accredited as Minister to Washington, and did not feel at liberty to visit another country without the special permission of my home government.

Public speaking, like any other art, has to be cultivated. However scholarly a man may be, and however clever he may be in private conversation, when called upon to speak in public he may sometimes make a very poor impression. I have known highly placed foreign officials, with deserved reputations for their wisdom and ability, who were shockingly poor speakers at banquets. They would hesitate and almost stammer, and would prove quite incapable of expressing their thoughts in any sensible or intelligent manner. In this respect personal observations have convinced me that Americans, as a rule, are better speakers than . . . (I will not mention the nationality in my mind; it might give offense). An American who, without previous notice, is called upon to speak, generally acquits himself creditably. He is nearly always witty, appreciative, and frank. This is due, I believe, to the thorough-going nature of his education. He is taught to be self-confident, to believe in his own ability to create, to express his opinions without fear. A diffident and retiring man, whose chief characteristic is extreme modesty, is not likely to be a good speaker; but Americans are free from this weakness. Far be it from me to suggest that there are no good speakers in other countries. America can by no means claim a monopoly of orators: there are many elsewhere whose sage sayings and forcible logic are appreciated by all who hear or read them; but, on the whole, Americans excel all others in the readiness of their wit and their power to make a good extempore speech on any subject without opportunity of preparation.

Neither is the fair sex in America behind the men in this respect. I have



heard some most excellent speeches by women, speeches which would do credit to an orator, but they labor under a disadvantage. The female voice is soft and low, it is not easily heard in a large room, and consequently the audience sometimes does not appreciate woman speakers to the extent that they deserve. I know a lady who possesses a powerful, masculine voice, and who is a very popular speaker, but she is an exception. Anyhow, I believe the worst speaker, male or female, could improve by practising private declamation, and awakening to the importance of articulation, modulation, and—the pause.

At large receptions, such as those given in all American cities, however spacious the reception-hall, there is often not even standing-room for all who attend. It requires but little imagination to understand the condition of the atmosphere without proper ventilation. Now, what always astonished me was that, although the parlor might be crowded with ladies and gentlemen, all the windows were, as a rule, kept closed, with the result that the place was full of vitiated air. Frequently, I have had to slip away after a short time, although I would willingly have remained longer on account of the charming company. No wonder we often hear of the host or hostess being ill on the morning after a big function. When men understand this they will make good health a religious duty.

I should like to know how many persons pay even a little attention to this important subject of pure-air breathing? You go to an office, whether large or small, and you will find all the windows closed, although there may be half a dozen or more persons working in the room.

When you call at a private residence you will often find the same thing—all the windows closed. If you should venture to suggest that one of the windows be opened, the lady of the house would at once tell you that you would feel a draught and so catch cold.

It is a matter of daily occurrence to find a number of persons dining in a room where there is no outlet for the contaminated air to leak out, or for the fresh air to come in. After dinner the

gentlemen adjourn to the library to enjoy for an hour or so, with closed windows, the sweet perfumes of smoking. What a picture would be presented if the bacteria in the air could be photographed, enlarged, and thrown on a screen—or, better still, shown in a cinematograph!

It is a common practice, I fear, among certain classes, at least, to keep the windows of the bedroom closed, except in hot weather. I have often suggested to people that for the sake of their health they should at least keep one of the windows, if not more, open during the night, but they have pooh-poohed the idea on account of the bugaboo of "draught." It is one of the mysteries of the age that people should be willing to breathe second-hand air when there is so much pure air out-of-doors to be had for nothing; and after inhaling and exhaling the same air over and over again all through the night, it is not strange that many rise in the morning languid and dull instead of feeling refreshed and in high spirits. The cumulative result of impure air is bad health. No one who is deprived of fresh air can long remain efficient.

America professes to believe in publicity, and what is "publicity" but the open window and the open door? Practise this philosophy and it will be easy to keep on the sunny side of the street and to discourage the glooms. The joys fly in at open windows.

Much has been written and more said about American manners, or, rather, the American lack of manners. Americans have frequently been criticized for their bad breeding, and many sarcastic references to American deportment have been made in my presence. I have even been told (I do not know how true it is) that European diplomats dislike being stationed in America, because of their aversion to the American way of doing things.

Much, too, has been written and said about Chinese manners, not only by foreigners, but also by Chinese. One of the classics which our youth have to know by heart is devoted almost entirely to manners. There has also been much adverse criticism of our manners or our excess of manners, though I have never



heard that any diplomats have, on this account, objected to being sent to China. We Chinese are, therefore, in the same boat as the Americans. In regard to manners, neither of us finds much favor with foreigners, though for diametrically opposite reasons; the Americans are accused of observing too few formalities, and we of observing too many.

The Americans are direct and straightforward. They will tell you to your face that they like you, and occasionally they also have very little hesitation in telling you that they do not like you. They say frankly just what they think. It is immaterial to them that their remarks are personal, perhaps uncomplimentary.

The directness of Americans is seen not only in what they say, but in the way they say it. They come directly to the point, without much preface or introduction; much less is there any circumlocution or "beating about the bush." When they come to see you they say their say and then take their departure; moreover, they say it in the most terse, concise, and unambiguous manner. In this respect what a contrast they are to us! We always approach one another with preliminary greetings. Then we talk of the weather, of politics or friends—of anything, in fact, which is as far as possible from the object of the visit. Only after this introduction do we broach the subject uppermost in our minds, and throughout the conversation polite courtesies are exchanged whenever the opportunity arises. These elaborate preludes and interludes may, to the strenuous, ever-in-a-hurry American, seem useless and superfluous, but they serve a good purpose. Like the common courtesies and civilities of life, they pave the way for the speakers, especially if they are strangers; they improve their tempers and place them generally on terms of mutual understanding. It is said that some years ago a foreign consul in China, having a serious complaint to make on behalf of his nation, called on the Taotai, the highest local authority in the port. He found the Chinese official so genial and polite that after half an hour's conversation he advised the complainant to settle the trouble amicably without bothering the Chinese officials about the matter. A good deal may be said on

behalf of both systems. The American practice has at least the merit of saving time, an all-important object with the American people. When we recall that this remarkable nation will spend millions of dollars to build a tunnel under a river or to shorten a curve in a railroad, merely that they may save two or three minutes, we are not surprised at the abruptness of their speech.

Americans act up to their Declaration of Independence, especially the principle it enunciates concerning the equality of man. They lay so much importance on this that they do not confine its application to legal rights, but extend it even to social intercourse. In fact, I think this doctrine is the basis of the so-called American manners. All men are deemed socially equal, whether as friend and friend, as President and citizen, as employer and employee, as master and servant, or as parent and child. Their relationship may be such that one is entitled to demand, and the other to render, certain acts of obedience and a certain amount of respect, but outside that they are on the same level. This is doubtless a rebellion against all the social ideas and prejudices of the Old World, but it is perhaps only what might be looked for in a new country, full of robust and ambitious manhood, disdainful of all traditions which in the least savor of monarchy or hierarchy, and eager to blaze a new path for itself in the social as it has succeeded in accomplishing in the political world. Combined with this is the American characteristic of saving time. Time is precious to all of us, but to Americans it is particularly so. We all wish to save time, but the Americans care much more about it than the rest of us. Then there are different notions about this question of saving time, different notions of what wastes time and what does not; and much that the Old World regards as politeness and good manners Americans consider as sheer waste of time. Time, they think, is far too precious to be occupied with ceremonies which appear empty and meaningless. It can, they say, be much more profitably filled with other and more useful occupations. In any discussion of American manners it would be unfair to leave out of considera-



tion their indifference to ceremony and their highly developed sense of the value of time; but in saying this I do not forget that many Americans are devout ritualists, and that these find both comfort and pleasure in ceremony; which suggests that, after all, there is something to be said for the Chinese who have raised correct deportment almost to the rank of a religion.

The youth of America have not unnaturally caught the spirit of their elders, so that even children consider themselves almost on a par with their parents, while the parents, on the other hand, also treat them as if they were equals, and allow them the utmost freedom. While a Chinese child renders unquestioning obedience to his parents' orders, such obedience as a soldier yields to his superior officer, the American child must have the whys and the wherefores duly explained to him, and the reason for his obedience made clear. It is not his parent that he obeys, but expediency and the dictates of reason. Here we see the clear-headed, sound, common-sense business man in the making. The early training of the boy has laid the foundation for the future man. The child, too, has no compunction in correcting a parent—even before strangers—and, what is still more curious, the parent accepts the correction in good part, and sometimes even with thanks. A parent is often interrupted in the course of a narrative or discussion by a small, piping voice, setting right, or what it believes to be right, some date, place, or fact, and the parent, after a word of encouragement or thanks, proceeds. How different is our rule that a child is not to speak until spoken to! In Chinese official life under the old régime it was not etiquette for one official to contradict another, especially when they were unequal in rank. When a high official expressed views which his subordinates did not indorse, they could not candidly give their opinion, but had to remain silent. I remember that some years ago I and some of my colleagues had an audience with a very high official, and when I expressed my dissent from some of the views of that high functionary he rebuked me severely. Afterward he called me to him privately and spoke to me

somewhat as follows: "What you said just now was quite correct. I was wrong, and I will adopt your views, but you must not contradict me in the presence of other people. Do not do it again." There is, of course, much to be said for and against each system, and perhaps a blend of the two would give good results. Anyhow, we can trace in American customs that spirit of equality which pervades the whole of American society, and observe the germs of self-reliance and independence so characteristic of Americans, whether men, women, or children.

Even the domestic servant does not lose this precious American heritage of equality. I have nothing to say against that worthy individual, the American servant (if one can be found). On the contrary, none is more faithful or more efficient. But in some respects he is unique among the servants of the world. He does not see that there is any inequality between him and his master. His master—or should I say his employer?—pays him certain wages to do certain work, and he does it, but outside the bounds of this contract they are still man and man, citizen and citizen.

We of the Old World are accustomed to regard domestic service as a profession in which the members work for advancement, without much thought of ever changing their position. A few clever persons may ultimately adopt another profession and, according to our antiquated, conservative ways of thinking, rise higher in the social scale, but for the large majority the dignity of a butler or a housekeeper is the height of their ambition, the crowning-point in their career. Not so the American servant. Strictly speaking, there are no servants in America. The man or the woman, as the case may be, who happens for the moment to be your servant is only servant for the time being. He has no intention of making domestic service his profession, of being a servant for the whole of his life. To be subject to the will of others, even in the small degree to which American servants are subordinate, is offensive to an American's pride of citizenship; it is contrary to his conception of American equality. He is a servant only for the time and



until he finds something better to do. He accepts a menial position only as a stepping-stone to some more independent employment. Is it to be wondered at that American servants have manners different from their brethren in other countries? When foreigners find that American servants are not like servants in their own country, they should not resent their behavior. It does not denote disrespect, it is merely the outcrop of their natural independence and aspirations.

American manners are but an instance or result of the two predominant American characteristics to which I have already referred, and which reappear in so many other things American. A love of independence and of equality, early inculcated, and a keen abhorrence of waste of time, engendered by the conditions and circumstances of a new country, serve to explain practically all the manners and mannerisms of Americans. Even the familiar spectacle of men walking with their hands deep in their trousers pockets or sitting with their legs crossed needs no other explanation; and to suggest that, because Americans have some habits which are peculiarly their own, they are either inferior or unmanly, would be to do them a grave injustice.

Few people are more warm-hearted, genial, and sociable than the Americans. I do not dwell on this, because it is quite unnecessary. The fact is perfectly familiar to all who have the slightest knowledge of them. Their kindness and warmth to strangers are particularly pleasant, and are appreciated by their visitors. In some other countries the people, though not unsociable, surround themselves with so much reserve that strangers are at first chilled and repulsed, although there are no pleasanter or more hospitable persons anywhere to be found when once you have broken the ice and learned to know them; but it is the stranger who must make the first advances, for they themselves will make no effort to become acquainted, and

their manner is such as to discourage any efforts on the part of the visitor. You may travel with them for hours in the same car, sit opposite to them, and all the while they will shelter themselves behind a newspaper, the broad sheets of which effectively prohibit any attempts at closer acquaintance. The following instance, culled from a personal experience, is an illustration. I was a law student at Lincoln's Inn, London, where there is a splendid law library for the use of the students and members of the Inn. I used to go there almost every day to pursue my legal studies, and generally sat in the same quiet corner. The seat on the opposite side of the table was usually occupied by another law student. For months we sat opposite each other without exchanging a word. I thought I was too formal and reserved, so I endeavored to improve matters by occasionally looking up at him as if about to address him, but every time I did so he looked down as though he did not wish to see me. Finally I gave up the attempt. This is the general habit with English gentlemen. They will not speak to a stranger without a proper introduction, but in the case I have mentioned surely the rule would have been more honored by a breach than by the observance. Seeing that we were fellow-students, it might have been presumed that we were gentlemen and on an equal footing.

How different are the manners of the American! You can hardly take a walk or go for any distance in a train without being addressed by a stranger, and not infrequently making a friend. In some countries the fact that you are a foreigner only thickens the ice; in America it thaws it. This delightful trait in the American character is also traceable to the same cause as that which has helped us to explain the other peculiarities which have been mentioned. To good Americans not only are the citizens of America born equal, but the citizens of the world are also born equal.





# Suite Number Nineteen

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE



HOW under the sun Amy could have found it in her heart to leave the Crazy Jane Society to the mercy of its other managers, and spend a month's vacation with her husband, is a mystery to me. I am her husband. In our humble cottage we are supposed to eat bacon and eggs, toast or rolls, and coffee for our breakfast. As a matter of fact we have the Crazy Jane Society. At night we make a strong effort toward steak or chops, hashed creamed potatoes, corn, and such. But the flavor is the flavor of the Crazy Jane Society. Our Sunday dinners are a marvel, because of Amy's culinary skill; but they are tinged with Amy's seasoning—the Crazy Jane Society. The hand may be the hand of Esau, but the voice, for ever, is the voice of Jacob.

Ah, well—it was a wrench, but Amy did it. She tore herself up by the roots and hied with me to Inlet. Inlet is on the Jersey coast. There are many inlets on the Jersey coast, but only one Inlet, as you may be aware. For us, at least, there can never be but one Inlet. As I write these words peace reposes on my soul; yet I can still shudder, after many moons, at the mystery that awaited us at River House—the mystery of Suite Nineteen. You have heard of haunted rooms. You may never have experienced them. Amy and I have.

When we reached Inlet, there was but one car left upon our train; the others had been dropped off somewhere. We were the sole alighting passengers. There was a single stage—vintage of the sixties—waiting for us. And a one-legged driver with a crutch. His leg was very long. He saw us coming. He drew a pint flask from his pocket—evidently to fortify himself against our advent. He fortified himself sufficiently. Then he hopped down with prodigious agility,

gathered up our baggage, slung it into the stage with wonderful abandon, and bowed us in.

"Giddap" was all he said. Ah, well—we little knew then what part this sinister-appearing, one-legged individual was to play in the drama that was destined to enact itself in the ensuing month.

He drove us to the River House at Inlet and deposited us there. Amy gasped with surprise, and so did I—pleased surprise. The River House was a thing beyond our wildest expectations. A long, low, rambling house—old, old, very, very old. A house set in trees and surrounded on all sides by grass. Not lawn, just grass. Its shingles were moss-covered. Its shutters were green, its clapboards painted white. One hundred yards in front of it there ran the river, and a short half-mile away, on past the inlet, was the ocean, pounding away at a visible white beach.

We looked about us at the people. At our end of the veranda there were women—seven of them—each with a bundle of wet reed at her feet and many wisps of raffia in her lap. At the river-front, on a ramshackle pier, sat five other women, each provided with a bundle of reed that lay soaking in the river—each with a mass of raffia at her side. In the very middle of the stretch of grass there sat another woman—all alone. She, too, was well-provided with raffia and with reed. Dawdling about the grounds, lounging upon the piers, sponging out canoes, were men—a few men in flannels.

We waited for an appreciable space of time. Ever and anon one of the women from the group nearest us would saunter aimlessly past the solitary woman on the lawn, and would then hie back.

"She does it *this* way," she explained.

Ever and anon one of the group upon the shore would saunter past the solitary woman on the lawn—and then hie back



to her companions—and show *them* how *she* did it. The solitary woman on the lawn worked on, looking neither to the right nor to the left. Amy thought that she was gritting her teeth. I didn't think anything about it, for the proprietress of the River House approached and introduced herself.

She was a motherly-looking, aristocratic old lady, and one felt that she might have been born in the River House at Inlet and grown old with the place. And yet there was something about her that startled us. Gentle and motherly though she was, she evinced a most peculiar trait. As she approached us, while she addressed us, and all during the brief colloquy that followed, she looked neither of us squarely in the eye. She was nervous, embarrassed. Trouble shone from her kindly face.

"You will please follow me," she said.

We followed her. As we passed along we were conscious that seven pairs of eyes were boring like gimlets into our spinal regions. The gentle old lady led us into the white colonial hall.

"Your room," she said, "is on the third floor."

"Yes," returned Amy, "in the rear."

"Not facing the river," I added.

We uttered these words with some compunction, for we had selected, for reasons known to Amy and myself, the cheapest room in the whole huge, rambling River House. Amy had evolved a plan some years before—a scheme from which she never varied.

"Always," Amy had told me on a memorable wedding trip—"always go to the best hotel in the place. Always take the cheapest rates. You get the worst room, but the same food that everybody else gets. You have all the privileges of the high-priced guests."

We were following Amy's invariable custom. As luck would have it, the River House was not only the best house the Inlet boasted of, it was the only house.

"Yes," said the landlady, "to be sure. The third floor in the rear." At the landing of the second floor she paused. "Will you follow me?" she said.

She turned with quick, nervous steps, and, as I thought, with a tremor of her whole body, toward the right instead

of continuing up-stairs. Beside a closed door on the wide second-story corridor she paused. Upon the dead white of this door with its old-fashioned panels appeared the figure "19," painted distinctly in black paint. Before this closed door the old lady paused for perhaps a quarter of a moment; then she drew a long breath, turned the knob, and entered. We followed her.

"This," said the old lady, "is your suite."

We entered silently, appalled. At first glance the so-called suite appeared to be one room, a large, cozy, comfortable room—a well-furnished room, with a fireplace in it. At second glance the truth of the landlady's designation became apparent. At the forward end of this pleasing apartment there was a huge window, and beyond this huge window there lay another room, consisting of a section of well-screened veranda.

"This is your room and sleeping-porch," said the old soul—"Suite Number Nineteen."

Amy drew back with an economical shudder. "But our room," she protested, "was a small room on the floor above. We were paying only so much, don't you see?"

For the first time the landlady beamed upon us, and yet, beaming, she did not look us in the eye.

"Your room," she explained, "is occupied. This is our only vacant space. I must put you here."

Amy smiled with relief. "At the same price?" she queried.

The landlady beamed again. "At one dollar less per week," she said.

Amy looked about her once again; then she sidled up to me and nudged me.

"This is Paradise," she whispered. "Why not pay her four weeks in advance? She may change her mind."

"Madam," I said, "every man has his peculiarities. One of mine is to pay, not as I go, but before I go."

I drew out my pocket check-book. I looked about me. There was a little round mahogany table whose top was just about the size of a tray for tea. There was a little old-fashioned mahogany chair. I started toward them. The old lady made an involuntary movement, which led me to believe that she



had already changed her mind, but she became quiet on the instant, though I thought she seemed perturbed as I sat down on the little chair and rested my check-book on the little table. I wrote the check and handed it to her.

"One dollar a week saved," mused Amy. "That's four more dollars for the Crazy Jane."

The landlady thanked me with dignity for the check, protested that it was not at all necessary, stated that guests at River House paid how and when they pleased, and then—but still with trouble in her eyes—she left us there alone. Amy and I hugged each other.

"This must be a lunatic-asylum," said Amy, "and she must be the star-boarder."

"Never look a gift-horse in the mouth," I said to Amy. "Let us take the good that the gods provide."

"Let us take a look at it again," returned Amy.

So we looked at it again. The more we looked the more comfortable it seemed. It was not a hotel room at all. Let me repeat that it was well furnished. There were pictures on the wall, notably the portrait of an author of the last century and a few illuminated texts and verses. Also, in a walnut frame, a chart—probably of the Inlet and its bearings.

"Let us," said Amy, "step out upon the porch."

We stepped. The porch was hung on all sides with moss-green mosquito-netting, which rendered us invisible from without. Below us stretched the green sward. All about us were green trees. At our feet, almost, lay the river, and beyond, in full sight from our point of vantage, the Atlantic swept off into the distances. It was not landscape merely that we viewed, however. Just underneath our porch, huddled together, so it seemed, there was a little nucleus of palpitating human beings. They were gazing intently—not at the surrounding scenery, but at our porch. They were the women of the veranda and the shore.

"They probably think we are somebody," I said to Amy. "Let's go below while the delusion lasts."

To go below required some preparation on Amy's part. In half an hour or so we went below.

"I hope," said Amy, "that it won't be hard to get acquainted with these people. They all look good to me."

"The women are all right," I returned, with the air of a connoisseur, "but as for those flanneled fools—"

Amy caught me by the arm. There was a notice posted on the lintel of a doorway in the big old-fashioned hall. This notice read like this:

Miss Anstruther will give lessons in raffia and reed basket-making every morning. Terms, fifty cents an hour. Proceeds for the Day Nursery and Baby Shelter, Plainfield, N. J.

My quick eye had read this notice before Amy had begun it. I tried to hurry her past it. I was too late. The last sentence had stirred memories within her to all their comfortable depths.

"I could do something like that for the Crazy Jane," she murmured.

I must confess I sighed in despair. "I had hoped," I exclaimed, with some asperity, "that we'd have menu at this place for meals instead of Crazy Jane."

At this juncture one of the guests—a woman guest—darkened the doorway. She approached Amy and touched her confidentially upon the arm.

"I see," she said, huskily, "that you are reading that notice."

"Miss Anstruther?" queried Amy, quite politely.

The lady shook her head vehemently. "Miss Anstruther," she vouchsafed, "is the lady out there beneath the trees."

"The lady sitting all alone," I ventured, "with her back to us?"

"Exactly," whispered our new acquaintance. "That's Miss Anstruther. She's working for the Baby Shelter in Plainfield. But," she added, her voice sinking to still further confidential depths, "it's not at all necessary to take lessons from her. I took one lesson from her. I've learned the art. I'm teaching half a dozen other ladies by the hour. I am Mrs. Yawger, of Camden. I am interested in the Newsboys' Lodging-House. Miss Anstruther's lessons have netted the Baby Shelter fifty cents." Mrs. Yawger, of Camden, grinned in ghoulisg glee—I say that advisedly. "The Newsboys' Lodging-House," she simpered,





"THIS," SAID THE OLD LADY, "IS YOUR SUITE"

vaingloriously, "has done right well at Inlet. If you want to learn, my dear, I can teach you all and more than Miss Anstruther can."

Amy smiled pleasantly. "Newsboys' Lodging-House," she sniffed. I knew, though Mrs. Yawger did not, that it was a sniff of contempt. "Thank you very much," said Amy. "I shall think about it, Mrs. Yawger. We have just arrived."

Mrs. Yawger came to herself with a start. "Oh," she exclaimed, "you're in Number Nineteen, aren't you?"

"Yes," said Amy. "Pleasant, very pleasant rooms."

"Delightful," returned Mrs. Yawger with a Camden sniff.

We sauntered out upon the broad veranda. We stood alone gazing eastward toward the sea. It was nearly

supper-time. Canoes, a score of them, were paddling in toward River House for dear life. They landed and a troop of children bounded lightly from boat to shore. They were due to be scoured and scrubbed. They swooped down upon the little group of basket-makers on the beach and hung about them for an instant, listening with curious ears to topics of adult converse. Suddenly their attention, which until now had been scattered, was focused upon Amy and myself. Curiosity developed into action. With apparent aimlessness, but with real purpose, these urchins straggled one by one toward us.

"That's them," said one.

Another was in doubt. "Are you sure?" she queried.

"Sure it's them," he maintained, stoutly. "They're in that room."





"OH," SHE EXCLAIMED, "YOU'RE IN NUMBER NINETEEN, AREN'T YOU?"

"What room?" demanded an infant who seemed lamentably ignorant.

"You know," retorted the first youthful citizen—"Room Number Nineteen. The room where that fellow—you know—where he died."

I looked at Amy. Amy looked at me.

Five mothers scrambled up from the shore and sorted out their progeny and disappeared into the confines of River House. They glanced at us still curiously as they disappeared. Amy swung about. She was troubled, but she was calm.

"One dollar less a week," she murmured. Then she caught me by the hand. "Look, look!" she exclaimed.

I, too, swung about. From the far

end of the long veranda there approached two figures—one a very handsome young woman and the other a man, slender, dark clad, with a profusion of black hair shot with gray resting on his shoulders. He carried a rubber-tipped cane with which he prodded nervously the floor of the veranda. They made an interesting picture. The girl was comely, the man distinguished in appearance.

"Why, he's blind!" suddenly said Amy.

When they reached us, they halted. The man instinctively, the girl with calculation in her eyes.

"You are new-comers," said the girl, tentatively.

We confessed the soft impeachment.



"This," went on the girl, placing her hand upon the blind man's shoulder, "is Signor."

"Am pleased," said Signor, brokenly.

"Signor is to play to-night in the big room," she went on. "The tickets are fifty cents apiece. The proceeds go to the Working-Girls' Home, in Trenton. You must come and hear Signor." She drew us to one side. "He plays for us for nothing," she whispered, confidentially. "In New York he gets five hundred dollars every time he draws his bow."

Signor's face lighted up. He had heard. "For nussing," he confirmed, "for ze Working-Girls' Home."

"My charity," said the young woman. "I have no tickets with me, but I'll hand you some at dinner."

They passed on, the blind man prod-

ding the floor of the veranda with his rubber-tipped cane, the girl swinging on beside him. They had not gone half a dozen paces, though, before the blind man faced about.

"Some one tells me," he exclaimed, looking with his sightless eyes in our direction, "that you haf Number Nineteen room. Ah, I s'all talk to you about it." He faced about again and passed on.

No sooner were the couple out of sight than another guest—a stout and rather amiable lady, though with a glitter in her eye, approached us.

"Have you," she demanded, in quick, sharp tones, "been asked to purchase tickets for Signor's recital for the Working-Girls' Home of Trenton?"

"We have just practically promised—" I began.



"SIGNOR IS TO PLAY TO-NIGHT IN THE BIG ROOM"



She held up her hand. "Don't buy tickets for it," she came back at us. "It is not at all necessary. You can hear much better outside the windows than inside the big room. We usually sit outside. I arrange all that—I shall have chairs and everything. Do not waste money on the working-girls."

We waited to see what else was coming. Nothing came. The lady merely passed on out of sight. The dinner-gong rang. Amy and I, with appetites born of the salt air and fresh smell of the river, entered the dining-room with a genteel rush. So did others. Already at our table there were seated two prim ladies of uncertain age. They looked wan and tired. There were dark rings under their eyes. They were hospitable—they made us instantly at home.

"Are you near us?" they queried. "Where is your room?"

"Where is yours?" queried Amy, answering one question with another.

"We are on the third floor rear," exclaimed these ladies.

"We," said Amy, "are on the second floor."

"Not," said one of the two ladies, "*not* in Room Nineteen?"

"Yes," responded Amy, "we're in Room Nineteen."

The ladies glanced at us, one with pity, the other with horror.

"That room," the latter faltered, glancing at her companion out of the corner of her eye, "we had it for a week. We like the third floor best. There is such a thing, you know," she added, mysteriously, "as having too much company—too much disagreeable company. There are strange things that keep happening in Room Nineteen."

Amy looked at me. I looked at Amy. We said nothing. We became unusually silent, not to say depressed. However, it's an ill wind that blows nobody good. We had menu for dinner and not Crazy Jane. That evening Amy and myself, a forlorn little nucleus, sat alone, like two tall trees in the midst of a vast desert, in the big room, while Signor drew human voices from his violin, and while the fresh-faced young girl, with tears of mortification streaming down her peach-bloom cheeks, presided at the piano in accompaniment.

"Let us sit over by the window," whispered Amy, during a lull. We sat by the window. We peered into the darkness without. We heard the chink of coin. We heard more—the voice of the bustling stout lady who had warned us against buying tickets. She was still bustling.

"I have arranged all these seats outside here," we heard her say, triumphantly. "It is so stuffy within, and, besides, it wasn't necessary to buy tickets for the Working-Girls' Home. I'm taking up a little silver collection myself for the Nicodemus Waters Rest for Aged People, in Paterson, New Jersey. A silver collection," she added, "though we are accustomed to bills."

At the River House one waits on oneself. On the veranda stands a huge and efficient water-cooler covered with rustic bark. In one's bedroom reposes a white pitcher. There are no bell-boys coursing up and down the halls with clinking ice. You get your pitcher and fill it for yourself. Having had this plan explained to us, I proceeded later in the evening to put it into action. I ascended the stairs lightly to the second-story corridor and proceeded down the corridor to Room Nineteen. Much to my surprise the door was open, though we had left it closed. It was not locked, but that was natural—there were no keys in River House; nobody ever locked his door. The door stood open and I stood peering in. The room was black as pitch; not altogether so, however, for about its walls there played a disk of light—a disk that rested first upon the wall, then upon the table, and then upon the chairs.

I uttered an exclamation of surprise. Somebody within the room drew a quick breath; then there was darkness.

"I beg your pardon," I exclaimed. There was no audible response. In an instant, however, there was a quick, swishing movement, before which I fell back a pace or two in the dim hallway, and then there passed me in silent swiftness a spectral figure—the figure of a man clad in a long coat, a man with a slouched hat pulled well down over his eyes.

Without a glance to the right or to





"AND THAT IS THE TABLE. IT ANSWERS THE DESCRIPTION PERFECTLY"

the left, he swept with noiseless steps toward the stairs. I followed him. When I reached the stairs he had disappeared. I leaped down two steps at a time and hastened through the wide hallway. The screen door was still quivering when I reached it. I opened it swiftly and glanced about me. There he was, swinging still with silent footsteps toward the roadway. I dashed after him. A throbbing, coughing ullulation assailed my ears.

In the roadway, with a silent figure at its wheel, stood a waiting auto—a low racing-car. The man in the long coat swung silently aboard. The man at the wheel mumbled something. The man in the long coat nodded. I could just hear what he said.

"I saw it," he exclaimed, in low tones. "I'm glad I did. Now hit the trail."

They hit the trail and disappeared. I retraced my steps, lit the single oil-lamp that Room Nineteen boasted, and made a careful though somewhat shuddery examination. Our belongings were

untouched. Our mysterious visitor had left everything intact.

I said not a word to Amy, but I didn't sleep that night. The next morning I did sleep, however, and Amy, who is always ready, able, and willing to sleep when there is anybody around the premises to join her, was quite as somnolent as I.

Something wakened me—something or somebody at the door. It was daylight. I glanced at my watch. It was half-past ten. There was something like a knock and something like the brushing of a heavy body against the panels of the door. I sprang to my feet.

"Who's there?" I demanded, sharply. "Don't come in!"

With undisguised horror I gazed at the door. The door-knob turned and the door began to move.

"Don't come in!" I shouted.

Evidently, whoever was outside heard the last two words and not the first. The door opened slowly but firmly. Some one was entering. Clad in my purple



pajamas, I retired hastily to the seclusion of the sleeping-porch. From that point of vantage I peered panic-stricken into the room. Amy woke, turned her head, saw what was happening, and with a half-inaudible shriek crouched low underneath the covers. Only one telltale strand of wavy golden hair was visible. But the interlopers never saw it—for they were interlopers, three of them. Two of them were very intellectual-looking women, who wore spectacles. They were accompanied by a spare individual who boasted scholarly side whiskers and who wore huge, rubber-rimmed glasses. All were clad in motor-coats. They paused for a moment at the threshold and then entered boldly.

"This must be the room," said one of the women.

The gentleman seemed surprised. "It gives evidence of recent occupation," he remarked, inspecting casually some wearing apparel that had been carelessly flung across the chair—Amy's, I make bold to say.

One of the ladies pounced upon the chair and cast the apparel to the floor.

"This is the chair," she said.

"And that," added the other lady, "is the table. They answer the description perfectly."

There was a tone of reverence not un-mixed with awe in the voices of the three. The gentleman uttered a note of deeper triumph.

"This must be the room," he kept repeating. "Yes, yes; for here is his portrait, to be sure."

I understood it now. I felt it in my bones. I felt that Amy, silent, quivering, under the coverlet, could not understand, but I *knew*. These people were kneeling at a shrine. A great light broke upon me. I advanced jauntily into the bedroom.

"Ladies and gentlemen," I said, quite boldly, still in all the glory of my purple pajamas, "is there anything I can do for you? No trouble to show goods, but—"

The three surveyed me with some surprise, but with considerable insolence.

"Strange," they said, "that they should rent this room to guests."

I advanced upon them boldly. They turned leisurely, sweeping the apartment

with hungry eyes, and departed in dignity, still leisurely, through the door.

Amy sat up suffocated, outraged, trembling. "Who are these vandals?" she demanded.

"Haven't you got it?" I almost shouted. "Doesn't it sink in? Think."

Amy thought, but she couldn't solve the problem.

"It's the Stevenson room!" I yelled. "You've heard of it before—you've read of it in books. There's Robert Louis Stevenson—his portrait—up above the fireplace. Here's the chart of *Treasure Island* on the wall. There's the little table that he wrote at and the chair he sat in."

"Room Number Nineteen," mused Amy. She smiled in childish delight. "The Robert Louis Stevenson room. Think of it!" she exclaimed, rapturously, "and we are getting it for a dollar less a week. Why," she demanded, "do you suppose they let us have it for a dollar less a week?"

"Let us ask somebody," I suggested, grimly, with recent memories clinging to my inner consciousness. "Maybe we can find out."

"Did he write here?" queried Amy.

"He did," I answered—for R. L. S. is one of the strongest of my weaknesses; "he wrote a little—just the opening chapters of *Treasure Island*."

Amy shuddered and sobered. "He didn't die here?" she queried. She was thinking of the urchins on the night before.

"He was the fellow that died," I said, sobering too, "but he didn't die *here*. He *lived* here—that's enough for me."

We dressed swiftly and in silence. "No wonder they looked at us," said Amy. "Isn't it just fine!" She hummed a little song from the *Child's Garden of Verses*. Suddenly she stopped. "R. L. S.," she murmured, "isn't it funny, it rhymes with C. J. S."

"There's a wide difference," I muttered, "between Robert Louis Stevenson and your dadgasted Crazy Jane Society."

"Yes," she retorted, viciously, "the Crazy Jane Society is alive to-day."

She was dabbing the last few grains of powder on the tip end of her nose when the door was pushed open for the second



time. This time a dapper, talkative little man came first. He had what seemed to be a guide-book in his hand. Behind him stalked half a dozen people — tourists — personally conducted, it would seem.

"This way," said the dapper, dingy little man, as though he were speaking from a public platform, "is the well-known Stevenson room—the famous Room Nineteen in the River House at Inlet. He was here in 1882—he was in that very chair and wrote at that very table—"

One of the tourists, a prosperous-looking man with horny hands, sized up the room.

"He was a good car-builder, any-ways," he said.

A flashily dressed lady with a dull eye pressed forward. "Was he Vice-President," she demanded, "or did he only run?"

The last couple—the gang was composed of three wives and three husbands—glanced at the personal conductor with a superior air.

"Stevenson," vouchsafed the wife, "was a famous author. Didn't he write *Hide and Seek*?"

Amy snickered. "*Dr. Hide and Mr. Seek*," she said.

Then Amy pressed to the fore. Swiftly she dumped the cake of scented soap out of the soap-dish and wiped the latter out with one sweep of a bath-sponge.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Amy, "this is the famous Robert Louis Stevenson room. My husband here has prepared a wonderful, fascinating short talk upon his life and his connection with this suite. Heretofore admission to this room has been free. It is now, however, being devoted to a charity—a very famous charity—of Morristown, New Jersey"—her voice sank to a reverential whisper—"the Crazy Jane Society—of Morristown, New Jersey," she repeated. She passed around the soap-dish. "The proceeds go to that society. We are asking fifty cents apiece for admission to this room."

She collected three dollars from the three couples, and then bowed to the personal conductor. "You needn't pay," she said; "you're free."

I gave them three dollars' worth of

talk. When they had gone Amy and I stood hand in hand out on the sleeping-porch, looking down upon the scene below. An unnatural flush was upon Amy's cheek, an unwonted glitter in her eye. To her the scene below was an inspiring one.

Seated still in the center of the sward was Miss Anstruther, solitary and alone. Under a gnarled old apple-tree sat Signor, of world-wide fame, and his dejected young companion. Scattered about the grounds at intervals were little heaps of reed and raffia, each attached to a female human being. Amy clicked her teeth. She waved her soap-dish in the air.

"I've got them beat!" she exclaimed, triumphantly. "This Robert Louis Stevenson graft has got them trimmed to death!"

Amy clasped my fingers firmly. There's something hypnotic about Amy. Almost immediately I felt live little thrills running up and down my arm. A genial glow suffused me. Enthusiasm crept insidiously into my veins. I drew Amy back into Room Nineteen. I lifted her up and sat her on the little mahogany table. I seated myself in the little mahogany chair. Together we glanced toward the counterfeit presentment of Robert Louis Stevenson. Suddenly I surrendered.

"Amy," I said, "come, let us reason together."

We went below. Singularly enough, Signor, the great blind violinist, was once more coming toward us, prodding the porch with his cane. I caught Amy by the hand.

"Look," I said, quite literally, "the tap-tapping of the blind man's stick upon the frozen road."

The blind man heard me. He heard everything, it seemed.

"Ah, yes," he said, "it was like this." He reversed his cane, drew off the rubber tip, and tap-tapped sharply, fiercely, upon the floor of the veranda. "It was like that—that blind man's stick," he said. "Never, never," he went on, "though I am blind myself, have I ever felt such terror as when I read those words. Ah," he continued, "we shall sit down, we three, and talk—talk about heem—of Room Nineteen."



Amy's eyes glowed. "Signor," she exclaimed, "were you here in 1882?"

"I haf been here for one week in my whole life," returned Signor. "I haf been here now dis week—and that iss all."

"Come, Signor," I said, "let us reason together."

We reasoned together, to such an extent that Signor chuckled over and over again.

"Ah," he exclaimed, at length, "Robert Louis Stevenson—he was great artist; I also am great artist"—he pinched Amy's arm—"but you," he added, "are great artiste, too. Come," he exclaimed, enthusiastically, "we will sail in my sail-boat." He held us firmly each by the hand. He turned from one to the other of us. "Ah, what is so beautiful, so graceful," he exclaimed, "as ze wide sweep of ze sails of a boat before ze wind."

We sailed up the river in the Signor's sail-boat. The Signor's fresh-faced companion and myself did the sailing.

"Over here," said the Signor, "is the beautiful island called Bird Island, because, you see, she has so many snakes."

I didn't answer him. I was in the grip

of a wonderful idea. I leaned over and whispered to Amy. She nodded darkly and glanced meaningly into my eyes.

When we got back to River House I hired a motor-boat. She was a mongrel kind of an affair; she was, in fact, nothing more than a bateau—flat-bottomed, and with a second-hand two-cylinder engine installed in her. But she suited my purpose to a T. Her name was *Foxy*, but I fixed all that. By permission of the owner I painted out the *Foxy* and painted in two other words—these words were *Crazy Jane*.

That night we couldn't sleep. We rose early the next morn.

"A fine day for crime," I said to Amy.

I leaped into my clothes and went below. The *Crazy Jane* was tossing fitfully about upon a rising tide. She was moored to the ramshackle little dock.

There was a man upon that dock—a man who peered at intervals into the *Crazy Jane*. At first I didn't recognize him. Then he saw me, drew himself to his full height, and waved his crutch in air. He passed his flask of rum to me.

"It 'll fetch the sunburn off you," he remarked.



"I WANT TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS, AND I WANT IT NOW"



I declined the early morning draft. Rebuffed, he restored the flask to his pocket and started to hobble away. As he did so, the Idea—the great Idea—smote me with overwhelming force. I strode after him.

"May I ask your name?" I queried.

"You may," he returned. Then he became silent.

"I do," I finally remarked. "What is your name?"

"None of your business," he retorted. That was satisfactory to me. I selected from my wallet a two-dollar bill and slipped it to him. He sidled up to me like a brother.

"What I meant to ask," I went on, "was this: Can you sing?"

"Can I eat? Do I drink? Can I breathe?" he demanded.

"I've got a new one," I suggested. "Let's try it on."

We tried it on. "I like it fine," he said; "it's a good song—a neat song, that."

I went back to Amy. We breakfasted early. We were ready for them when they came. And they came—there is no question about that. There was an educators' conference on at Asbury Park, and between hours the educators directed their steps toward Room Number Nineteen at River House.

We had the first batch at ten o'clock. There were seven of them. Amy did her part with the soap-dish and then turned to me.

"My husband," she crooned, "is an expert on R. L. S. If there's anything you wish to know—"

"Ladies and gentlemen," I said, "you will understand that I am doing this purely and simply for the Crazy Jane Society of Morristown." I lowered my voice. "It is not generally known," I went on, "that Stevenson obtained his idea of *Treasure Island* from an island in this immediate vicinity—" I paused. There was a gasp of interest. I was right. It was not generally known—in fact, it wasn't known at all. "Ladies and gentlemen," I went on, "that island lies within a short half-hour's motor-boat ride. The *Crazy Jane* is at your command. This trip I call the Treasure Island trip. Round trip, one dollar. You will find it interesting."

They found it interesting. They all accepted. I think it was Amy's hypnotic eye that did it. We went below. As we emerged, all of us, on the veranda, a peculiar sound assailed our ears—a persistent sound. A distinguished-looking individual was stalking up and down the porch, his cane in hand.

"The man is blind," said some one.

I held up my hand. "*The tap-tapping of the blind man's stick upon the frozen road*," I said. The educators pricked up their ears. Signor approached.

"Ah," he said, glibly, for he was as clever a criminal as Amy, "I haf been here in that winter—long, so long ago—in this year 1882, and I haf tapped my stick, so—on this frozen road"—he glanced upward toward Room Nineteen—"and some one—he haf hear me—"

He was not allowed to finish. For the next fifteen minutes all he had to do was to answer questions. He knew how to answer them—he was a better man than I. He knew his R. L. S. like a book.

"*He's worth the price alone*," I heard one of the educators say, as we started toward the *Crazy Jane*. The *Crazy Jane* was there. So was somebody else—a red-faced, odorous individual, who sat, so to speak, in her stern-sheets. He behaved himself, however. He kept to himself. He steered a straight course for Bird Island. I knew Bird Island was going to be a disappointment, but I was ready for that. No sooner had we run the nozzle of the *Crazy Jane* against the bank than the odorous individual in the stern became instantly active. With the dexterous use of his crutch and his one leg, he clambered over that crowd of educators—much to their discomfort—and hopped ashore and made her fast. Then he stood looking at us. He took out a pint flask from his pocket and took a long swig. The educators rose as one man.

"Long John Silver!" they exclaimed.

The one-legged man turned about and scanned the shore. Then there was a rumble—and then he sang:

Fifteen men on the dead man's chest,

Yo ho, ho, and a bottle of rum.

Drink and the devil had done for the rest,

Yo ho, ho, and a bottle of rum.



I had hit it right. The island was a dead thing—there wasn't even a snake to be seen. But Long John—he held 'em. He reveled in it.

"Ah," he told them, his eyes glowing with rum, "I were here in 1882." Which undoubtedly was true. "And blast your eyes, yes," he growled, "I were a pirate—a Barnegat Bay pirate, I were, and I done my bit of turn for it in Atlanta prison, rest your soul." He took out a wicked-looking knife—one of my providing—and cut a piece of plug tobacco. He expectorated genially, liberally. "Yes, blast your eyes!" he said.

The conference of educators lasted for a week. The seven educators were like a little leaven that leaveneth the whole. Educators poured in upon us. Our performance was continuous. At the end of the week, Signor, Long John Silver, and myself were ready to drop with fatigue. But Amy's eyes were still bright.

"Wait till I teach 'em raffia and reed," she said. "Signor, wait till *we* have *our* recital."

"Ah," smiled Signor, diabolically, for he loved the game, "you are ze great artiste—almost like myself—almost like ze great R. L. S."

Amy blushed. But Amy was on the job. "Excuse me just a moment," she exclaimed. She had sighted something out of the corner of her eye. She darted off. A big sixty-horse-power car had just pulled up at the corner of the porch. Amy halted at a discreet distance. Signor and I joined her.

"Listen," said Amy, in insistent tones, "this is Dusenberry—Dusenberry, don't you understand? The millionaire. I know his wife. She's with him. Last year," hissed Amy, "he gave a thousand dollars to the Young Women's Christian Association. He wouldn't give a cent to us." She paused. She glanced at me with terrible meaning in her glance. "Are you game?" she queried.

"So sure we are," smiled Signor.

"To the death," I added.

"I'll personally conduct *this* tour," said Amy. Fortunately, her seed fell upon good ground. Dusenberry and his wife attended literary clubs, and he knew his Stevenson a bit. He was interested. He drank in the room in its every detail.

He listened greedily to Signor's plausible lies.

"Now for the *Crazy Jane*," he said, admiringly.

"We'll take you *to* the island for a dollar," explained Amy, taking charge. We chug-chugged away—Dusenberry and his wife, Amy, Signor, Long John and myself. We reached the island. Long John leaped out, according to programme. He sang his song. He drank his rum. He did his part. This time, with the chart of Treasure Island taken from the wall of Room Nineteen, we explored Bird Island with the care of pioneers. I worked like a beaver. I picked out Spyglass Hill and the block-house—and Dusenberry listened. Suddenly the day began to darken. A fine misty rain began to fall.

"We'd better get back," said Dusenberry. I was alone with them at the time. "Just one moment," I exclaimed. "Mrs. Dusenberry, will you come with me? Just a moment, Mr. Dusenberry."

Mrs. Dusenberry accompanied me obediently. Dusenberry remained standing where I left him. With his wife I strode down to the boat. Amy, Signor, Long John, were already seated in her. I helped Dusenberry's wife to board her—then I pushed off, and leaped into the bow.

Long John tugged at the fly-wheel—in another instant we had the engine going.

"But—Mr. Dusenberry!" exclaimed the millionaire's wife.

I tossed a glance toward Amy. "It's in your hands," I said. Long John put her hard apart and we started off for home. We were interrupted by a shout. Dusenberry was standing on the shore, yelling for dear life.

"Hi—hi!" he yelled, "you're leaving me behind!"

"Have you just discovered that fact?" asked Amy, sweetly.

"I want to get back," said Dusenberry.

"What's that to us?" demanded Amy.

"You've got to take me back."

"We've got to—what?" said Amy.

"Take me back."

"On what compulsion have we?" returned Amy.

"You brought me here," said the marooned one.



"We brought you here, and you paid for being brought," said Amy, "so there's an end."

Dusenberry, without thinking, took this up. "I paid you for the trip."

Amy stared at him. By this time it was beginning to drizzle in dead earnest.

"I said," she answered, firmly, "that I would take you to the island for one dollar. I kept my bargain."

All this time Mrs. Dusenberry had sat heaped up in the bow, dully wondering whether we had all gone crazy. Suddenly she realized that Amy meant business.

"But," she pleaded, "really, this joke has gone far enough. Mr. Dusenberry has rheumatism dreadfully—and—there's no other boat in sight. Please, please go back."

Amy signed and John circled back. "Oh," called out Amy, "are you still there?" Dusenberry was speechless with rage.

"Quit your confounded fooling," he bellowed, "and come back."

Amy rose in the *Crazy Jane*, and held out her hand. "Mr. Dusenberry," she said, "last year you gave one thousand dollars to the Young Women's Christian Association—and not a dollar to the Crazy Jane Society. You were insolent when I asked you for a paltry hundred dollars. Now I've got you where I want you. I brought you here. You paid me. Our relations are at an end. John, start the engine." John started it. "Head her the other way." John obeyed. "Mr. Dusenberry," continued Amy, "I want a contribution out of you for the Crazy Jane Society."

"Where are you going now?" bawled Dusenberry.

Amy smiled. "You're staying ten miles up the river, Mr. Dusenberry," said Amy. "We're going to take Mrs. Dusenberry up there now. So nobody can say that we are kidnapping her. You see, if we go back to River House, she may start out some relief. She's safer home."

"It'll take you all hours to get back," cried Dusenberry. He weakened. "How much do you want?" he asked.

"I want two thousand dollars, and I want it now," said Amy.

She sat down, and we kept on chug-

chugging toward Point Comfort, Dusenberry's camp, 'way up the river.

Mrs. Dusenberry almost wept. "Ichabod!" she cried.

"All right, hang you!" bellowed Dusenberry. "I'll give you what you want."

"Have you got your check-book there?" asked Amy.

"Yes."

"Write a check," said Amy, "and tie it to the boat-hook when Long John hands it out."

Dusenberry wrote the check. He tied it with his handkerchief to the end of the boat-hook, and John drew it in.

Amy looked at it, read it carefully, and tucked it away in some mysterious place.

"Mr. Dusenberry," she said, genially, "this was a long shot. But let me warn you. If you ever try to prosecute me—or any of us—or if you stop payment on this check—remember this: I'm an ace-high tattle-tale. Thwart me, and this story will be all over Morristown—to say nothing of New York—within a week."

It was no fault of mine that I heard what Mrs. Yawger said. I was sitting in a corner of the cozy little office when Mrs. Yawger entered. The landlady sat behind a little counter.

Mrs. Yawger leaned over this little counter. "I should like," she said in low, tense tones, "to engage the Suite Nineteen for August of next year."

The landlady nodded. "It's yours unless somebody's ahead of you, my dear. I'll look and see."

Inwardly I fumed. Why had not I asked for a renewal?

The landlady turned over the leaves of her old-fashioned ledger. "Gone—for the summer," she exclaimed.

"Who to?" queried Mrs. Yawger.

The old lady adjusted her glasses. "To the Crazy Jane Society of Morristown, my dear," she said.

I leaned back in my seat, chuckling inwardly. You couldn't hold in Amy.

Mrs. Yawger gritted her teeth. "That woman!" she exclaimed. "I hope you charge her a good round price for it, I do."

The old lady beamed on her. "Suite Number Nineteen has become the highest-priced suite in River House. By its fruits, my dear, ye shall know it."



# The Price of Love

## A NOVEL

BY ARNOLD BENNETT

### CHAPTER VII—*Continued*



INSTEAD of turning down Friendly Street, they kept straight along the lane till, becoming suddenly urban, it led them across tram-lines and Turnhill Road, and so through a gulf or inlet of the Market-place behind the Shambles, the Police Office, and the Town Hall, into the Market-place itself, which in these latter years was recovering a little of the commercial prestige snatched from it half a century earlier by St. Luke's Square. Rats now marauded in the empty shops of St. Luke's Square, while the Market-place glittered with custom, and the electric decoy of its façades lit up strangely the lower walls of the black and monstrous Town Hall.

Innumerable organized activities were going forward at that moment in the serried buildings of the endless confused streets that stretched up hill and down dale from one end of the Five Towns to the other—theaters, Empire music-halls, Hippodrome music-halls, picture palaces in dozens, concerts, sing-songs, spiritualistic propaganda, democratic propaganda, skating-rinks; Wild West Exhibitions, Dutch auctions, and the private séances in dubious quarters of "psychologists," "clairvoyants," "scientific palmists," and other rascals who sold a foreknowledge of the future for eighteenpence or even a shilling. Viewed under certain aspects, it seemed indeed that the Five Towns, in the week-end desertion of its sordid factories, was reaching out after the higher life, the subtler life, the more elegant life of greater communities; but the little crowds and the little shops of Bursley Market-place were nevertheless a proof that a tolerable number of people were

still mainly interested in the primitive elemental enterprise of keeping stomachs filled and skins warm, and had no thought beyond it. In Bursley Market-place the week's labor was being translated into food and drink and clothing by experts who could distinguish infallibly between elevenpence halfpenny and a shilling. Rachel was such an expert. She forced her thoughts down to the familiar, sane, safe subject of shopping, though to-night her errands were of the simplest description, requiring no brains. But she could not hold her thoughts. A voice was continually whispering to her—not Louis Fores' voice, but a voice within herself that she had never clearly heard before. Alternately she scorned it and trembled at it.

She stopped in front of the huge window of Wason's Provision Emporium.

"Is this the first house of call?" asked Louis, airily, swinging the reticule and his stick together.

"Well—" she hesitated. "Mrs. Tams told me they were selling Singapore pineapple at sevenpence halfpenny. Mrs. Maldon fancies pineapple. I've known her fancy a bit of pineapple when she wouldn't touch anything else. . . . Yes, there it is!"

In fact, the whole of the upper half of Wason's window was yellow with tins of preserved pineapple. And great tickets said: "Delicious chunks, 7½d per large tin. Chunks, 6½d per large tin."

Customers in ones and twos kept entering and leaving the shop. Rachel moved on toward the door, which was at the corner of the Cock Yard, and looked within. The long double counters were being assailed by a surging multitude who fought for the attention of prestidigitatory salesmen.

"Hm!" murmured Rachel, "That may be all very well for Mrs. Tams . . ."

A moment later she said:



"It's always like that with Wason's shops for the first week or two!"

And her faintly sarcastic tone of a shrewd housewife immediately set Wason in his place—Wason with his two hundred and sixty-five shops, and his racing-cars, and his visits to kings and princes. Wason had emporia all over the kingdom, and in particular at Knype, Hanbridge, and Longshaw. And now he had penetrated to Bursley, sleepiest of the Five. His method was to storm a place by means of electricity, full-page advertisements in newspapers, the power of his mere name, and a leading line or so. At Bursley his leading line was apparently "Singapore Delicious Chunks at  $7\frac{1}{2}d$  per large tin." Rachel knew Wason; she had known him at Knype. And she was well aware that his specialty was the second-rate. She despised him. She despised that multitude of simpletons who, full of the ancient illusion that somewhere something can regularly be had for nothing, imagined that Wason's bacon and cheese were cheap because he sold preserved pineapple at a penny less than anybody else in the town. And she despised the roaring vulgar success of advertising and electricity. She had in her some tincture of the old nineteenth century, which loved the decency of small, quiet things. And in the prim sanity of her judgment upon Wason she forgot for a few instants that she was in a dream, and that the streets and the whole town appeared strange and troubling to her, and that she scarcely knew what she was doing, and that the most seductive and enchanting of created men was at her side and very content to be at her side. And also the voice within her was hushed.

She said:

"I don't see the fun of having the clothes torn off my back to save a penny. I think I shall go to Malkin's. I'll get some cocoa there, too. Mrs. Tams simply lives for cocoa."

And Louis archly answered:

"I've always wondered what Mrs. Tams reminds me of. Now I know. She's exactly like a cocoa-tin dented in the middle."

She laughed with pleasure, not because she considered the remark in the least witty, but because it was so char-

acteristic of Louis Fores. She wished humbly that she could say things just like that, and with caution she glanced up at him.

They went into Ted Malkin's sober shop, where there was a nice handful of customers, in despite of Wason only five doors away. And no sooner had Rachel got inside than she was in the dream again, and the voice resumed its monotonous phrase, and she blushed. The swift change took her by surprise and frightened her. She was not in Bursley, but in some forbidden city without a name, pursuing some adventure at once shameful and delicious. A distinct fear seized her. Her self-consciousness was intense.

And there was young Ted Malkin in his starched white shirt-sleeves and white apron and black waistcoat and tie, among his cheeses and flitches, every one of which he had personally selected and judged, weighing a piece of cheddar in his honorable copper-and-brass scales. He was attending to two little girls. He nodded with calm benevolence to Rachel and then to Louis Fores. It is true that he lifted his eyebrows—a habit of his—at sight of Fores, but he did so in a quite simple, friendly, and justifiable manner, with no insinuations.

"In one moment, Miss Fleckring," said he.

And as he rapidly tied up the parcel of cheese and snapped off the stout string with a skilled jerk of the hand, he demanded, calmly:

"How's Mrs. Maldon to-night?"

"Much better," said Rachel, "thank you."

And Louis Fores joined easily in:

"You may say, very much better."

"That's rare good news! Rare good news!" said Malkin. "I hear you had an anxious night of it. . . . Go across and pay at the other counter, my dears." Then he called out loudly: "One and seven, please."

The little girls tripped importantly away.

"Yes, indeed," Rachel agreed. The tale of the illness then was spread over the town! She was glad, and her self-consciousness somehow decreased. She now fully understood the wisdom of Mrs. Maldon in refusing to let the police be



informed of the disappearance of the money. What a fever in the shops of Bursley—even in the quiet shop of Ted Malkin—if the full story got abroad!

"And what is it to be to-night, Miss Fleckring? These aren't quite your hours, are they? But I suppose you've been very upset."

"Oh," said Rachel, "I only want a large tin of Singapore Delicious Chunks, please."

But if she had announced her intention of spending a thousand pounds in Ted Malkin's shop she would not have better pleased him. He beamed. He desired the whole shop to hear that order, for it was the vindication of honest, modest trading—of his father's methods and his own. His father, himself, and about a couple of other tradesmen had steadily fought the fight of the Market-place against St. Luke's Square in the day of its glory, and more recently against the powerfully magnetic large shops at Hanbridge, and they had not been defeated. As for Ted Malkin, he was now beyond doubt the "best" provision-dealer and grocer in the town, and had drawn ahead even of "Holl's" (as it was still called), the one good historic shop left in Luke's Square. The onslaught of Wason had alarmed him, though he had pretended to ignore it. But he was delectably reassured by this heavenly incident of the representative of one of his most distinguished customers coming into the shop and deliberately choosing to buy preserved pineapple from him at  $8\frac{1}{2}d$  when it could be got thirty yards away for  $7\frac{1}{2}d$ . Rachel read his thoughts plainly. She knew well enough that she had done rather a fine thing, and her demeanor showed it. Ted Malkin enveloped the tin in suitable paper.

"Sure there's nothing else?"

"Not at this counter."

He gave her the tin, smiled, and, as he turned to the next waiting customer, called out:

"Singapore Delicious, eight and a half pence."

It was rather a poor affair, that tin—a declension from the great days of Mrs. Maldon's married life, when she spent freely, knowing naught of her husband's income except that it was large and

elastic. In those days she would buy a real pineapple, entire, once every three weeks or so, costing five, six, seven, or eight shillings—a gorgeous and spectacular fruit. Now she might have pineapple every day if she chose, but it was not quite the same pineapple. She affected to like it, she did like it, but the difference between the old pineapple and the new was the saddening difference, for Mrs. Maldon's secret heart, between the great days and the paltry, facile convenience of the twentieth century.

It was to his aunt, who presided over the opposite side of the shop, including the cash-desk, that Ted Malkin proclaimed in a loud voice the amounts of purchases on his own side. Miss Malkin was a virgin of fifty-eight years' standing, with definite and unchangeable ideas on every subject on earth or in heaven except her own age. As Rachel, followed by Louis Fores, crossed the shop, Miss Malkin looked at them and closed her lips and lowered her eyelids, and the upper part of her body seemed to curve slightly, with the sinuosity of a serpent—a strange, significant movement, sometimes ill described as "bridling."

The total effect was as though Miss Malkin had suddenly clicked the shutters down on all the windows of her soul and was spying at Rachel and Louis Fores through a tiny concealed orifice in the region of her eye. It was nothing to Miss Malkin that Rachel on that night of all nights had come in to buy Singapore Delicious Chunks at  $8\frac{1}{2}d$ . It was nothing to her that Mrs. Maldon had had "an attack." Miss Malkin merely saw Rachel and Fores gadding about the town together of a Saturday night while Mrs. Maldon was ill in bed. And she regarded Ted's benevolence as the benevolence of a simpleton. Between Miss Malkin's taciturnity and the voice within her Rachel had a terrible three minutes. She was "sneaped"; which fortunately made her red hair angry, so that she could keep some of her dignity. Louis Fores seemed to be quite unconscious that a fearful scene was enacting between Miss Malkin and Rachel, and he blandly insisted on taking the pineapple-tin and the cocoa-tin and



slipping them into the reticule, as though he had been shopping with Rachel all his life and there was a perfect understanding between them. The moral effect was very bad. Rachel blushed again.

When she emerged from the shop she had the illusion of being breathless, and in the midst of a terrific adventure the end of which none could foresee. She was furious against Miss Malkin and against herself. Yet she indignantly justified herself. Was not Louis Fores Mrs. Maldon's nephew, and were not he and she doing the best thing they could together under the difficult circumstances of the old lady's illness? If she was not to co-operate with the old lady's sole relative in Bursley, with whom was she to co-operate? In vain such justifications! . . . She murderously hated Miss Malkin. She said to herself, without meaning it, that no power should induce her ever to enter the shop again.

And she thought: "I can't possibly go into another shop to-night! I can't possibly do it! And yet I must. Why am I such a silly baby?"

As they walked slowly along the pavement she was in the wild dream anew, and Louis Fores was her only hope and reliance. She clung to him, though not with her arm. She seemed to know him very intimately, and still he was more enigmatic to her than ever he had been.

As for Louis, beneath his tranquil mien of a man of experience and infinite tact, he was undergoing the most extraordinary and delightful sensations, keener even than those which had thrilled him in Rachel's kitchen on the previous evening. The social snob in him had somehow suddenly expired, and he felt intensely the strange charm of going shopping of a Saturday night with a young woman, and making a little purchase here and a little purchase there, and thinking about halfpennies. And in his fancy he built a small house to which he and Rachel would shortly return, and all the brilliant diversions of bachelordom seemed tame and tedious compared to the wondrous existence of this small house.

"Now I have to go to Heath's the butcher's," said Rachel, determined at all costs to be a woman and not a silly baby. After that plain announcement

her cowardice would have no chance to invent an excuse for not going into another shop.

But she added:

"And that 'll be all."

"I know Master Bob Heath. Known him a long time," said Louis Fores, with amusement in his voice, as though to imply that he could relate strange and titillating matters about Heath if he chose, and indeed that he was a mine of secret lore concerning the citizens.

The fact was that he had traveled once to Woore races with the talkative Heath, and that Heath had introduced him to his brother Stanny Heath, a local bookmaker of some reputation, from whom Louis had won five pounds ten during the felicitous day. Ever afterward Bob Heath had effusively saluted Louis on every possible occasion, and had indeed once stopped him in the street and said: "My brother treated you all right, didn't he? Stanny's a true sport." And Louis had to be effusive also. It would never do to be cold to a man from whose brother you had won—and received—five pounds ten on a race-course.

So that when Louis followed Rachel into Heath's shop at the top of Duck Bank the fat and happy Heath gave him a greeting in which astonishment and warm regard were mingled. The shop was empty of customers, and also it contained little meat, for Heath's was not exactly a Saturday-night trade. Bob Heath, clothed from head to foot in slightly blood-stained white, stood behind one hacked counter, and Mrs. Heath, similarly attired, and rather stouter, stood behind the other; and each possessed a long steel which hung from an ample loose girdle.

Heath, a man of forty, had a salute somewhat military in gesture, though conceived in a softer, more accommodating spirit. He raised his chubby hand to his forehead, but all the muscles of it were lax and the fingers loosely curved; at the same time he drew back his left foot and kicked up the heel a few inches. Louis amiably responded. Rachel went direct to Mrs. Heath, a woman of forty-five. She had never before seen Heath in the shop.

"Doing much with the gees lately,



Mr. Fores?" Heath inquired in a cheerful, discreet tone.

"Not me!"

"Well, I can't say I've had much luck myself, sir."

The conversation was begun in proper form. Through it Louis could hear Rachel buying a cutlet, and then another cutlet, from Mrs. Heath, and protesting that fivepence was a good price and all she desired to pay even for the finest cutlet in the shop. And then Rachel asked about sweetbreads. Heath's voice grew more and more confidential, and at length, after a brief pause, he whispered:

"Ye're not married are ye, sir?" Excuse the liberty."

It was a whisper, but one of those terrible miscalculated whispers that can be heard for miles around, like the call of the cuckoo. Plainly Heath was not aware of the identity of Rachel Fleckring. And in his world, which was by no means the world of his shop and his wife, it was incredible that a man should run round shopping with a woman on a Saturday night unless he was a husband on unescapable duty.

Louis shook his head.

Mrs. Heath called out in severe accents which were a reproof and a warning: "Got a sweetbread, Robert? It's for Mrs. Maldon."

The clumsy fool understood that he had blundered.

He had no sweetbread—not even for Mrs. Maldon. The cutlets were wrapped in newspaper, and Louis rather self-consciously opened the maw of the reticule for them.

"No offense, I hope, sir," said Heath as the pair left the shop, thus aggravating his blunder. Louis and Rachel crossed Duck Bank in constrained silence. Rachel was scarlet. The new cinema next to the new Congregational chapel blazed in front of them.

"Wouldn't care to look in here, I suppose, would you?" Louis imperturbably suggested.

Rachel did not reply.

"Only for a quarter of an hour or so," said Louis.

Rachel did not venture to glance up at him. She was so agitated that she could scarcely speak.

"I don't think so," she muttered.

"Why not?" he exquisitely pleaded. "It will do you good."

She raised her head and saw the expression of his face, so charming, so provocative, so persuasive. The voice within her was insistent, but she would not listen to it. Nobody had ever looked at her as Louis was looking at her then. The streets, the town, faded. She thought: "Whatever happens, I cannot withstand that face." She was feverishly happy, and at the same time ravaged by both pain and fear. She became a fatalist. And she abandoned the pretense that she was not the slave of that face. Her eyes grew candidly acquiescent, as if she were murmuring to him, "I am defenceless against you."

It was not surprising that Rachel, who never in her life had beheld at close quarters any of the phenomena of luxury, should blink her ingenuous eyes at the blinding splendor of the antechambers of the Imperial Cinema de Luxe. Eyes less ingenuous than hers had blinked before that prodigious dazzlement. Even Louis, a man of vast experience and sublime imperturbability, visiting the Imperial on its opening night, had allowed the significant words to escape him: "Well, I'm blest!"—proof enough of the triumph of the Imperial!

The Imperial had set out to be the most gorgeous cinema in the Five Towns; and it simply was. Its advertisements read: "There is always room at the top." There was. Over the ceiling of its foyer enormous crimson peonies expanded like tropic blooms, and the heart of each peony was a sixteen-candle-power electric lamp. No other two cinemas in the Five Towns, it was reported, consumed together as much current as the Imperial de Luxe; and nobody could deny that the degree of excellence of a cinema is finally settled by its consumption of electricity.

Rachel now understood better the symbolic meaning of the glare in the sky caused at night by the determination of the Imperial to make itself known. She had been brought up to believe that, gas being dear, no opportunity should be lost of turning a jet down, and that electricity was so dear as to be incon-



ceivable in any house not inhabited by crass spendthrift folly. She now saw electricity scattered about as though it were as cheap as salt. She saw written in electric fire across the inner entrance the beautiful sentiment: "Our aim is to please you." The "you" had two lines of fire under it. She saw, also, the polite nod of the official, dressed not less glitteringly than an Admiral of the Fleet in full uniform, whose sole duty in life was to welcome and reassure the visitor. All this in Bursley, which even by Knype was deemed an out-of-the-world spot and home of sordid decay! In Hanbridge she would have been less surprised to discover such marvels, because the flaunting modernity of Hanbridge was notorious. And her astonishment would have been milder had she had the habit of going out at night. Like all those who never went out at night, she had quite failed to keep pace with the advancing stride of the Five Towns on the great road of civilization.

More impressive still than the extreme radiance about her was the easy and superb gesture of Louis as, swinging the reticule containing pineapple, cocoa, and cutlets, he slid his hand into his pocket and drew therefrom a coin and smacked it on the wooden ledge of the ticket window—gesture of a man to whom money was naught provided he got the best of everything. "Two!" he repeated, with slight impatience, bending down so as to see the young woman in white who sat in another world behind gilt bars. He was paying for Rachel! Exquisite experience for the daughter and sister of Fleckrings! Experience unique in her career! And it seemed so right and yet so wondrous that he should pay for her! . . . He picked up the change, and without a glance at them dropped the coins into his pocket. It was a glorious thing to be a man! But was it not even more glorious to be a girl and the object of his princely care? . . . They passed a heavy draped curtain, on which was a large card: "Tea Room," and there seemed to be celestial social possibilities behind that curtain, though indeed it bore another and smaller card: "Closed after six o'clock"—the result of excessive caution on the part of a kill-joy Town Council.

A boy in the likeness of a midshipman took halves of the curving tickets and dropped them into a tin box, and then next Rachel was in a sudden black darkness, studded here and there with minute glowing rubies that revealed the legend: "Exit. Exit. Exit."

Row after row of dim, pale, intent faces became gradually visible, stretching far back into complete obscurity; thousands, tens of thousands of faces, it seemed—for the Imperial de Luxe was demonstrating that Saturday night its claim to be "the fashionable rage of Bursley." Then mysterious laughter rippled in the gloom, and loud guffaws shot up out of the rippling. Rachel saw nothing whatever to originate this mirth until an attendant in black with a tiny white apron loomed upon them out of the darkness and, beckoning them forward, bent down and indicated two empty places at the end of a row, and the great, white scintillating screen of the cinema came into view. Instead of being at the extremity, it was at the beginning of the auditorium. And as Rachel took her seat she saw on the screen—which was scarcely a dozen feet away—a man kneeling at the end of a canal-lock, and sucking up the water of the canal through a hose-pipe; and this astoundingly thirsty man drank with such rapidity that the water, with huge boats floating on it, subsided at the rate of about a foot a second, and the drinker waxed enormously in girth. The laughter grew uproarious. Rachel herself gave a quick, uncontrolled, joyous laugh, and it was as if the laugh had been drawn out of her violently, unawares. Louis Fores also laughed very heartily.

"Cute idea, that!" he whispered.

When the film was cut off Rachel wanted to take back her laugh. She felt a little ashamed of having laughed at anything so silly.

"How absurd!" she murmured, trying to be serious.

Nevertheless she was in bliss. She surrendered herself to the joy of life, as to a new sensation. She was intoxicated, ravished, bewildered, and quite careless. Perhaps for the first time in her adult existence she lived, without reserve or preoccupation, completely in and for the moment. Moreover, the



heartly laughter of Louis Fores helped to restore her dignity. If the spectacle was good enough for him, with all his knowledge of the world, to laugh at, she need not blush for its effect on herself. And in another ten seconds, when the swollen man staggering along a wide thoroughfare was run down by an automobile and squashed flat while streams of water inundated the roadway, she burst again into free laughter, and then looked round at Louis, who at the same instant looked round at her, and they exchanged an intimate smiling glance; it seemed to Rachel that they were alone and solitary in the crowded interior, and that they shared exactly the same tastes and emotions and comprehended one another profoundly and utterly; her confidence in him, at that instant, was absolute, and enchanting to her. Half a minute later the emaciated man was in a room and being ecstatically kissed by a most beautiful and sweetly shameless girl in a striped shirt-waist; it was a very small room, and the furniture was close upon the couple, giving the scene an air of delightful privacy. And then the scene was blotted out and gay music rose lilting from some unseen cave in front of the screen.

Rachel was rapturously happy. Gazing along the dim rows she descried many young couples, without recognizing anybody at all, and most of these couples were absorbed in each other, and some of the girls seemed so elegant and alluring in the dusk of the theater, and some of the men so fine in their manliness! And the ruby-studded gloom protected them all, including Rachel and Louis, from the audience at large.

The screen glowed again. And as it did so Louis gave a start.

"By Jove!" he said, "I've left my stick somewhere. It must have been at Heath's. Yes, it was. I put it on the counter while I opened this net-thing. Don't you remember? You were taking some money out of your purse." Louis had a very distinct vision of his Rachel's agreeable gloved fingers primly unfastening the purse and choosing a shilling from it.

"How annoying!" murmured Rachel, feelingly.

"I wouldn't lose that stick for a five-

pound note." (He had a marvelous way of saying "five-pound note.") "Would you mind very much if I just slip over and get it, before he shuts? It's only across the road, you know."

There was something in the politeness of the phrase "mind *very much*" that was irresistible to Rachel. It caused her to imagine splendid drawing-rooms far beyond her modest level, and the superlative deportment therein of the well-born.

"Not at all!" she replied, with her best affability. "But will they let you come in again without paying?"

"Oh, I'll risk that," he whispered, smiling superiorly.

Then he went, leaving the reticule, and she was alone.

She rearranged the reticule on the seat by her side. The reticule being already perfectly secure, there was no need for her to touch it, but some nervous movement was necessary to her. Yet she was less self-conscious than she had been with Louis at her elbow. She felt, however, a very slight sense of peril—of the unreality of the plush fauteuil on which she sat, and those rows of vaguely discerned faces to her right; and of the reality of distant phenomena such as Mrs. Maldon in bed. Notwithstanding her strange and ecstatic experiences with Louis Fores that night in the dark, romantic town, the problem of the lost money remained, or ought to have remained, as disturbing as ever. To ignore it was not to destroy it. She sat rather tight in her place, increasing her primness, and trying to show by her carriage that she was an adult in full control of all her wise faculties. She set her lips to judge the film with the cold impartiality of middle-age, but they persisted in being the fresh, responsive, mobile lips of a young girl. They were saying noiselessly: "He will be back in a moment. And he will find me sitting here just as he left me. When I hear him coming I sha'n't turn my head to look. It will be better not."

The film showed a forest with a wooden house in the middle of it. Out of this house came a most adorable young woman, and leapt on to a glossy horse and galloped at a terrific rate, plunging down ravines, and then trotting



fast over the crests of clearings. She came to a man who was boiling a kettle over a camp-fire, and slipped lithely from the horse, and the man, with a start of surprise, seized her pretty waist and kissed her passionately, in the midst of the immense forest whose every leaf was moving. And she returned his kiss without restraint. For they were betrothed. And Rachel imagined the free life of distant forests, where love was, and where slim girls rode mettlesome horses more easily than the girls of the Five Towns rode bicycles. She could not even ride a bicycle, had never had the opportunity to learn. The vision of emotional pleasures that in her narrow existence she had not dreamt of filled her with mild, delightful sorrow. She could conceive nothing more heavenly than to embrace one's true love in the recesses of a forest. . . . Then came crouching Indians. . . . And then she heard Louis Fores behind her. She had not meant to turn round, but when a hand was put heavily on her shoulder she turned quickly, resenting the contact.

"I should like a word with ye, if ye can spare a minute, young miss," whispered a voice as heavy as the hand. It was old Thomas Batchgrew's face and whiskers that she was looking up at in the gloom.

As if fascinated, she followed in terror those flaunting whiskers up the slope of the narrow aisle to the back of the auditorium. Thomas Batchgrew seemed to be quite at home in the theater; he wore no hat and there was a pen behind his ear. Never would she have set foot inside the Imperial de Luxe had she guessed that Thomas Batchgrew was concerned in it. She thought she had heard once, somewhere, that he had to do with cinemas in other parts of the country, but it would not have occurred to her to connect him with a picture-palace so near home. She was not alone in her ignorance of the councilor's share in the Imperial. Practically nobody had heard of it until that night, for Batchgrew had come into the new enterprise by the back door of a loan to its promoters, who were richer in ideas than in capital; and now, the harvest being ripe, he was arranging, by methods not

unfamiliar to capitalists, to reap where he had not sown.

Shame and fear overcame Rachel. The crystal dream was shattered to dust. Awful apprehension, the expectancy of frightful events, succeeded to it. She perceived that since the very moment of quitting the house the dread of some disaster had been pursuing her; only she had refused to see it—she had found oblivion from it in the new and agitatingly sweet sensations which Louis Fores had procured for her. But now the real was definitely sifted out from the illusory. And nothing but her own daily existence, as she had always lived it, was real. The rest was a snare. There were no forests, no passionate love, no flying steeds, no splendid adorers—for her. She was Rachel Fleckring and none else.

Councilor Batchgrew turned to the left, and through a small hole in the painted wall Rachel saw a bright beam shooting out in the shape of a cone—forests, and the unreal denizens of forests shimmering across the entire auditorium to impinge on the screen! And she heard the steady rattle of a revolving machine. Then Batchgrew beckoned her into a very small queerly shaped room furnished with a table and a chair and a single electric lamp that hung by a cord from a rough hook in the ceiling. A boy stood near the door holding three tin boxes one above another in his arms, and keeping the top one in position with his chin. These boxes were similar to that in which Louis' tickets had been dropped.

"Did you want your boxes, sir?" asked the boy.

"Put 'em down," Thomas Batchgrew growled.

The boy deposited them in haste on the table and hurried out.

"How is Mrs. Maldon?" demanded Mr. Batchgrew with curtness, after he had snorted and sniffed. He remained standing near to Rachel.

"Oh, she's very much better," said Rachel, eagerly. "She was asleep when I left."

"Have ye left her by herself?" Mr. Batchgrew continued his inquiry. His voice was as offensive as thick, dark glue.

"Of course not! Mrs. Tams is sitting



up with her." Rachel meant her tone to be a dignified reproof to Thomas Batchgrew for daring to assume even the possibility of her having left Mrs. Maldon to solitude. But she did not succeed, because she could not manage her tone. She desired intensely to be the self-possessed mature woman, sure of her position and of her sagacity; but she could be nothing save the absurd, guilty, stammering, blushing little girl, shifting her feet and looking everywhere except boldly into Thomas Batchgrew's horrid eyes.

"So it's Mrs. Tams as is sitting with her!"

Rachel could not help explaining:

"I had to come down-town to do some shopping for Sunday. Somebody had to come. Mr. Fores had called in to ask after Mrs. Maldon, and so he walked down with me." Every word she said appeared intolerably foolish to her as she uttered it.

"And then he brought ye in here!" Batchgrew grimly completed the tale.

"We came in here for ten minutes or so, as I'd finished my shopping so quickly. Mr. Fores has just run across to the butcher's to get something that was forgotten."

Mr. Batchgrew coughed loosely and loudly. And beyond the cough, beyond the confines of the ugly little room which imprisoned her so close to old Batchgrew and his grotesque whiskers, Rachel could hear the harsh, quick laughter of the audience, and then faint music—far off.

"If young Fores was here," said Mr. Batchgrew brutally, "I should tell him straight as he might do better not to go gallivanting about the town until that there money's found."

He turned toward his boxes.

"I don't know what you mean, Mr. Batchgrew," said Rachel, tapping her foot and trying to be very dignified.

"And I'll tell ye another thing, young miss," Batchgrew went on. "Every minute as ye spend with young Fores ye'll regret. He's a bad lot, and ye may as well know it first as last. Ye ought to thank me for telling of ye, but ye won't."

"I really don't know what you mean, Mr. Batchgrew!" She could not invent another phrase.

"Ye know what I mean right enough, young miss! . . . If ye only came in for ten minutes yer time's up."

Rachel moved to leave.

"Hold on!" Batchgrew stopped her. There was a change in his voice.

"Look at me!" he commanded, but with the definite order was mingled some trace of cajolery.

She obeyed, quivering, her cheeks the color of a tomato. In spite of all pre-occupations, she distinctly noticed—and not without a curious tremor—that his features had taken on a boyish look. In the almost senile face she could see ambushed the face of the youth that Thomas Batchgrew had been perhaps half a century before.

"Ye're a fine wench," said he, with a note of careless but genuine admiration. "I'll not deny it. Don't ye go and throw yeself away. Keep out o' mischief."

Forgetting all but the last phrase, Rachel marched out of the room, unspeakably humiliated, wounded beyond any expression of her own. The cowardly, odious brute! The horrible ancient! What right had he . . . ? What had she done that was wrong, that would not bear the fullest inquiry? The shopping was an absolute necessity. She was obliged to come out. Mrs. Maldon was better, and quietly sleeping. Mrs. Tams was the most faithful and capable old person that was ever born. Hence she was justified in leaving the invalid. Louis Fores had offered to go with her. How could she refuse the offer? What reason could there be for refusing it? As for the cinema, who could object to the cinema? Certainly not Thomas Batchgrew! There was no hurry. And was she not an independent woman, earning her own living? Who on earth had the right to dictate to her? She was not a slave. Even a servant had an evening out once a week. She was sinless. . . .

And yet while she was thus ardently defending herself she well knew that she had sinned against the supreme social law—the law of "the look of things." It was true that chance had worked against her. But common sense would have rendered chance powerless by giving it no opportunity to be ma-





*Drawn by C. E. Chambers*

"DON'T YE GO AND THROW YESELF AWAY. KEEP OUT O' MISCHIEF"







levolent. She was furious with Rachel Fleckring. That Rachel Fleckring, of all mortal girls, should have exposed herself to so dreadful, so unforgettable, a humiliation was mortifying in the very highest degree. Her lips trembled. She was about to burst into a sob. But at this moment the rattle of the revolving machine behind the hole ceased, the theater blazed from end to end with sudden light, the music resumed, and a number of variegated advertisements were weakly thrown on the screen. She set herself doggedly to walk back down the slope of the aisle, not daring to look ahead for Louis. She felt that every eye was fixed on her with base curiosity. . . . When, after the endless ordeal of the aisle, she reached her place, Louis was not there. And though she was glad, she took offense at his delay. Gathering up the reticule with a nervous sweep of the hand, she departed from the theater, her eyes full of tears. And amid all the wild confusion in her brain one little thought flashed clear and was gone: the wastefulness of paying for a whole night's entertainment and then only getting ten minutes of it!

She met Louis Fores high up Bycars Lane, about a hundred yards below Mrs. Maldon's house. She saw some one come out of the gate of the house, and heard the gate clang in the distance. For a moment she could not surely identify the figure, but as soon as Louis, approaching, and carrying his stick, grew unmistakable even in the darkness, all her agitation, which had been subsiding under the influence of physical exercise, rose again to its original fever.

"Ah!" said Louis, greeting her with a most deferential salute. "There you are. I was really beginning to wonder. I opened the front door, but there was no light and no sound, so I shut it again and came back. What happened to you?"

His ingenuous and delightful face, so confident, good-natured, and respectful, had exactly the same effect on her as before. At the sight of it Thomas Batchgrew's vague accusation against Louis was dismissed utterly as the rancorous malice of an evil old man. For the rest, she had never given it any real credit,

having an immense trust in her own judgment. But she had no intention of letting Louis go free. As she had been put in the wrong, so must he be put in the wrong. This seemed to her only just. Besides, was he not wholly to blame? Also she remembered with strange clearness the admiration in the mien of the hated Batchgrew, and the memory gave her confidence.

She said with an effort, after chilly detachment:

"I couldn't wait in the cinema alone forever."

He was perturbed.

"But I assure you," he said, nicely, "I was as quick as ever I could be. Heath had put my stick in his back parlor to keep it safe for me, and it was quite a business finding it again. Why didn't you wait? . . . I say, I hope you weren't vexed at my leaving you."

"Of course I wasn't vexed," she answered with heat. "Didn't I tell you I didn't mind? But if you want to know, old Batchgrew came along while you were gone and insulted me."

"Insulted you? How? What was he doing there?"

"How should I know what he was doing there? Better ask him questions like that! All I can tell you is that he came to me and called me into a room at the back—and—and—told me I'd no business to be there, nor you, either, while Mrs. Maldon was ill in bed."

"Silly old fool! I hope you didn't take any notice of him."

"Yes, that's all very fine, that is! It's easy for you to talk like that. But—but—well, I suppose there's nothing more to be said!" She moved to one side; her anger was rising. She knew that it was rising. She was determined that it should rise. She did not care. She rather enjoyed the excitement. She smarted under her recent experience; she was deeply miserable; and yet, at the same time, standing there close to Louis in the rustling night, she was exultant as she certainly had never been exultant before.

She walked forward grimly. Louis turned and followed her.

"I'm most frightfully sorry," he said. She replied, fiercely:

"It isn't as if I didn't wait. I waited



in the porch I don't know how long. Then of course I came home, as there was no sign of you."

"When I went back you weren't there; it must have been while you were with old Batch; so I naturally didn't stay. I just came straight up here. I was afraid you were vexed because I'd left you alone."

"Well, and if I was!" said Rachel, splendidly contradicting herself. "It's not a very nice thing for a girl to be left alone like that—and *all on account of a stick*." There was a break in her voice.

Arrived at the gate, she pushed it open.

"Good night," she snapped. "Please don't come in."

And within the gate she deliberately stared at him with an unforgiving gaze. The impartial lamp-post lighted the scene.

"Good night," she repeated harshly. She was saying to herself: "He really does take it in the most beautiful way. I could do anything I liked with him."

"Good night," said Louis, with strict punctilio.

When she got to the top of the steps she remembered that Louis had the latch-key. He was gone. She gave a wet sob and impulsively ran down the steps and opened the gate. Louis returned. She tried to speak and could not.

"I beg your pardon," said Louis. "Of course you want the key."

He handed her the key with a gesture that disconcertingly melted the rigor of all her limbs. She snatched at it, and plunged for the gate just as the tears rolled down her cheeks in a shower. The noise of the gate covered a fresh sob. She did not look back. Amid all her quite real distress she was proud and happy—proud because she was old enough and independent enough and audacious enough to quarrel with her lover, and happy because she had suddenly discovered life. And the soft darkness and the wind, and the faint sky-reflections of distant furnace fires, and the sense of the road winding upward, and the very sense of the black mass of the house in front of her (dimly lighted

at the upper floor) all made part of her mysterious happiness.

## CHAPTER VIII

### END AND BEGINNING

"**M**RS. TAMS!" said Mrs. Maldon in a low, alarmed, and urgent voice.

The gas was turned down in the bedroom, and Mrs. Maldon, looking from her bed across the chamber, could only just distinguish the stout, vague form of the charwoman asleep in an arm-chair. The light from the street lamp was strong enough to throw faint shadows of the window-frames on the blinds. The sleeper did not stir.

Mrs. Maldon summoned again, more loudly:

"Mrs. Tams!"

And Mrs. Tams, starting out of another world, replied with deprecation:

"Hey, hey!" as if saying: "I am here. I am fully awake and observant. Please remain calm."

Mrs. Maldon said, agitatedly:

"I've just heard the front door open. I'm sure whoever it was, was trying not to make a noise. There! Can't you hear anything?"

"That I canna!" said Mrs. Tams.

"No!" Mrs. Maldon protested, as Mrs. Tams approached the gas to raise it. Don't touch the gas. If anybody's got in, let them think we're asleep."

The mystery of the vanished money and the fear of assassins seemed suddenly to oppress the very air of the room. Mrs. Maldon was leaning on one elbow in her bed.

Mrs. Tams said to her in a whisper: "I mun go see."

"Please don't," Mrs. Maldon entreated.

"I mun go see," said Mrs. Tams.

She was afraid, but she conceived that she ought to examine the house, and no fear could have stopped her from going forth into the zone of danger.

The next moment she gave a short laugh, and said in her ordinary tone:

"Bless us! I shall be forgetting the nose on my face next. It's Miss Rachel coming in, of course."

"Miss Rachel coming in!" repeated



Mrs. Maldon. "Has she been out? I was not aware. She said nothing—"

"Her came up a bit since, and said her had to do some shopping."

"Shopping! At this time of night!" murmured Mrs. Maldon.

Said Mrs. Tams, laconically:

"To-morrow's Sunday—and pray God ye'll fancy a bite o' summat tasty."

While the two old women, equalized in rank by the fact of Mrs. Maldon's illness, by the sudden alarm, and by the darkness of the room, were thus conversing, sounds came from the pavement through the slightly open windows—voices, and the squeak of the gate roughly pushed open.

"That's Miss Rachel now," said Mrs. Tams.

"Then who was it came in before?" Mrs. Maldon demanded.

There was the tread of rapid feet on the stone steps, and then the gate squeaked again.

Mrs. Tams went to the window and pulled aside the blind.

"Ay!" she announced, simply. "It's Miss Rachel and Mr. Fores."

Mrs. Maldon caught her breath.

"You didn't tell me she was out with Mr. Fores," said Mrs. Maldon, stiffly but weakly.

"It's first I knew of it," Mrs. Tams replied, still spying over the pavement. "He's given her th' key. There! He's gone."

Mrs. Maldon muttered:

"The key? What key?"

"Th' latch-key belike."

"I must speak to Miss Rachel," breathed Mrs. Maldon in a voice of extreme and painful apprehension.

The front door closing sent a vibration through the bedroom. Mrs. Tams hesitated an instant, and then raised the gas. Mrs. Maldon lay with shut eyes on her left side and gave no sign of consciousness. Light footsteps could be heard on the stairs.

"I'll go see," said Mrs. Tams.

In the heart of the aged woman exanimate on the bed, and in the heart of the aging woman whose stout, coarse arm was still raised to the gas-tap, were the same sentiments of wonder, envy, and pity, aroused by the enigmatic actions of a younger generation going its

perilous, instinctive ways to keep the race alive.

Mrs. Tams lighted a benzoline hand-lamp at the gas, and silently left the bedroom. She still somewhat feared an unlawful invader, but the arrival of Rachel had reassured her. Preceded by the waving little flame, she passed Rachel's door, which was closed, and went downstairs. Every mysterious room on the ground-floor was in order and empty. No sign of an invasion. Through the window of the kitchen she saw the fresh cutlets under a wire cover in the scullery; and on the kitchen table were the tin of pineapple and the tin of cocoa, with the reticule near by. All doors that ought to be fastened were fastened. She remounted the stairs and blew out the lamp on the threshold of the mistress's bedroom. And as she did so she could hear Rachel winding up her alarm-clock in quick jerks, and the light shone bright like a silver rod under Rachel's door.

"Her's gone reet to bed," said Mrs. Tams, softly, by the bedside of Mrs. Maldon. "Ye've no cause for to worrit yerself. I've looked over th' house."

Mrs. Maldon was fast asleep.

Mrs. Tams lowered the gas and resumed her chair, and the street lamp once more threw the shadows of the window-frames on the blinds.

The next day Mrs. Tams, who had been appointed to sleep in the spare room, had to exist under the blight of Rachel's chill disapproval because she had not slept in the spare room—nor in any bed at all. The arrangement had been that Mrs. Tams should retire at 4 A.M., Rachel taking her place with Mrs. Maldon. Mrs. Tams had not retired at 4 A.M., because Rachel had not taken her place.

As a fact, Rachel had been wakened, by a bang of the front door, at 10.30 A.M. only. Her first glance at the alarm-clock on her dressing-table was incredulous. And she refused absolutely to believe that the hour was so late. Yet the alarm-clock was giving its usual sturdy, noisy tick, and the sun was high. Then she refused to believe that the alarm had gone off, and in order to remain firm in her belief she refrained from



any testing of the mechanism, which might—indeed, would—have proved that the alarm had in fact gone off. It became with her an article of dogma that on that particular morning, of all mornings, the very reliable alarm-clock had failed in its duty. The truth was that she had lain awake till nearly three o'clock, turning from side to side and thinking bitterly upon the imperfections of human nature, and had then fallen into a deep, invigorating sleep from which perhaps half a dozen alarm-clocks might not have roused her.

She arose full of health and anger, and in a few minutes she was out of the bedroom, for she had not fully undressed; like many women, when there was watching to be done, she loved to keep her armor on and to feel the exciting strain of the unusual in every movement. She fell on Mrs. Tams as Mrs. Tams was coming up-stairs after letting out the doctor and refreshing herself with cocoa in the kitchen. A careless observer might have thought from their respective attitudes that it was Mrs. Tams, and not Rachel, who had overslept herself. Rachel divided the blame between the alarm-clock and Mrs. Tams for not wakening her; indeed, she seemed to consider herself the victim of a conspiracy between Mrs. Tams and the alarm-clock. She explicitly blamed Mrs. Tams for allowing the doctor to come and go without her knowledge. Even the doctor did not get off scot-free, for he ought to have asked for Rachel and insisted on seeing her.

She examined Mrs. Tams about the invalid's health as a lawyer examines a hostile witness. And when Mrs. Tams said that the invalid had slept, and was sleeping, stertorously, in an unaccountable manner, and hinted that the doctor was not undisturbed by the new symptom and meant to call again later on, Rachel's tight-lipped mien indicated that this might not have occurred if only Mrs. Tams had fulfilled her obvious duty of wakening Rachel. Though she was hungry, she scornfully repulsed the suggestion of breakfast. Mrs. Tams, thoroughly accustomed to such behavior in the mighty, accepted it as she accepted the weather. But if she had had to live through the night again—after all, a

quite tolerable night—she would still not have wakened Rachel at 4 A.M.

Rachel softened as the day passed. She ate a good dinner at one o'clock, with Mrs. Tams in the kitchen, one or the other mounting at short intervals to see if Mrs. Maldon had stirred. Then she changed into her second-best frock, in anticipation of the doctor's Sunday afternoon visit; strictly commanded Mrs. Tams (but with relenting kindness in her voice) to go and lie down; and established herself neatly in the sick-room.

Though her breathing had become noiseless again, Mrs. Maldon still slept. She had wakened only once since the previous night. She lay calm and dignified in slumber—an old and devastated woman, with that disconcerting resemblance to a corpse shown by all aged people asleep, but yet with little sign of positive illness save the slight distortion of her features caused by the original attack. Rachel sat idle, prim, in vague reflection, at intervals smoothing her petticoat, or giving a faint cough, or gazing at the mild blue September sky. She might have been reading a book, but she was not by choice a reader. She had the rare capacity of merely existing. Her thoughts flitted to and fro, now resting on Mrs. Maldon with solemnity, now on Mrs. Tams with amused benevolence, now on old Batchgrew with lofty disgust, and now on Louis Fores with unquiet curiosity and delicious apprehension.

She gave a little shudder of fright and instantly controlled it—Mrs. Maldon, instead of being asleep, was looking at her. She rose and went to the bedside and stood over the sick woman, by the pillow, benignly, asking with her eyes what desire of the sufferer's she might fulfil. And Mrs. Maldon looked up at her with another benignity. And they both smiled.

"You've slept very well," said Rachel, softly.

Mrs. Maldon, continuing to smile, gave a scarcely perceptible affirmative movement of the head.

"Will you have some of your Revallenta? I've only got to warm it, here. Everything's ready."

"Nothing, thank you, dear," said



Mrs. Maldon in a firm, matter-of-fact voice.

The doctor had left word that food was not to be forced on her.

"Do you feel better?"

Mrs. Maldon answered, in a peculiar tone:

"My dear, I shall never feel any better than I do now."

"Oh, you mustn't talk like that!" said Rachel in gay protest.

"I want to talk to you, Rachel," said Mrs. Maldon, once more reassuringly matter-of-fact. "Sit down there."

Rachel obediently perched herself on the bed, and bent her head. And her face, which was now much closer to Mrs. Maldon's, expressed the gravity which Mrs. Maldon would wish, and also the affectionate condescension of youth toward age, and of health toward infirmity. And as almost unconsciously she exulted in her own youth and strength, delicate little poniards of tragic grief for Mrs. Maldon's helpless and withered senility seemed to stab through that personal pride. The shiny, veined right hand of the old woman emerged from under the bedclothes and closed with hot, fragile grasp on Rachel's hand.

Within the impeccable orderliness of the bedroom was silence; and beyond was the vast Sunday afternoon silence of the district, producing the sensation of surcease, recreating the impressive illusion of religion even out of the brutish irreligion that was bewailed from pulpits to empty pews in all the temples of all the Five Towns. Only the smoke waving slowly through the clean-washed sky from a few high chimneys over miles of deserted manufactories made a link between Saturday and Monday.

"I've something I want to say to you," said Mrs. Maldon in that deceptive matter-of-fact voice. "I wanted to tell you yesterday afternoon, but I couldn't. And then again last night, but I went off to sleep."

"Yes?" murmured Rachel, duped into security by Mrs. Maldon's manner. She was thinking: "What's the poor old thing got into her head now? Is it something fresh about the money?"

"It's about yourself," said Mrs. Maldon.

Rachel exclaimed impulsively:

"What about me?" She could feel a faint vibration in Mrs. Maldon's hand.

"I want you not to see so much of Louis."

Rachel was shocked and insulted. She straightened her spine and threw back her head sharply. But she dared not by force withdraw her hand from Mrs. Maldon's. Moreover, Mrs. Maldon's clasp tightened almost convulsively.

"I suppose Mr. Batchgrew's been up here telling tales while I was asleep," Rachel expostulated, hotly, and her demeanor was at once pouting, sulky, and righteously offended.

Mrs. Maldon was puzzled.

"This morning, do you mean, dear?" she asked.

Tears stood in Rachel's eyes. She could not speak, but she nodded her head. And then another sentence burst from her full breast: "And you told Mrs. Tams she wasn't to tell me Mr. Batchgrew 'd called!"

"I've not seen or heard anything of Mr. Batchgrew," said Mrs. Maldon. "But I did hear you and Louis talking outside last night."

The information startled Rachel.

"Well, and what if you did, Mrs. Maldon?" she defended herself. Her foot tapped on the floor. She was obliged to defend herself, and with care. Mrs. Maldon's tranquillity, self-control, immense age and experience, superior deportment, extreme weakness, and the respect which she inspired, compelled the girl to intrench warily, instead of carrying off the scene in one stormy outburst of resentment as theoretically she might have done.

Mrs. Maldon said cajolingly:

"My dear, do be your sensible self and listen to me."

It then occurred to Rachel that during the last day or so (the period seemed infinitely longer) she had been losing, not her common sense, but her immediate command of that faculty, of which she was, privately, very proud. And she braced her being, reaching up toward her own conception of herself, toward the old invulnerable Rachel Louisa Fleckring. At any cost she must keep her reputation for common sense with Mrs. Maldon.



And so she set a watch on her gestures, and moderated her voice, secretly yielding to the benevolence of the old lady, and said, in the tone of a wise and kind woman of the world and an incarnation of profound sagacity:

"What do I see of Mr. Fores, Mrs. Maldon? I see nothing of Mr. Fores, or hardly. I'm your lady-help, and he's your nephew—at least he's your great-nephew, and it's your house he comes to. I can't help being in the house, can I? If you're thinking about last night, well, Mr. Fores called to see how you were getting on, and I was just going out to do some shopping. He walked down with me. I suppose I needn't tell you I didn't ask him to walk down with me. He asked me. I couldn't hardly say no, could I? And there were some parcels, and he walked back with me."

She felt so wise and so clever and the narrative seemed so entirely natural, proper, and inevitable that she was tempted to continue:

"And supposing we *did* go into a cinematograph for a minute or two—what then?"

But she had no courage for the confession. As a wise woman she perceived the advisability of letting well alone. Moreover, she hated confessions, remorse, and gnashing of teeth.

And Mrs. Maldon regarded her worldly and mature air, with its touch of polite condescension, as both comic and tragic; and thought sadly of all the girl would have to go through before the air of mature worldliness which she was now affecting could become natural to her.

"My dear," said Mrs. Maldon, "I have perfect confidence in you." It was not quite true, because Rachel's protest as to Mr. Batchgrew, seeming to point to strange concealed incidents, had most certainly impaired the perfection of Mrs. Maldon's confidence in Rachel.

Rachel considered that she ought to pursue her advantage, and in a voice light and yet firm, good-natured and yet restive, she said:

"I really don't think anybody has the right to talk to me about Mr. Fores. . . . No, truly I don't!"

"You mustn't misunderstand me, Rachel," Mrs. Maldon replied, and her

other hand crept out and stroked Rachel's captive hand. "I am only saying to you what it is my duty to say to you—or to any other young woman that comes to live in my house. You're a young woman, and Louis is a young man. I'm making no complaint. But it's my duty to warn you against my nephew."

"But, Mrs. Maldon, I didn't know either him or you a month ago!"

Mrs. Maldon, ignoring the interruption, proceeded quietly:

"My nephew is not to be trusted."

Her aged face slowly flushed as in that single brief sentence she overthrew the grand principle of a lifetime. She who never spoke ill of anybody had spoken ill of one of her own family.

"But—" Rachel stopped. She was frightened by the appearance of the flush on those devastated yellow cheeks and by a quiver in the feeble voice and in the clasping hand. She could divine the ordeal which Mrs. Maldon had set herself and through which she had passed. Mrs. Maldon carried conviction, and in so doing she inspired awe. And on the top of all Rachel felt profoundly and exquisitely flattered by the immolation of Mrs. Maldon's pride.

"The money—it has something to do with that!" thought Rachel.

"My nephew is not to be trusted," said Mrs. Maldon again. "I know all his good points. But the woman who married him would suffer horribly—horribly!"

"I'm so sorry you've had to say this," said Rachel, very kindly. "But I assure you that there's nothing at all, nothing whatever, between Mr. Fores and me." And in that instant she genuinely believed that there was not. She accepted Mrs. Maldon's estimate of Louis. And further, and perhaps illogically, she had the feeling of having escaped from a fatal danger. She expected Mrs. Maldon to agree eagerly that there was nothing between herself and Louis, and to reiterate her perfect confidence. But, instead, Mrs. Maldon, apparently treating Rachel's assurance as negligible, continued with an added solemnity:

"I shall only live a little while longer—a very little while." The contrast between this and her buoyant announce-



ment on the previous day that she was not going to die just yet, was highly disturbing, but Rachel could not protest or even speak. "A very little while!" repeated Mrs. Maldon, reflectively. "I've not known you long—as you say—Rachel. But I've never seen a girl I liked more, if you don't mind me telling you. I've never seen a girl I thought better of. And I don't think I could die in peace if I thought Louis was going to cause you any trouble after I'm gone. No, I couldn't die in peace if I thought that."

And Rachel, intimately moved, thought: "She has saved me from something dreadful! (Without trying to realize precisely from what.) How splendid she is!"

And she cast out from her mind all the multitudinous images of Louis Fores that were there. And, full of affection, and flattered pride and gratitude and child-like admiration, she bent down and rewarded the old woman who had so confided in her—with a priceless girlish kiss. And she had the sensation of beginning a new life.

And yet, a few moments later, when Mrs. Maldon faintly murmured, "Some one at the front door," Rachel grew at once uneasy, and the new life seemed an illusion—either too fine to be true, or too leaden to be desired; and she was swaying amid uncertainties. Perhaps Louis was at the front door. He had not yet called; but surely he was bound to call some time during the day! Of the dozen different Rachels in Rachel, one adventurously hoped that he would come, and another feared that he would come; one ruled him sharply out of the catalogue of right-minded persons, and another was ready passionately to defend him.

"I think not," said Rachel.

"Yes, dear; I heard some one," Mrs. Maldon insisted.

Mrs. Maldon, long practised in reconstructing the life of the street from trifling hints of sound heard in bed, was not mistaken. Rachel, opening the door of the bedroom, caught the last tinkling of the front-door bell below. On the other side of the front door somebody was standing—Louis Fores or another!

"It may be the doctor," said she,

brightly, as she left the bedroom. The coward in her wanted it to be the doctor. But, descending the stairs, she could see plainly through the glass that Louis himself was at the front door. The Rachel that feared was instantly uppermost in her. She was conscious of dread. From the breathless sinking within her bosom the stairs might have been the deck of a steamer pitching in a heavy sea.

She thought:

"Here is the Louis to whom I am indifferent. There is nothing between us, really. But shall I have strength to open the door to him?"

She opened the door, with the feeling that the act was tremendous and irrevocable.

The street, in the Sabbath sunshine, was as calm as at midnight. Louis Fores, stiff and constrained, stood strangely against the background of it. The unusualness of his demeanor, which was plain to the merest glance, increased Rachel's agitation. It appeared to Rachel that the two of them faced each other like wary enemies. She tried to examine his face in the light of Mrs. Maldon's warning, as though it were the face of a stranger; but without much success.

"Is Auntie well enough for me to see her?" asked Louis, without greeting or preliminary of any sort. His voice was imperfectly under control.

Rachel replied curtly:

"I dare say she is."

To herself she said:

"Of course if he's going to sulk about last night—well, he must sulk. Really and truly he got much less than he deserved. He had no business at all to have suggested me going to the cinematograph with him. The longer he sulks the better I shall be pleased."

And in fact she was relieved at his sullenness. She tossed her proud head, but with primness. And she fervently credited, to the full, Mrs. Maldon's solemn insinuations against the disturber.

Louis hesitated a second; then stepped in. Rachel marched processionally upstairs, and with the detachment of a footman announced to Mrs. Maldon that Mr. Fores waited below. "Oh, please bring him up," said Mrs. Maldon,



with a mild and casual benevolence that surprised the girl; for Rachel, in the righteous ferocity of her years, vaguely thought that an adverse moral verdict ought to be swiftly followed by something in the nature of annihilation.

"Will you please come up," she invited Louis, from the head of the stairs, adding privately: "I can be as stiff as you can—and stiffer. How mistaken I was in you!"

She preceded him into the bedroom, and then with ostentatious formality left aunt and nephew together. Nobody should ever say any more that she encouraged the attention of Louis Fores.

"What is the matter, dear?" Mrs. Maldon inquired from her bed, perceiving the signs of emotion on Louis' face.

"Has Mr. Batchgrew been here yet?" Louis demanded.

"No. Is he coming?"

"Yes, he's just been to my rooms. Came in his car. Auntie, do you know that he's accusing me of stealing your money—and—and—all sorts of things! I don't want to hide anything from you. It's true I was with Rachel at the cinematograph last night, but—"

Mrs. Maldon raised her enfeebled, shaking hand.

"Louis!" she entreated. His troubled, ingenuous face seemed to torture her.

"I know it's a shame to bother you, Auntie. But what was I to do? He's coming up here. I only want to tell you I've not got your money. I've not stolen it. I'm absolutely innocent—absolutely. And I'll swear it on anything you like." His voice almost broke under the strain of its own earnestness. His plaintive eyes invoked justice and protection. Who could have doubted that he was sincere in this passionate, wistful protestation of innocence?

"Louis!" Mrs. Maldon entreated again, committing herself to naught, taking no side, but finding shelter beneath the enigmatic appealing repetition of his name. It was the final triumph of age over crude youth. "Louis!"

Rachel stood expectant and watchful in the kitchen. She was now filled with dread. She wanted to go up and waken Mrs. Tams, but was too proud. The thought had come into her mind: "His

coming like this has something to do with the money. Perhaps he wasn't sulking with me, after all. Perhaps . . ." But what it was that she dreaded she could not have defined. And then she caught the sound of an approaching automobile. The car threw its shadow across the glazed front door, which she commanded from the kitchen, and stopped. And the front-door bell rang uncannily over her head. She opened the door to Councilor Batchgrew, whose breathing was irregular and rapid.

"Has Louis Fores been here?" Batchgrew asked.

"He's up-stairs now with Mrs. Maldon."

Without warning, Thomas Batchgrew strode into the house and straight up-stairs. His long whiskers sailed round the turn of the stairs and disappeared. Rachel was somewhat discomfited, and very resentful. But her dread was not thereby diminished. "They'll kill the old lady between them if they don't take care," she thought.

The next instant Louis appeared at the head of the stairs. With astounding celerity Rachel slipped into the parlor. She could not bear to encounter him in the lobby—it was too narrow. She heard Louis come down the stairs, saw him take his straw hat from the oak chest and heard him open the front gate. In the lobby he had looked neither to right nor left. "How do, Ernest?" she heard him greet the amateur chauffeur-in-chief of the Batchgrew family. His footfalls on the pavement died away into the general silence of the street. Overhead she could hear old Batchgrew walking to and fro. Without reflection she went up-stairs and hovered near the door of Mrs. Maldon's bedroom. She said to herself that she was not eavesdropping. She listened, while pretending not to, but there was no sign of conversation within the room. And then she very distinctly heard old Batchgrew exclaim:

"And they go gallivanting off together to the cinema!"

Upon which ensued another silence.

Rachel flushed with shame, fury, and apprehension. She hated Batchgrew, and Louis, and all gross masculine invaders.



The mysterious silence within the room persisted. And then old Batchgrew violently opened the door and glared at Rachel. He showed no surprise at seeing her there on the landing.

"Ye'd better keep an eye on missis," he said, gruffly. "She's gone to sleep, seemingly."

And with no other word he departed.

Before the car had given its warning hoot Rachel was at Mrs. Maldon's side. The old lady lay in all tranquillity on her left arm. She was indeed asleep, or she was in a stupor, and the peculiar stertorous noise of her breathing had recommenced.

Rachel's vague dread vanished as she gazed at the worn features, and gave place to a new and definite fright.

"They have killed her!" she muttered.

And she ran into the next room and called Mrs. Tams.

"Who's below?" asked Mrs. Tams, as, wide awake, she came out onto the landing.

"Nobody," said Rachel. "They're gone."

But the doctor was below. Mr. Batchgrew had left the front door open.

"What a good thing!" cried Rachel.

In the bedroom Dr. Yardley, speaking with normal loudness, just as though Mrs. Maldon had not been present, said to Rachel:

"I expected this this morning. There's nothing to be done. If you try to give her food she'll only get it into the lung. It's very improbable that she'll regain consciousness."

"But are you sure, doctor?" Rachel asked.

The doctor answered, grimly:

"No, I'm not—I'm never sure. She *may* recover."

"She's been rather disturbed this afternoon."

The doctor lifted his shoulders.

"That's got nothing to do with it," said he. "As I told you, she's had an embolus in one artery of the brain. It lessened at first for a bit—they do sometimes—and now it's enlarging, that's all. Nothing external could affect it either way."

"But how long—?" asked Rachel, recoiling.

Her chief sensation that evening was that she was alone, for Mrs. Tams was not a companion, but a slave. She was alone with a grave and strange responsibility, which she could not evade. Indeed, events had occurred in such a manner as to make her responsibility seem natural and inevitable, to give it the sanction of the most correct convention. Between four-thirty and six in the afternoon four separate calls of inquiry had been made at the house, thus demonstrating Mrs. Maldon's status in the town. One lady had left a fine bunch of grapes. To all these visitors Rachel had said the same things, namely, that Mrs. Maldon had been better on the Saturday, but was worse; that the case was very serious; that the doctor had been twice that day and was coming again; that Councilor Batchgrew was fully informed and had seen the patient; that Mr. Louis Fores, Mrs. Maldon's only near relative in England, was constantly in and out; that she herself had the assistance of Mrs. Tams, who was thoroughly capable, and that while she was much obliged for offers of help, she could think of no way of utilizing them.

So that when the door closed on the last of the callers, Rachel, who a month earlier had never even seen Mrs. Maldon, was left in sole rightful charge of the dying bed. And there was no escape for her. She could not telegraph—the day being Sunday. Moreover, except Thomas Batchgrew, there was nobody to whom she might telegraph. And she did not want Mr. Batchgrew. Though Mr. Batchgrew certainly had not guessed the relapse, she felt no desire whatever to let him have news. She hated his blundering intrusions; and in spite of the doctor's statement she would insist to herself that he and Louis between them had somehow brought about the change in Mrs. Maldon. Of course she might fetch Louis. She did not know his exact address, but he could be discovered. At any rate, Mrs. Tams might be sent for him. But she could not bring herself to make any advance toward Louis.

At a little after six o'clock, when the rare chapel-goers had ceased to pass, and the still rarer church-goers were begin-



ning to respond to distant bells, Mrs. Tams informed her that tea was ready for her in the parlor, and she descended and took tea, utterly alone. Mrs. Tams had lighted the fire, and had moved the table comfortably toward the fire—an act of astounding initiative and courage, in itself a dramatic proof that Mrs. Maldon no longer reigned at Bycars. Tea finished, Rachel returned to the sick-room, where there was nothing whatever to do except watch the minutes recede. She thought of her father and brother in America.

Then Mrs. Tams, who had been clearing away the tea-things, came into the bedroom and said:

"Here's Mr. Fores, miss."

Rachel started.

"Mr. Fores! What does he want?" she asked, querulously.

Mrs. Tams preserved her blandness.

"He asked for you, miss."

"Didn't he ask how Mrs. Maldon is?"

"No, miss."

"Well, I don't want to see him. You might run down and tell him what the doctor said, Mrs. Tams." She tried to make her voice casually persuasive.

"Shall I, miss?" said Mrs. Tams, doubtfully, and turned to the door.

Rachel was again full of fear and resentment. Louis had committed the infamy of luring her into the cinematograph. It was through him that she had "got herself talked about." Mrs. Maldon's last words had been a warning against him. He and Mr. Batchgrew had desecrated the sick-room with their mysterious visitations. And now Louis was come again. From what catastrophes had not Mrs. Maldon's warning saved her!

"Here! I'll go," said Rachel, in a sudden resolve.

"I'm glad on it," said Mrs. Tams.

In the parlor Louis stood in front of the fire. Although the blinds were drawn, the gas had not been lighted; but the fire and the powerful street-lamp together sufficed to give clearness to every object in the room. The table had been restored to its proper situation. The gift of grapes ornamented the side-board.

"Good evening," said Rachel, sullenly, as if pouting. She avoided looking

at Louis, and sat down on the Chesterfield.

Louis broke forth in a cascade of words:

"I say, I'm most awfully sorry. I hadn't the faintest notion this afternoon she was any worse—not the faintest. Otherwise I shouldn't have dreamt—I met the doctor just now in Moorthorne Road and he told me."

"What did he tell you?" asked Rachel, still with averted head, picking at her frock.

"Well, he gave me to understand there's very little hope, and nothing to be done. If I'd had the faintest notion—"

"You needn't worry about that," said Rachel. "Your coming made no difference. The doctor said so." And she asked herself why she should go out of her way to reassure Louis. It would serve him right to think that his brusque visit, with Mr. Batchgrew's, was the origin of the relapse.

"Is there any change?" Louis asked.

Rachel shook her head. "No," she said. "We just have to sit and watch."

"Doctor's coming in again to-night, isn't he?"

Rachel nodded.

"It seems it's an embolus."

Rachel nodded once more. She had still no conception of what an embolus was; but she naturally assumed that Louis could define an embolus with exactitude.

"I say," said Louis, and his voice was suddenly charged with magical qualities of persuasion, entreaty, and sincerity, I say—you might look at me."

She flushed, but she looked up at him. She might have sat straight and remarked: "Mr. Fores, what do you mean by talking to me like that?" But she raised her eyes and her crimson cheeks for one timid instant, and dropped them. His voice had overcome her. With a single phrase, with a mere inflection, he had changed the key of the interview. And the glance at him had exposed her to the appeal of his face, more powerful than ten thousand logical arguments and warnings. His face proved that he was a sympathetic, wistful, worried fellow-creature—and miraculously, uniquely handsome. His face in the twilight was





*Painting by C. E. Chambers*

SHE FORGOT THAT SHE HAD BEEN STEELING HERSELF AGAINST HIM







the most romantic face that Rachel had ever seen. His gestures had a celestial charm.

He said:

"I know I ought to apologize for the way I came in this afternoon. I do. But if you knew what cause I had . . . ! Would you believe that old Batch had come to my place, and practically accused me of stealing the old lady's money? *Stealing it!*"

"Never!" Rachel murmured.

"Yes, he did. The fact is, he knew jolly well he'd no business to have left it in the house that night, so he wanted to get out of it by making *me* suffer. You know he's always been down on me. Well, I came straight up here and I told Auntie. Of course I couldn't make a fuss, with her ill in bed. So I simply told her I hadn't got her money and I hadn't stolen it, and I left it at that. I thought the less said the better. But I had to say that much. I wonder what Julian would have said if he'd been accused. I just wonder!" He repeated the word, queerly evocative: "Julian!"

"What did Mrs. Maldon say?" Rachel asked.

"Well, she didn't say much. She believed me, naturally. And then old Batch came. I wasn't going to have a regular scene with him up there, so I left. I thought that was the only dignified thing to do. I wanted to tell you, and I've told you. Don't you think it's a shame?"

Rachel answered, passionately:

"I do."

She answered thus because she had a tremendous desire to answer thus. To herself she said: "Do I? . . . Yes, I do." Louis' eyes drew sympathy out of her. It seemed to her to be of the highest importance that those appealing eyes should not appeal in vain.

"Item, he made a fearful fuss about you and me being at the cinema last night."

"I should like to know what it's got to do with him!" said Rachel, almost savagely. The word "item" puzzled her. Not understanding it, she thought she had misheard.

"That's what I thought, too," said Louis, and added, very gravely: "At the same time I'm really awfully sorry.

Perhaps I oughtn't to have asked you. It was my fault. But old Batch would make the worst of anything."

Rachel replied with feverish conviction:

"Mr. Batchgrew ought to be ashamed. You weren't to blame, and I won't hear of it!"

Louis started forward with a sudden movement of the left arm.

"You're magnificent," he said, with emotion.

Rachel trembled, and shut her eyes. She heard his voice again, closer to her, repeating with even greater emotion: "You're magnificent." Tears were in her eyes. Through them she looked at him. And his form was so graceful, his face so nice, so exquisitely kind and lovable and loving, that her admiration became intense, even to the point of pain. She thought of Batchgrew, not with hate, but with pity. He was a monster, but he could not help it. He alone was responsible for all slanders against Louis. He alone had put Mrs. Maldon against Louis. Louis was obviously the most innocent of beings. Mrs. Maldon's warning, "The woman who married him would suffer horribly," was manifestly absurd. "Suffer horribly"—what a stinging phrase, like a needle broken in a wound! She felt tired and weak, above all tired of loneliness.

His hand was on hers. She trembled anew. She was not Rachel, but some new embodiment of surrender and acquiescence. And the change was delicious, fearful . . . She thought: "I could die for him." She forgot that a few minutes before she had been steeling herself against him. She wanted him to kiss her, and waited an eternity. And when he had kissed her, and she was in a maze of rapture, a tiny idea shaped itself clearly in her mind for an instant: "This is wrong. But I don't care. He is mine"—and then melted like a cloud in a burning sky. And a sense of the miraculousness of destiny overcame her. In two days had happened enough for two years. It was staggering to think that only two days earlier she had been dreaming of him as of a star. Could so much, indeed, happen in two days? She imagined blissfully, in her ignorance of human experience, that her case was



without precedent. Nay, her case appalled her in the rapidity of its development! And was thereby the more thrilling! She thought again: "Yes, I could die for him—and I would!" He was still the star, but—such was the miracle—she clasped him.

They heard Mrs. Tams knocking at the door. Nothing would ever cure the charwoman's habit of knocking before entering. Rachel arose from the sofa as out of a bush of blossoms. And in the artless honest glance of her virginity and her simplicity, her eyes seemed to say to Mrs. Tams: "Behold the phoenix among men! He is to be my husband."

Her pride in the strange, wondrous, incredible state of being affianced was tremendous, to the tragic point.

"Can ye hear, begging yer pardon?" said Mrs. Tams, pointing through the open door and upward. "Her's just begun to breathe o' that'n [like that]."

The loud, stertorous sound of Mrs. Maldon unconsciously drawing the final breaths of life filled the whole house. Louis and Rachel glanced at each other, scared, shamed, even horrified, to discover that the vast pendulum of the universe was still solemnly ticking through their ecstasy.

"I'm coming," said Rachel.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## Treasure Trove

BY LEE WILSON DODD

BRONZE ripples o'er a peacock sea  
Ran from the death-fires of the sun;  
Like Juliet from her balcony  
Leaned forth one wistful star, but one:

And fronting the brief flare, with eyes  
Tear-tremulous as the star's lone eye,  
A boy whose wakened wonder dies  
Not ever, watched the sun-fires die.

They sank. But in the boy's pure breast  
Fails not forever now that flame  
Of immanent beauty, manifest  
A moment ere the shadows came—

Plumed, purple shadows from below  
The sea's broad rim to dull the day  
And muffle the wan afterglow  
And fold the embered dusk away.

Lives in the deep heart of the boy  
That casual splendor, and the far  
Faint loveliness, the wistful joy  
Of evening's shyly venturing star.

And he shall drudge allotted years  
Of weary dearth, but lose not this  
Soul-garnered magic that endears  
Life, like an unforgotten kiss.



# Ninepins and Necromancy

BY FRANCES WILSON HUARD



HE motor stopped. Looking ahead of us, I saw the road barred by a group of men, evidently much interested in something going on in front of them.

"What's the matter?" I queried of the hired chauffeur.

"They're playing ninepins."

"What?"

"Ninepins. Don't you see? We'd spoil their game if we went through."

It sounded too absurd to be true, so we climbed out of the car and advanced on foot.

Neither the noise of our horn nor our approach attracted the attention of these sturdy Breton peasants who had set up their Sunday game in the broad highway, regardless of their own or others' comfort. As we came up with them a handsome chap threw a sou into a hat on the ground and took his position.

Four pins fell.

"May I have a shot?" asked our chauffeur from behind, thereby somewhat arousing the curiosity of the group.

"Certainly."

He passed his penny.

Four.

"And I? May I have one?"

"Will madame honor us?"

It may seem incredible, but when half a dozen pairs of wistful gray eyes were turned toward me I was suddenly seized with stage fright. My hands trembled, and in my anxiety to outdo myself I missed my aim. One pin fell.

It was apparently a foregone conclusion that H. would try to redeem the family honor, and he was invited to take a shot.

Seven!

The contents of the hat, minus two pennies, set aside after each game to supply drinks for the party, were poured

into H.'s hand. I can't say that the enthusiasm over his triumph was general, but when they saw him throw down a coin and recommence a game, the somewhat tightened lines of their sallow faces broadened out, and one or two actually smiled.

The morning sun had climbed high into the heavens when the last game came to an end and our chauffeur beat a hasty retreat in the direction of our motor.

"But our drinks? Aren't you going to touch glasses with us? You're not going away without letting us drink your health? What was the use of playing?" The clamor was so genial and so general that we quickly made up our minds to have the motor follow us, and started off with the group. Besides, it was noon, and a gnawing feeling made me hope that luncheon might be procured without going any farther.

The inn to which they led us was clean, bright, and cheerful; the hostess round, ruddy, and cordial. Our short promenade across the village had proved that it contained enough rickety old houses, tumble-down mills, water-logged shipwrecks, and grinning old salts to satisfy the most ardent desires of any young painter and to busy him during an entire summer vacation. We decided to stay.

We became quickly acquainted with the village and its inhabitants, thanks to our hostess, who seemed to take an immediate fancy to us, and whose chief delight was to hear us talk English. I had often heard of the similarity between Welsh and Breton, but, as my native tongue had nothing in common with either, I was somewhat puzzled, and never entirely comprehended why our conversation plunged her into such ecstasies.

It seemed that she even relieved her one maid of the duty of serving our breakfast, attending to our wants her-



self in order to indulge this inordinate passion. At first I thought it was mockery until one day I heard her lauding us to a neighbor, saying that her guests were "*si savants*," knowing how to "*baraguine le pliche-planche*," and apparently understanding what they said to each other.

Of distractions there were none. The village was too small. The only incidents that occurred to break the absolute calm of the place were the homecoming of the fishing-boats, the weekly market, and the arrival of the diligence.

Young and old never seemed to tire of visiting the fish-market, for as soon as the first sail would enter port a huge bell was rung, and from all quarters one could see men, women, and children hurrying toward the docks, though the only persons financially concerned were the half-dozen buyers for the neighbors' sardine factories.

As to the diligence, that rickety old conveyance, probably the last of its kind, would rattle up before the inn every morning, bringing passengers and parcels of all descriptions.

A halt would be made for lunch and then the task of reloading would commence. It was certainly amazing to see our sturdy hostess standing on a ladder passing up bundles, with a muscle that would have been envied by many a militant suffragette, and I often wondered how equilibrium was maintained once the coach was duly charged.

One morning the load was heavier than usual, while inside there was but one passenger, a rather timid young salesman who was making his first journey in those parts. Madame Guillou was disconsolate, for the old coach had about all it could carry and there were still a basket of chickens and an unfortunate baby calf to be put somewhere.

The coachman, already upon the box, was becoming impatient and threatened to drive off without the goods. Madame Guillou cast a despairing glance about her, and, climbing down from her ladder, called to a farm-hand standing near by.

"Here! You! Help!"

The two seized the calf, Madame Guillou opened the door of the coach, and the unfortunate animal was tossed into the presence of the astonished knight of the trade, while the coachman, relishing the joke, let his whip fall on the horses and off they went.

The old man who passed me the ball for the first shot at ninepins that Sunday morning turned out to be the village miller, and he and I soon became fast friends. For while my husband was painting the mill from every conceivable point of view, I used to go in and watch the miller at his work. He seemed sad at times, and after I grew to know him better I ventured a question or two.

"Sad? Yes, perhaps."



THE SORCERER





THE VILLAGE CONTAINED ENOUGH RICKETY OLD HOUSES AND GRINNING OLD SALTS . .

"Why?"

"Because after me no one will ever grind in this old mill. I am the last of my kind. To-day people go to the grain-elevators and are buying prepared flour more and more."

"But your son? Won't he continue your trade? What is his business?"

"He is in the navy, like all the other lads of this part of the country. They go there because the nation demands three years of their lives as a tribute;





THE FISH-MARKET

they stay because they've learned the trade. They marry as soon as they become quartermasters, their wives seek situations as cooks or maids in the big cities, and the old folk are left to bring up the children. If they have been fortunate, three or four years after a campaign the family is once again united, buys a little plot of ground, and starts the building of a house to which the master will return when he receives his pension at forty-five."

It was thus that old Philippe Carentec came to escort me to the spot where he was superintending the construction of his son's future home.

"All the material is first-class," he exclaimed. "That's why it costs so much to build." And I was obliged to pinch myself in order to grow enthusiastic over granite blocks and slate tiles.

"But why on earth didn't you build of brick? Think of the time and labor saved, not to mention the economy."

"But, madame, brick lasts only eight hundred years!"

My American practicality was squelched. I had forgotten for an instant that I was in Brittany, the home of the past, the country of tradition.

To his unremunerative trade of miller, old Carentec added one for which I have been unable to find a name save that of "village blesser." For he was a goodly man and every fortnight could be seen going about from house to house purifying the hearths with holy water and mumbling various orisons. In his own humble dwelling he had a strange collection of saintly statues, crudely hewn out of wood, most naïvely painted, but venerated by all the peasants of the outlying country. Carentec would invoke any saint and say a prayer in your behalf for the sum of five sous. But for fifty centimes, statue and blesser would come to your home to enhance the miracle.

For example, Saint Eutrope was supposed to be a protector against dropsy, Saints Ravin and Rasiphe against wasps and hornets, and Saint Hilarion against witchcraft.



"But why witchcraft? I can understand dropsy and hornets, but I fail to see the other point. In this enlightened age it isn't possible to believe still in sorcerers."

My language was evidently too complicated for him to grasp, for he looked at me with such an astonished air that I repeated, "There are no sorcerers here, are there?"

"Why, yes, of course."

"Bah!"

My incredulity, instead of arousing his indignation, seemed merely to strengthen his belief, and in a very polite but superior fashion he advised me not to speak scoffingly of the Black Arts, as he should hate to have any ill luck befall me while in Brittany.

"But your sorcerer, does he live among you? Can you point him out to me?"

Father Carentec took down his coat from a nail, clapped his hat with flowing ribbons on his head, and we started to walk briskly toward the farther end of the village. About a hundred yards from the mill we were passed by a tall, thin peasant with piercing gray eyes and long black hair hanging about his ears. His face was familiar to me, and I often wondered why he had cast such sullen glances toward us when we had met before on the road. But when, after a gracious bow, Father Carentec passed on, and presently explained in an excited whisper that he was the sorcerer, I understood. We were strangers, outsiders, foreigners. He hated and dreaded us.

Carentec pointed out his house, a presentable structure with

a large garden surrounded by a wall. Everything he might need for his well-being or comfort was furnished him through the credulity of his fellow-citizens, and all because he was supposed to have the power of casting spells, calling up spirits, and mesmerizing persons.

When I first mentioned him to our innkeeper's wife her smiling face fell and a little frown gathered on her brow.

"Be careful, madame; he has extraordinary powers. If you get on the wrong side of him he'll have the wolves run after you at night. Why, only last week Madame Mahé, who sent for a doctor for her sick husband, instead of consulting him, had half her chickens stolen by a three-horned devil who spit flame. The poor dear soul had such a fright that she is still in bed."



PHILIPPE CARENTEC—THE MILLER



A few days later we walked to Guin-gamp to spend the afternoon. We were delayed starting back, and night had closed in before we emerged from a little side path which we had taken in order to shorten our route. By the time we reached the highroad leading to the village it was as dark as pitch and the sea wind was howling dismally in the pine-trees. The Mahés' isolated cottage was the first sign of civilization, and as we approached it the sound of a hideous groan and a clanking chain met my astonished ears. I must admit that I shrank closer to H., and that when a white, vision-like form darted across the road I grabbed his arm in terror.

"Come on! We've got the scamp this time," hissed H. in my ear as he sprang forward.

I followed, and the phantom, who had

evidently guessed our intentions, instead of evaporating or disappearing into the ground, took to his heels and fled.

The race was not long, however, for, hindered by his flowing draperies, the ghost was soon overtaken. H. seized him by the nape of the neck and presently the two were sprawling on the ground. In a moment's time we had our fine fellow bound by his own sheet.

"Here, carry this," said H., thrusting a large market basket into my hands, and, taking the gibbering peasant by the collar, he started to march him toward the inn.

By this time my curiosity had got the better of my fright, and I plunged my arm into the basket, only to give a little shriek and hastily withdraw it as three frightened chickens audibly resented my investigations.



BRINGING PASSENGERS AND PARCELS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS





A BRETON INTERIOR

Our arrival created a sensation, and our now harmless captive slunk into the corner near the chimney, sheepishly hanging his head.

"That fellow is no sorcerer—he's a thief!" said H. "Go and fetch me the mayor and the gendarmes. I'm going to have him arrested."

No one moved. All seemed too fearful of the sorcerer to raise a hand against him.

"Here," said H. to me, putting his hand into his back pocket and pulling out a revolver, "take this, and if he moves while I am gone, shoot him."

The inn gradually filled up, but the awe-stricken crowd was silent. Madame Guillou, on her knees in one corner, threw distressed glances in my direction and audibly recited her rosary.

At the end of a very few moments,

which I am sure had seemed interminable to every one, H. reappeared. He walked straight toward the sorcerer, and, whipping out a pair of scissors, snipped off a lock of his hair and a piece of the sheet which was still hanging about his shoulders. Then drawing a red-covered book from his pocket, he solemnly placed his trophies upon it, lastly producing and adding to the pile an enormous bishop's ring which we had purchased as a curiosity some time before.

Raising the book on his outstretched arms to the height of his own shoulders, he commenced to make a tour of the room, solemnly chanting,

"Ena, Meena, Mina, Mo!"

Catch a nigger by the toe.

If he hollers, let him go—

Ena, Meena, Mina, Mo!"

The onlookers were hypnotized, and





A FISHERMAN'S CAFÉ

strangest of all, the sorcerer was by no means the least terrified of the crowd.

The absurdity of the situation began to dawn on me, and my excitement turned into an almost irresistible desire to burst out laughing.

Walking slowly toward the center of the room, H. placed the lock of hair and the bit of sheet in a plate on the table; then, ordering that the basket containing the stolen chickens be brought in, he gravely cut a feather from each of the poor cackling birds, added it to the contents of the plate, and sprinkled the whole with what I imagined was black pepper, all the while continuing his incantations.

Then approaching the fireplace, he reached up and seized a piece of fuse used by the smokers of Brittany to light their pipes. Holding it to the flame until it ignited, he placed it on the edge of the plate, and in a thundering voice proclaimed, "Thy will, O Man, is not so great that another cannot destroy it. Look!"

All eyes were riveted on the plate

toward whose center the lighted fuse was gradually creeping. The smell of singed hair and burning linen was becoming nauseating, when presently a tremendous detonation and a glaring white light caused all those poor Bretons, unaccustomed to the explosion of flashlight powder, to fall to their knees and cry out in terror.

"Thy power is ended!" shrieked H. from the midst of the smoke, stuffing our Baedeker into his pocket.

And the poor sorcerer was a sorry specimen to behold when the gendarmes arrived to arrest him.

The next morning when we looked out of the window I beheld a queer group of people evidently waiting for some one.

"There's a man out there whose calf doesn't grow. He thinks it's bewitched and he wants you to help him," explained our hostess.

By the time we got down-stairs, two women with puny babies, and an old hag who wanted a philter in order to win a lawsuit, had joined the group, and we realized that it was time for us to leave.



# The Narrow Way

BY V. H. CORNELL



MARION usually had the breakfast things done and the two rooms of the cabin brushed out with the sedge broom, and was sweeping off the porch in front, when the sun came up over the rim of the other mountain. She always saw it with a kind of expectancy, as though some time something else might come with it.

She was the second wife of Steve Birden; his first had been her own elder sister, Darthula, and she had always thought of him as Steve only, and never as a possible husband. Marion had lived with Steve and Darthula, and when her sister's sudden and tragic death had left three little boys motherless—three, counting the one who came into the world when Darthula went out—there had been nothing to do but for her to go right on taking care of them. And then after a while, Steve, who was a preacher of the Gospel and could not afford to lay stumbling-blocks in the way of sinners, had thought they ought to marry. But her marriage had not stopped the thought that there was something else.

Her own child, also a boy, was nearly three, and there was the prospect of another baby in the cabin when one morning a man, not a neighbor or any one she knew, let down the bars at the end of the wheel-tracks that led through the cotton-patch out to the road and came toward the house. It was one of the middle days of the week, but the stranger had on Sunday clothes. He was of a strong and stocky build, and walked with a lightness, a care-free movement, that at once attracted Marion's attention. "You don't 'pear to be totin' no troubles," she thought, and went on sweeping the porch while she waited for the man to come up.

She was more delicately and slenderly made than most mountain women, with

a great deal of bronze-colored, half-curling hair, and the texture of skin that frequently goes with it; the extreme whiteness of her slender throat caught the eye instantly. She had brown eyes and a tender face a little marred by lines of premature and overmuch care. There was already weariness mingling with her look of youth, yet there was about her, too, that brightness which the color of her hair seemed to demand—even sometimes a sharpness, as Steve had discovered since he had been her husband.

Then the man came up, and she said "Good morning."

"Same to you," said the man, genially. His first impression had been of her hair and her slender neck. "Is this," he asked, "the Steve Birden place? That is, does he still live here?"

"Yes, sir," said Marion.

The man's eyes were blue and humorous. He had the tanned face and general look of the mountaineer in his best clothes, yet with the addition of something—it could be plainly told that he had been out and seen the world. "And are you," he asked, with a smiling, good-fellowship glance, "Marion?"

"Yes, sir," she said again, quickly. She had for a moment a breathlessly startled look; she was swept suddenly by that feeling of something some day arising other than the red sun over the mountain-top.

"Don't know me, do you?" smiled the stranger. "Don't recollect me, do you?"

"No, sir, I reckon not," said Marion. "You can't be," she questioned, "Steve's brother Doc from th' West?"

"Why can't I?" He stepped forward in his quick, light way to reach her half-extended hand, and took it in a hearty grasp. "Yes, I'm Doc, Marion. Where's Steve—somewhere about the place?"

"He's sleepin'," said Marion, "but I'll wake him. He's been preachin' every night till he's wore out."



"Still at it, is he?" Doc's eyes, returning to her, had the humorous look. "Let him rest awhile. I'll cool off out here. Hit's hot work," he added, "climbin' that old yaller mountain road; I could recollect every foot of it as I come up. Hit's been seventeen years since I went down it th' last time; I was runnin' away then." He took her into his confidence suddenly with one of his genial glances. "Steve had jest give me my last lickin'!"

The more she looked at him the more she saw that there was nothing like Steve about him. She could easily conceive that in taking a father's place to this younger brother Steve might have abused his privileges.

"You don't 'pear to be hurtin' none over it!" was her silent reflection.

After Steve had got up and the brothers were talking out on the porch, she came out and stood in the doorway. Steve was saying:

"You haven't got no family yet, I don't reckon?"

"No, not yet!" Doc's breezy voice answered. Seeing her standing there, he threw her his smiling, easy glance. "None of the girls won't have me!"

"No, I know they won't!" she returned, crisply, the words and her look paying him unconscious tribute.

He laughed his ready laugh. "No, I'll tell you how 'tis," he said. "I love 'em all, but none enough!"

Her eyes went from the figure he made to that of her husband. Steve had a sanctimonious and shrunken appearance in his black alpaca coat. "You'd better stay thataway," she advised; "you see Steve here, what too much marryin's done for him!"

The brother slapped him on the leg. "That's one on you, old man! I reckon you do sorter stand as a warnin'!" Then he said with a fraternal freedom, an eye on Marion, "She must be jest a little bit of a cat, ain't she, Steve? I've been told them red-headed ones was bound to be."

"Marion hasn't never yet come under the sanctifyin' influences of grace," said Steve, directing his glance toward his wife. From the look it was plain that she was under his displeasure on this point; a wife who was an unbeliever could but be a reproach to him.

"Oh, that's the case, is it?" Doc responded. He turned his humorous look back to Marion. "Ain't you got no religion at all—not nary little bit after bein' so near to it all this time? Ain't you never heard the voice from the ark callin' to come in out o' th' wet?"

"Yes," admitted Marion, "a time or two." She had returned Steve's look with something like accusation in her face. "But them times I couldn't well leave what I was at t' 'bey th' voice."

"What was you at?" asked Doc, his eyes twinkling.

"Babies mostly. Darthula's, an' then my own. Hit's happened I've never been without one whenever th' spirit's spoke."

"The Lord will always find a way for them that truly desire to seek His altar," interposed the Pharisaical tones of Steve, and his brother checked a sudden unrighteous impulse toward him.

"Sure, Marion!" he said with suspicious acquiescence; "you ort to never let a little thing like babies hinder th' work o' grace—that's plumb foolish!"

Her eyes flashed him a look that was like understanding, and as she went back into the house his own followed her.

"All the same, you could be jest a little bit of a cat, I shouldn't wonder!" he reflected toward her.

Later, as she paused again in the doorway, Doc was saying, "No, I've been stock-raisin' principally. Hit suits me—knocks all th' spots off from lookin' a plow-mule in th' face, an' there's more money in it." He was standing up, his hands making a pleasant rattle in both his pockets.

"You must be plumb wealthy," she thought, somewhat wistfully.

She went back to the kitchen, where Darthula's oldest boy, Daniel, remonstrated with her for the extravagance of fried chicken in honor of the visitor. "They ain't no more this size, an' hit was to buy your snuff with, Marion."

"I'll make out 'thout th' snuff," she said.

"Your cotton-patch don't agree with my eyes, old man," said Doc to Steve a morning or two after. He was walking about, stretching his arms as though seeking an outlet for their energy. He





*Drawn by Frank E. Schoonover*

SHE ALWAYS SAW THE SUN WITH A KIND OF EXPECTANCY







was already through with his visit to his brother, but for some reason he was not quite ready to leave the mountain. This reason was Marion.

"The mule's done finished her breakfast," said Steve, slyly.

The years had changed the position of the two brothers. Doc was master now, with money in his pockets, and the air of a high-handed, lightly condescending lord of things.

"Don't never think I'll pass up any bluff like that!" he laughed. "Where's th' gears an' plow?" He started for the barn, Darthula's boy, Daniel, running along at his side, and the smaller ones following. This big, breezy Uncle Doc had captured all their hearts.

At dinner that day he looked ruefully at the blisters he had made in his hands, and Marion's brown eyes showed sisterly sympathy. "Hit's Steve's dog-goned ol' mule!" he said with his laughing glance on his brother. "I'm wore out pushin' her ahead of th' plow! I've 'bout decided to lay off an' go hoss-huntin'—I b'lieve by tryin' right hard I c'n git better suited."

Just before dark he came back riding a big, shining-coated bay. "Purty, ain't he?" he said to Daniel, who had run out through the cotton to let down the bars. "Did I give too much?" he asked Steve, and named the price.

Marion from the porch looked with admiring eyes.

"You could ride him," Doc said to her; "he's gentleness an' go combined."

"Same as you," she thought, quickly. "I reckon not," she said aloud and slightly coloring. But after the boys had all ridden out to the bars and back, even to little David in front of Daniel, Doc again asked her to try.

"Don't you want to, sure enough?" he urged, and she blushed along her slender, white neck, and shook her head. "Now, why's that?" puzzled he to himself, and then was suddenly overwhelmed by knowledge. "I thought all you mountain women rode," he said, awkwardly, and led the horse away in embarrassment, reproaching himself for not having understood—and for other things also. "Soon's I c'n clean out them cotton rows, I'll hike!" he said, with the shamed feeling of an intruder;

and a day or two later when he had stopped in the kitchen door for a drink he said with some effort to Marion: "I make one more, don't I? I reckon you wouldn't tell me if I did wear out my welcome?"

"Steve's well pleased at gittin' his crop laid by for him," she answered, with that hint of possible spiciness he had more than once seen in her. Then she said, with a burst of honest compunction: "I'm 'shamed of him—you'd jest as well to know it—settin' in th' shade an' leavin' you t' do it all! I aim to tell him so!"

"Shucks!" he said, putting the dipper back in the water-bucket. "He's got to preach, ain't he? Let 'im alone; me an' th' bay hoss's plumb enjoyin' ourselves—if we ain't in th' way."

"You ain't in th' way," replied Marion.

One day Darthula's youngest, little Dicky, had brought his Uncle Doc's dinner down to the field to him, and late in the afternoon Steve came hurrying across the plowed ground.

"Take out your horse and go for the doctor, quick as you can!" he said. In his voice was unmistakable stress. "Go by the barn and git the saddle," he turned to add.

"Will I have time for that?" Doc questioned. He had already thrown the gears from the horse and unhooked the plow.

"Hit's minutes, I reckon"; Steve's lips seemed dry. Doc leaped to the bare back of the bay, took the fence at a low place near the road, and crashed through the short space of undergrowth. "Hit's minutes, old hoss," he said, and shook out the bridle.

The short mile out to the top of the mountain was at the bay's best pace, but going down, much as his rider's heart might call for speed, was a little slower. At the steepest pitches Doc tightened rein, on the easier slopes plunged downward recklessly. Reaching the foot, he glanced back at the yellow road stretching up and up, and pulled out his watch as the bay took the level at a swift, easy gallop.

Daniel had the bars down for the doctor when they got back, and they swept



through the cotton-patch to the front of the cabin; then Doc went down to the field and sat under a chestnut-tree, and there about sundown Daniel found him.

"Pa says will you put th' mule in the doctor's buggy? I'm goin' to take him home an' ride the mule back. Pa says tell you hit's all right."

"Big boy!" said Uncle Doc. "Ain't you 'fraid the moonlight 'll git you down yonder on th' mountain-side?"

As he led the mule out to the buggy, the doctor, who was waiting, reached to shake hands with him. "I was just telling your brother," he said, "that if any other man on this mountain had come for me, I'd have been too late. You wouldn't part with that horse of yours?"

"No," said Doc, in his crisp way; "I reckon I'll keep him!"

Although Marion had come back from those gates which had almost opened for her, she came alone—a little grave out in the orchard held a first baby daughter that had never opened eyes into life. With arms unwontedly empty, Marion secretly mourned this daughter, yet after a few weeks that very emptiness became her danger. Something new was beginning to stir in her heart—something subtle and alarming.

Doc had begun to guard his thoughts less carefully. Marion had acquired a new allurements in his eyes: she seemed to him now very slight and young; the small, white neck that seemed hardly able to support her head of heavy-growing, reddish hair perpetually drew his glance toward her. And the fact that she avoided these glances, that her brown eyes could not meet his smiling blue ones, made him remember too often that he had saved her life—what a man had saved was his own!

With the season's crops "laid by," there was no further need of him and the bay horse in corn or cotton field; he talked of leaving, yet did not go. And then came on the great yearly revival, sweeping valley and mountain, and Steve, whose zeal for souls never failed to rise upon these occasions, urged his brother's staying till the meetings were over.

"Hit may be," said Steve to Marion, "th' spirit of th' Lord workin' upon him,

to restrain him an' lead him to repentance." And she answered, with a meekness she had not always shown, "Hit may be."

"I pray," he continued, in tones of exhortation, "that th' work of grace may begin in your heart also; hit's high time, Marion."

And again she replied, still meekly, her head drooping, "I know it is."

He gave the phenomenon a moment's wonder; it might be the work was already begun. But it was the impending departure that was quenching her spirit—her knowledge that life would be thenceforth a void, that the sun rising over the other mountain could thereafter herald only days, only a long, blank succession of days.

From near and far gathered the congregation of the log meeting-house in the valley where Steve urgently entreated the righteous to better works and sinners to repentance. Steve in the pulpit embodied eloquence and power; and in the yearly "big meeting" the small log church was always filled to overflowing. Nightly, at dusk, the mountain-side reverberated with the rumble of wagons making their way downward, and nightly in this procession Doc's big bay, with Doc driving, accommodated his step to that of his brother's mule.

The yellow road was moonlit—and Steve not always with them. Though her heart told her it was a sin, some of these journeys were like enchantment to Marion. Yet if, as sometimes happened, duty had called Steve to the aid of some troubled soul whom Satan refused to loose, she kept her body-guard of boys around her in a way that made Doc smile significantly. So far he had not wronged her (or Steve) by look or word, though so far as his brother was concerned it would have been his creed that only what a man can hold against all comers belongs to him. It was something different in Marion herself and in his own feeling which built a hedge around her; something which kept him constantly at war with himself, denying his own impulses.

One night Steve walked up the mountain behind the wagon, and with him a trembling sinner unable to let the grievous load he was carrying slip from his



shoulders. The preacher was laboring earnestly.

"Pore devil!" Doc said, commiseratingly. "Mebby we'd better sing a verse for him—looks like he's mighty bad off fur somethin'!"

Marion, with little David, was sitting beside him in the spring seat, the boys behind. Doc was still frankly a scoffer. Marion knew the song would be mockery, but she began one whose refrain had been lingering in her ears, in a voice which, as it floated out over the mountain-side, held an arresting possibility of sweetness.

With lines loose, Doc watched the outlines of her small, heavy-haired head, of her face, of her slender white throat in the moonlight. "Where He leads me, I will follow," ran the refrain, and when she had sung it three times and come to the ending, "I'll go with Him—with Him—all the way," Doc, listening, suddenly profaned the words.

"Sing it like you aimed to do it!" he said, leaning toward her and speaking in a quick, low voice—the voice and the smile of the tempter. "Think hit's—a man!"

Her look sprang toward him—the swift, answering look; in his breast was a fierce beating. "I reckon you would!" he thought, triumphantly. But in the next moment that strange something with which he had never before reckoned had set the wall up around her, hedging her from his passion. He made an abrupt motion and spoke in a needlessly sharp tone to the boy. At the top the sinner's trail led in a different direction, and Steve climbed in with them; and by the time they had rumbled through the cotton-patch and stopped at the cabin door, Marion's hours as an unbeliever were numbered; conviction of sin had fallen upon her.

It worked contrarily with her, however, hardening instead of humbling; in her heart was hot rebellion, desires of the flesh—she had never before known these—warring against the spirit. Like a petulant child offered something other than it has cried for, she protested in her heart, "I ain't a-wantin' to be saved! I ain't a-wantin' it!" She was impatient with the children, and slapped little

Dicky, which made Daniel say, reprovingly:

"You're mighty mean, to-day, Marion. You'd better git *you* a little religion while they's such a plenty!"

"I ain't wantin' it," she repeated, stubbornly.

After dinner the boys went to look for ripe melons in the cotton; Steve had thrown himself on a bed in a far corner of the big room and with closed eyes and deep respirations was storing up spiritual strength for the night. Marion put the cabin in order, and then, restless, ill at ease, reached to the high shelf above the fireplace and took down her snuff-box. Of late she had secretly discarded the habit—since hearing Doc's expression of disapproval—and it was with a feeling of both shame and defiance that she took it from the fireboard. She had not opened it when Doc came in.

"You'd better hide it!" he laughed. All his restrained look leaped toward her. "I'd be ashamed!"

To her his eyes seemed to hold but mockery—mockery of her longing heart, of the spiritual, inner voice. Anger stirred in her.

"You wouldn't 'low your wife to dip?" she lightly questioned, and the taunt in her brown eyes made him stride toward her, coming close and reaching around for the snuff-box hidden in the hand behind her.

"I'll never kiss her if she does!" he laughed.

She stood scarcely breathing, the strength going out of her with his words and nearness, and her retort, "She might make out to live 'thout it!" was spoken too tremulously to deceive him.

He smiled his victory into her eyes as he reached to set the box back on the fire-board. "'Thout which?" he asked, carelessly.

And all through the afternoon her passionate heart cried, "Oh, I cain't nohow live 'thout it—not nohow!" with not a moment's doubt of her own meaning.

Daniel came in and sat down at the table, poring over a book. Presently he confided: "Uncle Doc's goin' to give me his horse when he leaves. He told me so this mornin'."

"When did he say he was goin' to leave?" inquired Marion.



"He never said. He jest said when he did leave."

"And mine arms of love shall be round thee," was the text from which Steve had chosen to preach, and instead of picturing the torments of his future punishment to the trembling sinner, he opened the flood-gates of feeling and turned on the tears. "Think of it, my brother; think of it, my sister!" he pleaded, eloquently. "Are you weary—are you heavy-laden—are you bearin' the load of care? His arms of love shall be round you. Oh, brothers—sisters—don't deny them lovin' arms. Don't deny them lovin' arms!"

Marion, melted down by the appeal in the words, had begun sobbing, and David, vaguely disturbed by it all, crept into her lap and, finding himself powerless to comfort, lifted his voice and mingled his grief with hers.

Later, in the darkness, she began to weep again, silently and bitterly, into her pillow. Steve was sleeping peacefully beside her; she thought, with a choking sob, that his breast was peaceful because he had long ago sought peace and found it. But she had not then sought—and now, seeking, could not find. While she had been out of the fold, her feet straying in the broad paths of sin, this human passion had entered her heart and left no room.

"Oh, hit must be cast out, hit must be cast out!" she thought, piteously, and, even while she thought, it swept over her and engulfed her.

When she could bear it no longer she woke Steve. "I want to hear more about them lovin' arms," she begged, humbly. "About 'em bein' around us an' comfortin' us an' wavin' back trouble an' care—"

But Steve, wakened from sound and well-earned slumber, was inclined now to be severe with his penitent. He felt that Marion had had due opportunity; she had heard it all with the rest. Why had she not "come through" with the others? Why had she had to wait till it was all over, the emotional fount dry, and sleep heavy upon the preacher's eyelids?

"You know," he said, not too patiently, "where to go to find peace, jest as good as I or anybody else could tell

it. Search your own heart an' cast out its sins—hit's th' only way for you, same's for all sinners."

"I know that," she said, still humble, "an' I've done cast 'em out—th' best I could—" very softly. "Hit 'pears like I've jest got to have th' comfort now, Steve; if you could jest tell me about 'em a little—about them arms—"

With a warring rush of feeling she realized that Steve again slept. She sprang up wildly. "I know where *is* some!" she cried in a fierce whisper—"some lovin' arms!" But the next instant she had slipped to the bare floor at the front of the bed, her face down against the hard boards, her whole body striving to express its agony of shame and self-abasement.

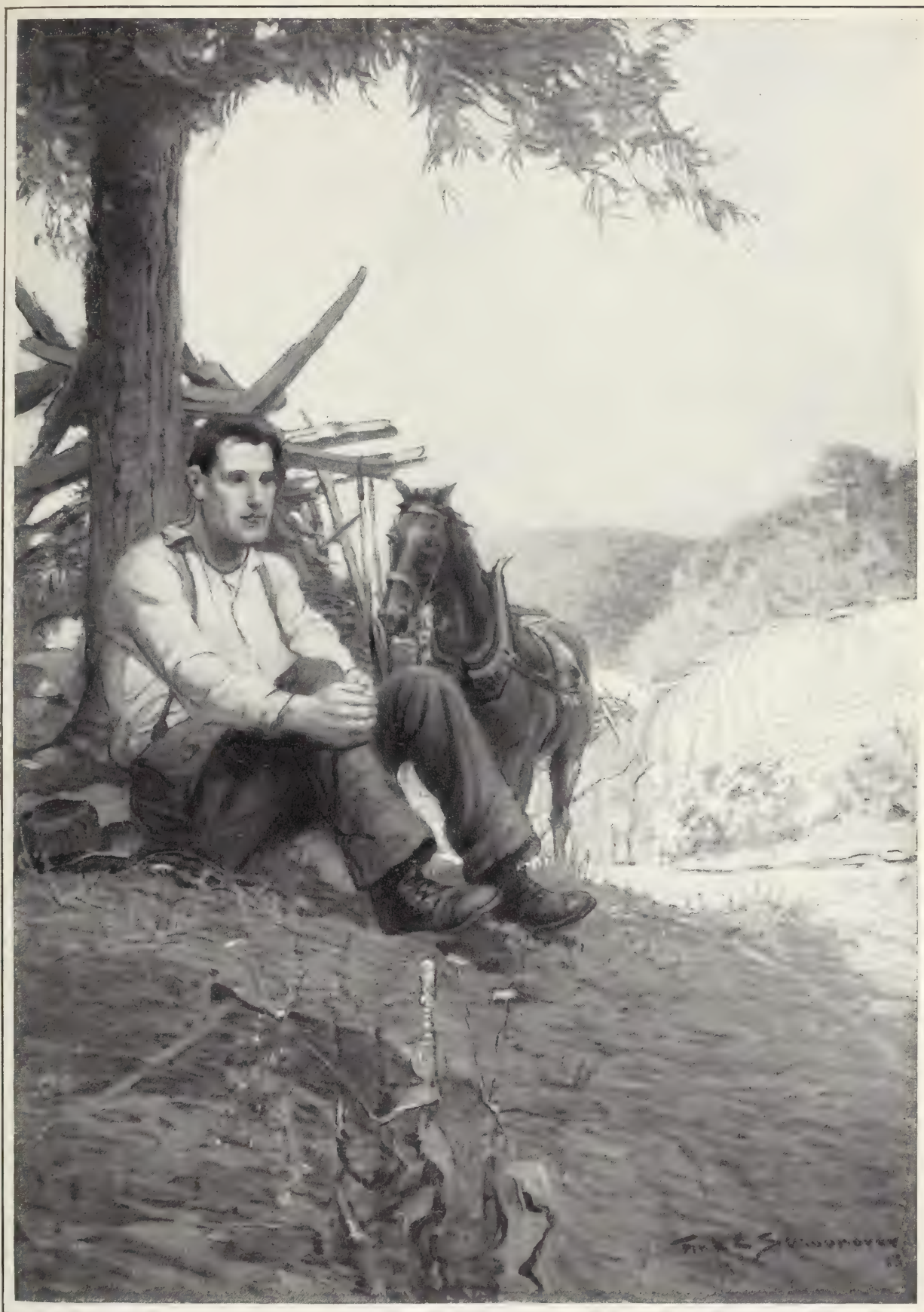
"Oh, my God," she prayed, "I never went to say it! I never went to think it, even! Oh, not never! Hit jest thunk himself! Don't let me never—don't let hit never come into my heart no more—not no more!" And there in that lowliness she felt peace flow into her soul.

Her conversion was a disappointment to Steve, who would have had her come through in triumph before a cloud of witnesses, with hand-clappings and ecstasies—"makin' a play to the grand-stand, same's he does himself!" thought Doc, not inaccurately. When Marion told him, bravely confronting him—so near that he could have reached and swept her into his arms and swept her new-found peace from her heart, he said only, "Have you, sure enough?" with a gentleness of look and tone that just for an instant pierced her despite the peace.

"An' I don't want you never to doubt"—her voice was almost stern—"I've done give up all! I've set my feet in th' strait an' narrow way an' I aim to keep 'em there!"

"They'll be mighty purty an' sweet in it," said Doc in a humoring tone. He took the bay horse and went down to the field to plow out some late patches, but, instead of plowing them, threw the bridle over the top rail of the fence and sat down under the tree that had been left for shade and fought out his battle. It was not for Marion to set the stakes—he smiled at the thought. Not for her nor her religion nor for any one or any





*Drawn by Frank E. Schoonover*

HE SAT DOWN UNDER A TREE AND FOUGHT OUT HIS BATTLE







thing on God's green earth save himself! There was nothing but his own decision between—between whether he went away after this battle was fought, or stayed.

He seemed suddenly to hear her voice: "I've set my feet in th' strait an' narrow way—"

"I reckon I'll jest have to leave 'em there," said Doc, and said it with renunciation.

But when he was all ready to take his departure, out through the cotton-patch now white with open bolls, past the bars and down the yellow mountain road, and when he had said good-by to all the rest, he took Marion in his arms, held her for a long moment, and kissed her.

"Hit's th' first time, Steve," he said to his brother, into whose face a belated, strange look was coming. "Hit'll be th' last."

There had been the long procession of red suns over the mountain-top—the empty, joyless days—and the second autumn after Doc's departure Steve's second daughter made a safe voyage into life. When he himself had brought it, in its bravery of first apparel, and laid it down beside her, Marion had reached her arms to his neck with a new and grateful love flowing into her heart. And if, as the little one grew, and Marion, the passionately adoring mother, looked to future years and said, "No man can't have you 'thout you lovin' him!" the words held now no bitterness—only knowledge.

The autumn little Marion was five, when the cotton-patch was white and Steve was pouring vials of wrath or extending arms of love over sinners in the log church in the valley, Daniel one

morning came back from town with a letter.

"Hit's from Uncle Doc," he said; "I can tell the writin'."

Steve read it through to himself, then, with a hint of uncertainty, read it aloud to his wife. One of its pages ran:

"Tell Marion she mustn't git mad about it; tell her I come the nearest I could in makin' a choice. Tell Marion she's got big brown eyes sorter like her own—only not plumb exactly like, neither. Tell her I said I'd thought about her a heap o' times, back there in that narrow way where her feet is, an' tell her that when we all git good an' gray-headed an' have got a few gran'children, an' are all lookin' over into th' Promised Land, I'm aimin' to travel up that ol' yaller mountain road once more."

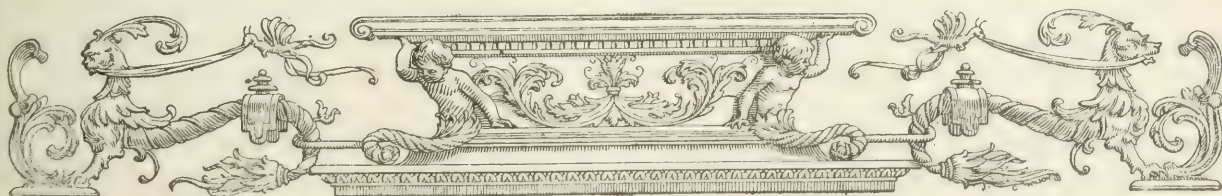
"Hit sounds jest like him," said Marion.

Her face did not change then, nor later, through all Steve's sermon—which was not, to-night, upon the Arms of Love, but upon some other text which bore no special message to her. It was not until from somewhere in the congregation rose the hymn,

Where He leads me, I will follow—  
I'll go with Him—with Him—all the way,

that she permitted herself passively to remember the morning the man had let down the bars at the end of the wheel-tracks, and the evening of his kiss.

"But hit weren't no sin!" she whispered, confidingly, to her good God there in the darkness. "Hit'll never come back no more—not never no more," she thought, and slept.





# Under the Apple-trees

BY JOHN BURROUGHS



HERE are few places on the farm where there is so much live natural history to be gathered as in the orchard. The trees bear a crop of birds, if not of apples, every season. Few are the winged visitors from distant climes that do not, sooner or later, tarry a bit in the orchard. Many birds, such as the robin, the chippy, the humming-bird, the cedar-bird, the goldfinch, and some of the fly-catchers, nest there. The great-crested fly-catcher loves the old hollow limbs, and the little red owl often lives in a cavity in the trunk. The jays visit the orchard on their piratical excursions in quest of birds' eggs, and now and then they discover the owl in his retreat and set up a great hue and cry over their discovery. On such occasions they will take turns in looking into the dim cavity and crying, "Thief, thief!" most vociferously, the culprit meanwhile, apparently, sitting wrapped in utter oblivion.

In May and June the cuckoo comes to the orchard for tent caterpillars, and the woodpeckers come at all seasons—the downy and the hairy to the good of the trees, the yellow-bellied often to their injury. The two former search for the eggs and the larvæ of the insects that infest the trees, as do the nuthatches and the chickadees, which come quite as regularly; but the yellow-bellied comes for the life-blood of the trees themselves. He is popularly known as the "sap-sucker," and a sap-sucker he is. Many apple-trees in every orchard are pock-marked by his bill, and occasionally a branch is evidently killed by his many and broad drillings. As I write these lines, on September the twenty-sixth, in my bush tent in one of the home orchards, a sap-sucker is busy on a veteran apple-tree whose fruit has often gone to school with me in my pockets during my boyhood days on the

farm. He goes about his work systematically, visiting one of the large branches and then a portion of the trunk, and drilling his holes in rows about one-quarter of an inch apart. Every square foot of the trunk contains from three to four hundred holes, new and old, cut through into the inner vital cambium layer. The holes are about the size of the end of a rye straw, and run in rings around the tree, the rings being about half an inch apart. The newly cut ones quickly fill with sap, which, to my tongue, has a rather insipid taste, but which is evidently relished by the woodpecker. He drills two or three holes, then pauses a moment, and when they are filled sips his apple-tree tippie leisurely. The drain upon the vitality of the tree at any one time, by this tapping, cannot be very serious, but in the course of years must certainly affect its vigor considerably. I have seen it stated in print, by a writer who evidently draws upon his fancy for his facts, that in making these holes the bird is setting a trap for insects, and that these are what it feeds upon. But the bird is a sap-sucker; there are no insects at his wells to-day; he visits them very regularly, and is constantly drilling new ones. His mate, or at least a female, comes, and I overhear the two in soft, gentle conversation. When I appear upon the scene the female scurries away in alarm, calling as she retreats, as if for the male to follow; but he does not. He eyes me for a moment, and then sidles around behind the trunk of the tree, and as I go back to my table I hear his hammer again. Very soon the female is back and I hear their conversation going on as before.

Day after day the male is here tapping the trees. His blows are soft and can be heard only a few yards away. He evidently has his favorites. In this orchard of twenty or more trees, only two are worked now, and only three have ever been much worked. The two favorites



bear hard, sour fruit. The bark of a sweet apple-tree does not show a single hole. A grafted tree shows no holes on the original stock, but many punctures on the graft. One day I saw the bird frequently leave his drilling on one tree and go to another, drilling into a small red apple which had lodged amid some twigs on a horizontal branch; he ate the pulp and had made quite a large hole in the apple, when it became dislodged and fell to the ground. It is plain, therefore, that the sap-sucker likes the juice of the apple, and of the tree that bears the apple. He is the only orchard bird who is a tippler. Among the forest trees, he sucks the sap of the sugar maples in spring, and I have seen evidence of his having drilled into small white pines, cutting out an oblong section from the bark, apparently to get at the soft cambium layer.

It is a pleasant experience to sit in my orchard camp of a still morning and hear an apple drop here and there—"indolent ripe," as Whitman says, in the fulness of time—or prematurely ripe, by a worm at its heart. The worm finds its account in getting down to the ground, where it can pupate, and in both cases the tree has finished a bit of its work and is getting ready for its winter sleep; and in both cases the squirrels and the woodchucks profit by the fall. But September woodchucks are few; most of them retire to their holes for the long winter sleep during this month; the harvest apples that fall in August hit them at the right moment; but the red squirrels are alert for the apple seeds during both months, and they chip up many apples for these delicate morsels. They also love the hollow branches and trunks of the trees, in which they make their homes.

At present my favorite denizen of the orchard is the chipmunk. He, too, likes the apple-seeds, but he is not given to chipping up the apples as much as is the red squirrel. He waits till the apples are ripe and then nibbles the pulp. He also likes the orchard because it veils his movements; when making his trips to and fro, if danger threatens, the trunk of every tree is a house of refuge.

As I write these lines in my leafy tent, a chipmunk comes in, foraging for his

winter supplies. I have brought him cherry-pits and peach-pits and cracked wheat, from time to time, and now he calls on me several times a day. His den is in the orchard but a few yards from me, and I enjoy having him for so near a neighbor. He has at last become so familiar that he climbs to my lap, then to the table, then to my shoulder and head, looking for the kernels of popcorn that he is convinced have some perennial source of supply near me or about me. He clears up every kernel, and then on his return, in a few minutes, there they are again! I might think him a good deal puzzled by the prompt renewal of the supply, if I were to read my own thoughts into his little noddle, but I see he is only eager to gather his harvest while it is plentiful and so near at hand. No, he is not influenced even by that consideration; he does not consider at all, in fact, but just goes for the corn in nervous eagerness and haste. Yet, if he does not reflect, he certainly has a wisdom and foresight of his own. This morning I mixed kernels of fresh-cut green corn with a handful of the dry, hard popcorn upon the floor. At first he began to eat the soft sweet corn, but, finding the small, dry kernels of the popcorn, he at once began to stuff his cheek pockets with them, and when they were full he hastened off to his den. Back he came in about three minutes, and he kept on doing this till the popcorn was all gone; then he proceeded to make his breakfast off the green corn. When this was exhausted, he began to strip some choke-cherries (which I had also placed among the corn) of their skins and pulp, and to fill his pockets with the pits, thus carrying no perishable food to his den. He acted exactly as if he knew that the green corn and the choke-cherries would spoil in his underground retreat, and that the hard, dry kind, and the cherry-pits, would keep. He did know it, but not as you and I know it, by reason of experience; he knew it, as all the wild creatures know how to get on in the world, by the wisdom that pervades nature, and is much older than we or they are.

My chipmunk knows corn, cherry-pits, buckwheat, beech-nuts, apple seeds, and probably several other foods, at



sight; but peach-pits, hickory-nuts, dried sweet corn, he at first passed by, and peanuts I could not tempt him to touch at all. He was at first indifferent to the rice, but on nibbling at it and finding it toothsome he began to fill his pockets with it. Amid the rice I scattered puffed wheat. This he repeatedly took up and chipped into, attracted probably by the odor, but finding it hollow, or at least very spongy and unsubstantial in its interior, he quickly dropped it. It was not solid enough to get into his winter stores. After I had cracked a few hickory-nuts he became very eager for them, and it was amusing to see him, as he sat on my table, struggle to force the larger ones into his pockets, supplementing the contractile power of his cheek muscles with his paws. When he failed to pocket one he would take it in his teeth and make off. I offered him some peach-pits also, but he only carried one of them up on the stone wall and handled it awhile, then looked it over and left it. But after I had cracked a few of them and had thus given him a taste of what was in them, he began to carry them to his den.

It is interesting to see how well these wild creatures are groomed—every hair in its place and shining as if it had just been polished. The tail of my chipmunk is simply perfect—not a hair missing or soiled or worn. His underground habits leave no mark or stain upon him, and his daily labors do not ruffle a hair. This is true of nearly all the wild creatures. Domestication changes all this; domestic animals become dirty and unkempt. The half-tame gray squirrels in the parks have little of the wild grace and beauty of the squirrels in the woods. Especially do their tails deteriorate, and their sylvan airiness and delicacy disappear.

The whole character of the squirrel culminates and finds expression in its tail—all its nervous restlessness and wild beauty, all its jauntiness, archness, and suspicion, and every change of emotion, seem to ripple out along this appendage.

How furtive and nervous my chipmunk is, rushing about by little jerks incessantly, not stopping for anything. His bright, unwinking eyes, his palpitating body, his sudden spasmodic move-

ments, his eagerness, his industry, his sleekness and cleanliness—what a picture he makes! Apparently he does not know me from a stump or a clothes-horse. His cold paws on my warm hand, on my arm, or on my head give him no hint of danger; no odors from my body, or look from my eyes, disturb him; the sound of my voice does not alarm him; but any movement on my part, and he is off. It is *moving* things—cats, weasels, hawks, foxes—that mean danger to him. In the little circuit of his life—gathering his winter stores and his daily subsistence, spinning along the fences, threading the woods and bushes—his eye and his ear are evidently his main dependence; odors and still objects concern him little, but moving things very much. I once saw a chipmunk rush to his den in the side of a bank with great precipitation, and in a moment, like a flash, a shriek darted down and hovered over the entrance.

I can talk to my chipmunk in low, slow tones and he heeds me not, but any unusual sound outside the camp, and he is alertness itself. One day when he was on my table a crow flew over and called sharply and loudly; the squirrel sat up and took notice instantly; with his paws upon his breast he listened and looked intently for a few seconds, and then resumed his foraging. At another time the sharp call of a red squirrel in a tree near by made him still more nervous. With one raised paw he looked and listened for two or three minutes. The red squirrel hazes him on all occasions, and, I think, often robs him of his stores.

No doubt the chipmunk has many narrow escapes from hawks. A hunter told me recently of a hawk and chipmunk incident that he had witnessed the day before in the woods on the mountain: He was standing still listening to the baying of his hound on the trail of a fox. Suddenly there was a rush and clatter of wings in the maple-trees near him, and he saw a large hawk in pursuit of a chipmunk and coming down, close to the trunk of a tree, like a thunderbolt. As the hawk struck the ground the hunter shot him dead. He had the squirrel in his claw as in a trap, and the hunter had to pry the talon open to free the



victim, which was alive and able to run away. From the description I guessed the hawk to be a goshawk. What the chipmunk was doing up that tree is a mystery to me, since he seldom ventures far from the ground; but the truth of the incident is unquestioned.

When the chipmunk is in the open, the sense of danger is never absent from him. He is always on the alert. In his excursions along the fences to collect wild buckwheat, wild cherries, and various grains, he is watchfulness itself. In every trip to his den with his supplies, his manner is like that of the baseball-player in running the bases—he makes a dash from my study, leaping high over the grass and weeds, to an apple-tree ten yards away; here he pauses a few seconds and nervously surveys his course ahead; then he makes another sprint to a second apple-tree, and pauses as before, quickly glancing round; then in a few leaps he is at home and in his den.

One day I went by a roundabout course and stood three paces from his hole. In the meantime he had loaded up and came running over the course in his usual style, but before he left the second base he saw me, or an apparition that was not there before, and became very nervous. He jumped about; he sat up on his haunches and looked; crouched by a woodchuck's hole he eyed me, his cheeks protruding; changed his attitude a dozen times, then, as the apparition changed not, he started and came one-third of the way; then his heart failed him and he rushed back. More posing and scrutinizing, when he made a second dash that brought him two-thirds of the way; then his fears overcame him again, and he again rushed to cover. Repeating his former behavior for a few moments, he made a third dash and reached the home base in safety. How carefully he seems to carry his tail on entering his hole, so as not to let it touch the sides! He is out again in less than a minute and, erect upon his haunches, looks me squarely in the eye. He is greatly agitated; he has not had that experience before. What does it mean? Erect on his hind-legs, he stands almost motionless and eyes me. I stand motionless, too, with a half-eaten apple in my hand. I wink and breathe; so does he. For

ten minutes we confront each other in this fashion, then he turns his back upon me and drops down. He looks toward the camp; he remembers the nuts and corn awaiting him there; he stirs uneasily; he changes his position; he looks at my motionless figure again, then toward the source of supplies, and is off, leaving me at his threshold. In two minutes he is back again with protruding pockets, and now makes the home-run without a pause. He emerges again from his den, washes his face three times, his mouth first, then his nose and cheeks, then is off for another load. I return to my chair and soon he is again on my lap and table, or sitting in the hollow of my hand, loading up as before. The apparition in the chair has no terrors for him.

I would not say that he is burdened with a conscious sense of danger; rather is his fear instinctive and unconscious. It is in his blood—born with him and a part of his life. His race has been the prey of various animals and birds for untold ages, and it has survived by reason of an instinctive watchfulness that has been pushed to the highest degree of development. His behavior is an excellent illustration of the unconscious fear that pervades such a large part of the animal kingdom.

All creatures that are preyed upon by others lead this life of fear. I don't know that the crow is ever preyed upon by any other creature, so he apparently has a pretty good time. He is social and noisy and in the picnicking mood all the day long. Hawks apparently are afraid of man only. Hence their lives must be comparatively free from harassing fear. Even fish in the streams are not exempt from fear. They are preyed upon by large fish, and by minks and otters, and by the fish-hawk. If the weasel has a natural enemy, I don't know what it is. He is the boldest of the bold. He might be captured by a hawk or an eagle, but such occurrences are probably very rare, as a weasel can dodge almost anything but a gun.

Of all our wild creatures the rabbit has the most enemies—weasels, minks, foxes, wild-cats, and owls are hovering about poor Bunnie at all times. No wonder she never closes her eyes, even in sleep. To compensate in a measure for all this,



nature has made her very fleet of foot and very prolific, so that the race of rabbits is in full tide, notwithstanding its many enemies.

Such animals as the skunk and the porcupine show little fear, because their natural enemies, if they have any, would go by on the other side. There is evidence that the skunk is sometimes preyed upon by the fox and the eagle, and the porcupine by the lynx and the wolf, but these must be exceptional occurrences. The lion probably fears nothing but man. Little wonder that he looks calm and majestic and always at his ease! But I am getting away from my apple-trees.

The arch-enemy of the chipmunk is the small red weasel, and I wonder if it is to hide from him that he usually digs his den away from the fences and other cover, in clean, open ground, leaving no clue whatever as to his whereabouts. All that is visible of it is a small round hole in the ground nearly concealed by the overhanging grass. I had to watch him in order to find it.

His chamber is about three feet below the surface of the ground, and has but one entrance, through a long, crooked passage eight or ten feet long. If his arch-enemy were to find it, there would be no escape. The weasel himself fears nothing; he is the incarnation of blood-thirstiness, and his victims seem so horrified at the discovery that he is pursuing them that they become paralyzed. Even the fleet-footed rabbit in the open woods or fields falls an easy prey.

One day last summer as I sat at the table in my hay-barn study, there boldly entered through the open door this arch-enemy of our small rodents—brown of back and white of belly. He rushed in as if on very hurrying business, and all my efforts to detain him, by squeaking like a mouse and chirping like a bird, proved unavailing. He thrust out his impudent snake-like head and neck from an opening in the wall, and fixed his intense beady eyes upon me for a moment, and was gone. I feared he was on the trail of the chipmunk that had just carried away the cherry-pits I had placed for him on a stone near by; but the little rodent appeared a half-hour later, as

sleek as ever, but with a touch of something suspicious and anxious in his manner, as if he had at least had tidings that his deadly enemy was in the neighborhood.

After I had cracked some hickory-nuts for my little friend this morning, and he had got a taste of the sweet morsel inside, he quickly began to stuff the whole nuts into his pockets and carry them to his storehouse. It was amusing to see him struggle with the larger nuts, first moistening them with his tongue, to force them into those secret and apparently inadequate pockets. The smooth, trim cheeks would suddenly assume the appearance of enormous wens, extending well down on the sides of the neck. The pouches are not mere passive receptacles; they evidently possess some power of muscular action, like the throat muscles, which enables them to force the grain and nuts along their whole course. As the little squirrel picks the corn from the floor you can see the pouches swell, first on the one side, then on the other. The pouches are doubtless emptied by muscular movements similar to those by which they were filled—a self-acting piece of machinery, a pocket that can fill and empty itself.

I see my little hermit making frequent visits to my study in the morning before I am seated there, exploring the floor, the chair, the table, to see if the miracle of the corn-manna has not again happened. He is anxious to be on hand as soon as it occurs. He is no discriminator of persons. One morning a woman friend took her seat in my chair with corn in her lap and under her arched hand on the table, and waited. Presently the little forager appeared and climbed to her lap, and pushed under her hand, as he had under mine.

The activity of the chipmunk when he is out of his den is almost incessant. Like the honey-bee, he seems filled with a raging impulse to lay up his winter stores. When he finds an ever-renewed supply, as in my orchard camp, his eagerness and industry are delightful to see. The more nuts I place for him, the more eager he becomes, as most of us do when we strike a rich lead of the things we are in quest of. Will his greed carry him to the point of filling his den



so full that there remains no room for himself in it? One day I gave him all I thought he could manage—enough, I fancied, to fill his chamber full—two quarts of hickory-nuts and some corn. How he responded to the invitation! How he flew over the course from my den to his! He fairly panted. The day might prove too short for him, or some other chipmunk might discover the pile of treasures. Three, and often four, nuts at a time went into his pockets. If one of them was too large to go in readily, he would take it between his teeth. He would first bite off the sharp point from the nut to keep it from pricking or irritating his pouches. I do not think he feared a puncture. I renewed the pile of nuts from time to time, and looked on with interest. The day was cloudy and wet, but he ran his express-train all day. His feet soon became muddy, and it was amusing to see him wash his face with those soiled paws every time he emerged from his hole. It was striking to see how much like a machine he behaved, going through the same motions at the same points, as regularly as a clock. He disappeared into his hole each time with a peculiarly graceful movement which seemed to find expression in the sweep of his tail. It was to the eye what melodious sounds are to the ear, and contrasted strangely with the sudden impulsive movements of his usual behavior. As the day declined, and the pile of nuts was ever renewed, I thought I saw signs that he was either getting discouraged or else that his den was getting too full. At five o'clock he began to carry the nuts out from my camp and conceal them here and there under the leaves and dry grass. His manner seemed undecided. He did not return to his den again while I waited near it. After some delay I saw him go to the stone wall and follow it till he was lost from sight under the hill. I concluded that his greed had at last really turned him out-of-doors and that he had gone off to spend the night with a neighbor. But my inference was wrong. The next day he was back again, carrying away a fresh supply of nuts as eagerly as ever. Two more quarts disappeared before night. The next day was rainy, and though other chipmunks were hurrying about, my lit-

tle miser rested from his labors. A day later a fresh supply of nuts arrived—two quarts of chestnuts and one of hickory-nuts, and the greed of the little fellow arose to the occasion. He made his trips as frequently as ever. My enforced absence for a few days prevented me from witnessing all that happened, but a friend took notes for me. He tried to fool the chipmunk with a light-colored marble placed among the nuts. The squirrel picked it up, but quickly dropped it. Then my friend rubbed the marble with the meat of a hickory-nut. The chipmunk smelled it; then put it in his pocket; then took it out, held it in his paws a moment and looked at it, and returned it to his pocket. Three times he did this before rejecting it. Evidently his sense of taste discredited his sense of smell. On my return at the end of the week, the enthusiasm of the chipmunk had greatly abated. He was seldom out of his den. A nut or two placed at the mouth of his den disappeared, but he visited me no more in my camp. Other chipmunks were active all about, but his solicitude about the winter had passed, or, rather, his hoarding instinct had been sated. His cellar was full. The rumor that right here was a land of plenty seemed to have gone abroad upon the air, and other chipmunks appeared upon the scene. Red squirrels and gray squirrels came, but we wasted no nuts upon them. But a female chipmunk that came and occupied an old den at my doorstep was encouraged. She soon became as familiar as my first acquaintance, climbing to my table, taking nuts from my hand, and nipping my fingers spitefully when I held on to the nuts. Her behavior was as nearly like that of the other as two peas are alike. I gave her a fair supply of winter stores, but did not put her greed to the test. So far as I have observed, the two sexes do not winter together, and there seems to be no sort of *camaraderie* between them. One day, earlier in this history, I saw my male neighbor chase a smaller chipmunk, which I have little doubt was this female, out of the camp and off into the stone wall, with great spitefulness. All-the-year-round love among the wild creatures is very rare, if it occurs at all. Love is seasonal and brief among most



of them. My little recluse has ample supplies for quite a family, but I am quite certain he will spend the winter alone there in the darkness of his subterranean dwelling. He must have at least a peck of nuts that we gave him, besides all the supplies that he carried in from his foraging about the orchard and the fields earlier in the season. The temptation to dig down and uncover his treasures is very great, but my curiosity might lead to his undoing, at least to his serious discomfort, so I shall forbear, resting content in the thought that at least one fellow-mortal has got all that his heart desires.

As our lives have touched here at my writing-table, each working out his life problems, I have thought of what a gulf divides my little friend and me; yet he is as earnestly solving his problems as I am mine; though, of course, he does not worry over them, or take thought of them, as I do. I cannot even say that something not himself takes thought for him; there is no thought in the matter; there is what we have to call impulse,

instinct, inherited habit, and the like, though these are only terms for mysteries. He, too, shares in this wonderful something we call life. The evolutionary struggle and unfolding was for him as well as for me. He, too, is a tiny bubble on the vast current of animate nature, whose beginning is beyond our ken in the dim past, and whose ending is equally beyond our ken in the dim future. He goes his pretty ways, gathers his precarious harvest, has his adventures, his hair-breadth escapes, his summer activity, his autumn plenty, his winter solitude and gloom, and his spring awakening and gladness. He has made himself a home here in the old orchard; he knows how deep to go into the ground to get beyond the frost line; he is a pensioner upon the great bounty from which we all draw, and probably lives up to the standard of the chipmunk life more nearly than most of us live up to the best standards of human life. May he so continue to live, and may we yet meet in many future summers under the apple boughs!

## The Kiss

BY SARA TEASDALE

BEFORE you kissed me only winds of heaven  
Had kissed me, and the tenderness of rain.  
Now you have come, how can I care for kisses  
Like theirs again?

I sought the Sea; she sent her winds to meet me;  
They surged about me, singing of the South.  
I turned my head away to keep still holy  
Your kiss upon my mouth.

And swift, sweet rains of shining April weather  
Found not my lips where living kisses are;  
I bowed my head lest they put out my glory  
As rain puts out a star.

I am my love's, and he is mine for ever,  
Sealed with a seal and safe for evermore.  
Think you that I could let a beggar enter  
Where a king stood before?



# A Night in the Open

BY NORMAN DUNCAN



MY own camel was an aged, grave camel, a camel of discretion, plodding reconciled and almost content, having long ago learned the sorry lesson—like a man got past his prime, it seemed—that it does not profit a beast of burden to rebel: that it is expedient rather to yield with an appearance of good humor to the inevitable mastery than to be switched for disobedience and in the end be obliged sullenly to endure an addition of bruises to the various miseries of fate. And for this reasonable and placid service of his master's comfort my camel was rewarded, according to the custom, with words of approbation. Australian-bred though he was, and of descent from the camels of India, a strain which the Bedouins despise, he was the best camel (said I) that ever I rode. Of an obsequious habit, perhaps, yielding to command with disquieting little shivers of apprehension, and cautiously husbanding his speed (for exercise in seasons of need, no doubt), his acquiescence and the ease of his gait were not to be shamed even by the fabulous accomplishments of the camels of the stony wastes to the east of Damascus and of the sandy Arabian deserts. And so warm was his reward of praise that, had he been a human servant of the pleasures of the day, he would have touched his cap with a "Thank you, sir!" and grinned his satisfaction with the distinguished patronage.

Life had not taught the Artist's half-broken young beast any salutary wisdom. His complaints wearied us of the road. That he made haste when he was desired to be slack, loitering only when there was need of expedition, amused our first hilarious humor. We were not gravely annoyed, indeed, when he began with frequency to bolt—though we were somewhat concerned, it is true, for the

bones of his delighted rider; nor were we in the least dismayed when he practised the device of limply flopping to his knees in an explosion of bitter protest against the labor of his day. We were considerate, truly. Had this young beast bolted with spirited determination, dismounting the Artist unhurt, and triumphantly vanishing to the freedom of the scrub in the dust of his speed and rebellion, we should have admired his enterprise and resolution; and had he stayed flat on his belly until we had beaten him to death, a martyr to his convictions, we should have buried him with respect and remembered him forever. But a harrowing tumult of complaint measured his courage; he submitted to the first touch of the whip, roaring like a beast with a treacherous death wound, and he yielded with a start and a squeal of fright to that pinch of the nostrils, sharp enough, no doubt, which, in the Australian way of riding a camel, can be accomplished with a twitch of the reins.

It should have been good riding for all of us. Our journey was not many miles through the sandy bush that day. Road and weather were amiable. We were outbound in a flush of expectation from the last settlements to the vacant drylands and all the new things of them. The world we traveled was a far-away, singular world, all of a delicate beauty, too—the wind and scrub and brilliant color and wide dry spaces. Truly the many engaging aspects of the sunlit Australian wilderness, notwithstanding the heat and drought and blistering white light of it, were in the way to charm our interest. Yet the Artist's young camel spoiled the fresh delights of that appealing road by steadily communicating his childish grief and occasionally exasperating us to crude outbursts of wrath. On he lumbered, groaning, whimpering, bellowing, sobbing,



every dreary step of the way, thus establishing our reputation for savage cruelty, if such a thing could be, with all the birds and beasts of the bush for miles in every direction. And we must helplessly tolerate his misbehavior. There was no mastering him; he was like a child in a temper—bawling so wantonly, with such obstinate uproar, that at times we fancied a buckle must be prodding him somewhere, and compassionately searched to see. In the way of a wilful child he did all that he could to make us wretched—short of holding his breath and turning black in the face.

When it came time to dismount for the day we were glad to relieve this camel of the burden that so mightily injured his liberty—and gratefully willing to leave him to sulk in a miserable silence.

"I predict for that camel," said I, standing off to regard him, "a future of great misery."

"Which?" says Jerry, whose camels these were. "That camel? No fear!"

"Truly, he pities himself!"

Jerry chuckled.

"Himself alone," I added.

"G'wan!" says Jerry, sobering. "That's a first-class young camel."

"He is your camel," I replied, "and doubtless you love him."

"He'll do his work, right enough, when he grows into it."

"Never a cheerful day of it!"

"Ah, well, he'll *do* it."

"It may be true," I answered, "that he will do as much of his work as he must for those who will brutally command him. Now, I know about young camels. And this young camel has certain significant defects. He cherishes his own way above the respect of others and his own pride in himself; but he has neither the courage to take his own way, whatever the cost, nor the wisdom to yield to his master, gathering what measure of happiness he can from the work that he must do and the leisure it allows him. Observe that he sulks. Always he will sulk. No sooner will he have recovered from sulking because he has had to do the work of to-day than he will begin to sulk again because he must do the work of to-morrow. And that is not the worst. Did you not remark on the road that when his cowardly rage did not

move us he whimpered in a shamelessly loud and obstinate way whilst yet he performed his task? What pride had he? What consideration? And what was his best measure against obedience? This young camel appeals to the compassion of a world which has only contempt for that weakness in a camel. To gain his own way he will even practise with wicked cunning upon his own master's pity. It is a mortal defect in a young camel. He has had a wretched, day of it. I am confident that a future of great misery awaits him. Your young camel is a most unfortunate and contemptible young camel."

At the end of this long rigmarole poor Jerry was staring.

"He's only a *camel*!" he protested.

"If I owned that camel, and loved him," said I, "I would shoot him for his own sake."

It is not to be understood that camels are commonly used in all parts of Australia. A camel in the streets of Melbourne or Sydney would doubtless create as much astonished amusement as an Alaskan reindeer on Broadway. In 1866 camels were first imported for general service from India. It was a happy experiment. A herd of more than six hundred arrived with their Afghan masters in 1884. They thrived. Indeed, they made a distinguished success of life in the colonies. It was to be expected. Aliens in Australia seem never to fail of good health and increase. It is estimated that there are now ten thousand camels at labor in the Commonwealth. This is in the far-away dry back-blocks. An Australian loves a horse and respects the sturdy worth of a bullock; he regards a camel, however, with a tolerant sort of approbation, and will not employ so outlandish and perverse a beast except to the great advantage of his needs. The Australian camel is immensely serviceable in his limited sphere. A hearty bull will carry a load of eight hundred pounds through long marches, thriving meanwhile where a horse would perish, and it is recorded that a train of Australian-bred camels went a march of twenty-four days without water. They serve the prospectors, the explorers, some departments of the government,





AN AFGHAN CAMEL-TRAIN

the remoter settlers, and the police of the dry-lands. The Afghan camel-man—though he is still often encountered, and was in the beginning the haughty custodian of all the camel-lore of the colony—is no longer necessary to the advantageous breeding and employment of camels.

"We used to think," Jerry chuckled, "that we couldn't get along without the 'Ghans."

"Surely they knew about camels?"

"No fear!" Jerry scoffed. "They had a lot of superstitions—like curing a camel with a necklace of blue beads—and that's about all. The government breeds better camels now. That's only natural. We're white. I don't mean to say, though, that we've bred the devil out of our camels. My business is camels," he went on, "and I'm not ashamed of it. But sometimes I lose patience with the brutes. A couple of years ago

I was traveling to the north of this with a train of four pack-camels. One morning, when the camels were packed, I found that I had forgotten to stow away a billy-can (bushman's tea-kettle). When I picked that little billy-can up and made for the nearest camel, meaning to hang it on his pack, he began to bubble and groan, as if it wasn't *his* billy-can, and he'd be damned if he'd carry more than his share, and what did I mean, anyhow, by proposing to overload a poor camel that way? So to make things easy I switched off to the next camel. And *he* began to groan. They *all* groaned. The very sight of that little billy-can made them rage. Not one of them would have it on his back. Well, I was disgusted. Instead of hanging it on a pack, I mounted my riding-camel, with the billy-can in my hands. He was horrified. Lord, how he bawled! When he got up he was bawling still. Wouldn't



move a step. And then I leaned forward and shook that billy-can in his face, and that satisfied him. He quit. Off he went. Not a murmur. Why? I reckon he thought *I* was carrying that billy-can."

Presently Jerry gathered his two hands full of slender brushwood for the fire. Little sticks, these were, the thickness of a pencil. It was a mere matter of stooping in the neighborhood of an aged bush and sweeping his hands over the dry earth. A Canadian woodsman would have taken an ax—however warm the weather—and made a fire of such proportions that it would very near have blistered him to approach it; and he would have had the long trouble, moreover, of fashioning a means of hanging his kettle in the blaze, and would eventually have been put to the bother of extinguishing his great fire. Jerry's twigs were so dry that they flamed when he touched a match to them. In a moment they were all ablaze—a crackling, crimson, lusty little fire, giving

off a thin, fragrant smoke, which we breathed with delight. Nothing persuaded us of our remoteness from the forests we knew so much as this strange fragrance: it was like the incense of a temple—a mystery to our experience. Having been filled from the canvas water-bags we carried, the billy-can was set in the midst of the fire. It was no trouble at all to do it. And so nicely had Jerry adjusted the number of little sticks to the need of heat that when the billy was boiling the fire was burned down to a little heap of whitening coals. It was an improving example of the economy of Australian bushman's measures in the bush.

When we had disposed of the tea, with the bread and cold meat of our fare, we walked into the bush near by—an open growth of scrub and of bushes and tussocks of thorny spinnifex, with some dwarfed trees. It was the time of the midsummer drought. The earth was dry and barren and baked. There was no living grass—no dead grass, prostrate and brown. All tender growth had burned up and vanished away. But this was not yet the desert to which we were bound. It is green and nourishing after the rain (they said). And at any rate the drought and heat and isolation of this small part do not characterize the vast and varied whole of the wonderful Australian world. The traveler is astonished upon his return to be told that Australia has been written down by some an arid waste. It is an unjust and injurious fiction. Australia is preponderantly fertile and rich; a pleasant country, with abundantly generous rewards, growing all the while more populous and rich: and the dry interior neither discomforts nor beggars the aspiring and prosperous people who dwell in the many favorable lands more than it



FLOPPING TO HIS KNEES IN PROTEST



troubles the happiness of the inhabitants of any other continent. The Australian dry-lands, which narrow, year by year, as they are better known, have been celebrated above the wealthy places for the sensation they afford—the hot winds, the burning days, the stony deserts, and waterless sandy tracts.

Some aspects of the central interior are sensational enough and not easily to be forgotten. It is related by one of the early explorers that, so great was the heat of his day, the stirrup-irons scorched the leather soles of his party. Matches ignited when they fell on the ground. A thermometer graduated to 127 degrees burst its bulb in the middle of the day. A hot wind blew, filling the air with impalpable dust, through which the sun looked blood-red. The horses stood with their backs to the wind and their noses to the ground, without the muscular strength to raise their heads. The birds were mute. In that withering wind the leaves of the scrub fell around like a snow shower. All green vegetation seemed to wilt and die in the heat.

Where ten months before the cereal grasses had been in seed and the shrubs bore ripe fruit, there was neither herb nor bud visible. "I wonder," the explorer records in his diary, "that the very grass did not take fire." Yet Australia is no more completely arid and withered than Canada is completely frozen up—an extraordinary impression which seems to be wide-spread in Australia. It is no more reasonable to infer a description of the Australian continent from the adventures of the first travelers to the interior than to draw an impression of the Canadian wheat-lands from the records of the Arctic explorers.

In the jarrah bush we met a young Englishman who had first emigrated to Canada. It was midwinter when he arrived at Halifax. A blizzard was blowing.

"Ugh!" said he. "Cold? My word! I went back on the same ship."

"Cold, of course," we protested, laughing at him for this folly; "but don't you *see*—"

"Oh, I know all about Canada," he broke in, with a very knowing grin. "I've *been* to Canada."

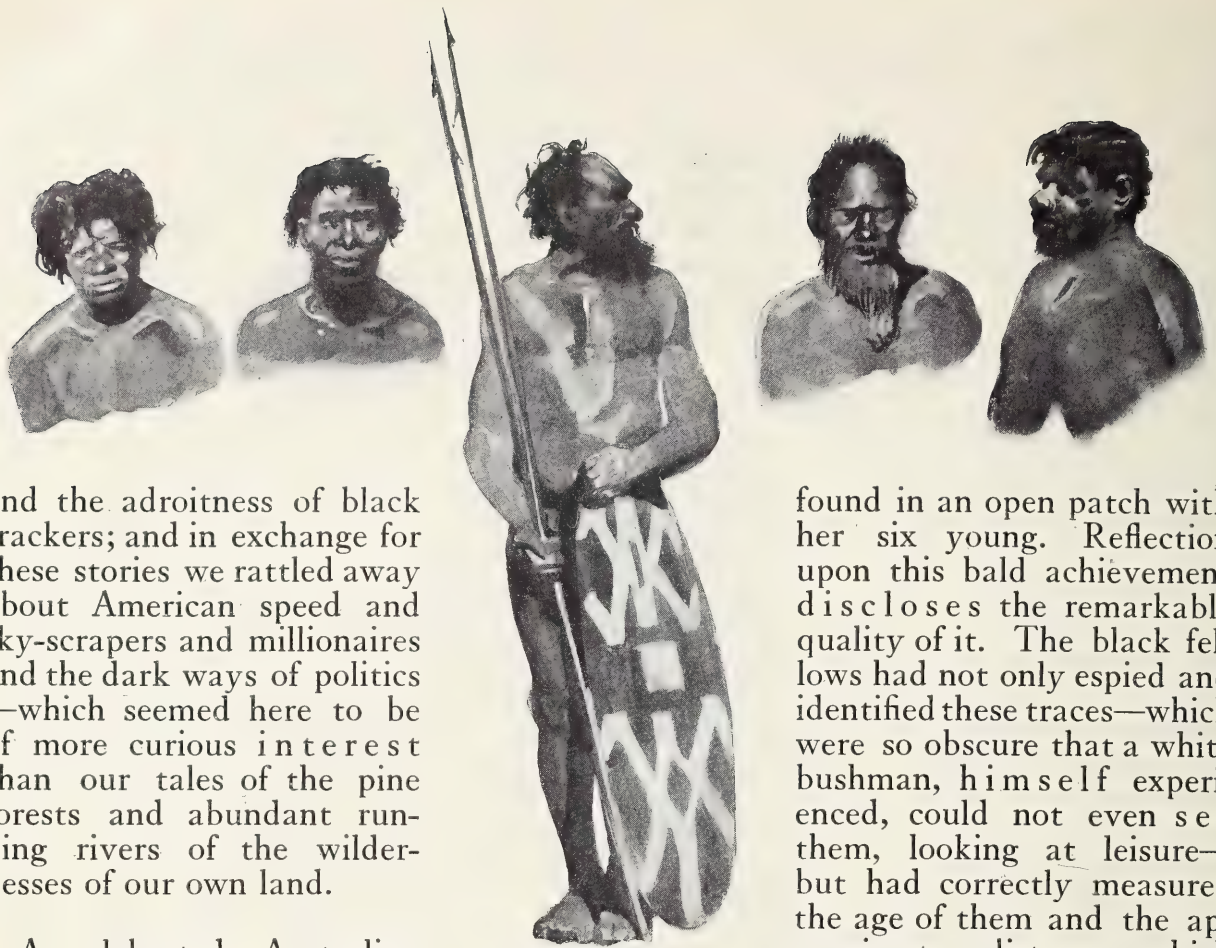
When we returned to the camp the sun had got below the dwarfed trees. It was a shy, quiet setting—a flush and pale afterglow. And the dusk followed quickly. In this beneficent weather our arrangements for the open were of the simplest description. It is the Australian way. The bushmen travel amazingly light. A billy-can and a blanket—the "swag" of the bush—are equipment enough for any frugal man in places within reason; and the addition of a sound horse to this opens the whole reasonably traversable Australian world to a bushman of resource



AFGHAN CAMEL DRIVERS

and comes near to establishing his independence. We spread a great square of canvas on the sand, to frustrate the ants, and threw the blankets within reach, for comfort in the emergency of a rising wind, and were ready for the night and the intimate tales which precede sleep in the open. Jerry yarned of camels and the Kimberley and the early gold-field days—of water at three shillings a gallon, and of £15 to "refresh the camels, and of heartily shooting an Afghan who had washed his hands in a well; and the Australian, who had with great good nature come this far with us, yarned of the customs of black fellows





TYPES OF BUSHMEN

and the adroitness of black trackers; and in exchange for these stories we rattled away about American speed and sky-scrapers and millionaires and the dark ways of politics—which seemed here to be of more curious interest than our tales of the pine forests and abundant running rivers of the wildernesses of our own land.

A celebrated Australian traveler, Baldwin Spencer—himself an experienced and cunning bushman—relates that in the desert region of Lake Amadeus, near the center of the continent, the bushcraft of the natives, their bewildering intimacy with the traces of desert life, and their swift power to follow, once left him in a state of considerable astonishment, seasoned as he was. It was in the scrub of that baked land. The ground was dry and hard. Doubtless it would not readily take the impression of a heel. At any rate, when the natives stopped short to scrutinize the ground, the traveler—though obviously tracks of some sort were plain to his black fellows—could descry nothing with his own keen eyes to enlighten him. Presently he was informed, however, that an emu was near by with her young. And upon this the natives set off in chase, moving so fast in pursuit of these faint indications, which were altogether invisible to the traveler, that the traveler, somewhat encumbered by collecting apparatus, though apparently not heavily so, found it difficult to keep up with them. At the end of a chase of two miles an emu was

found in an open patch with her six young. Reflection upon this bald achievement discloses the remarkable quality of it. The black fellows had not only espied and identified these traces—which were so obscure that a white bushman, himself experienced, could not even see them, looking at leisure—but had correctly measured the age of them and the approximate distance which the authors had wandered.

"I am not surprised," said the Australian, when we had told him this story. "Did you ever hear the tale of the black tracker and the British officers?"

We had not heard this tale.

"It is a familiar story," said the Australian. "I wonder that you have not heard it. It is told everywhere, and it illustrates perfectly the easy accuracy with which these truly extraordinary fellows are able to observe and deduce in the exercise of their peculiar aptitude.

"During the South African war," the Australian went on, proceeding to the tale of the black tracker and the five skeptical British officers, "an officer of the Australian contingent, then held in reserve, I fancy, boasted of the cunning of his black tracker, who was no great master of the craft, after all, until, greatly to his surprise and indignation, he found that he had exhausted the credulity of the British officers with whom he was messing. So many remarkable tales had he told, each seeming to surpass the last in improbability, that he was challenged to a trial of the black



fellow's cunning, a sporting enterprise in which, of course, he was delighted to indulge. And the conditions of the trial were these: that the five skeptical British officers, two afoot, three mounted, should start, at various intervals, in whatsoever directions they might elect, proceeding thereafter, each according to his fancy, for a period agreed upon; and that the black tracker, knowing only the color of the horse that each mounted man rode, and having seen only the print of the shoes which each footman wore, should trace them all within a stipulated time, subsequently reporting the movements of each with reasonable accuracy.

"‘Is it agreed,’ said one of the officers, ‘that we may obscure our tracks?’

"‘It is so agreed.’

"‘Must we keep to soft ground?’

"‘Oh, my word, no!’ the Australian laughed. ‘No, no, no! I have no wish to take advantage of you. Go where you like.’

"‘May we take off our shoes?’

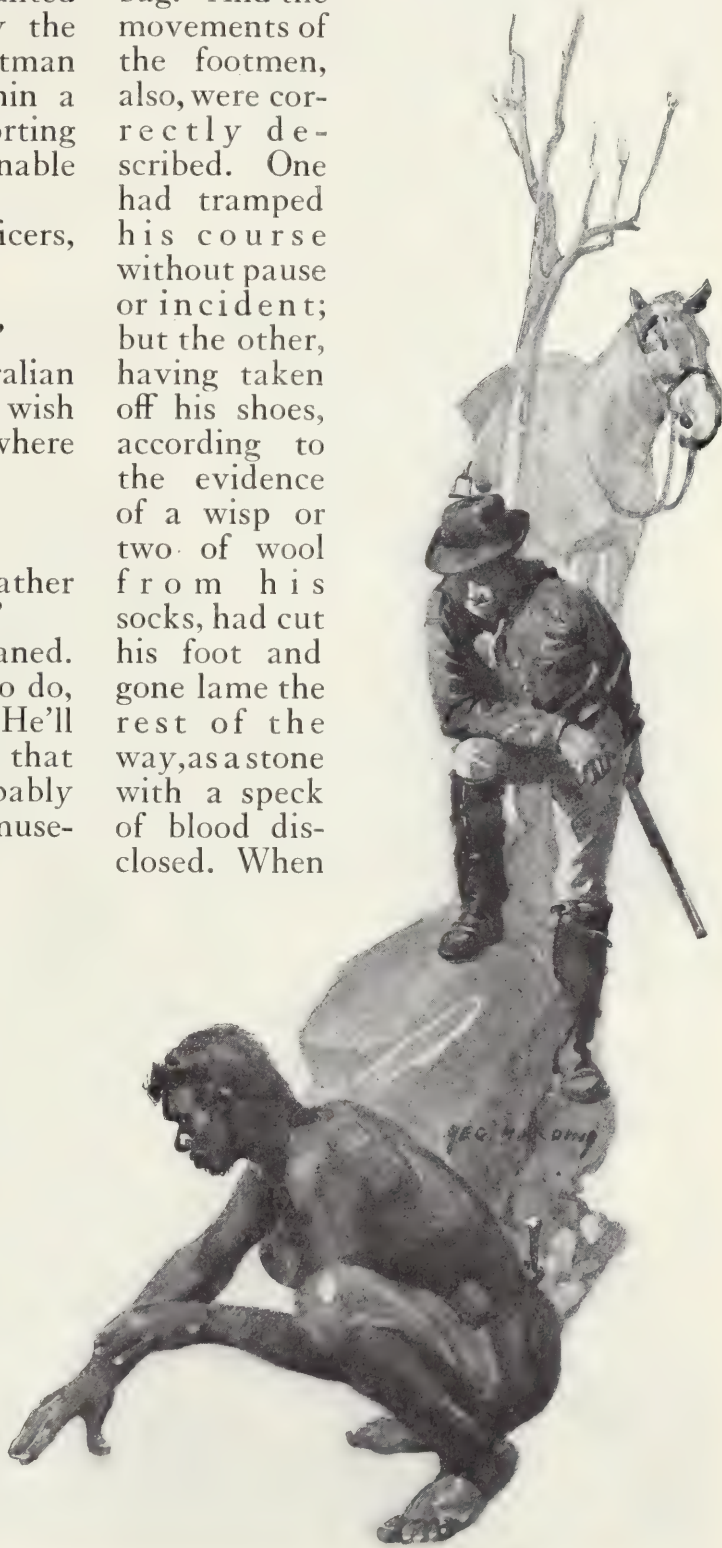
"‘Yes, yes! Of course!’

"‘I say, though, that’ll make it rather awkward for the tracker, won’t it?’

"‘O Lord!’ the Australian groaned. ‘That’s what you jolly well want to do, isn’t it? Don’t spare the tracker. He’ll be right enough. And I warn you that your efforts to confuse him will probably furnish him with a good deal of amusement.’

"It turned out as the Australian had predicted. The tracker had an entertaining day of it. He returned contemptuous of the bushcraft of the five skeptical British officers. But he had not been spared. The five skeptical officers had taken to stony ground and sought in every way to bewilder him. He had followed the tracks of the mounted men, however, on a run, identifying and distinguishing the movements of each by the colors of the horses—dark brown hairs, light brown hairs, gray hairs, samples of which he produced; and in addition to this he described, more or less intimately, the incidents of the ride of

each: the first horseman, for example, had dismounted and lighted his pipe; the second had been thrown when riding at a canter; the third had dismounted, rested in the shade, climbed a tree for a view of the country—for a view, presumably, because there was no other reason why he should have climbed the tree—no ‘possum, no sugar-bag. And the movements of the footmen, also, were correctly described. One had tramped his course without pause or incident; but the other, having taken off his shoes, according to the evidence of a wisp or two of wool from his socks, had cut his foot and gone lame the rest of the way, as a stone with a speck of blood disclosed. When



TRACKS OF SOME SORT WERE PLAIN TO HIM



the tracker concluded his revelations, it was agreed by the five British officers, now convinced of his skill, that his report was ample, that he had not made a single mistake, and that he had fulfilled all the conditions of the trial in a way to astound them."

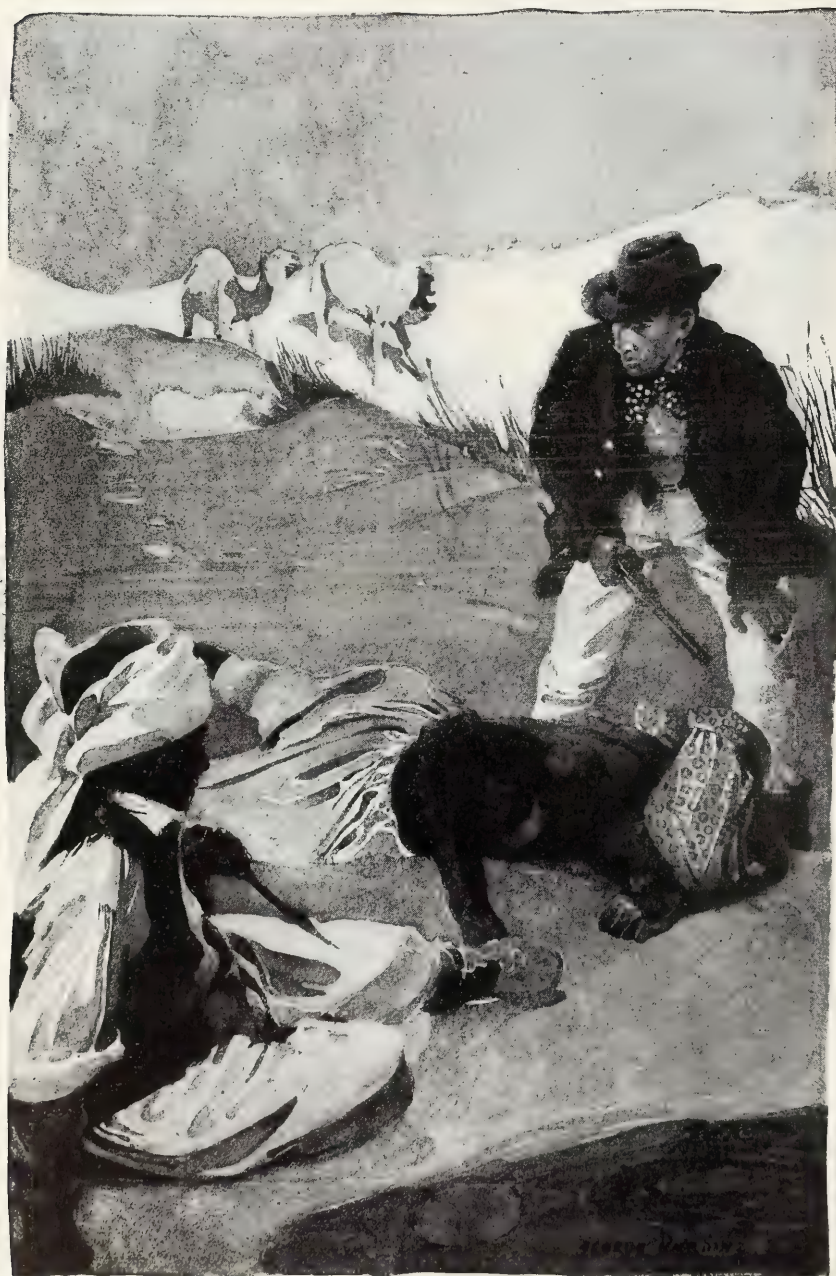
Black trackers are regularly attached to the police-stations of the outlands. They are the bloodhounds of the corps. And though many of the police are themselves bushmen of consequence, it is largely on account of the black trackers that the fear of the law remains alive in the remoter bush and deserts. The best trackers are brought straight

from the bush—from the half-savage tribes on the other side of the frontiers—arriving young, fresh, eager, proud of the distinction. A reservation-born black fellow is of small account in this respect; and a servant of the towns—a wretched hanger-on of civilization—is of no very considerable account at all. It is a curious fact that a few years of the provender and idleness of the missions (reservations) dull a black fellow's singular faculties beyond effective employment. Perceptions so delicate speedily fail in disuse and are not easily brought again to their first efficiency. They demand continuous employment, they must be cherished and exercised—like

the mastery of some artistic technique—if their capacity for the most subtle accomplishments is to be preserved. It is even said that the edge is taken off a black fellow's cunning by protracted police-station life. To be kept keen and fit he is best maintained with his tribe in the bush and fetched cut only when occasion requires his services.

Nothing could more significantly indicate the sensitive quality of the tracker's genius.

Back of a capable black tracker's cunning is a savage delight in the man-hunt—a bestial tirelessness, too, which must appal the wretched fugitive who is aware of the fateful manner of the pursuit. A tracker of the Kimberley, for example, led his trooper a remarkable chase after a horse-stealer, escaped from jail in New South Wales to the northwestern wilds. "There was absolutely no real rest," says the trooper, "night or day." It was bad country—the ranges



THE AFGHAN HAD WASHED HIS HANDS IN THE WELL



and their neighborhood: a deal of wild and stony ground, which takes meager impressions of the passage of a traveler. And confusing rains fell. Occasionally the tracker was almost on the heels of the fugitive. At times, baffled, he lagged a week and more behind. For days on end in the ranges the ground was so difficult for the tracker that progress was at the rate of less than a mile an hour. When the tracks were lost the black fellow ran the country like a bloodhound until he had picked them up. Once the fugitive himself came to desperate straits for water; the tracker made out that he was lost and exhausted; that he had stumbled, fallen, scraped moist mud from a dried-out "soak" with which to rub himself and cool his skin in that extremity of thirst and weariness. The fugitive was taken at the end of a chase of fifty-six days, during which time, according to the report of the trooper, the black fellow had "tracked this man every yard of the way" he went.

"For God's sake," said the exhausted wretch, "don't put more chains on me than you can help!"

A black fellow will readily identify the tracks of an acquaintance—a slight acquaintance, it may be, white or black, whom he has encountered, perhaps, no more than at occasional intervals. It seems that his memory is as a matter of course accustomed to catch and retain impressions of footprints as well as of features. The imprint of a man's foot is as considerably a feature of his identity as the shape of his nose. Reasoning



THE BEST TRACKERS ARE BROUGHT STRAIGHT FROM THE BUSH

from a stranger's tracks, a rarely clever black fellow will in a surprising measure be able to describe the physical characteristics of the man—weight, height, peculiarities of gait, deformities of the legs, like bow-legs and knock-knees. He will know, perhaps, his physical condition. Was he hungry? Was he thirsty? Was he weakening? Was he going strong? And more than that, it may be that the tracker will be able to infer the mood of the man—whether downcast or blithe—and whether his progress was confident or furtive. And what is the character of the fugitive? Is he a determined fellow? Is he a coward? Upon





A TRACKER ON THE HEELS OF A FUGITIVE

reflection it will appear that all these details of physique, mood, character, and physical condition, however slight the indications may be, do inevitably communicate themselves to a man's footprints; and it is reasonably conceivable that they will disclose themselves to a savage genius who has from his earliest years specialized in this subtle learning of the open.

In the criminal courts of the backblocks, a native witness's identification of the tracks of the accused, generally speaking, has much the same credibility as the evidence of an eye-witness.

"You savvy this fellow?"

"I savvy this fellow, all right."

"You savvy tracks make-um by this fellow?"

"I savvy tracks him bin make, all right."

It is conclusive.

"I recall," said the Australian, "a typically obscure trace: a few grains of sand—fallen from a fugitive's bare foot on a flat stone of a stretch of stony country. Nobody in the world but a black fellow would have observed them. And had

a white bushman done so he would not have caught the significance of them—would not have had the wit to comprehend that *those grains of sand were out of place* and could mean only one thing. And that's the secret of the craft—the significance of things that are out of place. You see, the tracker went straight ahead—swiftly, too—on the trail of that displaced dust. It was quite enough. I recall another rather remarkable instance. I saw a black fellow track a chap through the timber-bush at a canter by means of the color of the leaves—the difference in light and shadow. It was like a path through the snow on a winter's afternoon at home. But *I* couldn't see anything. And I recall another bit of good work. A tracker I know, pursuing two men, only one of whom was wanted, came at last to a point where the two rogues had separated. It was a clever dodge. The tracker could find no fair impression of a foot on that hard ground. A bushman would have been balked for a bit—would have scrambled about and lost time. But the nigger followed the right man. How? By identifying the ashes



of his first camp-fire. He happened to know how that particular chap made a fire."

"Small hope for the outlaw!"

"Dogs on the scent. And a devilish willing pack. Yet there is no mystery. The exploits of the tracker proceed from the keenest sort of observation and a shocking cunning in inference. When the nigger points out the little disturbances of earth and stones and leaves—when he fairly puts his finger on them—all the magic goes out of the performance."

"Plain as day," said Jerry.

"Ah, yes. You jolly well want to kick yourself, you know, for being mystified at all."

"If you make a study of footprints," said Jerry, "you find that they're all different—like fingerprints. I reckon there never were two men's tracks anywhere near exactly alike. But take a hoof-mark. That's a bit more puzzling. Yet a good black tracker can look at the track of a horse—the depth, you know, and the length of stride—and tell you just about how much he weighs, and how many hands high he is, and where he was shod. If he knows a horse he can easily pick the track from the trampled ground around a water-hole. Once," he went on, proceeding to the tale of the black tracker and the distant trooper, "two troopers, out on patrol with their trackers, met in the bush and traveled a day together. Next morning they parted. One went due east and the other a little to the east of south. It was a big angle. Well, now, when the first trooper had ridden five days from that point, his tracker told him, all at once, that the second trooper was at the station to which they were themselves bound. The trooper laughed at him. You see, that *couldn't* be so. It was preposterous. The men had been riding almost at right-angles for five days. The tracker must be a fool, a silly boaster. But the tracker was right. For some reason or other the second trooper had changed his course, and the black fellow had picked up the track. And here's the point: he had seen that trooper's horse only once before in his life, and he wasn't balked by the fact that the trooper ought to have been a good many miles away."

"These most entertaining tales," said I, "have chiefly to do with the tracking of white men by black fellows. Are the native blacks able to elude the trackers?"

"No fear!" Jerry laughed.

"Doubtless they oppose cunning with cunning?"

"Ah, yes," replied the Australian; "but set a thief to catch a thief, you know. I recall an instance of the sort. In the McDonnell Ranges, north of Oodnadatta, a miner, returning to his camp one night, found that he had been robbed of his supplies. His only clue was this: that on the previous evening a *lubra* (black woman) had asked for tobacco, and that, later, when the miner was going toward the bush for firewood, he had caught sight of a spear in the scrub, followed presently by the merest glimpse of a vanishing naked black. He could not blame the theft to the woman, nor could he identify the black fellow with the spear. Moreover, the thieves had swept the camp with boughs, to obliterate their tracks, with black fellows' cunning, and had dragged the boughs after them when they departed. As there were hundreds of blacks in the neighborhood, it seemed to be a hopeless case. The trail of the brush was plain. It led to a point where the ground was all tracked up by blacks. And that was the end of it. Two trackers from the nearest police-station, however, went over the ground, discovering at last the fair print of a great toe. 'Oeera!' they said. And they took up Oeera's trail from the meeting-place. It led into the bush, where it was joined by the tracks of a woman, which the trackers instantly identified as the tracks of Nangeena, Oeera's *lubra*. Eventually the two were taken together in the ranges. Oeera confessed—and blamed the woman."

"It is quite true," Jerry observed, "that a first-class tracker, back in the bush, will know the footprints of every man and woman in his district. That's his business."

"A rogues' gallery in his memory."

"Oh, rogues and all!"

"In this case," said the Australian, "the trackers were intimately acquainted with the conformation of Oeera's great toe. There is some mystery in all this



business," he went on, presently. "A white man cannot always comprehend the whole course of the tracker's deductions from the traces he observes, and there are times when the tracker himself cannot explain them. You have seen a dog come to the end of the scent, stop, lift his nozzle, circle bewildered, whimper, and at last dash away with certainty? I do not maintain, of course, that a tracker has a hound's sense of smell, which would be highly absurd, but his behavior occasionally suggests a hound—even resembling the inspiration of what is called instinct. And I will give you an extraordinary case. There are many cases; this one will try your credulity. Briefly, then, a black tracker, on the trail of a lost child, came to a point where he was baffled. Presently he picked up the track again. It was plain. It led, let us say, to the right; but the tracker would not follow it. Instead, he pointed to a clump of bush almost sharply to the left, and said that the child would be found there. And there the kiddie was, sure enough—tucked out and sound asleep. I don't know how the tracker divined it; possibly he could not himself explain. There was reason in the process, of course, but by what steps—reasoning from point to point—did the tracker arrive at the deduction?"

"There is nothing for it," I commented, "but to swallow that story whole."

"Nothing whatsoever."

"It does not admit," said I, "of elucidation."

"There are many mysteries," said the Australian. "It would be a dull world if there were not. I may add," said he, "that a tracker is at his best when he follows a lost child. There is desperate need of haste. It inspires him, and perhaps he leaps to his deductions without being conscious of any intermediate reasoning."

There were other tales—thrilling, mystifying tales. And the moon rose, swollen and red, out of a lake and mist of its own light. "If you think of the way these trackers are bred, away out there in the deserts and bush," said Jerry, "you will begin to understand why they

are so astonishingly crafty. I reckon they learn their cunning in the hunt for food. A little black kiddie fends for himself. Tracks are what concern him. He plays tracks. He's taught tracks. Tracks are his Three R's. He wants food for himself—food for his elders, too. What food he gets he must track. It is scarce. He must be cunning and diligent. And the desert animals are small—rats, snakes, frogs, bugs, bandicoot, caterpillars, grubs, lizards. Even the wallaby are not large. A little black kiddie lives with the women for a while, and then he goes to the men. The more food he can find, of course, the more praise he deserves, and the better man he is. It isn't surprising, after all, that a tracker can distinguish one footprint from another, and follow a human track. A black fellow who must be able to track a rat over hard ground or starve—who can see the track of a bush mouse and know at a glance whether it is fresh enough to follow or not—ought to be able to track a man. Why, when you come to think of it, a human footprint is the biggest track that comes within his experience. It's like big type. He *ought* to be able to read it. It isn't *that* sort of thing that puzzles *me*."

It was left to us to infer that something of a dark and mysterious character did very much bewilder him.

"What does puzzle you?" I inquired, curiosity inflamed.

"Out in the bush," said Jerry, "you come across a good many half-caste children."

It was surely no mystery.

"Jolly little shavers, too," he added, smiling; "blue-eyed and as fat as butter."

"What of that?"

"Well," Jerry replied, "nobody ever saw a half-caste adult with a tribe in the bush. Now—*what becomes of all those jolly little blue-eyed shavers?*"

It was broad moonlight. The world was like a warm, dry room. No night wind troubled us. And there was no sound—neither twitter nor buzz of life. Presently Jerry began a low sing-song recitative from the verse of that Henry Lawson whom the bushmen understand and love.



I've humped my swag to Bawley plain,  
and farther out and on;  
I've boiled my billy by the Gulf, and  
boiled it by the Swan—  
I've thirsted in dry lignum swamps, and  
thirsted on the sand,  
And eked the fire with camel-dung in  
Never-Never Land.

We looked up at the pale stars from  
the white, still, comfortable waste. And  
we were glad that our long path had led  
us to this night in the wide Australian  
open.

Shriveled leather, rusty buckles, and the  
rot is in our knuckles,  
Scorched for months upon the pommel  
while the brittle rein hung free;  
Shrunken eyes that once were lighted with  
fresh boyhood, dull and blighted,  
And the sores upon our eyelids are unpleas-  
ant sights to see.  
And our hair is thin and dying from the  
ends with too long lying

In the night-dews on the ashes of the Dry  
Countree.

No, you needn't fear the blacks on the  
Never-Never tracks,  
For the Myall in his freedom's an uncom-  
mon sight to see;  
Oh, we do not stick at trifles—and the  
trackers sneak their rifles  
And go strolling in the gloaming while the  
sergeant's yarning free.  
'Round the Myalls creep the trackers—  
there's a sound like firing crackers,  
And—the blacks are getting scarcer in the  
Dry Countree.

"I say," Jerry demanded, breaking  
off, "what about that camel?"

"What camel?"

Jerry chuckled.

"If I had no ambition for that young  
camel beyond his pleasure in life," said  
I, positively, "I should certainly shoot  
him for his own sake."

## The Pool

BY MARY WHITE SLATER

THE day—the day—the shining day  
When happy winds were blowing,  
And down the shady garden way  
The cherry flowers were snowing,  
I blew and blew the wide world through,  
All whispering, wet and cool,  
And saw the high, the silver sky  
Down in a pavement pool.  
I leaned to see the trees and me  
And clouds a-blowing by,  
Then blew away, for fear I'd stay  
And fall into the sky!  
The day—the day—the shining day  
When happy winds were blowing,  
And down the shady garden way  
The cherry flowers were snowing.



# The Comforter

BY ELIZABETH JORDAN



It had been a very slight operation, under gas—so slight that an hour after I returned to consciousness my sole reminders of the experience were an impressive wad of cotton in my left ear, a pain and buzzing sensation in the same organ, and an acute sense of having been abused and of needing sympathy.

No sympathy, however, was offered me. The doctors were gone, the nurse had temporarily disappeared, and there was nothing more responsive in sight than the four severely hygienic walls of my private room at the hospital. Various pieces of oddly shaped apparatus for ear treatment, with which, during later hours, I was to have intimate and unpleasant association, hung from white-painted iron rods near the bed. A small, glass-topped table was beside my pillow. Within reach were electric-light switches and bell-buttons; but where was the touch of the human hand, the brooding solicitude of the human heart, to which, by every right, I felt myself entitled? My sense of injury deepened and I pushed a button; but if I had looked for comfort from the nurse who responded, one glance at that remote being taught me that I looked in vain.

"Is there anything you want?" she asked coldly.

"N-o-o," I admitted, with regret, after a vain attempt to think of some excuse for having called her to my side.

She raised her eyebrows, smoothed my pillow professionally, laid a perfunctory finger on my pulse, and finally, after shaking a clinical thermometer, tucked it into my mouth. Having shown me these attentions, she sank into a reverie in which it was clear that my affairs had no part. A minute or two later she remembered me, removed the thermometer, and bestowed a casual glance upon it.

"Normal," she observed, briefly, and started toward the door. I checked her in her flight.

"I thought," I remarked, hopefully, "that perhaps *you* could think of some delicate attention I need."

She laughed. "You don't need anything," she remarked, callously. "You'll be out of here in four days." Then, softening a little, she added: "But I know what's the matter with you. You're lonesome."

"Perhaps that's it," I sighed. "I knew there was something. It's a horrible sensation, and of course it couldn't have anything to do with the excavations you people have been making in my ear-drum."

She studied me in silence for an instant; then, with dawning interest, pressed the bone behind my ear.

"Any pain there?" she asked.

"No," I admitted, "not yet. But I'm sure there will be, the next time you inquire. It's what all the doctors are looking for; and after I've brooded over it a few hours more, I'll have it."

"Nonsense!" she said, briskly. "I'm going to order your supper. What would you like? Tea or chocolate?"

I waved away the sordid topic. "If this thing develops into mastoiditis," I remarked, "or cerebro-spinal meningitis, please tell my family not to feel any remorse over neglecting me in my last hours—"

"Imaginative," she murmured, as if to herself. "Needs diversion." Then to me: "There is something you need. You need the Comforter. Wait, and I'll send it to you."

She was gone, and I waited, perforce. The Comforter? It sounded serious, but interesting. What was it? Obviously not bed-clothing, for it was an April evening, and I was already well supplied with that. I set my imagination to work, and found it vacillating between the claims of a hot-water bottle and a



religious picture. Whatever it was, I reflected bitterly, they'd better send it soon, before it was too late. The pain in my ear was growing worse. If I died, the corridors would be filled with stricken souls, and a procession of automobiles containing weeping friends would extend from the hospital to Harlem. But when I was merely half dead and wholly miserable nobody cared. I touched the bone behind my ear and decided that it was growing sensitive. It might well be, for I had been pressing it at close intervals since I returned to consciousness; but I did not stop to think of that, for by this time I was mentally selecting my pall-bearers.

I had just decided that the incurably optimistic expression of my best man friend unfitted him for the sad occasion, when I heard a soft tap, followed by the opening of my door, around which a head promptly appeared, covered with short yellow curls. A pair of brown eyes looked at me, and two rows of tiny, white teeth flashed in an adorable smile. The next instant the door closed, and a small boy about five years old stood with his back against it, regarding me with shy hesitation, as if to make sure that I was awake and in a hospitable mood. He looked like a study in blue and gold as he posed there, outlined against the white woodwork; for below his yellow curls he wore blue rompers, blue socks stopped half-way up his chubby legs, and a yellow rose was pinned ostentatiously upon his breast. On his feet were slippers with straps over the instep, and as he felt my eye resting on him he slowly drew the top of one slipper back and forth on the floor, as if following some invisible design.

"How do you do?" I asked, when the silence was becoming oppressive. "Won't you come nearer and sit down?"

The invitation seemed to be what he was waiting for. With the assured step of one now certain of his welcome, he came toward me, climbed upon a chair near the bed, and sat facing me, his short legs straight out in front of him, his brown eyes turned upon me with warm interest in their clear depths, a big dimple appearing and disappearing in his left cheek.

"How do you feel?" he inquired.

"Why, I—I think I feel much better, thank you," I assured him, with conviction in my tone. For it was true. The suddenness of his appearance, the charm of his personality, and the beauty of the picture he made as he sat before me diverted and delighted me.

He nodded. "Miss Smiff said you would," he corroborated. "Miss Smiff said, 'Go and see the lady in 14, an' she will feel better.' So I came."

"That was very good of you," I observed, gratefully, staring at him with growing interest. So this was the Comforter. He looked the part. It was growing dark, but all the light in the dim room seemed to focus on his yellow curls, with the effect of a soft halo.

"I live here," he explained, simply. "I live here all the time. I don't get lonesome. Some folks get lonesome. Then they cwy. Then I come an' talk to them. That makes them feel better wight off," he added, modestly, crossing his hands over his plump little stomach with a capable air which was irresistible, and for which, I subsequently learned, the head nurse had been his unconscious model.

"Children cwy lots," he went on. "Sometimes when they have their eyes bandaged I hold their hands. Then they don't get fwightened in the dark. It's awful dark when your eyes is bandaged," he continued, settling in his chair as if for a long chat. "Some boys see lions an' tigers then, an' snakes an'—an' el'phan's." He paused a moment, and regarded me anxiously as this last word fell from his lips. Observing that I received it with quiet respect, he continued, with growing assurance:

"But when I hold their hands they just see engines an' turkey an' birthday cakes an' fishes in the water an'—an' nice things. An' we talk about them."

"That's capital," I said. "They must be very glad indeed to have you hold their hands."

He smiled. It was obvious that he was used to approval, as well he might be. The pain in my ear felt better; in fact, I had almost forgotten it.

"A little boy is in there." He indicated a room next to mine. "He's seven. His name is Willie Maxwell. He was awful sick. He's got mas—mas—" He



struggled an instant with the word, then abandoned the effort to produce it, and hurried on. "He's got it," he added, "an' it hurts. His mother's wif him now, so he don't need me, an' he's better. One day we let the pho-no-graph play evewyting it knew for him, 'cos it hurt."

I congratulated myself warmly upon the fact that my little neighbor was past the need of this particular alleviation of his suffering—a phonograph playing everything it knew in the next room was not, I felt sure, the solace that my injured ear required, whatever it might have done for Willie Maxwell. Then it occurred to me that I was allowing the burden of the present entertainment to rest entirely on my small guest. He had stopped talking, but sat before me wholly at his ease, his brown eyes touching other objects in the room from time to time, but always returning to my face. His hands lay folded in his lap. The rose on his breast rose and fell with his quiet breathing. From the top of his curly head to the sandals on his crossed feet he presented a soul-satisfying picture of the ideal visitor to a sick-room. Moreover, he had not asked once whether I felt a sharp pain behind my ear.

In return for all this, what could I do for him? I had as yet no flowers to give him, no picture-books to show him.

"Do you like stories?" I asked him. He made one ecstatic bounce in his chair; then, remembering where he was, quieted down again and merely looked at me with shining eyes.

"Oh-h-h!" he cried, softly. "You bet I do."

Even as the words fell from his innocent lips he stopped, his face flushing, and hung his head.

"I mean I do," he added, much abashed. "I'm not 'lowed to say 'you bet,' but sometimes it slips out. Do you know stowies? Can you tell any?"

"I know so many stories," I assured him, solemnly, "that if I began now and told you a story every day you might be a big man with whiskers before I got through."

He leaned forward in his chair, drawing a long breath. "Oh-h-h!" he said again, and there was eloquence in the

word. "Will you tell me one, please? Right straight off, 'thout waiting? 'Cause I can only stay till supper, an' it's 'most supper now. An' after supper," he added, with poignant regret, "I always have to go to bed."

I began with Jack the Giant-killer, to which he listened with breathless attention, interspersed by delighted gasps and gurgles at exciting crises in the tale. When I finished, he was on the extreme edge of his chair, holding to it with both hands, and pale with excitement; but he recalled himself sternly to the present, and, unpinning his flower, held it out to me.

"I'm going to give you my wose," he said, firmly.

I hesitated.

"Please take it," he begged. "Take the pin, too, 'cause you haven't got any."

I thanked him warmly and pinned the flower to my nightgown, feeling like a prima donna receiving floral tributes as a reward for her art. My audience followed the operation with respectful attention.

"Can you tell one single 'nother stowy before I have to go?" he asked, after it was concluded. And he added, his head to one side, his smile shy and deprecating, "Just a *little* one?"

I told him the stories of Hop-o'-My-Thumb and Red Riding-Hood, and finally, deciding that he needed something less exciting than these strenuous episodes, the old Andersen story of the little gray-eyed mermaid who came to play with the land child. Toward the end of this he was so quiet that I knew he had fallen asleep. I went on talking, however, afraid that if I stopped he would wake, and using the opportunity to observe him more closely than I had yet done. As I studied him my heart sank, for I was beginning to realize why he "lived" at the hospital. His long lashes lay on cheeks which seemed waxen in the fading light, and his little legs, though plump, had the same odd pallor. Moreover, there were unchildish lines in his face when he was in repose—lines evidently etched there by pain.

Miss Smith came back while my heroine was vainly searching the shores of the Baltic for the playmate who would never



return. For an instant she stood at the door, looking at the tableau we presented, her cold face softening wonderfully. Then, uttering an inarticulate note of tenderness, she came to us and bent over the Comforter.

"He's asleep," she cooed, and I would not have known her voice. "Bless his little heart! Isn't he the sweetest thing you ever saw in your life?"

She knelt before him and gathered him into her arms, kissing the eyes he opened drowsily.

"Time for supper, Harry," she murmured, "and for bed. Wake up. Say good night to your new friend, and then I'll take you to your own room."

The Comforter sighed, smiled, buried his yellow head in her neck for a moment, in delicate intimation that he did not care to be disturbed, and finally, as she continued to urge him, aroused himself and got down wearily from his chair.

"Good night," he said, turning a sleepy smile on me. "Thank you for the stowies." He put out his hand, which I held for an instant.

"Good night, Harry," I said. "Thank you for coming to comfort me."

"I'll come often," promised Harry, drowsily, as "Miss Smiff" bore him away.

The door closed behind them, then re-opened, and Harry's bobbing curls appeared again. "They were *nice* stowies," he said, and after this final tribute he departed for the night.

"Miss Smiff" returned in a few minutes, and subsequent proceedings in the sick-room seemed more interesting to her than to me. As she directed a stream of very hot water into my ear she sought to divert my mind by chatting about the Comforter. I learned that he had been in the hospital three years, coming originally as a charity patient from a reeking, poverty-stricken tenement. His disease was a rare one, with a long medical name, new and meaningless to me. He needed special care and treatment, such as he could not receive in the home of the aunt who had taken him in when he was orphaned, and who had five children of her own. So the hospital people had kept him, Miss Smith explained, and he had become the idol of doctors and nurses. His language, which

did not suggest a tenement influence, they had taught him. I gathered that their own had improved in the process, that the use of slang and careless speech in his hearing was forbidden, and that Harry had also benefited by frequent and intimate association with the better class of patients.

"His aunt was glad to be relieved of the responsibility of him," Miss Smith added. "But we cast our bread on the waters when we took him in. He's the joy of our lives and of this hospital. He does more for the patients than any of us. But—we can't save him."

"Can't save him?" I found myself repeating her words stupidly.

"He was doomed when he came into the world. It's a matter of months now," she ended, and her cold eyes filled.

"Does he suffer?" I hardly dared ask the question.

"Only during acute attacks. He's very well and happy the rest of the time. His little nursery is full of toys the doctors bring him. We nurses buy his clothes, his rompers and sandals and underwear and stockings. He has four times as much as he needs, because every time one of us sees anything for a little boy—" She stopped suddenly and busied herself with the apparatus, keeping her back toward me.

"He's the most useful member of the staff," she continued, after a long silence. "He can do more with the children, of course, than any of us. In an eye-and-ear-and-throat hospital there is much done that frightens children. But Harry can always quiet them. You'll think it's because we all adore him that we consider him so wonderful. But wait till you know him better."

I knew him better very soon. Early the next morning, when my breakfast-tray had been removed and the nurse's duties attended to, my door opened very slowly and quietly, after a little tap on its outer panel, and the Comforter entered again. He was in pink this time—pink rompers and short pink stockings—and a pink rose lay upon his breast. The color gave him a little color of his own. For the ceremony which followed I was not prepared. He strode to the bedside with his chest expanded and a pompous step, took a toy watch out of his breast



pocket, held it in his left hand, and kept his eyes fastened solemnly upon it while he laid the fingers of his right hand upon my pulse. Then he nodded slowly, his bobbing curls lending emphasis to his approval.

"You'll do," he said, briskly; "feeling all right, eh?" And restoring his watch to his pocket, he looked at me with an expansive grin which revealed both his upper and lower teeth.

The episode was such a flawless imitation of the early morning visit of the house surgeon that I was inwardly convulsed; but Miss Smith, who had entered in time to witness the end of the scene, shook her head at me so warningly that I dared not laugh. Later she explained to me that Harry could imitate with equal fidelity every doctor and nurse in the hospital, but that no attention was ever paid to this rather questionable talent, so the child remained serenely unconscious of anything amusing in his frequent impersonations.

"I was going to give you my wose," Harry remarked at the conclusion of his "examination." "But you've got some of your vewy own, haven't you? You've got lots."

He came to my table and stood still before it, his brown eyes fixed on the great masses of roses the nurse had just arranged. Suddenly he was all child again.

"May I smell some of them?" he asked, eagerly. "May I put my nose right on them?"

I lifted the pitcher and vases in turn and held them before him while he buried his face in the flowers and stood very still, inhaling deeply.

"Sometimes woses come out of dirt, in pots," he observed, after he was perched on his chair. "But most times they live in water. Willie's got f'owers this morning, too," he went on, after I had acknowledged his botanical information. "An' Mrs. Gwey's got some down on the other side of the hall. Willie has pink woses, an' Mrs. Gwey's got wed ones. You've got white ones, too, haven't you?"

"Yes," I said. "I like white roses best. These are the kind that grow in pots. I like those that grow in the country, and smell sweeter than any others."

"What's the countwy?"

I explained, and in a few moments more found myself deep in a description of a beloved old farm I had often visited. He listened in ecstatic silence, his brown eyes never leaving my face. Then, in his turn, he told me of his hospital life, his toys and friends, his favorite doctors and nurses. They all seemed to be his favorites. He spent, it seemed, much of his time in the wing which contained private rooms, and incidentally his own nursery. Every afternoon he took a long nap. But it was plain that any frightened child anywhere in the great building could have the Comforter in his hour of need; and twice a day, morning and afternoon, he went through the free wards, stopping at the different beds to chat with and cheer children and grown-ups alike. It was a strange life for a child, I reflected. But what it had made of him!—a man, at times, in tact and understanding, with the joyousness and simplicity of the child.

"I've never been in a boat," he said, suddenly. "And I've never been to the 'Quarimum. But some day I'm going."

"The 'Quarimum?" I asked, thoughtlessly.

"Yes. Where the fishes all are. They swim wound the glass places, an' you see them."

"Oh yes, the Aquarium. I'll take you for a boat-ride sometime, if you like, when I get well," I promised, "and to the Aquarium, too."

"Oh-h-h, *will* you? When?"

"Next week. Do you know when that is?"

He sighed. "It sounds a long way off. How many times do I go to bed before then?"

I reflected. The doctors had said I could leave in three days more.

"Only four times," I said. I took his small hand and emphasized the count on his fingers. "This time, and this time, and this time, and this time. Then we go."

He drew a breath of deep content. "It's soon," he said.

We were deep in the discussion of this delight when "Miss Smiff" came to take the Comforter away to some little girl with bandaged eyes, who seemed to be



seeing "lions an' tigers an' el'phan's" in the dark. Harry answered the summons as a war-horse responds to the compelling notes of the trumpet. In an instant he was off his chair and trotting toward the door, where, for a second only, he paused. "I'll come again," he promised, but I saw him no more that day.

It was not as casual a matter to pick up the Comforter and carry him off to the Aquarium as I had imagined it would be. Indeed, I found my plan passed on from one high authority to another. The question of risking my life in the operating-room could have been lightly and quickly settled; but to take the hospital's idol down-town for a pleasure excursion was a serious matter, requiring reflection.

At last, however, it was arranged. I was to call for my small guest in a taxi-cab at eleven in the morning and drive him directly to the Aquarium, afterward giving him a luncheon suited to his health and tender years, and finally taking him around New York on the yacht which makes that voyage every afternoon during the season. These details arranged, the Comforter and I awaited with such patience as we could the eventful day of the excursion. But during the three days' wait, which seemed so long, the small boy never for one moment lost interest in his other friends, his daily rounds, or his duties toward his fellow-patients. Every morning he came to see me immediately after breakfast, and through him, unconscious reporter that he was, I learned that Willie Maxwell had left the hospital "just as well as he could be"; that Mrs. Grey had "dreadful pains and groaned"; that there was a new little girl in 19, with her eyes all bandaged; and that Jimmie Murphy, a prime favorite of Harry's in the charity ward, had "gone to live with God."

Incidentally, besides playing his own small rôle to perfection, Harry became in turn the superintendent, the house physician, various nurses, and even some of the patients. Thus I was privileged to behold Willie Maxwell enjoying the phonograph; while the Comforter's impersonation of "Mrs. Gwey having a hard pain" greatly comforted that lady when she was well enough to witness it.

My farewell with Harry was highly dramatic; we were separating for twenty-four long hours.

"I only go to bed one more time before we see the 'Quarimum,'" were his parting words.

That night I dreamed of the Comforter, and I was back in the hospital before eleven the next day. With equal promptness my young friend presented himself, ready for the excursion. He wore a jaunty blue reefer, a blue cap, and a somewhat flamboyant tie, the latter pinned on him in a jocund moment by the nurse who had dressed him for his outing. The inevitable rose was on his breast. He had never before been in a taxi-cab, and as we rode away I was forced to give him a scientific explanation of how and why our cab went—an explanation which I realized at the time would always be a rosy memory to our chauffeur.

Of the Comforter in the Aquarium I can show no fitting picture. But in memory I see him still, a flash of sunshine rimmed with blue, awestruck before the huge, sleepy alligators, thrilled to the soul by the green moray, fixed and ecstatic in front of the crabs that walked sideways when they were not fighting with one another, and drawing deep breaths of excitement over the fish that changed colors as one watched. He thought the turtles were the most wonderful things there, until he saw the swordfish, but the fascination of the swordfish paled in turn before the charm of the sea-lions. In front of these he jumped up and down in such uncontrollable delight that every one within sight and hearing smiled in sympathy with him. Also, he became at times Dr. Reynolds gazing at a seal and rubbing his chin; Dr. Murray twirling his mustache in deep reflection before the case of a giant shark; and Mrs. Murphy, a hospital scrub-woman, surveying the eels with arms akimbo. Each pose was wholly unconscious, but I had seen his originals!

In fifteen minutes all the other visitors in the "Quarimum" had forgotten the fish and concentrated their attention on the Comforter. In half an hour they were following him around, listening to his comments. Within an hour they had



learned to love him and were extracting from me, by pointed questions, the simple story of his life.

It was hard to tear him away at one o'clock, but the charms of luncheon soothed his disappointment, and the boat-trip was yet to come.

On the yacht the reaction came, after this high entertainment, and for the first half-hour Harry sat quietly by my side, his eyes very big and bright, his cheeks pink with excitement, an occasional deeply breathed "O-h-h!" his only comment, as shore-lines and buildings swept past. It was not long before other passengers began to talk to him, and I recall especially the gentleness with which a certain irascible old man conceded that a pink-and-gold cloud in the west might possibly be part of heaven, with Jimmie Murphy reposing on it.

Riding up-town in our taxi-cab when the day was over, Harry sat very close to me on the back seat, his head resting on my shoulder and his eyes closed. At first I thought he was asleep, but as he broke the silence from time to time with a murmured word about the fish, or the boat, or some other delight of the day, I learned that he was merely busy with the joys of memory. When we reached the hospital he was lifted out of the cab by a waiting orderly, and carried off to his nursery to have his evening meal luxuriously in bed; and as the two disappeared through the big front doors, reminiscences of eels, sea-lions, and alligators were still floating back to me.

Twice in the busy month that followed I saw the Comforter, making the long up-town journey to the hospital for an hour with the boy. Both times he was full of happy memories of our outing, of which I had given him, as a souvenir, a "quarimum" of his own—a glass globe with three goldfish in it. We planned also another jaunt, which should include hay-rides and hens laying eggs and a whole month at the old farm during the summer heat; but this was not to be.

At six o'clock one morning, a week after my second visit to the Comforter, I was awakened by the bell of the telephone beside my bed. When I took up the receiver the voice of Miss Smith came to my ear. It was low, but quite steady. Harry had died a few hours

before, she told me, and she thought I might care to come up to the hospital and see him.

There was little I could say to her, except that I would come; but when I laid down the receiver and rose to dress, I found myself facing a world which suddenly seemed appallingly empty because it lacked the presence of a little boy in blue rompers, with bobbing yellow curls.

It was barely eight o'clock when I opened the familiar hospital door and received the depressed greetings of the clerk at the inquiry-desk, who knew why I had come, and of the elevator-man, who took me up to my old floor. Miss Smith was leaving Harry's nursery as I reached it. Her features twisted as our eyes met. With a silent hand-clasp she turned and went back with me.

The room, usually flooded with sunshine at that hour, was darkened now by drawn shades. On the floor lay the Comforter's toys, just as he had left them the day before. A wooden hobby-horse stood near the door. Two brave companies of lead soldiers, drawn up in battle array, stretched from the wall to the foot of his little white bed. A boat I had given him rode at anchor in a tin bath-tub filled with water, and beside it was the "quarimum," its goldfish swimming about in calm content. Outside the windows chirped the sparrows Harry had loved to feed. On the bed a silent, exquisite little figure lay under a white counterpane, covered with pink roses. Speechless, I bent over it, while Miss Smith gazed with wet eyes at her boy.

"We must think of how much suffering he has been spared," she said at last. "We must remember that we made him happy. We did make him happy," she added, softly, "for we loved him, and he knew it."

She touched the little hands almost hidden by the roses.

"You knew, didn't you, Harry?" she whispered.

The sparrows still chirped demandingly, for it was the hour when Harry had fed them. Somewhere, far down the corridor, a child was crying—perhaps in terror of visions in the dark. But under his pink roses the Comforter slept on, a little smile puckering the corners of his mouth, as if indeed he knew.



# The Blue Dimity Dress

BY VICTOR ROUSSEAU



ALL the way down the five narrow steps that led to the street from Dr. Earle's front door Deborah Dean expected that her husband would speak to her about their visit. But he said nothing, and at last they were standing in the roadway at the side of the trolley-line, and still he said nothing. The cars ran every twenty minutes, and one had just gone by.

"Now Gardiner will be impatient," thought Deborah, and waited apprehensively, but still he said nothing. He was standing still, deep in thought, one hand stroking his white beard, and did not seem to notice her.

It was the first time that Deborah had been to Kingston during nine years. She had always meant to go some day, but there was so much to be done—she would have to work hard that night and the next to make up for the time lost in the journey; and then, since the trolley had been put through, and the farm was virtually in Kingston, there was not much reason for going. She would certainly not have gone that day except for Milly, who had arrived unexpectedly the day before from Detroit. Deborah was glad to see her daughter, but she wished Milly had given her notice, so that she could have got the spare room ready. It was not like Milly to be so inconsiderate. Still, Deborah was not the one to complain at what others thought best; and so, when Milly had told Gardiner that he was to take her mother in to Kingston to see Dr. Earle, Deborah had gone obediently, though she did not know that anything was the matter with her.

"I mustn't let Milly know about the extra work she's making me do," thought Deborah.

The work had begun on the day after Deborah's marriage, forty-two years before, and it had never stopped, even for

half a day. At first there was just Gardiner and the farm to look after; but after the baby was born there were clothes to be made, and, later, school dresses; then Milly had a good deal of company, and she did not get married till she was twenty-five. Deborah had hoped to have less work after that, but there was such an accumulation of odds and ends that she could never get far enough ahead to begin on them. There were dresses that she had been saving for years to make over, because the fashions had changed so, and one could not wear wide sleeves any more. Then Milly's bedroom had never been set to rights since she went out of the house, nearly fifteen years before, and there were her books to be sorted and the wall to be papered, and many other things. But some day Deborah meant to get everything in order.

Of late, however, this accumulation of unfinished work had ceased to trouble her so much, and she had begun to forget things in the strangest way. Sometimes she would find the dishes unwashed in the morning, and the lamps untrimmed and unfilled; and, what was worse, Deborah was becoming lazy and did not seem to care. And just when these things had begun to happen regularly Milly had come and had sent her in to Dr. Earle.

Deborah had not seen him since Milly's illness, just before her marriage. He had grown stouter, and his face was red, and he had begun to look like the clergyman who had married her, forty-two years before, so that Deborah's mind was quite confused for the moment. She had seen a letter in Milly's handwriting lying upon the table, but when she spoke of her daughter and reminded him how he had attended her when Milly was born, Dr. Earle did not seem to remember.

"He must have so many patients," thought Deborah in exoneration; but



then, suddenly, for the first time, she became afraid, and, though she did not know why, she looked at the doctor in terror and helplessness.

Dr. Earle talked to her for a while and then rose and went toward the folding-doors. He pulled them apart and went into the back room in which Gardiner sat, pushing them together behind him until the lock snapped. Then Deborah heard him asking in a loud voice about the crops, and afterward she could not hear a word. It was a long time till they came out together, and then Dr. Earle only shook hands with each, and nobody spoke a word.

"Here's our car, mother," said Gardiner, shaking her arm gently. Deborah was quite surprised to find that she was still standing in the roadway. Gardiner helped her in and took the basket which she had been holding. The hard straw handle had left a wide welt of white across the palm of her hand, and a plait was beginning to unravel.

"I must remember to mend that when I get home," Deborah thought.

She looked at Gardiner timidly as they entered. She realized that she had spoken her thought aloud; this always made him impatient, and sometimes he would ask her to repeat what she had said and explain herself; but this time he only said:

"Sit here, mother, so the sun won't shine in your eyes."

Deborah was astonished, but she took the seat obediently.

"Will you have a pear, father?" she asked, dipping her hand into the basket.

"I guess the pear can wait till we get home," he answered, abstractedly.

Then Deborah discovered that Gardiner was not really looking down, as she had thought, but watching her in the most curious manner. It reminded her of something—she could not remember what; she pondered over it awhile and then began thinking of the unfinished work.

The car ran past suburban fields and hedgerows gay with meadowsweet, and the air was full of the sweet, dusty scents of August. When the car stopped before the farm-house and Gardiner helped Deborah down, she stood still in surprise at the change that seemed to

have come over the place. It was like a strange house, this home in which she had lived for more than forty years. She felt almost as though Gardiner had just brought her there.

"It looks pretty, doesn't it, my dear?" she meant to say, but what she actually said was: "It's nice to be home again, isn't it, father?"

As they approached the gate Deborah asked: "May I pick one or two spikes of stepplebush? They're kind of pretty on the table."

"Take your time, mother," answered Gardiner, gently.

He was still looking at her in that strange way. Deborah knew now of what it reminded her. It made her think of the days of waiting before Milly had been born. How considerate of her Gardiner had always been! He was growing old; she must take better care of him. He had not been impatient with her once that morning. Usually he was upset if there was any waiting, or if the work was not finished, but now he had said, "Take your time." The heart of the old woman was overflowing with love and gratitude.

She returned with an armful of the tall pink flowers, and they walked up the path together. The chickens were scratching among the corn. Deborah had forgotten to close the gate of the coop when she went out. There was so much to be done. She must begin immediately, the moment she had taken off her bonnet.

Milly was standing in the doorway. She looked impatiently from one to the other, and as Deborah went in her husband lingered outside for a moment. Deborah dropped into a chair.

"I declare, I'm all tuckered out," she said.

"You'd best go and lie down till supper, mother," said her daughter.

"Lie down!" echoed Deborah. Lie down in the middle of the day! The idea was impossible. Milly did not know half what there was to be done.

"Why, Milly, I've got all the work to do," she expostulated. "There's the chickens to feed and the lawn to be mowed, and the cleaning—"

"I want you to lie down, mother!" said Milly, harshly.



It was not Deborah's way to object when people were trying to be kind to her. She let her daughter lead her into the room at the back, the little room into which she had so often carried Milly when she was a baby. Certainly it was pleasant, lying there, beside the geraniums, among which a bee was lazily droning. The old woman began fingering the comforter upon the bed. It was a quilt of patchwork, and her friends had made it for her as a bridal gift, each doing a piece, and carrying it from house to house; and Deborah had had to pretend not to know what was being done until it was finished. But now it was torn in many places, and parts of the batting were worn away, so that it was thick here and thin there. "I'll have to start to mend it," thought Deborah aloud, and began reckoning up the pieces of work that she must take in hand. Yet somehow she did not seem to care that she was getting behindhand so. She lay there, dreaming, while the bee sipped and buzzed away, and the beams of sunlight traveled across the floor.

"Supper's ready, mother," called Milly at the door. She came in. "How does your head feel now?" she asked.

"Why, my head hasn't been troubling me, Milly," answered Deborah, in surprise.

Supper was ready. It was the first time in years that Deborah had not cooked it. She sat down, a little bewildered by the change. Her daughter was bringing in the dishes.

"Now you sit still, mother," said Milly, as Deborah half rose. "I'll attend to everything."

"But, Milly, you don't understand," said her mother. "There's the chickens to be fed and the grass to mow, and—"

Milly took her mother by the shoulders and put her back gently into her chair.

"Now listen," she said. "You've been working too hard and you're going to take a rest. Mrs. Smith's hired man's coming round to see to things later. You've worked hard all your life and it's time you had a rest," she continued.

"But there's the tablecloths to be hemmed for when the men come to put up the corn next month, and—"

Milly seemed to be choking. She

turned away abruptly and went into the kitchen. Gardiner followed her. Deborah could hear parts of their conversation.

"I tell you let her work if she wants to," said Gardiner, angrily. "She's used to it. It won't hurt her any, as long as she don't—"

The voices grew lower. Deborah hoped that Gardiner was not going to be impatient with Milly. He was so apt to be irritated, and then Milly would answer sharply. But when they came back Milly did not seem to be angry with Gardiner; yet her eyes looked as though she had been crying. Deborah sat very quiet throughout the meal, and afterward she let Milly clear away the things and wash them.

But the thought of the chickens bothered her. She had always fed them; they were her pets and she could hardly bear to have them killed. She got up and took the pan from its place, crumbling bread into it, with corn and scraps. She watched her daughter half guiltily as she moved with it toward the door. But Milly did not try to stop her, and, with the feeling of a child doing some forbidden thing, Deborah stepped out into the dusky quiet of the back garden. She lingered long with the chickens. She felt that something mysterious, unexpected, and eventful was happening somehow; and, with the longing of the old for the familiar things of their lives, she wanted to take hold of this small daily task and cling to it, before she was torn from her anchorage. But all these inchoate thoughts passed through her brain in a moment, and soon she was standing happily inside the chicken-yard, watching the fowls feed, and thinking lovingly of Gardiner.

She must take good care of him now. Milly's visit was a little upsetting, but after she had gone back to Detroit to her husband Deborah was going to have a house-cleaning. She was going to put everything in apple-pie order—the lawn, the quilt, the room, wall-paper, school-books, dresses. . . .

When she stepped back into the room Mrs. Smith was there, with her son Clarence and her grown-up daughter. Deborah knew, from the immediate silence, that they had been speaking of



her; and when she turned her back to replace the pan upon the shelf she felt that they were watching her. She sat down in the comfortable chair. Clarence, the boy, was fidgeting and watching her with a furtive, curious look. Miss Smith rested her hand on her parasol and looked down, sitting primly in her chair.

"I hope that boy isn't going to have nerves," thought Deborah, aloud. "They say it's bad when boys get nerves. It isn't like girls."

Milly began speaking rather hastily about something.

"Did Milly tell you me and Gardiner was in to Kingston to-day?" asked Deborah of Mrs. Smith.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Smith, quickly. "Clarence is going in to the new high-school there next month. They are selling school tickets on the cars at ten for a quarter."

Clarence Smith shifted in his chair and his mother began speaking of the new trolley-line.

"I declare I feel as though we really lived in Kingston now," she said.

"Gardiner and me was up to Kingston to-day to see Dr. Earle," said Deborah; and Clarence Smith jumped in his chair. After that hardly any one spoke. Usually, when Mrs. Smith called, things were lively; she was a regular chatter-box, and her daughter was quite droll, but to-night everybody seemed constrained. It was not long before the visitors rose to go.

"Mrs. Smith, I'll see you to your door," said Gardiner, rising.

Milly took her mother back to the bedroom. "Now I want you to go to bed, dear," she said. "You stay in there, and I'll come in, when you are ready, to say good-night to you."

She kissed her and closed the door, and after that Deborah could not hear the slightest sound.

She was alone. She could not be mistaken in that, for the old house had suddenly assumed a familiar atmosphere, like an old intimate who puts aside her company manners when the guests have gone. Deborah was certain, from the feeling, that Milly was not in the house; but to make sure she crept cautiously out into the passage and listened fear-

fully to the loud ticking of the clock in the living-room. There was no other sound; and when at last she looked in the room was empty.

The old woman lit a candle and moved to the foot of the stairs. She had not been up to the top story for a dozen years and more. Her bedroom had been there originally, but the winter in which Milly was born had been so cold that the house could not be heated properly, and so, two years after her marriage, she moved down and occupied the back room which had been hers and Gardiner's ever since. Up-stairs were Milly's old room and others which were used for storing things. Gardiner went there sometimes. The house had never filled as she and Gardiner had hoped it would be filled some day. Milly was all, and when she went away Deborah and Gardiner settled down to their isolated lives alone.

Deborah mounted with a sort of gleeful expectancy, carrying her candle, and a thousand imps of memory worked on the tangled patches of their weave. She set the candle down in Milly's room and looked round her in amazement. The dust lay thick on Milly's books, the bed had never been made, and the paper hung in moldy strips from the cracking plaster. This would never do; people would say she was a slovenly housekeeper. Shaking her head, Deborah passed into the next room. This was piled high with odds and ends. Here was the chair with the broken seat which had been missing for years. Deborah had meant to have that mended, and had saved her egg money for that purpose; but when the chair-man came on his semi-annual round with his strips of cane, Deborah could not find it. And here was the baby's carriage. Deborah had missed that—no, she had forgotten all about it. Gardiner must have brought it there. That would be needed.

Deborah started. She was forgetting. She had thought for the moment that Milly was a child again. Of course she was a grown woman in Detroit, with two boys of her own; yet the old woman's mind insisted on forming two sets of pictures, and though she knew Gardiner was an old, white-bearded man, she also saw him as he used to step briskly into





*Drawn by Walter Biggs*

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HER LIFE SHE HAD BECOME MISTRESS IN HER OWN HOME







the kitchen after the farm-work was done, wiping his muddy boots upon the mat and calling for her. But there was a supreme contentment which reconciled the conflicting images, and Deborah took up her candle and went into the next room, smiling in happy gratitude at the thought of her husband who had given her a home so long and never failed her. She must take good care of him, better care, henceforward.

The next room had been used for sewing, and here hung the gowns and dresses. Deborah turned them about and looked at them critically. These would do very well; she must begin on them first. Then a dress of blue dimity caught her eye and evoked a rush of recollection. She had made this the summer after her marriage and had never finished it. She had wanted it so much; but there was so much to be done, and she had put it aside until after Milly was born. That was just the dress for a young mother to wear, and Deborah had forgotten all about it. She remembered just where she had left the needle in the

unfinished hem, and looked for it. The thread was there, but where the needle had been was only a streak of rust. "I must go down and get a needle," thought Deborah.

She put the candle down and seated herself in a chair. There was plenty of time. It was the rush and hurry that had confused her in the past and caused her to forget things and get behind in her work.

"I'm not going to get flurried again," she thought, aloud. "I'm going to work systematically. I'm going to manage things better in my new home."

She meant to get the needle, but she only sat there, talking to herself, and thinking fondly of Milly and Gardiner.

Down-stairs the two waited for her in the living-room.

"Go up and bring her down, Milly," said Gardiner.

But Milly did not stir, and both sat quietly, listening, while Deborah talked overhead. For the first time in all her life the tired old woman had become mistress in her own home.

## Spent

BY DOROTHY PAUL

WHEN I look back along the way I came,  
And count each bootless prayer at wayside shrine;  
When I remember all the altar-stones  
I've stained with wanton gifts of tears and wine,  
And wound with roses, broken ruthlessly,  
To buy reluctant blessings of the Powers;

When I consider these, my empty hands,  
And this, my heart, that leaps no more at life,  
And is too tuneless to give back the sound  
Of dancing feet and lure of flute and fife  
That call and beckon from the market-place,  
Where once I danced to mock the graybeard hours;

When I remember all the wealth I had,  
Of joy and faith and careless youth of heart,  
Which slipped from hands held out for lesser things—  
I cannot wonder that the high gods sit apart  
And mock me cruelly, by sending *you*  
To lift the latches of an empty heart!



# Dynamic Education

BY JOHN L. MATHEWS



GERMANY has long provided for the ordinary boy who is unable to go to secondary schools a training for his trade. The full significance of this fact was first borne in upon me in a certain wayside village in Missouri. A stalwart young German-American butcher, noted for the skill of his cutting and his pride in his meat, was putting up a roast. He vouchsafed the information that he was going to night-school at the University.

"What course?" I inquired idly, watching him deftly trim, roll, and decorate two ribs of beef.

"Commercial drawing," he replied.

"Do you like that better than butchering? You are making a mighty good job of that roast."

"Butchering is a gift with me, just like art," he astonished me by replying, and added, seriously: "They are something alike—one helps the other. I've been working at this trade since I was a kid, but I can cut meat a lot better since I began to draw. If I lived in the old country, you know, I would have been trained to draw so I could be a better butcher. Every boy going into any trade gets that sort of training."

Whereat I marveled greatly. I marveled even more as time went on and my butcher remained a butcher and did not become an advertising artist. He had the whole sense of the new ideal in education: to train for a trade as though it were a profession, and to use in that trade all the correlated aid of art and science he could obtain. Drawing helped him to cut in the same fashion that it helps a sculptor to model; the principles perceived in the flat presentation showed him truth in the full mass which was his medium. Had he lived in Munich instead of Missouri, however, he would not have been obliged to hunt up a night-school for himself in order to get this

instruction after he was married and had a family. He would have had it perforce in daylight hours as part of his apprenticeship, between the ages of fourteen and eighteen, in a continuation school. Fitting pupils for this school fits the scholar for industries and divers trades. This compulsory system of supplementary education requires part-time attendance, from eight to ten hours a week, for which the employers must pay as though the boy were at work in the shop. Begun in various parts of Germany nearly forty years ago, it has become nationally, if not universally, an accepted type of education, because it possesses for the ordinary individual dynamic qualities hitherto undiscovered.

As the continuation school was at first developed, it was a Sunday-school broadened from the consideration of religious topics to practical training designed to interest apprentices and make them more proficient. Sunday classes still exist in many places. The quaint working-class greeting, "*Grüss Gott!*" may be traced partly to the seventh-day origin of these classes. As Sunday did not prove entirely satisfactory for the purpose, night courses were tried. Gradually employers were enlisted in support of further education for the common man, and the idea spread that "investing in vocations" by associating the primary education with direct industrial training would pay. The sporadic character of the experiments which were made in trying to adapt the idea to the needs of special localities and of country and city life, resulted in many trade schools unlike in theory and practice. Some cities have excellent public industrial schools, where the boy, upon leaving elementary work, receives in one year all the rudiments of trade training. These are not to be confused with the higher technical schools, available after the ordinary continuation work. Excellent private trade schools are carried on





THE EIGHTH CLASS OF BOYS IN CARPENTRY

by some employers: for instance, the one in the Krupp gun-works at Essen, where the attendance of apprentices is required. Guilds and unions all over Germany have classes in the predominant occupations.

Another characteristic and important type of continuation school is that supported in part by the industry and in part by the community. For instance, Germany's toys are famous. In Thuringia one may see little communities which practically exist on the toy trade. One wonders how the simple people of mountain and riverside villages where these playthings are constructed find their designers, their skilled labor, their ingenious mechanics. The answer lies in the school, or the courses, as the case may be, which, supported by the industry and the community together, give the essentials of art, mechanics, construction, and business to apprentices in the shop itself. So with the endless supply of characteristic Thuringian pottery. In the little hamlets where it is made, the schools tend to retain the upcoming youth in the place, as there is no need for them to go away to secure work. German manufacturing is thus kept somewhat diffused instead of centering entirely in the towns, a fact which has obvious advantages so far as the

lives of the workers are concerned; while the retention of the hereditary interest in an industry, the maintenance of the guild spirit, and the stimulating pride of craftsmanship are valuable gains.

Undoubtedly the most effective work is done by the free public continuation schools of the cities. Their superiority is not alone in the fact that their standards of teaching are high, but that they perceive the opportunity and duty of the continuation school to do more than merely produce workers who shall render more efficient service to their employers. The several systems of public continuation schools definitely set themselves the task of training for citizenship, not only by offering men a reasonable prospect of maintaining themselves and their families, but by endeavoring to instruct the individual concerning his relation to the community in the several trade capacities, his civic function, the laws which relate to him most intimately, personal and industrial hygiene, physical development, general culture—in short, "nothing less than educating the whole man."

The main difference between the two chief pedagogical systems used in the continuation-school work of Germany is that in the one, shop teaching is favored, while in the other, well illustrated by the *Pflichtfortbildungsschulen* of Berlin, the





THE SHOE SHOP

teaching is practically all by theory, by the book, by academically trained teachers, in class-rooms of the sort used in the ordinary lower grades. Directors of this system hold that the theory of the trade is all that need be furnished when the actual shop practice occupies the rest of the time of the apprentice. The principal educators of Berlin have undertaken the preparation of trade text-books from which to teach, and, judging from the large set now completed, they seem to have done relatively practical work. To discover the educational requirements for a trade, the writers visit several shops of the business in question. For instance, in the tailors' course, the businesses of several tailors were carefully examined, and from these the various factors in the trade were worked out. The technical side of the science of garment-making, and the usual work-room customs and trade practices, were examined and the best selected from the comparison. Sources of materials, the way to judge their relative value, and the durability and service of cloths and trimmings, formed the basis of a survey which included incidental factors like transportation, tariffs, markets, and delivery, from which the cost of production is computed. The

business side of the trade, judged by actual accounts of going concerns, showed exactly how much calculation was essential, how the bookkeeping was best done, the importance of incidents, what business forms and laws a tailor must know. Another section of the survey concerned the hygiene of the work-room, the effect of dust on the lungs, and the need of the tailors for physical exercise, as well as a brief outline of his civic and patriotic privileges. Upon all these facts a simple text-book was written—that is to say, it was based upon careful observation and evidence, but usually without actual participation in the industry under discussion.

However excellent they are from an academic standpoint, these lessons may or may not actually cover the practical difficulties lying between the child and the assumption of his work; it depends upon the boy. In some trades, perhaps the tailors', the worker in the good shop would probably need little more than the straight theory of his work, if that were correctly imparted and interesting. That matter of interest is the weak spot in the scheme. Attending an average number of classes in Berlin, it did not appear that interest was sufficiently provoked. Either the grade of intelligence



of these working-children was lower than elsewhere, or the teachers were not reaching them. In the arithmetic classes a certain woodenness of example was notable, even in the applied problems dealing with the trade; an inelasticity which might, it is true, have been merely the limitation of the present method of teaching mathematics, but which struck the observer as peculiarly unfortunate in deadening the interest during this particularly sensitive period of the child's education.

The drawing classes were usually better, for the application of drawing to every-day work was commonly made clear and attractive. To be sure, there seemed something out of proportion in the drawing of a great deal of conventional ornament by a class of artisan dentists, but skill must perhaps be acquired before the drawing from life can take the place of discipline. The class itself was amusing, albeit a trifle grotesque. Dentistry is regarded as a profession in Germany only after the surgical training has been taken in addition. Before that it is a semi-professional trade. After the apprentice to a dental-surgeon has served his term—in which he commonly does all the laboratory

work—he may open his shop as a dentist and practise without a degree. In the continuation-school course, a class in theory was reciting by rote how various fillings should be mixed, what happened chemically, and how to finish off the job. In a near-by room a class of another "year" was making color drawings from real or artificial exhibits. Practical work was left to the office. Hygiene is taught mainly by rule and chart—by rule of thumb, so to speak. Classes in general seemed somewhat joyless and dull, somewhat disciplined and stodgy. Where the teaching was vivid, things were better, but the continuation schools for boys seemed to be in charge of masters who were either overburdened or underpaid, or both.

Theoretical teaching in the trades is not so good as the shop system which Berlin uses in her excellent higher technical schools, in some of which tuition is remitted for those who cannot afford it. In these, where there are some "higher continuation" courses, master-artisan teachers are the rule; but in the common continuation school, theory-teaching, if not ideal, is of very positive value as against the lack of any. Prussia stands firm, moreover, for the establishment in



A CLASS IN MASONRY



all the provinces of some compulsory trade education, and has greatly furthered it by making her educational grants conditional in size upon the establishment by the community of some such system. Prussia has recently set the example of removing all exemptions which make it possible for favored classes of workers to escape the continuation school, and has broadened their scope so that girls are now included; this affects an enormous number in Berlin alone.

In the instruction of girls, some of the best vocational teachers plan to give them a kind of service that will correspond to the military term for boys, during which they will receive discipline and instruction for the real work of their lives; so that they may know how to keep in health, clothe, feed, and train their families properly. To count less on shining apparatus and to depend more on entirely practical and sympathetically planned direct instruction, which shall reach its end of making *hausfrauen* and homes, is the main idea of the instructors. There are also at present well-attended commercial courses, which seem to suffer from the same defects as our own. There is the group one might call the needle trades—dressmaking, millinery, embroidery, and upholstery—and others which approach but do not attack the problem of women in industry.

The Munich schools have worked out the system of industrial training which undoubtedly leads the world, because it is based on demonstration teaching in work-shops. Dr. George Kerschensteiner, a member of the Reichstag, has fought a long fight to bring the Munich schools to their present splendid condition. To-day Munich has fifty-two trades for which teaching is given, and is enlarging her present plans and facilities. Seven fine buildings about the town give space for classes and for well-equipped shops, where some ten thousand boys and about the same number of girls receive instruction. Practical men direct almost all the subdivisions of the commercial, painting and decorating, building, printing, mechanical, engineering, wood and metal working trades, besides miscellaneous ones like shoemaking, wigmaking, and confection-

ery manufacturing. These teachers are often taken from their trade and taught to teach. Dr. Kerschensteiner would rather make a teacher out of a plumber than convert a teacher into a man of tools, although, when occasion arises, suitable teachers in the trade itself not being available, academically informed men are given furloughs in order to enter into actual practice for a sufficiently long time to master it. Some of the best teachers are part-time men who are eminent in their various lines, as, for instance, commercial photography and sculpture. The boy who works at a craft like stucco-making may get part of his instruction under an artist instead of an artisan.

The foundation of trade education is laid in the day school. At about ten years of age, boys planning to enter the professions customarily separate from the others, to go then or later into higher schools. It must be noted that this is in reality a separation of social classes, and there is little further contact between the groups. Those not planning for "higher" education, those numerous needy "others" who constitute the real human school problem, are then grounded in the use of tools, in carpentry, metal-work, the rudiments of mechanics, and of gardening; or, in the case of girls, commercial study, needle-work, housekeeping. In the beautiful new Sieboldstrasse common school there are excellent workrooms for all these subjects, and, in addition, fine bakeries with practical modern ovens, attractive garden-plots where even horticulture is begun, and the *concierge's* chickens to serve as an experimental chicken-farm. The boy who in his last elementary year really knows what he wants to do frequently obtains his apprenticeship by himself, or in answer to a request from an employer, who applies to the head teacher for a certain kind of helper. Descriptions of jobs, with or without pay, or perhaps even requiring a premium, are posted as bulletins in this school. The parents, possibly the teacher, and well-classified information about occupations, based on the excellent census of trades and employment, are depended upon to help the boy decide. There is, it seems, practi-





LEARNING THE PLUMBING TRADE

cally no influence exerted in the primary school concerning the choice of a trade.

The management of industrial instruction beyond the age of fourteen falls to a separate board, comprising employers of various sorts, representatives of commercial bodies like the Chamber of Trades, or business associations, men from various guilds or unions, and educational experts: a membership which assures that the interests of the workers, employers, and teachers—in short, of the public—will be taken into consideration. These schools have their separate, “parallel” financial provision, and for Germany, where social classes are so distinctly separated, anyway, this system, which definitely breaks the contact between the coming workman and the professional man, works excellently.

The teaching itself rests on the clearly enunciated principle that “nothing is made which is not drawn, and nothing is drawn which is not made in the workshop.” Divided into three or four years, the plan requires about one-third of the time spent in the workshop, where it is easy to see that the pupil usually enjoys himself. The boys at the forge, learning to make the ornamental ironwork so characteristic of Bavaria, were evidently keenly interested in their work. The students with the miniature tools of

the watchmaker—the dainty pliers, the delicate saws—were constructing their model watches with apparently complete satisfaction. The apprentice using the plane, the mallet, and the level, the lithographer’s helper working with the stone and prints, the boy plumber with his soldering tools, the gold and silver smiths with their hammers and annealing oven, the printer’s devil with his inks and type—who that knows boys will not believe that they gave trustworthy evidence of really winning an education? In this day of the infinite subdivision of tasks, even under the law of indenture, the helper frequently does only a segment of the process, over and over. The pleasure of progressing through the whole trade, the stimulation of their interest in the handling of the tools themselves, produces in these boys an altogether different attitude from that of the average secondary-school pupil. Working two half-days or one whole day, at the employer’s convenience, the pupils, during their first two years, usually make only parts of articles. In the third and fourth year, whole articles are made. One of the policies of the Munich schools is that none of the articles shall be sold by the school authorities. Whoever furnishes the material—pupil, master, or employer—owns the article.



Not only the ordinary artisan, the mechanic, or builder shows appreciation of direct demonstration teaching. The waiter, the cabman, the butcher, the grocer, the baker, are taught in the actual conditions of the work, the trades themselves co-operating. Cabmen are shown the care of horses and vehicles, the "shop" part of their trade, in a stable; butchers study their meat in the stockyards and in a good shop; gardeners do their practical lessons on a special tract at the edge of town or in the English garden; waiters, beginning their work as pompous and uniformed "piccolos," attend their classes in rooms where service is actually given. There is a certain kinship between all these Munich apprentices and the individual who has just been thrown off a pier to learn how to swim. They are absorbed in doing it. The shoemaking class had no eyes for anything but its experimental footgear. A class who were setting up a telephone and telegraph system were so occupied and enthusiastic that they might have had a thousand watchers and still have been unconscious. A class in commercial photography was left by the teacher for ten minutes or more while we looked in on surrounding work. At the suggestion, "But you must go back—" he smiled. "Come here and you will see that I am not needed." He opened the door. His class, orderly as though he had not left, were engaged wholeheartedly in making certain series of exposures to obtain various effects with the big cameras in the several angles of the room. This is definite proof of the pudding. The psychological basis of such training is right. It brings all the senses to the work; it educates the motor activities; it shows the whole process in a standard way to the pupil, and every association will help him in actual labor the rest of the week. This part of the pedagogical problem is properly solved.

Last of all there is that other vital feature of the Munich schools, including libraries, lectures on the traditions of the trade, hygiene, citizenship, and culture. From the standpoint of "business," this instruction seems unimportant; but in reality the school takes cognizance of the social being of boys and girls, offering

them stimulus and general knowledge. It is a most essential part of the new definition of education, and might be called the social-service phase of it. In Germany, particularly, where, for adult and juvenile alike, the hours of labor are long, the spending of the treasured leisure of the poor man should be judicious, and care should be taken to acquaint him with the resources which should lie to every man's hand, giving normal influences the chance to play their part in keeping the body and soul satisfied.

With restricted time, but a new financial freedom, the period of weakening parental authority attending the approach of maturity is one in which boys and girls particularly need the reinforcement of fellow-interest and well-directed insight into outside affairs. In the interest of this, a certain amount of the class work is in the form of excursions to see large plants, or contemporary expositions, or to great institutions like the Deutsches Museum, where the engineer may not only see models of machinery, but start them in motion by touching a button, so that the play of parts may be studied. The other, and possibly the more important kind of excursion, is the simple walking trip, for which the pupils elect their own leader. Personal relations are thus more firmly established, and the good outdoors is made inviting by comradeship. Education, which includes all the interests, even his pleasure, of the normal growing boy, which carries the child to maturity, giving him in every year the helpful interest of study related to work, which avoids the imposition of useless instruction on top of the three R's, and yet takes account of spiritual and physical needs — this education may justly, I think, be called dynamic.

The proof that it *is* dynamic is that the coming citizens themselves approve of it, and that employers in general have seen that the investment in the helper — that is, the payment of wages for time spent in school — results in a degree of increased skill that may well be regarded as interest on the money. The great age of invention in which we live has improved everything in the way of machines. One man is now used where formerly a number of men were re-



quired; yet the creation of new processes demands men for utterly new work; and thus new occupations are created. Meanwhile, little or nothing has been done to improve the man himself. Machines do not work without human operation. The stupid individual causes enormous waste. Another common loss of efficiency is caused by the failure of an operative to understand the whole process, or by indifference, because from his standpoint there is no chance of progression and better pay. The tale may be logically followed in every aspect of the relation of the worker to his job. The lack of keen intelligence is a danger, first to the employer and then to the State, since the individual is likely either to retrograde or remain stationary instead of gaining ground, and in either case may become a human debit account with society. One of the marvels of German experience is that, on their own behalf alone, so many wealthy employers voluntarily supported the educational attempt to improve the human factor in industry, serving personally on boards in order that the curriculum should contain real essentials.

The influence of this example has

gone very far. Compulsory attendance, fought bitterly in some parts of Germany, is fast going into effect everywhere. Of the big cities, Hamburg and Stettin are almost alone in having voluntary continuation classes, and that is only semi-voluntary, as the powerful guilds generally require apprentices to attend. Other systems have their peculiarities of shorter hours, and a different choice of trades taught, according to the industries of the place and the state of mind of employers and school-boards. There is no fixed standard for Leipsic, Strasbourg, Mannheim, Crefeld, Solingen, or Düsseldorf, but all of them have good points in their systems. Non-attendance at compulsory schools makes pupil, parent, and employer liable to fine, detention, or imprisonment. Everywhere the plan is proving beneficial—even in the "black lands" of Westphalia, where the home workers and hordes of unskilled child laborers in the enervating cutlery trades leave a large proportion with which the school cannot deal.

The Swiss cantons, somewhat more than half of which have compulsory and the rest voluntary continuation classes, frankly follow Munich's type of shop-



THE WATCHMAKERS





CONTINUATION CLASSES OUT-OF-DOORS

school. They vary greatly in efficiency, and frequently start the trade-training at seventeen, allowing a gap of three years, which makes the resumption of study difficult, and fails to take note of the most receptive time of a child's life. Switzerland, too, has excellent and appropriate trade schools of higher type—for instance, the *Ecole d'Horlogerie* at Geneva, where the famous Geneva watchmaking is taught. Frequently the new impetus of the lower trade-school work seems to have affected the real technical schools so that new methods or courses have been introduced. In Hamburg there is a most unusual course for seamen in the navy, who build their own ship and sail it. In divers European countries, curious sporadic courses, not strictly continuation classes, really serve in their stead. Nothing could be more characteristic of Denmark, for instance, than that novel educational institution which should make every one with even limited maritime experience rejoice—the *Skibbet Skole für Skibs Kokke* (Ship School for Ships' Cooks). This school is partly supported by the government, and teaches everything from scullery-work to the preparation and serving of the special foods used at sea. Well taught it is,

too, as any one will testify who has eaten in the painted saloon of the curious old Iceland brig which lies in one of Copenhagen's most fascinating canals, that interesting stretch of Holden's alongside the government buildings. In this one-time hold, ingenious educational charts of sectional animals, fish, and fowl, decorations of mermaids, lobsters, crabs, and coral, produce a thick sea-school atmosphere that is peculiar and vaguely haunting. Tables are set in the sea style in order that the populace may help support the school by buying food at a minimum price. The merited reputation of this institution for producing competent cooks caused Norway to send commissioners to study it.

Belgium has such an unclassified school in Brussels for teaching girls the making of artificial flowers, started years ago by the charitable La Fontaine. Its fees are only nominal. The free school of rural life and housekeeping at Bouchout, where girls from fifteen to seventeen buy and cook their food, take turns in managing the budget, and learn, by practical tasks, gardening, laundry, poultry and dairy work, is one of the many excellent schools in Europe for youngsters. Whether one calls it continuation work or not, the Swedish and



Danish high schools and farm schools, involving practically no expense but board, Germany's good winter courses of several grades, and her *Ackerbauschulen*, at which strong boys of seventeen not only receive free instruction, but some pay on leaving, the *Ferme Ecole* of France, for peasants' sons, and her more advanced practical agricultural classes, all constitute excellent secondary industrial training, which need only to be made seasonally compulsory to be as comprehensive as the city child's continuation opportunities.

To-day, all nations are in the way of taking note of the advances made toward reducing the misery incident to child-labor. England, with her gloomy labor problems, still relies on the voluntary evening school and the technical school with debarring fees but occasional charitable scholarships, adding to these the insufficient sop of the Juvenile Department of the Labor Exchange, which possesses no proper information about children's occupations upon which to base its well-meant free advice. Five hundred evening classes closed recently for lack of enrolment; the admirable technical schools do not deter at least nine-tenths of the children from turning their backs on avoidable knowledge at fourteen. Only where private firms see the advantage has England any apprentice courses which fall within the range of our present discussion—courses covering the essentials of trade and life, which continue the education without compelling night attendance. An active effort is afoot to obtain a law to establish free obligatory part-time education until the age of eighteen is attained, but as it is initiated by progressive social workers and not as yet substantially backed by educational or business interests, it is of very uncertain effect.

Scotland has done better than England. But both in Edinburgh and Glasgow industry is entrenched, business is powerful, and it still seems to employers too long a step to install a compulsory system of part-time schools in working hours which they pay for. The Education Act for Scotland (1908) permits this, however, and allows any school-board to establish such trade and

industrial classes as it may desire. Edinburgh has succeeded in making these courses as vital as voluntary classes mainly available in the evening ever are. The seasonally unemployed, the child who can afford to stay a year longer out of school, may get day training, but most of the apprentices must take it at night. The Edinburgh educators naturally believe in the shop system. The eighteen beautiful workshops at Tynecastle are efficiently equipped, the teaching seems practical, and the number of trades prepared for fairly large, but they can serve students from only one section of the city. The Board is expanding the plans in preparation for the time when continuation work in daylight shall be made compulsory. The progressives frankly discuss the possibility of allowing only half-day employment between the ages of fifteen and eighteen, which would force up wages by diminishing the supply of boy and girl labor.

Industry and education have the same interest at stake. The employer complains of the average inefficiency of help and the weight of his taxes, but continues to employ the cheap, untaught, unripe labor which society affords him. Any survey of unemployment conditions brings a conviction that, in general, education has been inefficient and insufficient, as regards the body of humanity; that the sense of citizenship is inadequate; that the ignorance of ordinary health laws is one of the great zeroes of the system; and that the failure to provide elementary technical fundamentals in a curriculum planned for workers is one of the greatest causes of human misery and inequality, past, present, and future. The cost of the proper education of children is not unreasonably increased by these new developments, even if the improvement in the quality of their labor did not, according to abundant evidence, immediately increase business efficiency. When one considers that, properly directed, this system is nothing less than investment in human power, and that it involves the protection of labor heretofore exploited, it is at once obvious that nothing more important has been undertaken since elementary schools were made compulsory.



# The One Great Thing

BY EUGENE A. CLANCY



JOHN GIVNEY had begun life as a common laborer, an odd-job man to be had for daily hire. Many men, who started on the rugged journey with him, side by side, as it were, now loom large in the business of the big city. But these latter, even in the hard, black beginning, had within them hearts of oak, or wills of iron, or a gnawing purpose—power, at least, of some resistless kind. They came to life as to an open battlefield, and the sight awoke in them ambitions and visions which may have lain dormant and smoldering for generations back. They cut their way straight toward the great prizes.

None of this, however, was in John Givney. His were not the eyes that glimpse prizes; he was content to fight merely for his daily bread. Thus, at the age of fifty, despite his years of work, his worldly position was little better than in the beginning. He was a contractor's gang-boss. Life had beaten him, and in his defeat he cared for nothing. He went to work at seven sharp every morning and came home at six-thirty in the evening, when he ate an enormous meal and then went to sleep in his chair with the newspaper and a pitcher of beer beside him. When his wife died, an unmarried sister came to live with him and his son and took charge of the common, untidy flat.

Though John Givney was a quiet, in-offensive man, shunning his kind and wanting only to be left alone, he did not get on very well with his sister. She had come to him under protest, on the dying request of his wife. They did not show it openly, but there was evidently some deep-seated, long-standing animosity between them. The son Allan, a boy of sixteen, came in for this silent enmity on the part of his aunt, though he understood nothing of it, beyond the fact that

he was not himself the direct cause. He saw Mary Givney as others did—a sad, tired, monotonous woman; tall, thin, and plain; given to an eternal mechanical nagging. Only a close observer might have noted for an instant that she had fine, delicate lips and deep, introspective eyes, suggestive of long brooding.

Such was Allan Givney's home environment. Indifference was its dull keynote, and his boyhood nourished itself as best it could in the sterile, unsympathetic soil. Unlike so many other men of his class, John Givney did not seek for his son the things which were denied to himself. There was no incentive, as he never really understood that his own life was a failure. No reason for looking higher for his son's sake presented itself to his deadened mind. He was not lacking in affection; but affection in such men is a secret thing. It continually hides itself and is rarely brought into action. Occasionally it may burst forth uncontrollably in strange forms, more frequently crushing than helping its object. He gave the boy pocket-money now and then, and clothed him; but otherwise he ignored him. Mary Givney mended his things and gave him his meals grudgingly, plainly letting him see that she regarded him as a nuisance. She longed for the time when he would go to work and be away.

At length that day seemed to have arrived. Allan came home one evening and announced at supper that he had been graduated from the public school. Neither father nor aunt made any comment; they had none to make.

"A lot of the boys is going to high-school," Allan remarked, tentatively.

The two went on eating in silence, a little impressively. The woman said nothing, because she saw no problem. She would speak if it became necessary, which was not likely. John Givney did see the problem, and it merely irritated





"YOU'VE LEARNED A PILE O' NONSENSE ALREADY, AN' SHOULD BE EARNIN' MONEY."

him. The boy understood their mental state, but it did not affect him. Except for his aunt's nagging, he was seldom spoken to at home, much less advised. He was an ordinary boy, quiet and docile enough, and he was accustomed to this domestic condition. Now, however, he had come to a turn in life that was new to him, and he wanted the advice and guidance which he was aware other boys were constantly receiving. He felt that his small affairs had reached some sort of crisis, and he thought his father, at least, should take a controlling interest in them.

"An' a lot more is going to get jobs as office-boys," he again offered, cutting himself a slice of bread.

There was no reply. He glanced from one to the other in a surprised, hurt way

and subsided. The coarse meal was finished in the usual silence.

"You'd better go round to Clarkson's before they close and get a new collar," Mary Givney finally said, as she rose to clear the table. "You can't get a job in an office unless you look nice."

"An' get my beer on the way back," said John Givney. "Here's a quarter."

The boy hesitated, a look of inquiry and incredulity on his thin, homely face, but his father merely stretched himself out in his chair, while his aunt busied herself in the kitchen as usual. He hung about for a little while, in an obvious, questioning manner. He drummed with his knuckles on the backs of chairs and on the table. He looked at the funny pictures in the evening paper and whistled stray bars of a popular song. Nothing



further was said. Finally he put on his cap and went out.

When he returned his aunt was not there. He put the pitcher beside his father and sat down. Usually at this time he did his school work or went out with some companions. Now he just sat there staring at the opposite wall and—waiting. John Givney poured out a glass of beer and made a great pretense of reading the paper.

"Well, father," said the boy at last, "ain't you going to—to say nothing to me? What'll I do? Shall I go to high-school? Tom Fallon's going."

John Givney turned his irritable eyes on him. "Did you get that new collar?" he asked.

"Yes," replied the boy, kicking his heels under the table, "I got it."

"Then here's what you got to do. You put that new collar on to-morrow mornin'; get a paper an' read the ads on the way down-town. You'll find lots o' jobs in there, an' you'll get one, mebber. You've learned a pile o' nonsense already, an' a boy of sixteen should be earnin' money! Why, I read in the paper only last week it was as how a man what had no schoolin' at all is now the president of a railroad! Never you mind about Tom Fallon—his father's rich. Here's a dollar for you. Look sharp now in the morning an' mind you make good!"

And John Givney became absorbed in his paper. The boy continued to stare at the wall, his mouth twitching.

"All right, father," he finally said; "I'll do what you say. Mebbe I can get a good job to-morrow."

"Goin' out now—son?" his father asked, unexpectedly.

"No, I—I don't think so. Guess I'll go an' press this coat."

He went to the kitchen and got out the board and an iron. He stood swinging the iron in his hand for a moment, thoughtfully. Then he put it down and went softly into his own box-like room. Gently closing the door and turning the key, he dropped on the bed in the dark and sobbed.

The next morning, hanging on to a strap in the Elevated train, Allan Givney looked just like hundreds of other boys similarly bound in search of a job. Quite

a number of firms wanted a bright boy that morning, and he was busily engaged in choosing the most promising advertisements.

"Hello, Allan!" said a feminine voice in his ear.

He hastily closed the paper and looked around. A girl about his own age was standing close beside him, and he immediately recognized her as a classmate who had graduated from school with him.

"Why, hello!" he exclaimed. "What are you doin' here?"

"Going to work," the girl replied. "You, too?"

"Mebbe. I'm—I'm goin' to look for it."

"I got a job," the girl went on, confidently; "my uncle got it for me. I don't know what it's like yet, though—I think I have to write names on catalogues. It's in a cloak-and-suit house. Funny, isn't it—going to work? I'm—I'm sort of scared."

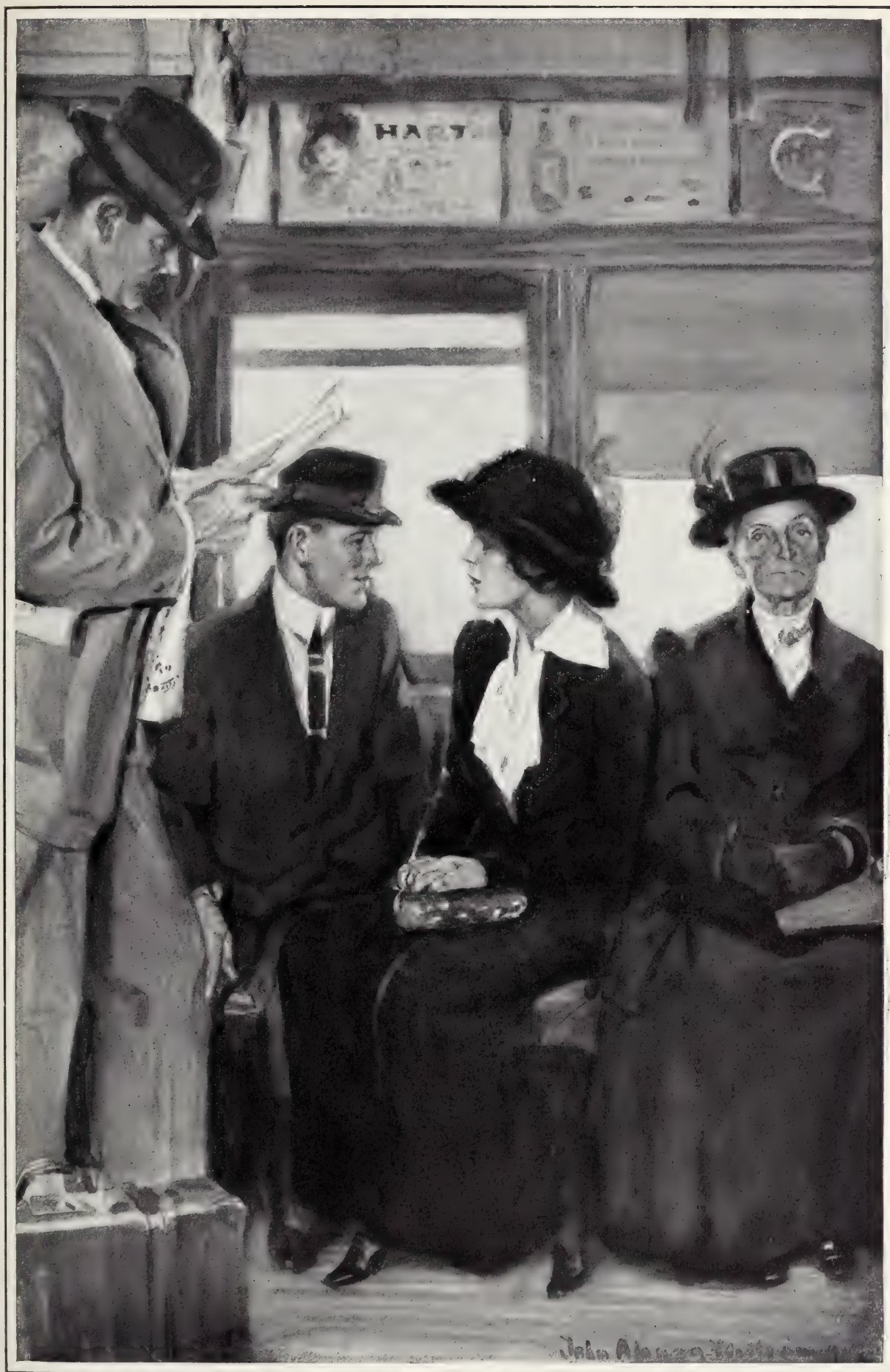
Allan made no reply; he merely stared at her. As yet her prettiness had made no impression on him. He was only thinking it strange that she was going to work; and also he wished she had not caught him there in the train. He unconsciously rebuffed her and scarcely replied to her one or two attempts at further conversation. At Bleecker Street she moved toward the door.

"I get off here," she said. "Good-by!"

"Good-by!" he answered, shortly. "Hope you'll like it!"

The man who hired boys for the Wire Corporation in Broad Street took a fancy to Allan Givney's homely face and docile eyes and gave him a place. Allan went home in the evening, his face beaming with satisfaction and expectancy, and told all about it. Nothing was said. There were no congratulations. The dull evening routine went on as usual. His father may have listened in his secret way, but Mary Givney, once she had the one necessary fact, rattled the dishes with manifest impatience. The boy stopped talking suddenly. Contrary to his wont, he went out very early, when they had hardly finished supper. It was a sign, though they did not know it. One day in the hive of the big city had shown him the way. He had turned his back on





*Drawn by John Alonzo Williams*

"TELL YOU WHAT!" HE EXCLAIMED. "I FEEL LIKE CELEBRATIN' TO-NIGHT"







them; eliminated them from his thought and care. As time went on, and this fact was revealed to them by small but sufficient instances, they both considered it in their different ways. In John Givney, ever ready for self-pity, it aroused an angry, brooding resentment. On certain evenings when Allan happened to stay home, his father, sitting silently in his chair and presumably reading the paper, was really in a mental frenzy, and would have risen and struck the boy had he dared. But it was the youth's growing independence that particularly grated on Mary Givney. She saw him—or thought so—stepping freely into a larger life beyond their common flat, and her fine, delicate lips tightened.

In the course of three years this spiritual breach became constantly wider. At last, Allan's sole connection with his home lay in the bare fact that he slept there and paid a few dollars board for the privilege. In the Wire Corporation, by a mechanical process of advancement, he was now a clerk; and from an ordinary boy had become an average young man. He took good care of himself. He dressed as smartly as he could, and had about him that natty, "hustling" atmosphere so essential to an advancing young man in the big city. He was imbued with the great desire to "get on," which meant, to him, only to make more money by exerting some extraordinary keenness which he fondly imagined himself to possess. There were times when, candidly admitting the truth to himself, he saw that he knew very little; that his destiny was, and was likely to remain, in the hands of the Wire Corporation's head bookkeeper. Then he would grow despondent, and think vaguely about "going out West." But this state did not last long and did not develop anything. The truth was, Allan Givney, flung into them without warning, was too far immersed in the slangy, hustling, sham-cynical ways that come so easily to the clerk who does not watch himself. He did his day's work in a care-free manner; he did not think. A thought was something to be ultimately turned into a laugh. The latest slang and catch-phrase were always on his lips; baseball scores, the latest song and

dance, and kindred matters absorbed his mind. If business was mentioned, he could talk glibly enough, saying there was money in this, or no money in that. He had newspaper opinions on great financial subjects, and mistook them for ideas.

Under it all, however, Allan Givney had the saving quality of self-respect. He idled away his evenings at vaudeville and moving-picture shows, and occasionally at billiard-rooms; or he went to see girls he knew in his neighborhood; but vice could not touch him. Many an evening when he did stay home, John Givney, sitting brooding, never guessed that the boy was there to avoid going where he would not willingly go.

On the way down-town in the morning or returning in the evening, he frequently met the girl classmate who worked in the cloak-and-suit house. He never spoke at any length with her, or thought about her, until one morning he saw her at the other end of the car, chatting with another young fellow. The sight made him angry, though at the moment he did not know why. He watched them covertly all the way down-town. The girl's face stayed in his mind's eye all that day. The knowledge that she was very pretty had at last struck home. Now he wanted to meet her and talk with her, and he began to arrange his going and coming to that end. Soon he deliberately met her on the street corner every morning. She seemed to like him, though she was a shy, somewhat old-fashioned girl. After a time she waited for him at the Elevated station in the evening. He soon noticed that she totally missed the points of his slangy jokes, and did not laugh or seem interested in his ordinary conversation. Again without knowing why, he liked her all the more for this. She could talk a lot, in a quiet, pleasant way; little sensible remarks about people and life, and sometimes about books. It was all new to him, and he often caught himself thinking about things she had said. He gradually became seriously interested in life, and especially in his relations with the Wire Corporation.

For reasons unknown to Allan Givney the Wire Corporation suddenly made great changes in its office force. After an



anxious day or two, he found himself one of the lucky ones. His position was advanced and his salary raised from seventy to eighty dollars a month. That extra ten dollars meant a lot to him; it was affluence; it meant freedom—to go and do as he liked. It was “getting on.” When he met the girl that evening in the train he told her of it at once, for he had fallen into the habit of telling her everything about his affairs. When he could say no more about himself he sat silently smiling at her. For the first time it occurred to him that she looked tired and despondent. Without understanding the springs behind the words, he found himself suddenly saying:

“Say, you oughtn’t to be working in an office—you ain’t made for it!”

“I know it,” she replied, quietly, “but I suppose I’ve got to. Not that the money’s needed, but I—I can’t stay home.”

He had no knowledge of her own case—he had never called on her—but he knew what she implied.

“Tell you what!” he exclaimed. “I feel like celebratin’ to-night, an’ you’re just the one! Will you come to a show with me? I’ll come for you after supper.”

“I told you I don’t go out much,” she answered, slowly, “but—well, yes, I’ll come.”

When he rang her bell that evening she came out with her hat on and did not let him in the flat. He heard the screaming of children and the loud voices of an angry man and woman as they left the door. They went to a moving-picture show and enjoyed themselves immensely, and when they walked back to the girl’s house, Allan Givney knew what was the matter with him. In the tenement hallway he seized the girl’s hands.

“Nellie,” he said, in a strange, shaky voice, “can I—I come and see you to-morrow night?”

“No,” she answered, meeting his eyes, “but you can meet me here. We can take a walk somewhere.” They both hesitated for a moment; then they kissed each other quietly and he went away.

After that the change within him was complete. Love had cut straight through the slangy ways and sham cynicism, and

clasped hands with his self-respect, and the two made a swift and healthy reconstruction of Allan Givney. The change showed itself but slightly on the surface. With the exception of the girl who was the cause of it, there was perhaps only one other person in his small world who noticed it and dwelt on it.

That one other was Mary Givney. He had said nothing, of course, but she seemed to divine instantly his altered character. She took to watching him stealthily, and she now had many opportunities for this surveillance, for Allan, when not with the girl, stayed home in the evenings. He would sit by the hour smoking a pipe and thinking, planning, vainly endeavoring to reconcile conditions which, the more he considered them, appeared only the more hopelessly at odds. They were hard and ugly conditions, how much so he had never known before. Sometimes he was tempted to trample over them, rough-shod.

Mary Givney went on watching. One night, when Allan sat smoking long after his father had gone to bed, she sat at the other side of the table, sewing. It was contrary to her habit to remain up so late, but Allan was too wrapped in himself to remark it. On a sudden, she put down her work and spoke, a sharp, suppressed note in her voice:

“Allan! I know what it is—you have a girl!”

He turned on her quickly, startled. Her deep eyes were on him intently. They held him in a kind of fascination.

“Yes,” he faltered, too surprised to think of anything but the simple truth; “yes—I have.”

“Is she good—and pretty? She loves you?”

“Yes,” he faltered again, still staring at her, “she’s—she’s—everything!”

Mary Givney leaned across the table and put her thin hand on his arm. “And you love her, Allan, don’t you? You want to marry her?”

He felt her fingers tighten and fairly clutch him.

“I do,” he said, “but—”

“That’s fine, Allan!” she stopped him, a strange energy in her voice. “That’s fine! It’s the one great thing! Marry her—never mind anything else—marry her—now! Make your own plans, Allan,





"AND YOU LOVE HER, ALLAN, DON'T YOU? YOU WANT TO MARRY HER?"

in your own way, but mind what I say—don't tell *him*—until it's over! Don't tell him until you've done it!" Her eyes had gone to his father's room.

In his amazement the boy had risen to his feet. She came swiftly around to him.

"There; don't worry any more! Just do as I say—you *must*! You'll be happy, Allan—and you'll let me come to see her!"

As suddenly as she had begun to speak she took his face in her hands and kissed him, and then ran to her room, her breast heaving with hard, passionate sobs.

Allan stood there, wondering. He could not understand; he could make nothing of it. He resolved to speak to her in the morning; but in the morning Mary Givney had sunk back into her usual drab, monotonous self and would give no word of explanation. She evidently considered the subject closed. In the following days, however, he was con-

stantly finding many silent proofs of a new disposition toward him. She carefully overhauled his wardrobe for him and got him special things to eat. He discovered his room neatly rearranged and brightened up, and noticed other little signs that she was thinking of him.

Though he was unable to make her speak further, he readily took her advice, as it was quite in line with his own desires and secret decision. He had not intended to tell his father; he could see no good reason, and, besides, John Givney was daily growing more irritable and morose.

The marriage was to be an unmarked event, without any celebration or parental benediction—or knowledge, for that matter, on either side. A flat was chosen and secretly furnished—such as it was. Perhaps it might have been called an elopement, but in reality it was only one of a thousand such unsung and unadorned matings of the big city.



The Wire Corporation gave him a week for his honeymoon. The night before he left the office he came home very late and found his father asleep in his chair. The boy shook him gently, and fell back as John Givney started to his feet with a look of terror in his eyes.

"It's not true!" he cried, looking about like a man at bay. "It's not true, I say! I'm not too old—I'm good for ten year, yet!"

"Father!" Allan exclaimed, shaking him roughly. "What's the matter with you? Wake up—you've been dreaming!"

John Givney crumpled up and came to his senses. He did not seem to realize that he had said anything.

"Good night!" he muttered, in his usual voice, as he moved off to his room. "I fell asleep; I didn't know it was so late."

The next day Allan came home a little early and stood around nervously while Mary Givney set the table for supper, now and then glancing at him.

"Is it to be soon?" she asked.

"To-morrow night," he replied. "I—I think I'll tell him—now."

John Givney came in as he spoke. Making no note of the peculiar look in his eyes, Allan took a step forward and put a hand on his shoulder. "Father," he blurted, with a forced smile, "I have some news for you. I'm going to be married!"

The elder Givney threw his head back like a man who has been struck. His whole body seemed to swell with rage.

"Married!" he cried, tossing a pay-envelope on the table. "Married, is it? I guess there'll be precious little marrying in this family now! There—you see that envelope? Take a good look at it, for it's the last o' them you'll see!"

He dropped into his chair, savagely pulling off his dirty boots.

"What—what do you mean?" the boy whispered.

"Mean? You're not such a fool that you don't know what I mean! I mean that I've been discharged, that's what I mean! Instead of talking nonsense, you'll knuckle down now an' do your duty! It's up to you to support this house. You've got to take care of your poor old father and your aunt—that's what I mean!"



"I'LL NOT STAND BY AN' SEE YE DO IT, JOHN GIVNEY—NOT A SECOND TIME!"



The boy looked at him wildly. "But, father," he faltered, "it can't be as bad as that! You're not an old man—why, you've been a boss a long time. You can get another job—"

He was stopped, savagely. "It's as I tell ye! I'll never get another job in this world! Haven't I been up and down this two weeks? Nobody wants me at any price!"

"But—but you have some money—some savings, you—"

"Savin's, savin's? What would I be savin'? Every last dollar I have in the world is in that envelope! But I'll talk no more of it. I've had my knocks an' you'll have to take yours! Ye can be married when I'm dead!"

He began to whimper, rocking himself in the chair. Allan stood motionless for a long minute, a picture of utter misery. Then he went for his hat and coat and put them on. He was half out of the door when Mary Givney, who had listened without offering a word, sprang forward and forcibly dragged him back into the room.

"You—you're going to—to call it off?" she questioned, in her sharp, suppressed voice.

"Yes," he replied, dully, trying to free himself, "I—I have to."

"Ye'll not do it!"

The sad, monotonous woman underwent a swift, complete transformation. The fine, delicate lips quivered with passion; the deep eyes snapped fire. She spoke in a harsh, rapid vernacular. The whimpering figure in the chair stopped rocking. A look of fear crept into the swollen eyes.

"Look at your father, Allan!" she cried, dragging the boy forward and pointing. "Look at the man as wants to take away from ye the one great thing ye'll ever know in life! But he'll not do it. I'll not stand by an' see ye do it, John Givney—not a second time! I'll not see it done again! He took it away from me, Allan; he drove away from me the man who truly loved me. Drove him out o' the house and blackened him, because they crossed in business—an' I, like a fool, believed the lies he told! Drove him to drink—an' worse. Allan, boy, he's in *prison*! In prison, all these years—an' me thinking of it each day!"

He thought she was going to faint, but she recovered in a moment and went on, quietly, stroking his face with her thin hand.

"There, ye know it now—but it will not come to ye! Go, now, an' never fear but what you are doing right. It's the great thing, an' he should be the last to take it away from ye! Go. Don't come back to this house until it's done. Ye'll tell me where the little new place is an' I'll bring your things to ye later. There, now—just think of the pretty wife waitin' to be happy!"

They had reached the door. The cringing figure in the chair half rose.

"Mary," he whimpered, "you're mad! What about us?"

"Us!" she flung at him. "Us! What does it matter about us? What have we to live for? There, Allan—go! We'll be all right. He'll not starve. I can work, Allan, an' I have my own small savings—an' I'll be thinkin' of ye—I'll be thinkin' of ye an' the little girl!"

She pushed him out. Shutting the door on him quickly, and even pulling the night-bolt across it, she stood listening until she was quite sure he had gone. Then she walked quietly into the kitchen and went on with the supper preparations, giving neither look nor word to the whimpering man.

Allan Givney stumbled down the stairs and made his way mechanically through the streets. He turned into a new, cheap apartment-house and rang a bell. The girl came out of a top-floor apartment and looked over the banisters. She had on an old dress and held a tack-hammer in her hand.

"Hello!" she greeted him. "You're early—but the table's come!"

When he came up the last flight she shrank back, a wild fright in her eyes. "Allan," she breathed, "what is it?"

He drew her into the tiny dining-room and sat down. She dropped on her knees beside him.

"It's nothing—nothing to do with us," he said; "but, oh, Nellie!" he sobbed out, drawing her close in his arms, "I—I never knew how—how hard life can be!"

The girl said nothing, but she soothed him—gently, as she would a child.





## EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

ONE of the consoling things in a world so badly mixed in many things as this is the survival of the kindly spirits whose smiles have lighted the race on its way from time to time, and helped it to cover much difficult country unhurt, which otherwise it might not have got over without serious contusions, or at least painful abrasions. It was once apparently supposed that salt and sour properties were the only agents which could preserve the memories of men, as they alone were employed in preserving fruits and vegetables from season to season. But eventually, when sweet-pickling came in, it was found that sugar or honey performed the same use even more effectually than brine or vinegar. Food for the mind, which it was imagined could be kept sound only in strong solutions of sermon or bitter infusions of satire, is not much subjected to that treatment now, and in the region of faith perdition itself has no longer universal acceptance as a means of salvation. Civilization has been in many ways softened without sensible loss of virtue, and now instead of hanging people for the value of a stolen shilling it is difficult to keep them from continuing in public office when they are known to have amassed handsome competences by unstinted graft.

But our speculation has tempted us too far. We only meant to make Mr. H. C. Chatfield-Taylor's new life of Carlo Goldoni the text of a little homily on the advantage of an author's being kind and companionable in the effort to endear himself to memory. In the history of letters Goldoni is by no means unique for his amiability; there are many other writers who have had the same inspiration of keeping a cheerful spirit and a warm heart and of winning the love as well as the praise of their readers. We do not know much about the life of Chaucer, and what we do know is not altogether good; there were spots on

that rising sun of English rhyme; but if we may trust the temperament of his work, which may well have been better than his life, he was a poet who wished to be on affectionate terms with posterity. About Shakespeare, whom again we would like to have for a more intimate personal acquaintance, we have the almost universal testimony of his contemporaries that he was one who would rather rule by love than fear, and keep the future for his ally rather than his subject; he sought to please oftener than to chastise, and we can still see how he was always tempted to streak his tragedy with comedy. Cervantes is, we believe, coming to be disabled of our reverence, even our sympathy, in some details of his checkered career, but in his greatest work, his incomparable work, there is no doubt but he is memorable because he desired his reader to laugh with him. So much righteousness was transported in the seventeenth century to Plymouth Plantations and Massachusetts Bay that perhaps not enough of it was left in Spain to go round; but Cervantes made up for it by such cheerfulness, such courage, and such industry that one cannot help holding him in fond remembrance. Of Molière we cannot be so sure, but apparently he had his full share of the sweetness which preserves renown against decay; and if by a bold leap now we come down the years to Goldsmith, what joy do not we have in his remembrance because of our joy in his gay, childlike, manly tenderness! As for Jane Austen, the divine, the only Jane, her ever-increasing good report, which widens with the spread of taste and intelligence through the world, owes as much to her heart as her art; neither one without the other could carry her name so far or keep it so dear. Charles Lamb was of a refulgent, a dazzling time, but which ray of it shines now with a clearer luster than his lambent wit, smiling so often on our



tears of compassion, of honoring affection? We love to remember him because we love his nature, his cheerful self-sacrifice, his courageous devotion to one unspeakable sorrow; even his foibles, the "smokiness and drinkiness," scarcely inspire the wish to appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober. Or if this is too maudlin, let us keep to the logic of our premise and win back the respect of the reader by naming our latest lost among the immortals, and asking him to realize how much Mark Twain owes his hold on our remembrance to our knowledge of the lovable soul in him.

But first of all these "dear sons of Memory" and most endeared to her is the lightest and gayest of them, who is, because of his lightness and gaiety, hardly less "heir of fame" than the very greatest of them. It was not too late for a biographer of Molière to write the life of Goldoni, and Mr. Chatfield-Taylor has made his readers his debtors by writing it with something of Goldoni's own spirit. The book, indeed, is of a physical bulk almost crushing, and might well have offered itself in three volumes instead of one, but it is of such a cheerful sense of its theme that we think no biography will have a more cordial welcome in the new year which has not yet begun to wear its own welcome out. The author unfailingly feels what his Goldoni was, and what Goldoni's Venice and Italy and France were, and how he was faithful in his distributive allegiance to each, by taking them all lightly in a time when it was necessary to handle vested error everywhere very gingerly. As for the manner of the work, we should have almost as little fault to find with it as with the spirit, if it were not for the occasional painfully constructed rhetorical figures which we have found ourselves laboring breathlessly after when he looses them to lumber across his ordinarily agreeable page. Why any human being should write "the former" and "the latter" when all are at liberty to repeat with distinction the nouns that these pronominal stuffed images stand for, we never could comprehend, but Mr. Chatfield-Taylor even writes "the former's" and "the latter's," and he writes in more than one place such

an uncouth clause: as "Goldoni shows a truer insight into cosmopolitan life *than does* Molière." As if he did not know that the ellipsis was perfect without the auxiliary; and were bound to hammer the sense into us with blows that battered his sentence out of shape! But mostly the manner of the book is good, because mostly it is simple and often colloquial, and of the temperament of one of the most natural masters who ever lived. Inevitably the biography must repeat autobiography in many places; Goldoni's memoirs leave any study of him little to say of his theory, his method, or his purpose in his work, or the experiences, principles, and ideals of his life. But Mr. Chatfield-Taylor makes the most of the chances which his protagonist—good Goldonian word!—leaves him. This is the conclusion one comes to at the close of that "Conclusion" which is almost the best chapter of the book, though all the chapters have their respective claims to the reader's liking, especially the chapters which study the different types of the dramatist's comedies as those of the aristocracy, the citizens, and the people—the *gente del popolo*—whom Goldoni loved best to deal with and probably loved best, although he was himself as perfectly and entirely bourgeois as Shakespeare—or perhaps Mr. Chatfield-Taylor would have us say *as was* Shakespeare.

It is not easy to realize that so merry and modest a creature as Goldoni was a reformer in his art with very stiff purposes if not practices. He never intended anything less than the overthrow of the old Italian comedy of art, which derived its situations from the dramatist and its dialogue more or less from the actor. It had fallen into decrepitude in Goldoni's time, and though it could be galvanized into an effect of vitality with the help of uncommonly clever players, he felt, even more keenly than he saw, that it could not be restored to its youthful charm and force. The people still delighted in it, perhaps because it expressed the vivid histrionic potentialities of their race, and there was so strong a party for it that when Goldoni went to Paris, the Italian comedians whom he was to work for and



live by demanded comedies of art from him, and would by no means have the plays which he fully dialogued. It was enough to drive a man to despair, even so perennially hopeful a man as he, and it might almost be said (if one did not altogether mind what one said) that the only perfectly successful plays he produced in Paris were some that he wrote, amazingly enough, in French. He had won the polite world to his side everywhere, and in Venice his wit and charm and truth had compelled the other kinds of world to be polite in that; yet never so entirely but the comedy of art survived such a supreme artist as he.

If it cannot be said, then, that he supplanted that rude and imperfect form, he created an Italian comedy which took its place with the Spanish, French, and English comedy, and for fidelity to life surpassed them all. We have seen something of the Goldonian comedy here in the performance of an artist as absolutely natural in her way as he was in his; but although "La Locandiera" and "Pamela Nubile," as the great, the matchless Duse gave them, attested his caressing, his winning simplicity and veracity, these plays left the charm of his Venetian world unknown. That world could be made fully known only in Venice either by seeing his plays there, or, failing that, reading them there. We cannot speak for to-day, but in the yesterday of fifty years ago you had but to pass from Venice as Goldoni had put it on the stage to Venice as he had found it in the *calle* and the *campo* to realize that it was the same Venice in every essential and non-essential. There had been changes from the eighteenth century to the nineteenth in costume, but none in accent or mood or manner; Venice was still the Venice of Goldoni within and without the theater; and though the material and moral changes which the Venetians lump as *il progresso* must be evident now there cannot credibly be any natural or spiritual change.

Reading such a book as Mr. Chatfield-Taylor's one fancies that a translation of Goldoni's Venetian comedies would find favor with at least that large part of our public which has seen Venice, though this might not happen; the gal-

leries and hotels and churches which travel usually sees are not the life of a place, and the sojourners in Venice are fewer than the travelers. But still it is a pity that such a wonderful body of comedy should not be known somehow at least to the few among us who have formed the taste for olives or, more strictly speaking, *cappe tonde*; and Mr. Chatfield-Taylor is to be thanked for those scenes and passages from the more characteristic plays which he has rendered, and quite as distinctly *not* thanked for failing to give more of them. We ourselves would willingly part with his whole chapter on Goldoni and Molière if we could have a whole comedy of Goldoni's in place of it. No one even of those incapable of thinking could be capable of seriously believing that there was any voluntary or involuntary likeness in the Italian master to the French master, and though Mr. Chatfield-Taylor's handling of the matter is convincing, it might have been more convincing if he had summarized the facts of the supposed resemblance with some such succinctness as that of the too well-known chapter on snakes in Iceland.

We should like to pretend that our own nascent drama could learn how to imitate Nature from Goldoni, but we are afraid that we cannot honestly do so. To each time and place its own art; but Nature is always the same, and will patiently, cheerfully stand or sit for any painter who wishes to get her likeness; only, if you study her in America as Goldoni studied her in Italy you will possibly reproduce Italian Nature instead of American Nature. Meanwhile, perhaps from reading the cheerful life of this cheerful master, we are disposed to take an optimistic view of our own comedy when it works upon the old, old terms of honesty and industry. We will not say that there is nothing better in the Goldonian drama than "Seven Keys to Baldpate," or "A Clever Woman," but in our recent joy of these plays we should like to say so. They are at least worthy to rank with "Maggie Pepper," if not with "La Vedova Scaltra" or "Le Donne Puntigliose." The "Seven Keys to Baldpate" brims with the sparkling impossibility which



runs over in natural characters and logical situations, and leaves the spectator persuaded that if it did not all happen it ought to have happened, and very probably would, under the circumstances. What indeed more probable than that the author of a big-seller should bet the proprietor of Baldpate Inn that he would write a ten-thousand-word story in twenty-four hours if he could have the sole use of the hotel in midwinter, with the only key, and that then a whole company of players should follow with successive keys? The mere statement of the case carries conviction. "A Clever Woman" deals rather more seriously with the possibilities of what we must call our civilization, for want of a more closely fitting term; but never were serious possibilities more merrily entreated than those of the rich Omaha family which comes East with the purpose of breaking into New York society. This is stating it very loosely; the ambition is that of the father who does not see why his money does not make him and his family as good as anybody; the reluctance is the wife's, who does not wish for social success; the wisdom is the wild young son's who has learned at Harvard that the thing cannot be done. There is no moment of heartburn or heartbreak in the piece which is not instantly assuaged, and the action flies swiftly forward to crown the love-interest with orange blossoms in the country hotel to which it elopes in an automobile from the palatial "Hut," with its twenty rooms. If these two plays were not done so evenly, our applausive pen might catch in knots and breaks of the dramatic texture; but as it is it runs as smoothly over them as if they were the weave of some new English comedy—Mr. Maugham's, Mr. Galsworthy's, Sir James Barrie's, or Sir Bernard Shaw's—by this time he must be knighted.

In fact, at the rate they are knighting people in England now, he ought to have at least a baronetcy for giving the world "Androcles and his Lion," and a true conception of the affection of animals for their benefactors. As for the lesson concerning the readiness of princes to claim all the glory coming to other people conveyed by the behavior of the

Roman emperor in that delicious apologue, we are not sure that we would have the Britannic majesty stop short of a peerage for the author. Such a recognition would go far to confirm him in the frolic spirit. Our own dramatists must get on without any such incentive to the Goldonian gaiety of heart which we began by inculcating. Still we do not despair of their winning immortality by the exercise of the bonhomie which we have preached as the surest way to it. They may not be knighted, unless they cross into Canada and renounce their citizenship, as so many of our Western farmers have done in taking up land over there, but we think we may trust the American air, if not the American conditions, for the temperamental cheer essential to their becoming dear sons of memory. We are pleased to note in a considerable number of them a disposition to continue the tradition of the earlier masters of their craft, who gave us the "Mulligan" series, and "The Old Homestead," and "Shore Acres." Very tragical mirth is what should be required of playwrights intending the practice of the gloomier drama, if they expect posterity to recall their names; or if they cannot put that sort of gladness into their lines, let them at least manifest it in their lives. Goldoni was past eighty when he began to write his joyous memoirs, trusting for his support to the pension which the French kings sometimes paid him and sometimes not, and apparently he did not lose heart when the Revolution took it from him. Perhaps this was because he did not know of it, for when the poet Chénier made the Assembly realize who Goldoni was, and the Assembly enthusiastically voted to restore his pension, he was past all earthly kindness. Otherwise it can be imagined with what amiable appreciation he would have received the fact and how gaily he would have recorded it in his autobiography. It was the only stroke of adverse fate to which he was not promptly equal, and in spite of it

His memory scarce can make us sad.

Let each author, then, especially each dramatic author make the application, which we forbear to enforce.





SOCIABILITY, quite independently of actual social contacts, is nowadays a part, and the main part, of our individualism, the changes in which are of a psychical order as compared with those in a ruder or more provincial society, where development seems to depend upon the habit men have of assembling themselves together—a slow development, because of the habits men thus fall into of resembling one another and of doing the same things in very much the same way. This explains why civilization in its ruder stages is more static and so more materialistic, with lesser material, than in its more complex organization, which quickly vitalizes a vastly larger amount of material, and rises above it into a region of free psychical activity.

Literature, apart from its other uses, is a record of social changes which seem like transformations. The writings of President Madison have been carefully collected and published—all but one, which has been recently discovered among the old papers of this publishing-house, accidentally brought to light, and which is published for the first time in this number of the Magazine. Probably no other paper written by Madison is so pertinent in relation to pressing current questions, or so suggestive as to social changes which have been wrought during the intervening three-quarters of a century. This exhumed actuality of the past is not more interesting for the contrasts it suggests than for its immediate bearing upon policies regarded by the present generation as novel, if not radical.

The child is unsocial. Only gradually it comes into a sense of having relations. In the mean time the impersonal pronoun "it" seems a sufficient designation in our reference to the infantile creature. At first it has no sense of perspective;

what is visible seems near and tangible—that it is not so is one of its earliest surprises, along with that of its own separateness from the world, the first gleam of self-consciousness. As its beginning desire is all hunger, assimilation is its chief function. Individuation is its only business, and this includes that spontaneous mind-making which attends sense-perceptions.

Even in this early period, while we are still calling the inarticulate and utterly dependent child "it," the rising life surmounts the limits of what is sufficient to the shaping and growth of the body, showing its free power in play and a kind of dreaming; and this overflow becomes more definitely manifest in the fullness of buoyant youth, in spite of the burdens imposed by work or study, and in spite of the tension of adolescence.

It is true that all animal life has in varying degrees this superabundance, but only in man is it more than a physiological reinforcement. Even in other animals we hesitate to call this increment of living flame merely an epi-phenomenon, since it shows so much of affection and sympathetic memory as to be rightly named soul.

But "the soul that rises with us, our life's star," seems quite distinct from any ascension in other animate existences, in that it creates and is constantly re-creating a humanism transcending all physiological organism—an unprecedented architectonic of faith, art, and philosophy which constitutes human life a harmony not translatable into the terms of any other.

It is into this harmony that humanity from the first dawn of civilization has been growing, rising through the spiral grooves of change. In every new generation the human child is lifted into this harmony to which from the beginning it belongs, though for a time it is withheld, its activities apparently absorbed



in its individuation—its acquisition of a purely individual integrity, consummated by the complete flowering of a nervous system into a brain which at birth is only a partially developed organ.

We say that organized social collectivism reinforces individualism. That proposition, as well as its converse, is true, and it helps us to distinguish between individuality and individualism. Our individualism depends upon association and grows with our increasing human interests and sympathy; while the process of individuation involves withdrawal from fellowship. The one is openness, the other closure. Individualism is not only social, but its trend, like that of social evolution, is toward a disinterested humanism, which is its crown. It is life, as distinguished from mere vitality—the life of the soul; that is, of all-souls—having the quality of eternity. It is the real human harmony of diverse but blended strains; or, rather, it is the variation of that harmony from age to age, striving for clearer and ampler realization through the resolution of its discords.

Individuality, in all its diversities, is closely bound up with that elemental human nature which remains forever essentially the same, always self-centered in its activities, always confining, always refractory to change. Having in its evolution within apparently closed circles gained the central control which constitutes it an organism, it would, so far as the direct and primary purposes of that organism are concerned, go on within those closed circles forever. Such expansion as it has, to include family, tribe, and nation, seems to be an extension of self-love. Regarded from this center, desire is earthward rather than aspirant, affection a self-indulgence, and sympathy a cultivated selfishness. "The world is my oyster," and all the maxims germane to this view of exploitation in the interest of an individual or a class are natural expressions of this narrow human nature.

"Narrow" is not the proper word for it, except as applicable to its obvious, outwardly apparent limitations or, rather, to our conception of these limitations as expressed in so-called "practical" maxims like those we have just

referred to, which are generalizations of human experience, ignoring its humanism—that which is hidden in it, its psychical ascension, its dominant harmony, the sense of which is essential to a disinterested individualism.

This ever-rising and ever-expanding individualism is of the soul, unrealizable save in the fellowship of souls and through sustentation from the creative Source. Wordsworth's wonderful felicity of intuition was in all his poetry never better illustrated than in that phrase, "The soul that rises with us." From the beginning the soul is ascension, rising *with us*—even in birth, which "is but a sleep and a forgetting," and in the absorbing tension of individual integration before and after birth, all of which seems a kind of oblivion, a folding of us away from the unseen powers. This tension is released in activities wholly and directly occupied with the immediate environment of the individual organism. It is a close circle, self-centered, but it implies partnership with the world, a relish in the assimilation of its elements, and a delight in the merely playful handling of material things. Here individuality is emphasized, and if development were arrested within this limitation, as it is in other animal existences, there would be no intimation of the human soul as we know it; but because this soul rises with us continually, when human fellowship is entered upon by the individual the social tension is released in activities which are not self-centered, but expansive and sympathetic, manifest in altruisms and loyalties distinctively human, not referable to any physical environment as their source. Individuality still persists, characterizing that elemental nature in us which is indispensable to an earthly organic specialization, cherished by the soul, and remaining always essentially the same, save as it is modified, as physiognomy is, by psychical interpenetration. The soul, which is hidden in the tense absorption of individuation, begins to have a disclosure of what it is and means in this new rising, in the emergence of human faculty and sensibility, creating an invisible organism whose outward and manifest form is the social order. This is the larger human nature,



which is forever changing, and which comes to its full stature in the evolution of humanism.

Here individuality is transformed into individualism. It is not lost, fortunately, but subserved as gravitation is in the ascent of growing things. Its refractoriness, like that of matter, is as necessary as that it should be subdued. The annihilation of elemental human nature would devitalize humanity, as an earthly specialization, neutralizing its reactions. There can be no resilience without leverage.

We are forced, therefore, always to regard humanity in two contrary aspects: what it is organically in relation to its environment and as a social order, and what it is psychically becoming; its activities as prompted by needs and interests, and its disinterested quests for truth, beauty, and righteousness. Thus regarded, life in its expansion and ascension is seen always as carrying with it the ineradicable elemental nature, which is necessary to its organic integrity, individual and social.

In mere animal association we see only an aggregation of individuals, without change from generation to generation, since the collectivity of the species has no ascension of its associative life beyond the limitation of its changeless elemental nature. We never think of animal individuality as refractory to any form of animal activity.

Human fellowship from the beginning has been the condition of changes in humanity itself beyond the scope of strictly biological development, and, in every successive stage of the evolution, individuality as selfhood has more and more given place to individualism, but remaining still as its submerged vitality. Life for man, as a living soul, is more than vitality, yet ever conditioned by it in all that relates to his earth-dwelling. The normal demands of this self-centered human organism are not only upon the individual, engaging most of his time, thought, and effort, but upon society, determining very properly the channels of its industrial, political, and, to a great extent, of its educational activities. Even our humanism is tributary to this co-operative effort for the betterment of conditions affecting individual comfort

and opportunity. All knowledge, however disinterestedly sought, is generally estimated as important mainly with reference to its applicability to these conditions, and the most disinterested sympathy is naturally translated into charity, reaching, either directly or through the best social means, individual needs. If we say that society is in these ways seeking its own good, recognizing as identical the interests of the community and those of the individual, we are evidently, so far as these limited interests are concerned, thinking of society only as made up of individuals.

On the surface, society would thus seem to exist only for the individual, and its specialization into classes and arbitrarily formed groups would appear to have for its sole object the more efficient service of the individuals constituting these classes and groups: altogether a mere extension of self-centered activities. A narrow practical philosophy would have ostensibly solid ground for its assertion that altruism is only developed selfhood, translating "Love thy neighbor as thyself" into "Love your neighbor because you love yourself." This practical philosophy is likely to become pessimistic also, in view of the so widely manifest perversion of normal selfhood into selfishness.

The normal development of individuality, both in the elemental human nature and in the persistence of that nature in organic social specialization, is nourished and reinforced by the soul itself, though it is no ample or distinctive expression of the essential life of the soul. Indeed, wholly apart from its monstrous perversions, it seems to be a constant burden, resistant to aspiration and change, forever drawing life earthward, as matter seems to drag upon energy. But the soul stands for falling, for normal descent, as well as for rising—stands for such decadence as a complement of ascension, even as, happily, it stands for death of all our moments and of the last moment, as the sign of our eternity. The creative transformation includes the reactions necessary to temporary centripetal systems, which are but moments of evolution; and vitalizing these systems makes their weight an increment of momentum.



# EDITOR'S DRAWER

## An Experiment in Journalism

BY HOWARD BRUBAKER

MY reasons for deciding to write an article on Bridgeport were approximately two. In the first place, I had never written anything—except a play—and one must begin somewhere. In the second place, I had never seen any article in a magazine on Bridgeport. I had seen plenty of articles on New York, and had always meant to read one; I had seen pieces about Tahiti and the Grand Cañon and rural life in Finland—and almost every other place. But not Bridgeport.

I outlined my plan to a friend of mine, John Barrack. John is not an editor, but he has a good job traveling for a hardware firm, and he has a nice wife and a flat in the upper West Side, with marble and mirrors in the hallway. John thought one could make a very interesting article on Bridgeport; he said some of the best hardware in the world was made there.

With me, to resolve is to act; that has been the secret of my success—or will be as soon as I have any success. And less than a month after I had made my decision I found myself on a morning train bound for the thriving Connecticut city.

While the train sped on I determined what kind of an article I should write about Bridgeport.

I might, I reflected, write an article showing how the politicians had stolen the City Hall and traded it to the railroad for free passes. I turned to my seat companion, who was next to the window and who was reading a book called *The Mystery of the Pink Parasol*. He had his coat off, and he wore blue elastics in his shirt sleeves.

"Excuse me, sir," I said, "but is the government of Bridgeport corrupt?"

"Sure it is," he replied.

My heart beat violently at this disclosure.

"How corrupt?" I asked.

"I don't know," he replied. "I've only lived there twenty years."

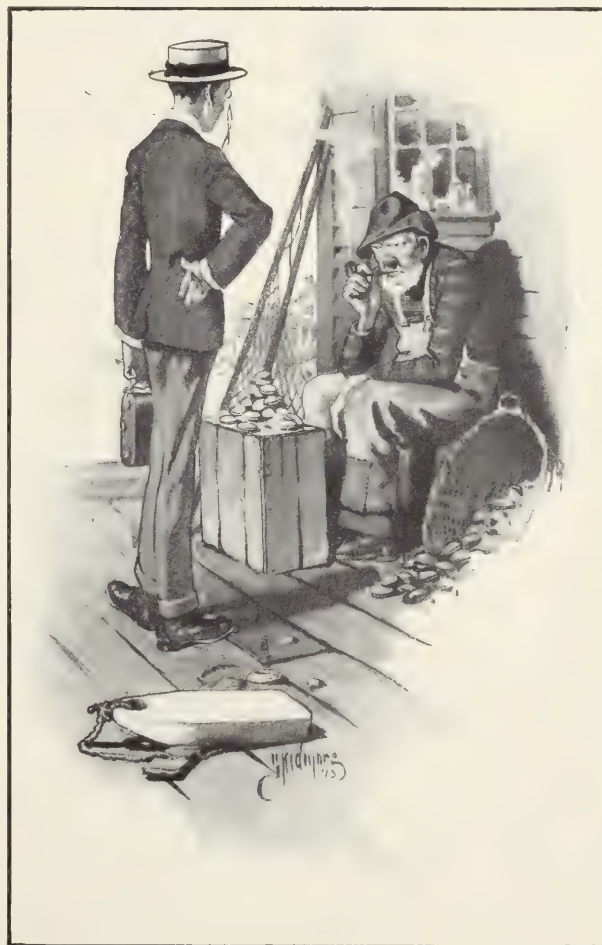
At once I determined not to take up the seamy side of Bridgeport, as I wanted to get back to New York that same evening.

The train ran and stopped alternately for

a long time, while I, all unheeding, sat deep in thought. Suddenly I was startled from my reverie by the brakeman's announcement. I sprang to my feet, seized my camera, and hastened down the aisle. Half-way to the door I thought of my companion, absorbed in his book; but there was no time to go back.

"I'll bet he doesn't live in Bridgeport at all," I said to myself, as I watched the train pull out. "I wonder if he was fooling me about its being corrupt?"

I turned and read on the platform in letters a foot high, "SOUTHPORT."



"DO YOU WANT ANY CLAMS?" HE ASKED, GRUFFLY, LOOKING AT ME WITH DEEP SUSPICION



For a moment I was depressed; but, rousing myself to action, I went into the station. The ticket window was already closed. I looked at the time-table framed in glass, and learned that there would not be another train for two hours; also that it was only about six miles to Bridgeport.

"The writer's life is full of adventure," I reflected. "I'll start to walk, and maybe somebody will give me a lift. Anyway, it will be best to work into Bridgeport gradually. Often the most interesting part of a city is the suburbs."

I walked through shady streets, past beautiful Colonial homesteads, toward the Sound, knowing that by following the shore line I could not go far astray, for Bridgeport, as the name implies, is situated near the water.

Near a picturesque little harbor I found an old fisherman sitting behind a box on which his wares were displayed. He had the grizzled, unwashed appearance of one who is much on the sea, but seldom or never in the same. I determined to inquire from him the road to Bridgeport, and perhaps get his opinion of that city. He, however, was the first to speak.

"Do you want any clams?" he asked, gruffly, looking at me with deep suspicion.

"No," I replied; "that is, not exactly. I wanted to inquire the shortest road to Bridgeport."

The waterman regarded me resentfully for a moment, and I thought he was not going to answer my question at all. Finally, however, he pointed a grimy thumb at a sailboat alongside the dock.

"Why don't you ask the gentleman in that there cat-boat. He's just puttin' out. More'n likely he's goin' to Bridgeport himself."

I welcomed this suggestion and rushed over to the dock. A youngish man in a white shirt and duck trousers and a natty yachting-cap was standing in the boat, apparently about to hoist his sail; but instead of doing so was reading a book.

"How do you do, sir," I said.

The man looked up from his book and gave me a pleasant smile of greeting.

"Delightful morning, isn't it?" he said, indicating the morning with a wave of the hand. "Spanking breeze."

"I wonder," I said, encouraged by his friendly manner, "whether by any chance you are sailing toward Bridgeport?"

"Why, yes," he said, thoughtfully, "I could just as well go to Bridgeport as anywhere else."

"It would be a great help to me," I said.

"Do you know anything about sailing a boat?" he asked.

"A little," I replied, modestly. As a matter of fact I knew nothing about boats, as I was born and brought up in Arizona. "Nice-looking cat-boat, the *Camilla*," I added.

The man seemed pleased at this evidence of nautical knowledge, and promptly invited me to get in.

"You take the tiller," he said, "and I will erect the sail."

I deposited my camera in the boat and took my place on the back seat. My companion hoisted the sail, which immediately filled out. We did not move at once, but with my ready adaptability I soon discovered the difficulty—the boat was anchored. I undid the fastening, and we started briskly away. As the wind was at our backs, we sailed rapidly out through the harbor. After a few cautious experiments I learned the trick of the steering-wheel, and so was able to negotiate the narrow entrance into the open water. Meanwhile our acquaintance ripened rapidly in the warm sun. My companion proved to be Prof. Herbert Williams, a history instructor in some important college, the name of which has since escaped me, but which, I remember, boasts the championship of America in shot-putting. I noticed that his bare arms and face were white and unsailor-like.

"You haven't got tanned yet," I said. "You have evidently just come to your summer place."

"Yes," said Williams, "and I only bought the boat to-day. Excuse me a moment."

He took up the book he had been reading and scanned it closely, then looked at me.

"Luff!" he said, abruptly, with a wave of the hand that was vigorous but not illuminating.

"Beg pardon?" I asked.

"I said 'luff,'" he repeated. "I believe the 'u' is short."

"It is," I said, giving the wheel a turn in such a way as to point the boat toward Bridgeport. The sail swung around toward the south and flapped noisily; the boat stopped going forward, and started rocking, instead, in the trough of the waves. I did not like this, so I once more headed the boat toward the dim, sandy hills of Long Island.

"I'm afraid," I said, "I don't exactly know what you mean by 'luff.' These terms are used differently in different places."

"It's of no consequence," said Williams. "'Luff' wasn't the right word, anyhow. I see I was looking on the wrong page."

I realized that the book my companion was reading so diligently was a treatise on boats, and that he probably knew no more about sailing than I did.



"What," I asked, "was the word you intended to use? Can you find it now?"

"To swing the boat to port," he said, raising one finger toward the blue, cloudless sky—

"Which is port?" I interrupted. "I never can remember."

"Port is the opposite to starboard," said the Professor. "It used to be called larboard; but the two words were so similar that many accidents were caused by the confusion. It is interesting to note that many of our nautical terms come from the Scandinavian."

We discussed philology for a time, meanwhile continuing our outward course. We had passed beyond the range of a point of land, and I could see Bridgeport, a busy blur of smoke on the horizon.

"Port," I said to myself, "must be left," so I repeated my earlier action and pointed the *Camilla* eastward. There was another swing of the sail, and this time a wave slapped into the boat and engulfed my camera.

"Let's swing her to starboard this time," I said, "and come around from the other side."

"Do it quickly," added the Professor; "take it by surprise."

I headed the boat in the direction of New York, and swung on around toward the shore. The pole swept violently over the boat; but it was the Professor, not the wind, that was taken by surprise. He escaped the full force of the blow by dropping into the bottom of the boat; but his book of instructions fell overboard, bubbled a moment, and sank.

"Are you hurt?" I asked. "Did the pole strike you?"

"I am practically unharmed," replied the Professor, trying to arise from the watery floor. "By the way," he added, and even in his cramped position he made a feeble attempt at a gesture, "the pole which struck me is called a 'boom.' It may be of interest to you to know that."

The boat was now headed toward the shore, the so-called boom extending straight back over my head and the sail flapping lazily in the wind. I noted with pleasure that we had, at any rate, stopped going *away* from Bridgeport.

"Professor," I said, "I hope you will not think me ungrateful for your hospitality, but it is clear to me that the fault is in the handling of the sail and not in the steering. What we must do is to tack."

"Just how do you mean tack?" asked the Professor.

"You must so arrange the sail," I explained, slipping lightly into the second per-



HIS BOOK OF INSTRUCTIONS FELL OVERBOARD, BUBBLED A MOMENT, AND SANK

son, "that we can sail parallel with the wind, alongside of it, as it were, conforming, of course, to the laws of nature."

"You make things very clear," said the Professor; "but if you were going to tack a vessel, just how would you set about it?"

"I should think," I replied, sparring for time, "that the man who sold you the boat would have explained all that."

"I bought the boat from an old fisherman," said the Professor, "a most picturesque person. He was apparently disappointed not to have received his first price, and was not communicative."

While this conversation was going on, the boat had drifted about again, the so-called boom had once more swung out over the water, the sail had filled, and we were headed hopelessly for Long Island.

The Professor looked at the swelling sail and noted our motion in the water.

"Is it absolutely necessary," he asked, "that you go to Bridgeport?"

I told him that I had to write an article on Bridgeport, and felt that I should visit it.



Williams brightened perceptibly.

"That," he said, tapping the palm of his hand with a finger, "is a misapprehension—although a natural one. Let me give you an example:

"It was my good fortune to be in St. Petersburg at the time of the opening of the first Russian Duma, some ten years ago. By displaying my college diploma, which bore upon it a resplendent seal, I was able to get a card of admission. I believe the official was under the impression that I was the Secretary of State."

"A college education is a very useful thing," I replied.

"I was admitted," the Professor continued, "after having my person searched for explosives. It was a most stimulating experience, and I wrote an account of it and sent in to the editor of a popular magazine. In my paper I called attention fully to the historical significance of the event, and advanced, I believe, some unique theories upon the transition from autocratic to popular government. When I returned to America I found that the editor had rejected my manuscript, and had printed, instead, a superficial and erroneous one by a person named Thomas. I remonstrated with the editor in his office.

"Your paper was too academic," said he. "Thomas's had vividness, color, movement. You ought to have written an article like Thomas's."

"I couldn't," I replied with, I fear, some sarcasm. "I was handicapped by the facts. Mr. Thomas was, to my certain knowledge, in Paris at the time. He has never been in Russia, unless he went there on the proceeds of your article."

"My paper was afterward printed in the 'Annals of the Oriental and Occidental Society of Political and Social Science,' and received praise from no less an authority than Professor Fishback. My point is, however, that it is not at all necessary to go to Bridgeport to write an acceptable popular article upon it."

"In fact," I said, delighted at this revelation, "judging from your experience, it might be wiser not to go."

"Exactly," said the Professor. "Let us, therefore, give ourselves up wholly to nautical pleasures."

Williams now took his turn at the wheel while I stretched myself out on one of the side seats, where I could take my nautical pleasure in great comfort. He soon mastered the trick of steering, and was able to keep one hand free for conversational purposes. He expressed himself as delighted with his purchase.

"It is really very easy to sail a boat," he

said. "I should have been foolish to spend money for instruction."

"All you need to do," I replied, "is to take things as they come and sail with the wind. If you attempt to luff you have only yourself to blame."

At that moment I shifted my position slightly, and my straw hat was knocked off into the water. I made a grab for it, but a second too late; the hat had floated out of reach.

"I suppose," I said, ruefully, "there isn't any way for us to turn around and pick up my hat."

"It would be difficult with the wind as it is," the Professor replied. "Anyway, Nature never intended men to wear hats. Hats are a comparatively recent invention."

We discussed the history of hats, also shoes, ink, gunpowder, the Norman Conquest, the cost of living, socialism, tides, Bismarck, transcendentalism, baseball, astronomy, and Oriental rugs. The Professor was the best-informed man—on all subjects except boats—I have ever met. I made a mental note to work as many of his ideas as possible into my article on Bridgeport.

The wind continued brisk, and in the middle of the afternoon we glided into a little sandy-shored cove on Long Island. I let down the sail and we drifted gently in upon the beach.

"Better drop the anchor now," said the Professor, who was at the wheel.

I looked the boat over with a growing feeling of remorse.

"I'm afraid," I said, "I left the anchor in the harbor at Southport. I didn't realize that it was the only anchor you had."

"Never mind," said Williams, courteously. "We'll pull the boat up on the sand."

We took off our shoes and waded ashore, pulling the *Camilla* as far as she would go. I took my camera ashore with me, hoping to get some pictures to illustrate my article.

We reached a town at last—a sleepy little Long Island village nestled upon the edge of a pocket-handkerchief of a harbor. I was glad to learn that the town had a railroad, even though the railroad had not taken the trouble to come down to the town, but remained slothfully back over the hill.

When we were ready to return Williams found a waterside man who agreed to take us around to the cove in his motor-boat.

"Jest where is this place you left your boat?" the man asked.

"It's a little cove," said Williams, pointing out the direction as well as he could; "a sandy beach, high bluff, and some rocks."

"I know the place like a book," said the waterman. "I know every spot on this shore for better'n twenty mile."





WE TOOK OFF OUR SHOES AND WADED ASHORE, PULLING THE "CAMILLA" AS FAR AS SHE WOULD GO

Suddenly I gazed out to sea.

"That's funny," I said, thinking to introduce something blithesome into the conversation. "There's a boat out there that's going along without any sail or any passengers."

"She's adrift," said the boatman. "Must have come a right smart way—she don't belong around here." He shaded his brow, and with his experienced nautical eyes made out the name on her bow. "She's the *Camilla*."

"That's mine," said Williams. "Let's go out and get her."

"Didn't you anchor her?" the Long-Islander asked.

"We left our anchor at home," said the Professor, generously, "where it would be safe. People are always losing anchors."

The boatman spat contemptuously and cranked up his engine.

"Did you landlubbers ever hear of such a thing as tides?" he asked.

"Professor," I said, "if you will excuse me, I think I shall run along to the station. I know nothing about the train service over here."

"You c'n ketch the five-thirty-eight, if you hurry," said our waterside companion.

"I have had a most enjoyable and profitable day," I said. "It has been a great pleasure to know you."

The Professor grasped my hand cordially.

"I hope you will send me a copy of your article on Bridgeport," he said.

"I will," I replied; "but first I'll send you a good anchor for your boat. I have

a friend in the hardware business who will get me one cheap."

"All right," he said; and we parted. I caught the 'bus that runs from the Harbor View House to the station, and arrived in New York before the light had faded out of the western sky.

After dinner I went to John Barrack's house and ordered the anchor. Also, seated by the window, where the cooling breeze fanned my sunburnt neck, I told my experiences in full. Barrack seemed greatly surprised at the progress I had made with my article, and impressed with my ability.

"I don't know," he said, "whether you'd care to abandon a career that promises so well; but I believe I could get you a job with our firm. The boss was asking me to-day if I knew a good man. I am sure you would make good in the hardware business."

"I am just beginning to love literature," I replied; "but there is something to be said in favor of your proposal. After all, there is an element of uncertainty in my profession."

In the end I accepted and went to work for the hardware firm on the following Monday. I think I am going to like it very much.

I have set down these few lines so that all might know why I was unable to write my article on Bridgeport. The reader who is interested, however, can find the essential facts about that city in any good geography or encyclopedia.



## Seeking Expert Opinion

A CHICAGO business man, with many relatives, some of whom were well-to-do but grasping, recently sought the services of his lawyer to draw up his will. When, after much labor, the document was completed, the client asked:

"Have you fixed this thing, as I wished it, tight and strong?"

"I have done my best," said the lawyer.

"Well," continued the client, "I want to ask you another thing—not professionally, however. As a friend, and man to man, who do you think stands the best chance of getting the property when I am gone?"

## The Easiest Way

PATERFAMILIAS was admiring a new electric motor-car recently purchased by a friend, but deplored the fact that as he lived in a small town he would have difficulty in getting it charged were he to purchase one like it. Suddenly his small son piped out:

"Have it charged on the grocery bill; that's what mamma does when she wants anything."



"What are you crying for, little boy?"  
 "I c-c-can't reme-e-ember!"

## Quits

A POMPOUS physician who was inclined to criticize others was watching a stonemason build a fence for his neighbor. He thought the mason used too much mortar.

"Jim," he said, "mortar covers up a good many mistakes, doesn't it?"

"Yes, Doctor," calmly replied the mason, "and so does the spade."

## The Grown Up Way

IT was a little Boston miss of five years who, upon being asked by her Sunday-school teacher to whom she said her prayers, replied, "When I was a little girl I used to say them to mamma, but now I say them to the bed."

## The Same Method

GUS MILLER, a traveling man, paused to watch a small colored youth who stood on one foot, inclined his woolly head far to one side, and pounded vigorously on his skull with the palm of his right hand.

"Hello, kid!" grinned the drummer, whose memory was carried back to his own boyhood days by the familiar action. "What are you doing?"

"Got watah in mah ear," announced the boy.

"Oh-ho," laughed the drummer, "I know just how that is. I often have felt like that after being in swimming."

"Swimmin' nuffin'!" the youth exclaimed, disdainfully. "Ah been eatin' watahmil-yun."

## Education

A LEARNED professor was discussing the boy athlete, and announced that he is prone to set athletics too far above English, mathematics, and history. In conclusion he told of a conversation he had had with a young nephew of his a few days previous.

"William," said I, "I'm glad to hear of your success on the school baseball team; but you must remember that there are other things in life besides baseball."

"Yes, Uncle Will," he answered, gravely, "but, hang it all, I'm afraid I'm too light for football or rowing."





MOTHER: "Mamie, they do be sayin' that him an' her is goin' to be married."

DAUGHTER: "Don't say him an' her, mom. Say her an' him. It's etiquette to put ladies foist."

#### A Discreet Daddy

MY daddy's always telling me  
About how good he used to be;  
He did what he was told to do,  
And he was neat and tidy, too;  
He learned his lessons every day,  
And he would rather work than play;  
But when my grandpa's visiting

With us, my daddy, if I'm bad,  
Forgets to say a single thing  
About his goodness as a lad.

My daddy says he never told  
A fib or made his parents scold  
Because he did things that were wrong;  
He always tried to help along  
By being good and kind and sweet  
And eating what boys ought to eat;  
But when my grandma visits here

My daddy never boasts to me  
About how good and sweet and dear  
A little boy he used to be.

My daddy always took delight  
In doing only what was right  
When he was just about my size;  
He wanted to be great and wise;  
But when my grandpa comes and when  
My grandma's here to visit, then  
My daddy merely gives a wink

Or smiles, if I've been kind of wild,  
And doesn't try to make us think  
That he was once an angel child.

E. S. KISER.

#### Undeniable

A PROMINENT lecturer, self-made and proud of the fact, was addressing a juvenile meeting at the Y. M. C. A.

"My dear young friends," he began, "let me refer briefly to the humble auspices under which I made my start in life. Without a dollar in my pocket, and with no worldly possession of any consequence, my indomitable nature and an inborn determination to utilize to every possible advantage the abilities with which I was endowed constituted my entire assets. But even with this modest beginning, what do you suppose was the first thing I sought—that which, at the very beginning of my career, I strove most earnestly to attain?"

Without any hesitation the entire juvenile meeting seemed to respond in chorus:

"Milk!"

#### A Restraint

LITTLE Mildred was the youngest daughter in a very strict Methodist family. One day she became exceedingly exasperated with one of her dolls. In her baby vocabulary she could find no words to express adequately her disapproval of dolly's conduct. Finally, throwing the offending doll across the room, she cried, feelingly:

"My gracious! I do wish I wasn't a Christian!"



## A Favor

A PATRONIZING young lord was seated opposite a famous scientist at a dinner one evening not long ago. During a lull in the conversation he adjusted his monocle and leaned toward the scholar.

"Aw, y' know, Mr. Jones," he drawled, "I passed your house this mawning."

"Thank you," said Jones, quietly. "Thank you very much."

## The Retort Discourteous

"ALL sorts and conditions of men have excellent explanations for their position in life," said the Senator. "A tramp, however, came under my observation who had no illusions about the cause of his own condition."

"A fine-looking and fashionably dressed woman had just alighted from her limousine at the hotel entrance, and was suddenly approached by this shabbily dressed man who requested a dime.

"No, I have no money to spare for you. I do not see why an able-bodied man like you should go about begging."

"I s'pose, ma'am," replied the lazy tramp, "it's fer about the same reason that a healthy woman like you boards at a hotel instead of keepin' house."

## A Dangerous Occupation

A REVIVAL service was held in a little Southern town not long ago. One of the young men in attendance, thinking to occasion some perplexing thought for the preacher, sent up a note to the platform with the request that the question therein asked might be answered publicly.

"Reverend Sir: As you have announced that you are seeking to enlighten young men, kindly tell me who was Cain's wife."

The preacher read the note carefully, and then, during the breathless silence which reigned, said:

"I love young men, especially those inquiring for truth, and should like to give this young man a word of advice. It is this: Don't lose your soul's salvation looking after other people's wives."

## Parental Appeal

LITTLE children, mild and fair,  
Truths you casually confide  
Almost lift your parents' hair.

Take them tenderly aside,  
Tell them all that they can bear—  
There is much that you must hide.  
A. F. M.



"Oh, Mr. Spivvens!—poor little Fido!—I know the ice will break and he'll go through. Won't you please go out and get him?"









*Painting by C. E. Chambers*

Illustration for "The Price of Love"

A FIGURE WAS MOVING QUICKLY DOWN MOORTHORNE ROAD



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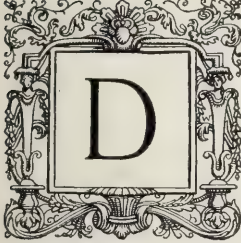


## My First Visit to the Court of Denmark

BY MADAME DE HEGERMANN-LINDENCRONE

DENMARK, December, 1877.

DEAR MOTHER:

Thank Heaven, we have arrived at last! I have hardly recovered from the thorough shaking-up I had on this terrible voyage, by far the most eventful I have ever made. I dread to think how anxious you must have been, not having heard from us, and how relieved when you got the cable from Bremen saying that the *Mosel* had arrived and we were safe and sound on *terra firma*.

From the moment we left New York we had storm after storm, with high seas and head winds, and I can't begin to tell you of all our discomforts. The boat rolled and pitched fearfully, and from the cabins which gave out into the dining-room the ebb and flow of hat-boxes, sponges, and everything that could possibly get out of its place was incessant.

The racks on the table did not prevent the soup and wine being spilled, and the food was usually spirited away before it got half-way to one's mouth. The water poured through the skylights, making the cabin most uncomfortable. There was no question of sitting on a sofa—one had to be strapped to it. No one could go on deck.

There was a Danish naval officer with us (Captain Wandel), who said that it was the worst gale he had ever seen.

One day, when we were going half-speed through the densest of fogs, we heard the tooting of a trumpet quite plainly. Evidently a vessel was near us, but we could see nothing. Suddenly a great sailing-vessel with all its sails set, making a tremendous splashing through the mountainous waves, loomed out of the fog and bore straight down on us, threatening to cut our steamer through the middle. Our good captain, who had not left the bridge for many hours, happily saw the danger in time and ordered "full speed ahead." We plunged forward and, instead of losing our lives, we only lost the railing from the back of the deck. It was an awful crash and a fearful moment. We were all pale with emotion—even the experienced Danish officer, who confessed that he thought our last hour had come.

The next excitement we had was when we passed the hulk of an iron ship which was all on fire. We could see through the red-hot iron ribs the flames blazing in the interior. It was about ten o'clock in the evening. The sea was a dead calm, and the effect of the reflection of the burning ship in the water, and the flames lighting up the starry heavens, was magical. Could one have forgotten the misery of the people whose lives had been in danger, one could have reveled in this magnificent spectacle. We approached the wreck as near as we dared, and the captain sent out boats to rescue the passengers. Fortunately, al-



most every one was saved. The poor creatures had been in open boats since the fire had broken out the day before, and had been floating about, waiting to be picked up.

There were many women and children, mostly Hungarian emigrants. They were scantily dressed and shivering with cold and fright. We collected among us everything we could possibly spare in the way of clothing, and gave it to them. One woman seemed quite crazed and went about moaning: "Oh, my watch! Where's my watch?"

During the last two days of these frightful three weeks we lived on canned things. You may imagine how thankful we were to see the shores of England!

At Plymouth we took in coal and provisions. A tug took off the wrecked emigrants. We reached Bremen, where we stayed a day, then took the night boat to Kiel, arriving in Denmark the next morning. We succeeded in reaching "Björnemose," the name of the country place where Johan's parents lived, that same evening. I assure you I was happy to get home.

"BJÖRNEMOSE," December 20, 1877.

DEAR MOTHER:

Denmark looks very friendly under its mantle of snow, glistening with its varnish of ice. It is lovely weather. The sun shines brightly, but it is as cold as Greenland. They tell me it is a very mild winter. Compared with Alaska, it may be! The house, which is heated only by large porcelain stoves, is particularly cold. These stoves are filled with wood in the early morning, and when the wood is burned out they shut the door and the porcelain tiles retain the heat—still, the ladies all wear shawls over their shoulders and shiver. I go and lean my back up against the huge white monument, but this is not considered good form.

The Baltic Sea, which is at the foot of the snow-covered lawn, is filled with floating ice. It must be lovely here in summer, when one can see the opposite shores of Thurö across the blue water.

My new family, taken singly and collectively, is delightful. I shall tell you later about the dear, genial General—my father-in-law—the kind mother, and

the three devoted sisters. Now, I shall only write—as I promised you—my *first* impressions.

We live in a manner which is, I fancy, called "patriarchal," and which reminds me continually of Frederika Bremer's book called *Home*. A great many things in the way of food are new to me. For instance, there is a soup made of beer, brown bread, and cream, and another made of the insides of a goose, with its long neck and thin legs, boiled with prunes, apples, and vinegar. Then rice porridge is served as soup and mixed with hot beer, cinnamon, butter, and cream. These all seem very queer, but they taste very good. I asked for oatmeal porridge, but I was told that oatmeal was used only for cataplasms. Corn is known only as ornamental shrubbery, and tomatoes, alas! are totally unknown.

Every one I have met so far has been most kind and hospitable. We have been invited out to dinner several times. I will describe the first one, which was unique as a *début*.

The distances are enormous between country houses in this land, and as the hour named for dinner was six o'clock, we had to begin dressing in the afternoon at the early hour of three. At four we were packed in the family landau, with a mountain of rugs and different things to keep our feet warm. We jogged along the hard, slippery highroad at a monotonous pace, and, as it is dark at four o'clock, nothing could have been more conducive to slumber and peaceful dreams. Finally we arrived. Every one was standing up when we entered the *salon*. There seemed to be a great number of people. I was presented to all the ladies, and the gentlemen were brought up one by one and named to me. They bowed, shook my hand, and retired. I noticed that all the ladies wore long trailing skirts—lilac or gray—and had real flowers in their hair and on their bosoms. Dinner was announced. Then there came a pause. The host and hostess were looking about for some one to undertake *me*—some one who could *tale Engelsk* (talk English). Finally they decided upon a lank, spectacled gentleman, who offered me his arm and took me in.





"BJÖRNEMOSE"—THE HEGERMANN COUNTRY HOUSE

My father-in-law, who was the person highest in rank, sat on the left of the hostess. I thought this peculiar, but such is the custom here. From the moment we sat down until we rose from the table my English-speaking friend never stopped talking. He told me he had learned my language when a boy, but had forgotten a great deal; if he had said he had forgotten it entirely, he would have been nearer the truth.

He wanted to tell me the family history of a gentleman opposite us, and began by saying: "Do you see that gentleman? He has been washing you all the time."

"Washing me?" I exclaimed. "What do you mean?"

"Yes, the one with the gray hairs and the bird."

I looked about for a canary perched on some one's nose.

"It is a pity," he went on to say, "that he has no shield."

"How is that?" I asked. "I thought every one had a shield of some sort?" To make it clearer to me, he said, "In Danish we call a shield a *barn*."

"Is he a farmer?" said I, much puzzled.

"Oh dear, no! He is a lawyer like me."

"Then what does he want with a barn?"

"Every couple [pronounced copol] wants *burn*," he replied.

"What is it they want?" I asked. "What do you call *burn*?"

"Burn," he explained, "is *pluriel* for barn. *Eight barn*, two *burn*."

"What?" I cried, "eight barns to burn! Why do they want to burn eight barns? They must be crazy!"

All this will sound to you as idiotic as it did to me, but you will get the explanation at the end of the chapter, as I did—on the drive home—the two hours of which were entirely taken up in laughing at the mistakes of the good lawyer, who did his best.

Our conversation languished after this. My brain could not bear such a strain. Suddenly he got up from his chair. I thought that he was going to take himself and his English away, but after he had quaffed a whole glass of wine, at one swallow, bowed over it, and pointed his empty glass at Johan, he resumed his seat and conversation flowed again.

It seems that Johan had honored him with a friendly nod and an uplifted glass, which obliged him to arise and acknowledge the compliment.



In Denmark there is a great deal of *skaal*-drinking (*skaal*, in Danish, means drinking a toast). I think there must be an eleventh commandment—"Thou shalt not omit to *skaal*." The host drinks with every one and every one drinks with every one else. It seems to me to be rather a cheap way of being amiable, but it looks very friendly and sociable. When a person of high rank drinks with one of lower, the latter stands while emptying his glass.

When we left the table I did not feel that my Danish had gained much, and certainly my partner's English had not improved. However, we seemed to have conversed in a very spirited manner, which must have impressed the lookers-on with a sense of my partner's talent for languages.

On our return to the *salon* we found more petroleum-lamps, and the candelabra lighted to exaggeration with wax candles. The lamp-shades, which I thought were quite ingenious, were of paper, and contained dried ferns and even flattened-out butterflies between two sheets of shiny tissue-paper. The *salon* had dark walls on which hung a collection of family portraits. Ladies with puckered mouths and wasp-like waists had necks adorned with gorgeous pearls, which had apparently gone to an early grave with their wearers. I saw no similar ones on the necks of the present generation. After the coffee was served and a certain time allowed for breathing, the daughter of the house sat down, without being begged, at an upright piano, and attacked the "Moonlight Sonata." This seemed to be the signal for the ladies to bring out their work-bags.

The knitting made a pleasing accompaniment to the moonlight of the sonata, as if pelicans were gnashing their teeth in the dimness. The sterner sex made a dash for the various albums and literature on the round table in the center of the room, and turned the leaves with a gentle flutter. The sonata was finished in dead silence. As it was performed by one of the family, no applause was necessary. I was asked to sing, and, though I do not like to sing after dinner, I consented, not to be disobliging. Before taking my seat on the

revolving piano-stool, I looked with a severe eye at the knitting-needles. The ladies certainly did try to make less noise, but they went on knitting, all the same.

The flushed - with - success lawyer, wishing to show his appreciation of my singing, leaned gracefully across the piano, and said, "*Kammerherrinde* [that is my title], you sing as if you had a beard in your throat."

"A what?" I gasped. "A beard?"

"Yes! a beautiful beard," and added, with a conscious smile, "I sing myself."

Good heavens! I thought, and asked, "Do you know what a beard is?"

"In Danish we call a beard a *fugle* [pronounced *fool*]."

"Then," I said, pretending to be offended, "I sing like a fool?"

"Exactly," he said with enthusiasm, his eyes beaming with joy through his spectacles.

This was hopeless. I moved gently away from the man who "talked English."

The candles had burned down almost to their *bobêches*, and we were beginning to forget that we had eaten a dinner of fifteen courses, when in came a procession of servants with piles of plates in their arms and trays of *smörbröd* (sandwiches), tea, beer (in bottles), and cakes, which are called here *kicks*. Everything seemed very tempting except the things handed about by the stable-boy, who was dressed for the occasion in a livery, much too large, and was preceded and followed by a mixed odor of stable and almond soap.

What struck me as unusual was that the host named the hour for his guests to go home. Therefore all the carriages were before the door at the same time.

Johan explained the mistakes on the way home.

"The man with the gray hairs and the beard" (pronounced like *heard*) had been watching me. *Shield* meant *child*! A *child* in Danish is *et barn*, which sounds the same as *eight barn*. Two children (in Danish) are *to børn*, pronounced *toe burn*. Bird he pronounced like *beard*, because it was written so. A bird in Danish is *fugle* (fool).

Do you wonder that I was somewhat bewildered?





FRÉDÉRIC VIII.  
The late King of Denmark on his favorite mount

DEAR MOTHER:

*January, 1878.*

After Christmas Johan and I went to Copenhagen, where I was presented to the King and the Queen. I was first received by the *Grande Maîtresse*, Madame de Raben, and three *dames d'honneur*, who were all pleasant but ceremonious. When the Queen entered the room and I was presented to her, she was most gracious and affable. She motioned me to sit down beside her on the sofa. She said that she had heard much about me. She spoke of my

father-in-law, whom she *loved*, and Johan, whom she *liked* so much. She was most interested to hear about you and the children. She had heard that Nina promised to be a beauty.

"If children would only grow up to their promises!" I said.

"Mine have," said the Queen; "they are all beautiful."

She showed me the photographs of the Princess of Wales and the Grand-Duchess Dagmar of Russia. If they resemble their pictures they must indeed be beautiful.



The *salon* in which we sat was filled with drawings, pastels, and photographs, and was so crowded with furniture that one could hardly move about.

"I've been told," the Queen said, "that you have a splendid voice and sing wonderfully. You must come some day and sing for me; I love music." Then we talked music, the most delightful of subjects. The King came in. He was also perfectly charming, and as kind as possible. He is about sixty years old, but looks younger, having a wonderfully youthful figure and a very handsome face. The King preferred to speak French, but the Queen liked better to talk English, which she does to perfection.

"Have you learned Danish yet?" the King asked me.

"Alas, your Majesty," I answered, "though I try very hard to learn, I have not mastered it yet, and only dare to inflict it on my family."

"You will not find it difficult," he said. "You will learn it in time."

"I hope so, your Majesty—Time is a good teacher."

He told me an anecdote about Queen Desirée, of Sweden, wife of Bernadotte, who on her arrival in Stockholm did not know one word of Swedish.

She was taught certain phrases to use at her first reception when ladies were presented to her. She was to say, "Are you married, madame?" and then: "Have you any children?" Of course she did not understand the answers. "She was very unlucky," the King laughed, "and got things mixed up, and once began her conversation with a lady by asking, 'Have [you any children?]' The lady hastened to answer, 'Yes, your Majesty, I have seven.'"

"Are you married?" asked the Queen, very graciously.

"You must not do anything like that," said the King, smilingly.

I promised that I would try not to.

The *Grande Maîtresse* came in, and I thought it was the signal for me to go—which apparently it was. There was a little pause; then the Queen held out her hand and said, "I hope to see you again very soon. The King shook hands kindly with me, and I reached the ante-chamber, escorted by the ladies.

My next audience was with the Crown Princess. She is the daughter of the late King of Sweden (Carl XV.) and niece of the present King Oscar, whom I used to know in Paris. This audience was not so ceremonious as the one I had had with the Queen. There was only one lady-in-waiting, who received me in the *salon* adjoining that of the Princess. She accompanied me to the door, presented me, and withdrew, leaving us together. In the beginning the conversation palled somewhat. I had been warned that it was not etiquette for me to start any subject of conversation, though I might enlarge on it once it had been broached. The Crown Princess was so kind as to speak of something which she thought would interest me, and the conventional half-hour passed pleasantly and quickly.

I had other audiences. The Queen Dowager, the widow of King Christian VIII., lives in one of the four palaces in the square of Amalienborg. She is very stately, and received me with great etiquette. She was dressed in a stiff, black brocade dress, with a white lace head-dress over her bandeaux; she wore short, white, tight kid gloves. She spoke French, and was most kind, telling me a great deal about Denmark and its history, which interested me very much.

As Mademoiselle de Rosen, her first *dame d'honneur*, re-entered the room, I made my courtesy, kissed the Queen's hand, and the audience was over.

Johan accompanied me to the fourth audience, which for me was the most difficult one. It was with the Princess Caroline, widow of Prince Ferdinand, brother of King Christian VIII., who died when he was heir-apparent to the throne. She spoke only Danish to us, so I sat and gazed about, not understanding a word she said to Johan.

She wore flaxen braids wound above her ears, through which the cotton showed like the petal of a flower. She had a lace cap on her head with long lace ends, and these caught in everything she wore—her eye-glasses, her neck chain, her rings and bracelets, and she seemed to do nothing but try and extricate herself while talking. This she did steadily, in order (I suppose) to prevent any one else from talking. She is so deaf



that she cannot hear a word. She had once been burned, and the effects of that, with the mark of former smallpox, makes her face look far from handsome. But all these things have not prevented her from reaching the ripe old age of eighty.

Johan supplied what little there was of conversation on our side. She asked him, "How did you come to Denmark?" He, enchanted to be asked something he could answer, replied that he had come on one of the big German boats, and, to accentuate the fact that it was something *big* he came in, he made a wide circular movement with his arms and became quite eloquent, flattering himself that he was very interesting. The Princess fixed a pair of earnest eyes on him, and said, in hushed tones, "And what became of the child?"

We took our leave. In stooping to kiss her Royal Highness's hand, her cap caught in an ornament I had on my bonnet, and there we stood tied together. Johan tried in vain to undo us, but was obliged to call in the lady-in-waiting, who finally disentangled us.

DENMARK, *January, 1878.*

DEAR MOTHER:

The Queen of Denmark is an adorable and lovely Queen. I am happy to call her *my* Queen.

A few days after my audience we were invited to a dinner at Amalienborg. We met in the *salon*, before their Majesties came in. When they had made a little *cercle* and said a word to every one, dinner was announced. The King gave one arm to the Queen and the other to the Princess Anne of Hesse—the Queen's sister-in-law. The King and the Queen sat next to each other. There were about forty people at table. Admiral Bille took me in; he talked English perfectly, and was—like all naval officers!—very charming.

The Queen said to me: "I should so like to hear you sing. Will you come to-morrow? I will send my carriage for you, and please don't forget to bring some music."

As if I should forget! I was only too delighted.

The next morning the Queen sent her own coupé for me at eleven o'clock. I felt very grand: all the people in the

street bowed and courtesied, thinking I was one of the royal family. I let down the glasses on both sides of the coupé so that every one could have a chance to bow.

I was at once ushered into the Queen's *salon* by an old red-liveried major-domo who had many decorations on his breast. The Queen was alone with the *Grande Maîtresse*, and, after having talked a little, she said, "Now we'll have some music," and led the way into the ball-room, where there were two pianos. The Queen sat on the sofa, wearing an expression that was half pre-indulgent and half expectant. The *Grande Maîtresse*, who was there, *not* in her official character, but as a musician, accompanied me when I sang "*Voi che sapete*." When I came to the phrase, "*Non trovo pace notte ne di*," the Queen raised her hand to her eyes, which were filled with tears, and after I had finished, said, "Please sing another."

I spread out the music of "*Biondina*" in front of the eye-glasses of the *Grande Maîtresse*, but the first bars convinced me that if I were to sing *that* song, *she* was not to play it, and, against all etiquette, I placed my hands over hers and gently pushed her off the seat, saying, "May I?"

I confess I deserved the daggers she looked at me, but the Queen only laughed, and said, "You are quite right; you must play *that* for yourself."

The Queen seemed to be delighted, and after some more music I returned to the hotel in the same regal manner I had come.

COPENHAGEN, *January 28, 1878.*

DEAR MOTHER:

Some days have passed between this and my last letter, but I have been very busy. I have tried to do some sight-seeing—there are many interesting and enchanting things to see here. Then I have had a great many visits to pay, and I go often to sing with the Queen.

Yesterday I lunched at the palace. The Queen had said to me before: "When you come to me, come straight to my room. Don't bother about going first to the *dames d'honneur*. The servant has orders."

So yesterday, when I arrived, the old





THE QUEEN OF DENMARK

Princess Louise of Sweden, now Dowager Queen of Denmark

decorated servant who sits in the ante-chamber simply opened the door of the Queen's private apartments, where I found her and the Princess Thyra alone.

The Queen said, "You will stay to luncheon, will you not?" I hesitated, as we had invited some friends to lunch with us, but that was evidently no obstacle. She said, "Never mind that. I will send word to your husband that I have kept you." Of course I stayed. We had a great deal of music. I sang "Beware" for the first time. The Queen said, "Oh, the King must hear

that," and rang the bell, sending the servant to beg Prince Valdemar to come in.

On his appearing, the Queen said, "Valdemar, you must tell papa that he must come." Prince Valdemar soon returned, saying, "Papa has lumbago, and says he cannot come." The Queen shook her head, evidently not believing in the lumbago, and said, "Lumbago or not, papa *must* come, even if we have to *bring* him."

The King came without being "brought," and I sang "Beware" for him, and then "*Ma mère était bohémienne*," the Queen accompanying me in both.

"Now," said the Queen, "please sing that song which you play for yourself—the one with such a dash." (She meant "*Biondina*.")

"Please, madame," said the King, when I had finished, "sing 'Beware' again."

Then we went down a little side-staircase for luncheon. The dining-room is quite small and looks out upon the square. The table could

not have seated more than twelve people. Besides the King and Queen, there were Prince Hans and Prince Wilhelm (brothers of the King), Prince Valdemar, Princess Thyra, and myself. There were no ladies or gentlemen in waiting, except the King's adjutant.

On a side-table were the warm meats, vegetables, and several cold dishes. No servants were allowed in the room. It is the only meal when the family are quite alone together; the serving was all done by the royalties themselves. I felt quite shy when the King proposed



to shell my shrimps for me! "Oh, your Majesty," I said, "I can do that myself!"

"No," said he, "I am sure you cannot. At any rate, not as it ought to be done."

He was quite right. I never could have done it so dexterously as he did. He took the shells off and put the shrimps on some bread—they looked like little pink worms. I did not dare to get up and serve myself at the side-table, and, rather than be waited on by royalty, I preferred eating little and going away hungry.

The King was very gay. He asked me how I was getting on with my Danish. I told him some of my mistakes, at which they all laughed.

COPENHAGEN, February, 1878.

DEAR MOTHER:

After our music and luncheon the other day at the palace, the Queen asked me if I would like to drive with her to see Bernstorff Castle, where they spend their summers. I accepted the invitation with delight. To drive with her was bliss indeed.

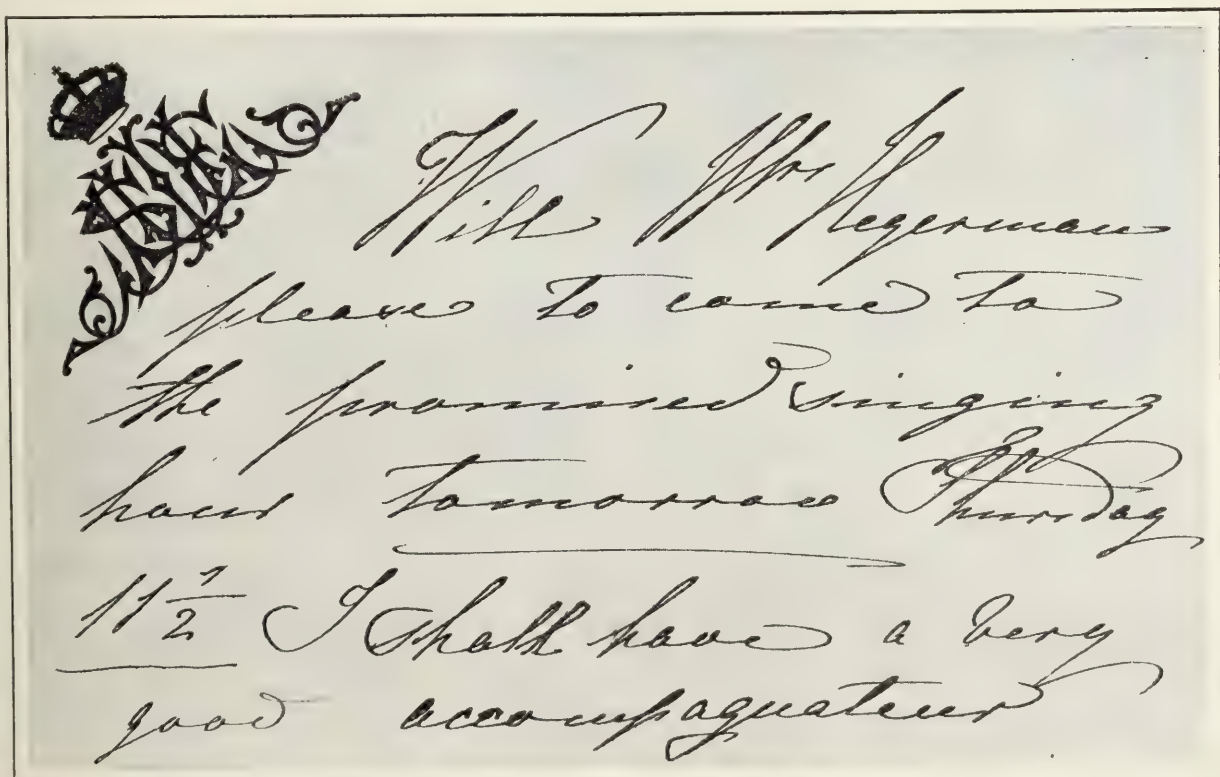
Bernstorff is about an hour's drive

from Copenhagen. When the open landau appeared in the *porte-cochère* the Queen got in; I sat on her left and the lady of honor sat opposite. The Danish royal livery is a bright red covered with braid. The coachman's coat has many red capes, one on top of the other, looking like huge pen-wipers. J. had told me it was not etiquette for any one driving with the Queen to bow. We happened to pass J. walking with a friend of his, and it seemed odd that I was obliged to cut him dead.

When people see the Queen's carriage coming they stop their own, and the ladies get out on the sidewalk and make deep courtesies. Gentlemen bow very low, and stand, holding their hats in their hands, until the royal carriage has passed.

The castle of Bernstorff is neither large nor imposing, but looks home-like and comfortable. The Queen showed me all over it—her private rooms, and even up-stairs where her atelier is; she paints charmingly—as well as she plays the piano.

She pointed out on the window-panes of a room over the principal *salon* differ-



FACSIMILE OF THE FIRST PAGE OF THE QUEEN'S INVITATION TO MME. HEGERMANN

The note reads as follows: "Will Mrs. Hegermann please to come to the promised singing hour to-morrow Thursday 11½. I shall have a very good *accompagnateur* and would be very happy to hear your beautiful voice *dans tout son éclat* in anything you like to sing. He plays *à livre ouvert*, whatever it is, and we shall be delighted to hear you, besides the pleasure my daughter will have in singing a *terzetto* or *duo* with you."



ent things that her daughters had written with their diamond rings on the glass: "Farewell, my beautiful clouds!—Alexandra," "Till the next time.—Dagmar." "*A bientôt*.—Willie" (the young King of Greece).

She told me that Bernstorff was the first home she and the King had lived in after their marriage, when he was Prince, and they love it so much that they prefer it to the larger castles. They go to Fredensborg in the autumn. The Grand-Duchess Dagmar and the Princess of Wales, when they come to Bernstorff in the summer, sleep in the room which they shared as children.

I cannot tell you how nice the royal family are to me.

We were present at a state ball at Christiansborg. On arriving we passed up a magnificent staircase and went through many large *salons*, the walls of which were covered with fine tapestries and old Spanish leather, and a long gallery of beautiful pictures, before we reached the *salon* where I belonged according to my rank (every one is placed according to the rules of the protocol).

Their Majesties entered. The Queen looked dazzlingly brilliant. She wore all the crown jewels and had some splendid pearls on her neck. The King looked superb in his uniform. They were followed by the Princess Thyra (the young and sympathetic Princess with eyes like a gazelle), and the youngest son, Prince Valdemar.

The Crown Prince and Princess were already there. She also had some wonderful jewels, inherited, they said, from her mother, who was of the royal family of Holland.

Their Majesties were very gracious to me. The King even did me the honor to waltz with me. He dances like a young man of twenty. He went from one lady to another and gave them each a turn. I was taken to supper by a person whose duty it was to attend to me—I forget his name. The King danced the cotillion. You will hardly see that anywhere else—a gentleman of sixty dancing a cotillion.

The principal street in Copenhagen is Ostergade, where all the best shops are. It is very narrow. People sometimes stop and hold conversations

across the street, and perambulating nurses, lingering at the shop windows, hold up the traffic.

There is a very pretty square called Amagertorv, where all the peasant women assemble, looking very picturesque in their national dresses, with their little velvet caps embroidered in gold, and their Quaker-like bonnets with a fichu tied over them. They quite fill up the square with flowers, fruits, and vegetables, and stand in the open air by their wares in spite of wind, rain, and weather.

Around the corner, in front of Christiansborg Castle, by the canal, your nose will inform you that this is the fish-market, where the fish are brought every morning, wriggling and gasping in the nets in which they have been caught overnight. It is a very interesting sight to see all the hundreds of boats in the canal, which runs through the center of the town.

The other evening there was a large musical *soirée* given at Amalienborg. I don't tell you the names of those who were present, as you would not know them, but they are the most prominent names here.

Their Majesties sat in two gilded arm-chairs, in front of which was a rug. There was a baritone from the Royal Theater who sang some Danish songs, then the Princess Thyra and an English lady and I sang the trio from "Elijah," and a quartette with the baritone. I sang several times alone. There was an English lady, whose name I do not remember, who played a solo on the *cornet à piston*. Her face was hidden by her music, which was on a stand in front of her. After I had sung the "*Caro Nome*" from "Rigoletto," and the English lady had played her solo, the deaf Princess Caroline—who, with her ears filled with cotton, and encompassed by her flaxen braids, sat in front—said, in a loud and penetrating voice, "I like *that* lady's singing better than the other one"—meaning me. Every one laughed. I had never had a *cornet à piston* as a rival before.

DEAR MOTHER:

March 1, 1878.

Our last day here. I lunched at Amalienborg, and was the only stranger



present. The King, who sat next to me, said, "I feel quite hurt that you have never asked me for my photograph."

"But I have one," I answered, "which I bought. I dare not ask your Majesty to sign it."

"One must always dare," he answered, smilingly. "May I 'dare' to ask you to accept one from me?" He got up from the table and left the room, being absent for a few minutes. When the door opened again we saw the King standing outside, trying to carry a large picture. His Majesty had gone up to the room in which the picture hung, and the servant who had taken it from the wall brought it to the door of the dining-room, whence the King carried it in himself. The mark of the dusty cord still showed on his shoulder. It was a life-size portrait of himself painted in oil.

He said, "Will you accept this?"

I could not believe my ears. This for me!

I hesitated.

The Queen said, "My dear, you must take it, since the King desires it."

"But," I replied, "how can I?"

Her Majesty answered, "Your husband would not like you to refuse. Take it!—*you must!*" and added, "The ribbon [the blue Order of the Elephant] is beautifully painted"—as if the rest were not!

The Princess Thyra said, "Papa has only had six portraits painted of himself. This one is painted by Mr. Shytte. I don't think that it is half handsome enough for papa. Do you?"

"Well," said the King, "I shall have it sent to your hotel." I could not thank his Majesty enough, and I am sure I looked as embarrassed as I felt.

As we were going away the next day, this was my last visit to the Queen. On bidding me good-by she pressed something into my hand and said, "You leave me so many souvenirs! I have only one for you, and here it is."



THE PRINCESS THYRA  
Sister of Frédéric VIII.

It was a lovely locket of turquoises. On opening it I found the Queen's portrait on one side and the Princess Thyra's on the other.

She kissed me, and I kissed her hand, with tears in my eyes.

We return to "Björnemose" to bid our parents good-by; then farewell to Denmark.

We leave in four days for New York.



# The Back Door

BY CLARENCE DAY, JR.



It was a hot midsummer afternoon in New York. I was at the club with Levellier, White, and Buchanan. We were watching Buchanan try to construct an epigram.

"Men make love," said Buchanan; "women make marriages."

"They have created the institution of marriage, that's evident," I agreed, "because its advantages are all on their side. They also may often do the marrying. Naturally. But with the exception, of course, of vulgar schemers, they cannot marry a man against his will."

"Why, Talbot Sims!" Buchanan protested. "I tell you they always can; and generally do."

White and Levellier, both of whom are married men, looked at each other. "Those two young bachelors," said White, "are like chickens, Levellier—little unborn chicks in the shell theorizing on bugs."

"There was Hickens's marriage, for instance," said Buchanan, not heeding them.

The mention of Hickens's name reminded me that my sister-in-law had asked me, weeks before, to find out for her all about Mrs. Hickens, who had taken a place in the country, next to my brother Niblo's. I therefore requested Buchanan to tell me the story.

He knew very few details. "But just to show you what sometimes happens," he said, "she even came here once after him, to this very club." His voice took on a low, thrilling, ghost-story tone. "One day about two months before they married I was reading at that big table in the up-stairs library, with Hickens working opposite to me, listing the technical terms of arctic travel (he was a vocabularian, you know—he made those vocabularies that go in the backs of books), when old William tiptoed softly in and muttered, 'Beg pardon, sir, Mr.

Hickens; they's a lady waiting at the door to see you, sir.'

"'A lady?' said Hickens. 'Here? What's the matter with you, William? What lady?'"

"Old William said he understood that it was Mrs. Hickens."

"'Holy Yagguit!' exclaimed Hickens, calling upon some arctic deity, I believe; and informed William that there must be some mistake—there wasn't any Mrs. Hickens. Then they whispered a long time about it, and finally William showed Hickens how to leave by some rear entrance."

"I never knew she followed him here," White interrupted.

"Even if she did," Levellier said, with some feeling, "part of Buchanan's story is wrong, I'm sure. Madge Hilliard was impulsive, like all the Hilliards, and when she wanted anything she couldn't but think it was probably best for everybody that she should have it; but she wouldn't have sent up word she was Mrs. Hickens. It was no such bare-faced pursuit as Buchanan makes out. She was simply a very lovely, earnest creature who felt sure Hickens needed her, and was unconventional enough to show that she was fond of him. I always admired her immensely. Anybody would."

"I admired her too, so far as looks were concerned," said Buchanan. "I called on her once with Hickens, hoping to help him. It was mighty hard work. Hickens kept telling her that he wasn't at all the kind she thought him, and cared only for vocabularies, but of course you couldn't make a woman in love believe that. My corroborations and my assurance that he was quite a stupid chap, really, had no effect—she simply thought I was ill-natured. The call was a failure."

"What finally precipitated the marriage was that night at the theater when an usher put her and her sister, Lady





"BEG PARDON, SIR; THEY'S A LADY WAITING AT THE DOOR TO SEE YOU, SIR"

Cary, into the box where Hickens and I were. By mistake, she said. Hickens sprang up in a wildish, panicky way, and let out a squawk like a hen, that got everybody staring at us—and what with the newspapers getting hold of it and the publicity and talk, a week later they were married. And now he's dead, and glad of it, I dare say, and she goeth about like a widow seeking another."

Levellier shook his head and suggested that we change the subject.

"If you ask me how he ever got in so deep in the first place," Buchanan concluded, "I simply don't know—nor did Hickens—but I do know this: a bachelor is always being misunderstood."

"The poor bachelor!" said White. "It's too true. The girls just will go and suppose he means what he says."

Buchanan saw me smile at this.

"Don't smile so confidently, Sims," he warned me. "What happened to Hickens might easily happen to you. When

a clever woman really wants him, no bachelor is safe."

I had heard all that before—and it was a drowsy Saturday in August: the city was empty, the club was bare and quiet. I yawned peacefully at Buchanan and lit a cigar.

Old William softly entered. He came to my side. "Beg pardon, Mr. Sims," he said. "They's—ah—some one outside to see you, sir."

"Yes?" I said. "Who?"

Old William hesitated. "Hit's—a lady, sir, Mr. Sims," he answered.

Everybody laughed. Buchanan half rose from his chair.

"Somebody's misunderstood him," White sighed, offensively. "That's it—all a mistake."

I confess that for once I felt confused. The town, I repeat, was empty. I couldn't imagine what lady would come to my club. "You should have asked for her name, William," I said.



"Yes, sir," William answered, unhappily. "We did ask the lady her name, sir, but she—now, she said as how hit was Mrs. Sims, sir. Yes, sir."

"By thingumbob! By Yagguit!" Buchanan exclaimed. "It's the Hickens case all over again. Was this why you wished me to tell you about it, Talbot? Have William say you're not here."

William coughed. "The doorman he took the liberty of saying he greatly doubted that you was here, Mr. Sims, sir, but the lady said for him not to be stupid, for she knew you was."

I perplexedly got up to go down-stairs.

Buchanan, who's rather fond of me, interposed. He suggested that he go in my stead and impersonate me.

"What on earth for?" I asked.

"It will end the trouble once and for all, don't you see," he explained, "because she'll understand that if I am J. Talbot Sims, you aren't. She'll think you've been giving a wrong name and deceiving her, and then she won't ever come after you here again."

I had been deceiving no one, I declared, impatiently.

He replied that maybe the woman was crazy or something.

"Let me go down instead of Buchanan," said Levellier.

"It wouldn't be as safe, Levellier," White objected. "You're too attractive. Let the plainest man do it."

Buchanan turned a bit stiff, but off he marched without further words, with William, leaving me to the others. They were still trying to persuade me to go out the back way, like Hickens, and I was expostulating with them, when Buchanan hurried back.

"She's a demon, Sims," he whispered. "Whew! A dark, obstinate, tall, new-womanish demon. I made William go out to her with me and explain that I was the Mr. J. Talbot Sims she'd asked for, but he didn't much want to, and got very nervous and mixed-up trying to do it, and all she said was, 'Don't be silly.' I politely bowed, reaffirming my identity as Sims. She thereupon beckoned to a policeman. We—er—it was very disagreeable. I've nearly been arrested."

The doorkeeper entered the room begging all our pardons, but the lady had taken Mr. Kitteridge's taxi, he said, to

sit in until I should appear, refusing to stand any longer on the pavement. Mr. Kitteridge was waiting in the vestibule. He had tried to appeal to the policeman, but the policeman seemed prejudiced.

"If you'll all be good enough to sit down and let me alone," I said, "I'll handle this myself." I went down-stairs.

"Please g-get your friend out of my t-t-t-tut-tut-taxi, will you?" said Kitteridge. "I'm in a hurry."

I stepped outside to the taxi. Inside it sat my sister-in-law, Mrs. Niblo Sims. I might have known. I *would* have known if it hadn't been for that conversation.

"Well, Hattie?" I said, relievedly.

"Jump in, please," she answered; "you've kept me long enough. Driver, go to the station."

We shot off with a whir, leaving Kitteridge goggling his eyes at us from the vestibule.

"Sometime," Hattie said, "will you kindly explain to me why every one has such a frightened look at your club? That idiot doorman wouldn't even let me in."

"We've no ladies' room," I told her.

"He behaved as though I were dynamite," she continued, "and brought out some impudent man who said he was you."

"Nellstonecroft," I improvised. "Admires me so much it's gone to his head, we think. Can't help pretending he's me when he gets a chance. The doorman—"

"Never mind," said Hattie. "Don't tell me the secrets of your strange retreat. I don't doubt you've plenty of other crazy members besides this defective person who so admires you, but I've no time at present to go into that. I've only a minute. Please listen."

I listened. I preferred to.

Hattie had left my brother Niblo up in the country, she said—they've a place in Epsom Manor, just outside New York—and now she was hurrying off to her aunt's in New Jersey, to get my nephew—would return by Tuesday. Meantime she had thought I'd like to spend the week-end with Niblo, because sometimes a wife seemed to come between two brothers, and she was determined



not to. Niblo and I must see just as much of each other as though he'd never married, and I must go right up to Epsom Manor on the 4.06 train.

The prospect of sitting around with Niblo was not one to allure me. "We never did see each other the deuce of a lot," I objected.

"All the more reason for being together now," she persisted. "What did you find out for me about Mrs. Hickens?"

I said it was a long story.

"Is she the one who was in the newspapers?—that's all I wish to know," she asked. "Yes? Then I sha'n't call. The mischief of it is she has taken the Kews' place, next to ours; that's why I asked you to find out about her, you see; but Niblo and I must avoid having anything to do with her. I don't care if she *is* a Hilliard. Such women—oh! here's the station. You can catch the 4.06 if you hurry. Take good care of Niblo."

I perceived that I was being sent up to guard Niblo from Mrs. Hickens.

This grated on me all the way in the train. Niblo's an awful old frump—no get-up-and-go to him—and this gay Mrs. Hickens probably didn't know he existed. However, if it was any comfort to Hattie to have me visit him, I thought I'd stick it out over Sunday just this once. I have had a good deal of sympathy for Hattie since she married.

My brother was reading in their dark, stuffy little library when I arrived, with the piazza doors locked. I rapped on the glass.

"Don't do that," he called. "You'll break the glass." He got up and let me in. "How do you do?" he said. "Hattie telephoned you were coming. I—er—didn't expect you. How do you do?"

"Have you told the cook? That's the main thing," I replied. "I want a good dinner."

A worried look came into his

face. "Now, Talbot," he said, "let me apprise you of something. We must be very careful about the cook. I was—er— The toast was wrong at tea just now, and the third time I sent it back she packed her trunk. I had to—calm her. It took some time; she was not inclined to be reasonable; if she leaves before Hattie returns there'll be the dickens to pay."

I advised him to take some smelling-salts, and went up to dress (Hattie always keeps a few of my things in the house). When I'd done I looked over some copies of last year's magazines that were still on Niblo's desk, and tried to read a gilt-bound book called *Thoughts in Rhyme* that some very dull friend of his had had privately printed, and



I DELIGHTEDLY JOINED IN THE CHORUS



walked twice around the lawn, and trimmed up one of the bushes with my penknife, and wished I were back at the club. I hate the country.

We had a mediocre dinner. The spinach was especially poor, being gritty, but Niblo refused to send any reproof to his cook.

There was no further break in the monotony until the next afternoon—Sunday. Then, while Niblo was off taking a nap, and while I was smoking, alone, on the piazza, and wishing something would happen, the telephone rang.

There are two telephones in Niblo's house—one wire only, but two instruments: one up in Niblo's room, and one in the hall closet where they keep their hats, so that you can answer a call either up or down stairs. As I took up the receiver in the hall closet, I heard Niblo lift the other receiver up-stairs in his room.

"Yes?" he said.

A charming voice responded: "This is Mrs. Hickens. I wish to speak to Mr. Sims, quickly, please."

"This is Mr. Sims," said Niblo and I together, with the utmost courtesy. Niblo crossly added, however, "Get off the wire, Talbot."

"Talbot?" Mrs. Hickens said. "My name is not Talbot."

"No, indeed. I'm Talbot," I put in.

"Then why tell yourself to get off the wire?" she asked, in astonishment.

"Buck up there, my boy," I called, addressing Niblo. "That's one for you to answer."

"Will you get out of that closet?" Niblo demanded.

"This is Mrs. Hickens," said Mrs. Hickens, indignantly, "and I wish to speak to Mr. Sims at once."

"I am Mr. Sims, Mrs. Hickens," I repeated.

"This is my house, *my* house," roared Niblo. "*I* am Mr. Sims here."

"Please do not be so passionate about it," Mrs. Hickens retorted, still unable to realize, apparently, that more than one man was speaking. "You will injure my ear-drum. If you are Mr. Sims, I have called up about your cow."

"I didn't know I had one," I said, enjoying myself greatly.

"What about my cow?" snapped Niblo.

"If you admire her, Mrs. Hickens," I said, "please accept her as a gift and—"

"Hang up your receiver," Niblo shouted. "I will not be annoyed like this. Get off the wire. I insist on speaking to Mrs. Hickens in peace."

"What *is* the matter with you, Mr. Sims?" Mrs. Hickens inquired. "You can't possibly speak to me if I get off the wire."

"Very true," I said. "Don't stop. It's been dull here all day."

At this point Niblo began to bang at his receiver, and call, "Come, now, are you off that wire?"

Mrs. Hickens jiggled her receiver, too. "Central! Central!" she entreated, "I must have the wrong person."

I delightedly joined in the chorus, just to keep things going, saying: "This line is busy. Very. Number, please. Information? *This* is Mr. Sims." Though not an intellectual form of amusement, I felt it was helping me through my Sunday with Niblo. But Central soon disconnected us, of course, and I went back to my cigar on the piazza.

A few minutes later the telephone rang again. I returned to the hall closet, but Niblo had come down-stairs to answer, this time, and was there ahead of me.

"*Who's* knocking down your wall?" he was crying. "My cow?"

I put my hand on his forehead, saying: "Steady, old man. Don't be feverish."

"For Heaven's sake let me alone, will you!" he sputtered; and returning to the instrument, said: "It's your wall, you know. Can't you stop her? . . . Eh? . . . Why—speak kindly to her, or something."

He listened intently to the reply. "In a barrel?" he repeated. "My cow's in a barrel knocking down your wall?" He listened again, then said, heavily, "I'll send the man over."

"Either the woman's demented," he informed me as he rang off, "or else something infernally queer has happened to my cow. I'll just send over the coachman to see what's wrong."

Now Niblo had given his coachman Sunday off, when I arrived, probably so as to keep me from using the horses—he thinks I drive too far. I gladly reminded him, therefore, that the coachman was out.





"SHE WAVES IT AROUND SO," HE COMPLAINED. "SHE'LL KNOCK OUT MY FRONT TEETH!"

He swore a little and tried to get the gardener. The gardener was at church.

Niblo swore again, predicting eternal torments for employees who were always gallivanting off to church. "I'll have to go over myself, I suppose," he said. "There's not a soul on this place to do one thing for me."

"Don't feel so enormously ill-used all the time," I advised. "Think of what a speck you are, anyhow, in this great universe. Think of astronomy and the solar system."

The poor speck thereupon put forth all his strength and denounced the solar system from end to end. He said he didn't care if it were all knocked into a cocked hat, he was going to insist on having his rights.

Then off he trotted, swearing, across the lawn and through the apple orchard, away down to the farther pasture, which lies behind the house Mrs. Hickens had taken. I followed him. There was the cow, to be sure, her head wedged in a barrel.

"If I ever lay hands on the scoundrel who did this," said Niblo, "I'll nail him in jail for the longest day he lives."

He made this announcement in a loud, threatening voice, as though he thought the criminal might be laughing at him somewhere in ambush.

I asked him who he thought it probably was.

"How can I tell?" he answered. "How in the name of rascality can I tell that? It may have been this Mrs. Hickens, for all I know. It may have been that psalm-singing gardener. There was a truckman who wouldn't pull out for me to pass, last week. When I finally drove by I gave him a piece of my mind. If that truckman has come here in a low, revengeful spirit and jammed a barrel on the head of my thoroughbred cow—"

"You're an extremely fatiguing person," I interrupted. "You attribute everything you don't like to a conspiracy against you—you're everlastingly suspecting somebody of doing you an injury. It's not at all likely any one has, in this case. Here's a pasture as parched and brown as a door-mat. You know very well you'd not touch it if you were a cow. Probably she poked her head in that barrel looking for nourishment. What breed do you call her?"



Niblo said he wasn't sure whether she was a Spitzenberg or a Leghorn.

"Well," I pointed out, "you and I don't know their habits; maybe those two breeds prefer to eat from barrels."

I would have said more, but the cow, who had been stamping vainly about while we argued, now gave a long, stifled bellow and jumped stiffly our way. I stepped behind a tree—the only tree. Niblo crowded in beside me. As there wasn't much room to spare, this annoyed me, rather. I said so, and we shouldered each other around the tree quite roughly, until the cow passed. Then we ran after her, planning to get her in a corner and hold her against the wall while we took off the barrel. It was one of those loosely built farm walls of stone. We found it awkward work pushing the cow against it, because cows are clumsy; and this one plunged about, more or less, and stepped on our feet; and when we did get her in the corner she knocked part of the wall down.

As the stones plumped off on the ground I heard cries from an arbor that ran along the other side of this wall. The voice was a woman's.

"Oh, please, please don't!" she begged. "I really can't have this creature bump so any longer."

I thought this impertinent of her. We were doing our best. Rather than swear at her, though, I swore at Niblo, and urged him not to fool about any longer, but take a good hold of the barrel and unsheathe his cow.

Niblo looked dispirited. "She waves it around so," he complained. "She'll knock out my front teeth."

"I'll pull it off, then," I said, "and you can hold on to her tail to keep her from butting me."

Niblo gingerly grasped her tail. I grabbed at the barrel. The cow backed rapidly away from me toward the tree. Niblo backed away from the cow, hit against the tree, fell over, and only saved himself from having her trample on him by a combination yell and scramble that was simply disgusting. I can't bear to see people made abject by danger.

"Oh dear!" wailed the woman, running out of her arbor. "I knew it. I hope he's not hurt. . . . You'll never get the barrel off that way, you know."

She was a nice, curly, fresh-looking woman with a managing eye—dressed in a fetching little green slip of a frock.

"Perhaps you'll show us how, then, madam," I suggested, bowing, and pretending not to see Niblo, who had got on his feet and was advancing on me in a most vindictive manner.

"Why, I think if you could knock in the bottom—" She hesitated.

It was the very thing, of course. Despite Niblo's objections, who feared I might hurt the cow's nose, I kicked in the bottom of the barrel and it then fell to pieces.

"You are an admirable person," I said to the lady, "but another time please speak sooner."

Niblo coughed, being a formal chap, and began to mutter introductions.

"Yes, our name is Sims," I repeated, mopping my forehead. "That one who's mumbling about it is Neighbor Sims, whom you telephoned to just now, if you're Mrs. Hickens; and I may be called by contrast Sims *d'Esprit*, a cast-away week-end visitor at that man's home, with almost nothing inside of me, on account of his cook."

Niblo explained that she had cooked well enough until Saturday, when Mrs. Sims left.

"Her idea of cooking," I said to Mrs. Hickens, "is to muss a thing up and slightly alter its temperature. For a yam-eating Zulu it's possible that would do nicely. For a civilized man—if you'd call old Neighbor Sims civilized—it's worse than no cooking at all. The things taste better raw."

"That is not true, Talbot," Niblo protested. "That is grossly exaggerated. You didn't like the spinach last night, but—"

"I did like the spinach," I said. "It was the grit in it I minded—the iron filings, the gravel."

The word gravel was objected to by Niblo. I declined to withdraw it. I said that sooner than touch his spinach again, I'd eat the driveway.

This cut him to the quick. If I didn't like the food, he said, he wished I'd go back to town.

Mrs. Hickens smiled apprehensively at us and made her retreat. Half-way to her house she turned back, though, say-



ing, uncertainly, "If I might send out some iced tea and cakes to you, in the arbor—?"

"By Jove!" I cried, "you're my fairy godmother. I felt it from the first. A starving man thanks you, lady, from the bottom of his stomach. But do let us have it on the piazza instead of in the arbor. There are mosquitoes enough down here to poison a druggist." I crossed the wall and showed Mrs. Hickens two bites I'd had already.

My brother Niblo, having no ideas of his own, is always helping himself to those of others. He, too, crossed the wall. He, too, it appeared, had received some bites.

I asked him not to display his revolting injuries, pointing out that Mrs. Hickens had seen enough, and that he'd make her flesh creep. Mrs. Hickens immediately began another retreat, but we went with her this time, one on each side, like the Gryphon and Mock Turtle with Alice in Wonderland. A few minutes later we were all at tea on the piazza.

The tea was awfully good. Niblo and I became more peaceful at once, and this change greatly reassured Mrs. Hickens. She laughed at some of our remarks in the most delicious manner, as though we weren't nearly as dangerous as she had feared, and when I asked her whether she thought me mad, she replied, "Not unpleasantly so."

"She didn't say much about herself," Niblo remarked, walking home.

"She had little chance to," I said, "the way you chattered. Why did you tell her that about my socks?" He had described to her how I mended the holes, with squares of sticking-plaster, placed inside the toe.

Niblo said it was because she had seemed so interested.

So she had, I realized; so she had. I began to think things over. Stopping to think things over is a habit of mine: it's one of the things that keep a man a bachelor. . . . She had been very much interested, indeed.

Now I'm not one to be nervous, though I've had my close calls, but I thought of the conversation we'd had at the club about her crude insistence on marrying Hickens; and I told myself that perhaps I'd better be wary if I saw

her again. It's often rather exciting when one has to be wary; and of course one does have to, women have such an unfair advantage over bachelors. When a bachelor feels injured at the way a woman has treated him, people only laugh, or suspect him of secret vices. When a woman feels injured, though, people say it is a shame, and proceed at once to think badly of the bachelor, no matter how conscientious he may be; and some of them may try to chevy him into marrying her. It's a serious business. It's a thing that might happen to any one. I didn't at all intend to marry Mrs. Hickens.

By dinner-time, however, I had dismissed all these thoughts from my mind, and laughed at myself for being so ready to scent danger. Our dinner, by the way, turned out to be only a Sunday evening supper, consisting principally of sardines, cold pudding, and cheese. Other things were passed to us, such as a *mêlée* of decayed fruits and water, which Niblo called salad, and some black and brittle baked beans; but they did not tempt me. The cook, it appeared, was out. After one cigar with Niblo, I went out too.

It was a fine, soft, starry evening. A beautiful night for killing cooks, I reflected. I sent word back to Niblo, by the waitress, that I had gone to find and destroy his cook, and strolled off down the road toward the station. It was far from attractive. I turned around and strolled up the road, instead, past the grounds of the Kews' place.

"Is that you, Mr. Sims?" a slim figure said in the darkness.

"Yes, godmother," I answered. "Not Neighbor Sims, you know. Sims *d'Esprit*."

It was Mrs. Hickens, with a spray of flowers on her breast and veil-draped hair. "You are looking extremely well," I said, peering at her, "though you seem to be feeling a trifle sluggish, perhaps. Did you have too much dinner?"

She asked whether my mind didn't run a good deal on that subject.

"At the moment, yes," I replied. "That's because I'm digesting three lean and gray sardines. Let's talk of even pleasanter things, however. Look at yon stars."



"They're *too* lovely to-night," she sighed.

"Ah," said I, "on many and many a one of those brilliant orbs, I dare say, beings of various kinds exist, who at this moment are looking out into space, same as us, and wondering what it all comes to and what they'll have for breakfast."

"Really, Mr. Sims—" said my god-mother.

"Don't say Mr. Sims," I suggested. "Call me Sims *d'Esprit*."

"I think I like Neighbor Sims better than you," she observed.

"What, you too?" I protested. "That's the very same blunder the lady made who married him. Have you a match?"

There were matches indoors, she replied. We went indoors.

I had a rather peculiar time indoors. We began by talking almost immediately about Me, and for a while the subject seemed inexhaustible. I told Mrs. Hickens things about myself—many of them true—that I had never expected any one to listen to before. This led ultimately, however, to a discussion of frankness, and that was where my peculiar time commenced.

She adored directness and candor. She thought it was so nice, she said, when men and women could chat quite plainly with one another and say whatever they truly felt. Didn't I? Almost the only thing on which she and her husband had differed had been that. They had differed about it one of the very first times they met, she pensively remembered; he strongly disapproving of having women be open about what they felt—especially an unmarried woman to an unmarried man.

The picture of an alarmed Hickens came into my mind, uttering the first of his fruitless squawks.

His widow bent prettily toward me, her chin in her hand. "Do you disapprove of frankness in a woman?" she asked.

Not wishing to be like old Hickens, I said no.

She said that she was glad, and that I was a man with whom a woman could easily be frank.

"What about?" I inquired, growing uneasy.

"Why, her feelings, for instance," she replied, fingering a fan. "Many nice men don't like a woman to lay aside her reserve. They may say they do; but when one takes them at their word, they get awfully uncomfortable!"

"Ha, ha!" I managed to laugh. My throat was a trifle dry, so I repeated it: "Ha, ha!"

Mrs. Hickens smiled. "They behave, she said, 'as though they thought the woman was going to propose marriage to them!'"

"Silly fellows," I articulated, wagging my head. "A woman can discuss her feelings without dragging in marriage all the time, I should hope."

"Still," said Mrs. Hickens after a pause, "a woman should be free to discuss marriage if she wants to."

"Oh, if she really wants to," I lamely assented, "and if she knows the man very well, and all that."

She leaned gracefully back and shaded her eyes. "I feel somehow as though I knew you very well," she confided.

I held tightly to the arms of my chair. "Isn't it odd," she went on, "how some people know each other through and through from the start? For such people reserves don't really exist—or shouldn't exist. They need not hesitate to—to speak right out."

I cast about in my mind for some useful form of words to have ready when the crash came. I could offer to be a brother to her if necessary. But I felt limp at having to experiment being a brother. It would require such alertness to keep the footing fraternal.

"Your cigarette has gone out," she noticed. "Let me light it for you." She struck a match and reached toward me, looking large-eyed and intimate.

I put the cigarette unsteadily to my lips, and plumped it into the flame. There was silence for a moment or two while I tried to think of the best way to say good night. The best way to say it was just to say it, I decided.

"Good night," I therefore coughed, rising.

"Oh," she cried, "is it so late? Why, it isn't late at all yet. Must you go back to your brother?"

I nodded. "You've been charming, a good deal of the time," I admitted, "but



on the whole I like Neighbor Sims better."

She took this brutal verdict as merely a jest and went gaily out into the hall. "Here's your hat," she said, not giving it to me, however, but holding it half unconsciously to her breast. I wondered if she were going to spring at me. "Tell me," she demanded, "don't you believe in acting on impulse?"

"No," I said, "I do not," hoping that would check her.

"Really?" she objected. "But you believe in frankness; and how can one who represses an impulse be frank?"

"He can think it over, can't he?" I answered, fretfully.

"A-ah," she slowly rejoined. "I see, I see. Then so be it."

I made for the door, not daring to ask so be what.

"*Au revoir, D'Esprit,*" she called, as I fled.

I slept little that night, and went down to breakfast next day with a tight, head-binding headache.

"This egg is practically raw," I said

to the waitress. "Can't that culinary impostor even do a boiled egg?"

The waitress explained that she had had to do it herself, the cook being on strike: she was sitting out there in the kitchen, but wouldn't lift a hand.

This seemed quite spirited of cook. I admired her spunk. At the same time I had a headache and needed my breakfast. Thinking it might be well to use tact and firmness, I rose cheerlessly from the table and made for the kitchen.

With one look at my face the waitress leaped out ahead of me. What she told her friend I don't know, but when I reached the kitchen the cook was slipping up-stairs. "Come back down here instantly," I ordered. There was no response. I lost my temper and ran for the stairs myself. At this she bolted for her life, with me clattering after her, two steps at a time, calling, sternly, "Come here!" and she replying with screams.

She got up to the top long before I did, owing to her terror. I heard her slam and lock the door of her room, and shove furniture against it. "Gr-r-r-rh!" I snarled through the keyhole, panting,



"I FEEL SOMEHOW AS THOUGH I KNEW YOU VERY WELL," SHE CONFIDED



and wondering what the deuce I'd have done if I'd overtaken her. What *could* I have done? Thumped her? Pulled off her hair? Her hair was in a very tight knot. I felt glad she'd escaped me, and I gave her door a good happy kicking before going down, while she scrabbled around inside as though climbing the cornice.

Niblo met me in the hall, clutching at his bathrobe and holding a shaving-brush. "See here," he complained, "what are you doing? I can't have you treeing my cook like some dashed bloodhound."

"Go look at my egg," I replied. "It's as raw as glue."

He said many persons considered raw eggs as nourishing as any.

"So's cod-liver oil, if you wish to argue," I told him.

He peevishly affirmed that he had no

wish whatever to argue. He just wished to know how I expected him to eat without a cook. This was pretty inconsistent of a man who'd been praising things raw. I pointed this out to him and begged him in a general way to think less about himself and more of his guest. Then, leaving the house, I paced up and down the driveway, enjoying the air.

After a fairly hearty meal of air I felt in my pocket for cigarettes. The case wasn't there. Strange. I felt in all my pockets. No cigarette case.

Then I remembered. I'd left it at Mrs. Hickens's.

With that special clairvoyance vouchsafed to those in danger, I saw with burning distinctness what would happen. She would telephone the house and expect me to go over after it. I would reply, "So sorry, I'm just taking the train for New York." She would answer, "Oh wouldn't you like me to take you in, in my motor?" (She went in to town every now and then, she had told me.)

And then I would be dished.

I have a habit of acting with promptitude in an emergency. It's one of the things that keep a man a bachelor. Without even going back to Niblo's house for my stick, I ran down the road to the station and caught the next train.

The noise of the train was soothing. I felt better at once. And how peaceful and secure the city seemed when I arrived. "In this great hive," I reflected, "with its thousand alleys, an active man could live uncaught for years." I ate a delicious breakfast at the best of restaurants; I telegraphed Hattie she'd better take home a new cook, and went down to the office.

In great good humor, I went up to lunch at the



"GO LOOK AT MY EGG. IT'S AS RAW AS GLUE"





"QUICK, WILLIAM!" I WHISPERED, DIZZILY. "WHERE'S THE BACK DOOR?"

club. There I found White, Levellier, and Buchanan.

"You're not married, are you, old man?" Buchanan inquired; and finding I wasn't, he made a great demonstration in my honor. "He who was blamed near lost is found," he chanted. White paid him ten dollars. It seems White had bet him I'd never return a bachelor.

"I should have made the limit a few days longer," White said. "Sims won't last. Not at this rate. When a good catch who's as impressionable as Sims is carried bodily off by some strange lady—"

"It was my sister-in-law," I interrupted.

They made no comment on this, simply smiled politely, but I could see not one of the three believed it, not even Levellier. To break the feeling of constraint in the air, Buchanan said, with a good attempt at heartiness, that I had been a brave fellow, anyway, not to go out the back door.

"A hero indeed," said White. "Only, next time he'd better."

"There'll be no next time," I assured them. "I've had my lesson."

Not five minutes after this, old William entered, and, regarding me with hardened disapproval, approached my chair. "They's a lady waiting outside to see you, sir, Mr. Sims," he said, reproachfully.

"My sister-in-law again," I explained to the men. "It's Mrs. Sims, William?"

"I—I don't really know, sir," he stammered. "This lady give me the name of M-Mrs. Hickens, sir."

"What!" sang out Levellier.

I rose in consternation.

"Buchanan," White drawled, "I'll repeat my bet with you, a hundred to fifty."

But good old Buchanan was standing at my side, saying: "Anything I can do for you, Sims? This must be even more serious than we thought."

"Be a brave fellow, Sims," said White.

I felt I was face to face with a genuine crisis. I also felt very ill. Steadying myself on the chair-backs, I stepped toward William.

"Quick, William!" I whispered, dizzily. "Where's the back door?"



# What Is Gravity?

BY SIR OLIVER LODGE



THE first experiment which a baby makes is connected with the force of gravity. It is born with an instinctive or ancestral dread of the unrestrained action of that force upon its own body; and it is said to be able to cling with tenacity to a stick or branch of a tree. Later on it takes pleasure in dropping miscellaneous objects to see them fall; perhaps to see if they all fall alike.

And a very remarkable fact it is which is thus being observed; the most familiar of all material facts, and one of the least understood—least understood, that is, of all the simple physical facts which must surely be well within the limits of human comprehension. For if a philosopher is asked why all bodies tend to move toward the earth, and why they all fall with steady, equal acceleration unless retarded or checked somehow, he has to reply that he does not know.

The idea that this familiar force of attraction is due in some way to the neighborhood of the earth must be very ancient; such an idea became inevitable to any thinking naturalist who was aware that the earth is spherical, for the adverb “down” has then no other significance—it can only mean toward the earth. It need not be—indeed, it is not—accurately toward the center, but it is along a plumb-line—*i.e.*, along a vertical; and that points very nearly to the center of the earth.

Kepler was familiar with the force of gravity, and many of the Greeks must have realized that there was some sort of attraction between the earth and the things on it; perhaps they guessed that that is what held the atmosphere on to it; although the knowledge must have flickered and wavered into extinction from time to time until permanently re-

kindled by Galileo. He it was who made the first careful experiments on falling bodies, showing that their velocity increased regularly with the time of fall—in other words, that the acceleration was constant, and that it was independent of size and material. And he likewise, by the invention of the pendulum, and so ultimately of clocks, put a powerful instrument of exact research into the hands of his successors.

By means of pendulums with bobs of various kinds Newton tested and accurately verified the law that the acceleration of every kind of matter was identical in magnitude: a very remarkable fact, whose rationale remains to be discovered. It is commonly expressed by saying that *weight* is proportional to *inertia* or *mass*; or it may be expressed by saying that the static measure of gravity corresponds to the kinetic measure. This means that whether forces are compared by the stretch they produce in a bit of elastic or a spring, or whether they are compared by the momentum they can generate or destroy in a given time, or by the masses in which they can produce the same acceleration, all the comparisons correspond. Yet one is a static method depending on the elastic properties of matter, the others are kinetic measures depending on Newton's second law of motion. What is called “Hooke's Law” governs the first, or elastic, method. “Newton's law” governs the second, or momentum, method; and uniformity of experience by both methods gives confidence in the laws.

Another simple, not to say babyish, experiment may here again be introduced. Take a number of similar marbles, and add one to a scale-pan hanging from a spiral spring or a piece of elastic. Note the stretch. Then add two. The stretch will be found to be double. Three will treble it, and so on. This



simplest possible relation between stress and strain is called "Hooke's Law," because in a great number of cases it was experimentally established by Robert Hooke in the seventeenth century. It holds for all elastic substances within certain limits of strain—the limits beyond which they experience "a permanent set"—*i.e.*, fail to recover completely when the load is removed. The fact gives us an easy and convenient static measure of force—meaning by *force* always that which could be exerted by means of our muscles. Force, like motion, is a thing of which we have a direct sensation and are primarily conscious.

The other measure of force—the kinetic method—depends on the experimental fact that when different forces measured statically are applied successively to one and the same body, the acceleration it experiences is proportional to the force in each case. In other words, the ratio between force and acceleration, which is called the mass, or inertia, of any given body, is constant. The most accurate way of verifying this is to observe the isochronism of large and small vibrations of a body oscillating within the elastic limits.

The fact that the rapidity of vibration of an elastic body is independent of the amplitude or range of its excursion must be practically familiar to all musicians—indeed, to every listener to music; for the pitch of a note does not depend on its loudness. A string gives the same note whether it be struck hard or gently. This fact really, though not obviously, verifies the law that force and acceleration are proportional.

Thus, then, forces can be compared by the acceleration they produce in a given piece of matter. Weights are commonly compared by a statical method, as by a spring balance: they are usually, indeed, compared merely by balancing one against another, either with or without leverage, as in various forms of balance and steelyard.

The kinetic method of measuring force, when that is applied to the force of gravity, merely shows that it is exactly proportional to the inertia of the body acted on, and independent of every-

thing else, for the acceleration produced by gravity in all bodies and every kind of matter is found to be the same, when properly tested—*i.e.*, when disturbing causes are eliminated.

It may be well to put this part of the doctrine in simpler fashion. It means merely that all things fall or tend to fall at the same rate. Many people are unaware that this is so, and are inclined to doubt it, though they can easily make the experiment for themselves. Take a pencil and a coin, or a book and a knife, or a marble and a bit of wood—or indeed any two objects as different as you please—hold them up a little above the head and drop them together. They will fall and strike the ground together. That roughly verifies the law that weight and inertia are proportional to each other, or that weight is proportional to mass.

In trying this experiment you may go out of your way to select things badly, things which are more subject to disturbing causes than others. Ordinarily, and unless you can try the experiment in a vacuum, aerial friction is a disturbing cause; and if one of the things dropped has a lot of surface, like a bit of cotton-wool or a feather or a piece of paper, the fair fall under gravity is plainly interfered with. It will be all right in a vacuum, but in air the spread-out things will be retarded—the undiluted effect of gravity will not be seen.

But, then, this is only natural. Gravity would be interfered with still more if you dropped things under water instead of in air; some things then would not fall at all, but would float. Even in air this happens with extremely light bodies, like a soap-bubble filled with coal-gas, or a hot-air balloon. But we need not thus confuse the issue by purposely introducing disturbing causes. Ordinary solid bodies are not much disturbed; they do not greatly feel the obstruction offered by the atmosphere, unless they are dropped from a great height. At high speeds, aerial resistance becomes quite important. It is this which retards the speed of trains, and which every bicyclist encounters. The resistance experienced will depend upon



the amount of surface exposed to the friction; and as wing-feathers are specially constructed to offer great resistance to moving quickly through the air, it is only natural that feathers and down are among the worst things for tests concerning falling bodies; though, when the perturbing effect of the air is removed, and the experiment tried in a vacuum, the equal fall of a sovereign and a feather is an interesting and striking sight.

In science there are always a multitude of disturbing causes possible, and the art of the experimenter consists in eliminating all those which for the time he does not wish to attend to or be troubled with. In that way the complexity of nature can be lessened, and the abstract or selected statements called *laws* can be formulated, being thus either discovered or verified.

Sometimes they are really arrived at by experiment *de novo*, or dissected out of observations, but more usually they are the result of hypotheses which must be submitted to experimental verification.

People who decry *hypotheses* as a working method in science do not know what they are talking about. When Newton in a celebrated passage wrote concerning a definite case that he was not making hypotheses, but was establishing a proposition, there are people who imagine that he was guilty of the absurdly false statement that hypotheses were things which he never made!

One of the hypotheses which Newton made was that the familiar force of gravity which pulled down apples from a tree might be the very centripetal force which, in his system, was demonstrably necessary, in accordance with the mechanics of Galileo, to regulate and account for the revolution of the moon around the earth. It took him some fourteen years to verify the actual truth of this hypothesis, by quantitative calculation and ascertained agreement with known results; the delay was caused by imperfections in the data then available: the size of the earth was only approximately known. Meanwhile he worked out in extraordinary detail how gravity

would act astronomically if it extended to the heavens and applied to heavenly bodies as it applies to terrestrial ones. Incidentally he succeeded in showing how the mass of the sun, and of any planet which possessed a satellite, could be measured in terms of that of the earth, if gravity were omnipresent—*i.e.*, if universal gravitation were true. On the same principle he discovered theoretically the oblate shape of the earth, though it was a long time before that was verified. He went further and explained for the first time the long-known "Precession of the Equinoxes," and the mysterious mechanism of the tides, all in the same mechanical way. Ultimately, also, he dealt similarly with the perturbations and irregularities of lunar and planetary motion, and a multitude of other things—treating them all with extraordinary, indeed almost superhuman, power.

Ultimately, quantitative verification of his gravitational hypothesis became possible in the case of the moon; and he perceived that ordinary familiar gravity applied universally to all matter and extended throughout the depths of space. The *Principia* could now be written on a firm vantage-ground of fact. But still, anything which confirmed his remaining hypotheses—any experiment which could prove that gravity acted on every kind of matter equally, without regard to anything except its mass, became extremely important, and Newton took pains to verify this fact as exactly as possible by accurately timing the swing of pendulums made of various materials.

Not only is the force of gravity, which we call weight, dependent simply on the mass of a body, without regard to its nature or chemical composition, but it is independent also of its physical state of aggregation. That is to say, a given quantity of matter weighs exactly the same (as nearly as can be ascertained by exact experiment) whether it be in the solid or liquid or gaseous state; whether it be heated or cooled, boiled or frozen; whether it be decomposed or burned, or whatever may be done to it: there seems literally no way of changing the force with which the earth attracts



it, except by either removing it farther from the earth or lowering it down a pit into its interior, in either of which cases the force diminishes in a perfectly simple and easily calculated manner.

The weight of a body diminishes, whether it be taken up above the surface or be lowered beneath it. The latter diminution of weight is because some of the earth's crust is now above the body and pulls it up instead of down. A thing weighs most at the earth's surface. That a body should weigh a little less at the top of a mountain or in a balloon seems obvious enough, but that it should weigh rather less in a coal-pit is not so obvious. It may be thought of as then being outside a smaller earth—an earth with a film of skin virtually removed. For Newton showed that inside the hollow of a uniform concentric spherical shell there would be no force at all, except what might be generated by pieces of matter inside that hollow.

The best-known variation of weight is that caused by carrying a body from pole to equator, for that is equivalent to carrying it a little farther away from the main bulk of earth, because of its oblate shape. At any given place the weight of a given quantity of matter under all conditions is constant.

The constancy of weight at a given place is a fact of vital importance as regards the nature of this universal force. It shows clearly that gravity is a property appertaining to atoms, and not to any molecular aggregation of atoms; and we are beginning to suspect that it applies not only to atoms, but actually to the electrons of which—on one prevalent hypothesis—the atoms are in some sort composed. It certainly seems as if it must belong to the ultimate unit of matter—whatever that is.

If an electron is a knot or strain-center in the ether, then in order to explain gravitation we must assume that the tying of that knot, or the production of that strain—a thing at present entirely beyond our power—sets up an extremely small but absolutely permeating state of strain, extending in every direction to infinity, its intensity varying inversely with the distance from the nucleus or center of force. A state of

strain or tension thus set up, by every ultimate unit of matter in the act of its formation, would account for gravity.

But, then, we have at present no other reason to suppose that such a strain would occur beyond the fact that things do attract one another. There must be some explanation of that fact; and the direction in which many are looking at the present time is to seek what is the real nature of an electron, and how it is related to the unaltered portion of the ether of space. When the nature of an electron is discovered—and it can hardly be doubted that it will some day be discovered, although the problem is very difficult—the fact that its existence involves an attempted rarefaction of extremely small amount in the perfectly unrarefiable and incompressible ether of space may be perceived. At any rate, that is what I, for one, expect. A mere guess or speculation of this kind is of course no explanation, but it indicates the direction toward which some at least are looking for an explanation, when the time is ripe.

Meanwhile it may be interesting to realize how excessively small and residual such an effect need be in order to account for gravitation. The force exerted by one gram of matter on another gram, or, for that matter, by one ton upon another ton, is excessively small. Two ton-masses one yard apart attract each other with a force equal to the weight of one-eighth of a grain. That is an accurate statement, based upon what is known as "the Cavendish experiment," whereby the attraction between a cannon-ball and a bullet was directly measured by suspending the bullet upon a very delicate torsion arm, and after screening it from every kind of disturbing influence—no easy matter—measuring the microscopic shift in its position of equilibrium caused by the neighborhood of the cannon-ball, first on one side and then on the other, no other change of any kind being made.

A determination of this *Newtonian gravitation constant*—i.e., the force with which two known bodies attract each other at a given distance—is also called "weighing the earth"; because that which we ordinarily call "weight" is



really the force of attraction between two such bodies, of which one is the earth. Hence if the force with which a ton attracts a ton is measured and found to be one-eighth of the weight of a grain when the distance between them is a yard; and if the force with which the earth attracts a ton is  $2240 \times 7000 \times 8$  times as much when the distance between them is 4,000 miles—which is the average distance of the bulk of the earth from a body on its surface—it follows that the mass of the earth in tons can readily be calculated. It comes out just about 6,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 tons, the number of naughts being twenty-one.

It is owing to this immense mass that the weight or force with which the earth attracts ordinary pieces of matter is so considerable. The force of attraction of a pound on a pound is small enough—too small to observe without exceeding skill—but the force of attraction when the vastness of a planet is involved may become something tremendous, so that all ordinary forces, like cohesion and the strength of materials, are hard put to it to hold their own.

Much of civil engineering is concerned with successful utilization of and opposition to this great terrestrial attraction. When both masses are of astronomical magnitude the force of mutual attraction is still greater. The mutual pull between earth and moon, for instance—far apart as they are—is equivalent to what we, on the earth's surface, call the "weight" of twenty thousand million million tons; and any steel tie-rod which could stand this load hanging from it would have to be of a preposterous thickness, reckoned in hundreds of miles.

But on the other hand the force with which a pound of lead attracts a pound of iron or of clay or anything, at a distance of a yard, is only the forty-millionth part of the weight of a grain. If one of these pound-masses were fixed and the other left absolutely free to fall toward it, under the influence of their mutual attraction and subject to no other force whatever—which would be a difficult experiment to carry out by reason of the multitude of disturbing causes—the time taken to travel over the yard

which separates them would be six and a half hours; whereas under the attraction of the earth the same distance is traversed from rest in about half a second.

But although so different in magnitude—more different than the muscular pulls of a cheese-mite and an elephant—the force and the motion in the two cases are essentially the same, and are due to the identical kind of cause.

Moreover, if the distance were divided up, and the movement examined from instant to instant, all the essential details of the motion in the two cases would be found the same. Whatever distance was traveled in the first instant, three times that distance would be traveled in the next, five times in the next, seven times in the next, and so on.

The readiest way to observe this, in the case of the earth's gravitation, is to arrange so that only a fraction of the weight is effective—which can be done by many kinds of mechanical device, the simplest of which is an inclined plane. Mark off, therefore, successive distances, 1, 3, 5, 7, etc., by pegs on a long gently inclined plane or groove, and roll a billiard-ball down it. Then with some care adjust a metronome to tick as each peg is passed, allowing the ball to start exactly at one of the ticks. The times of travel over the increasing intervals will be exactly the same. It is quite a nice experiment, and, if carefully performed, gives good results; and it can be used by a teacher to initiate a junior class into some idea of the law and order which is so universal throughout nature, but which superficial observation is apt to miss.

Attempts to explain or discover the cause of gravitation have been numerous, and, while most of them are worthless, a few are ingenious and some important.

The best known is that of Le Sage, of Geneva, published in 1818, wherein gravity is supposed to be explained by a bombardment of extravagantly minute corpuscles rushing through space and battering masses together.

It may seem strange that such a hypothesis can possibly account for the apparent attraction of bodies; but it



does, up to a certain point. It gives the law of inverse square and corresponds with other facts, but the difficulty is to show that the force would be proportional to the *mass* of the body and independent of its state of aggregation. Indeed, on this theory it would seem plausible that a flat body exposed edge-ways to the stream should be differently affected from one exposing its full face; so that a plate on its edge might be expected to weigh less than when it lies flat—a thing never yet observed, nor likely to be observed, however precisely the weighing is done.

It is just the way in which *screening* has to be worked out which constitutes the weak point of this theory. Bodies *must* screen one another to some extent in order to be beaten together by the bombardment of their exposed sides; but on the other hand, bodies must screen one another *very little*, else other bodies in their neighborhood or between them would not be acted on, for they would be in a gravity shadow. A gravity shadow, so far as we know, is non-existent—so all observation shows—and yet there must be screening enough to explain mutual attraction. This is a fundamental difficulty, only partially surmounted by the admitted extreme porosity of matter to small enough corpuscles; and it seems fatal to every modification of Le Sage's theory, such as the one urged by Mr. S. Tolver Preston on a basis of the kinetic theory of gases, with the assumption of a special gravity gas, having particles of long free path rushing in all directions.

To show how strenuously the difficulty of explaining gravity has been felt by natural philosophers, how urgent the need was for some explanation, and to what strange lengths they have been prepared to go in order to get a clue, we may instance Lord Kelvin's theory, wherein he showed that if material bodies were immersed in an ocean of incompressible fluid, which fluid they kept on generating and emitting at a steady rate dependent on their mass, the surplus constantly flowing off to infinity; or, conversely, if they were always absorbing and annihilating a similar fluid which was continually being supplied from infinity for their consump-

tion—then, in either of these cases they would be attracted toward one another with a force varying inversely as the square of the distance; whereas if one body generated and another absorbed the fluid, they would repel one another. That seems to come out all right: but then it cannot be said that creation and annihilation of fluid is a legitimate physical conception.

Another attempt which has attracted a good deal of attention, and which is, on the face of it, more plausible, seeks to explain gravitation by waves in a medium. Robert Hooke, living in the Newtonian period, initiated this idea, because he found that bodies floating on the surface of water were gradually drawn toward a wave-center of disturbance. Many experimenters have noticed that a tuning-fork in vibration can attract pieces of paper. Lord Kelvin has investigated this also and has shown generally that wherever the motion of a fluid is greatest there the pressure is least. This may be regarded as a natural consequence of the conservation of energy; for if kinetic energy goes up in value, potential energy must go down. The law holds manifestly in the case of water or air rushing along a pipe of varying bore. At the narrow places, where the stream is rapid, the lateral pressure is less than in the wide places where the stream is sluggish—just the opposite of what might popularly be expected. (In flowing from a narrow to a wide bore the stream has often to flow against the pressure.) Carrying this to extremes, we get the means of producing a partial vacuum by a jet of air and so sucking up water. This device is applied in the ordinary spray-producer, as well as by steam engineers in Giffard's injector. In illustration of this action it will be found that blowing vigorously with the mouth quite close to a flat piece of paper tends to lift or attract the paper or make it adhere to the mouth. Blowing through a tube ending in a flat disk, something like a stethoscope, shows the effect much better. Any one who protrudes the lips and tries to blow away a piece of paper held lightly against them will fail, until the distance is allowed to become great enough for the impetus of the wind to overcome the diminished



pressure. There is a vibratory theory of gravitation extant, therefore; and it is sometimes illustrated experimentally by small hollow chambers, like elastic capsules, immersed in water and kept rapidly pulsating by means of tubes connected with a rapidly alternating pump.

But to me it appears that *vibration* is not a sufficiently fundamental and unalterable property of matter to constitute a likely explanation of so extraordinarily fixed and permanent an effect as gravitation: that must surely depend on something constitutional and deeply imbedded in the very existence of the ultimate unit of matter.

So we are driven back to the idea of a tension in the ether, set up at the moment when an electron came into existence! But how an electron can be brought into existence, or what an electron is, we do not know, though we may not always remain ignorant. Newton himself, however, perceived that such a tension—if it could be deduced as an inseparable consequence of matter, or if its existence could be otherwise demonstrated—would do what was wanted. For in his "Optical Queries"—those interesting suggestions in the interrogative form which are appended to editions of his *Optics* issued late in life—he shows that if the pressure of this medium is less in the neighborhood of dense bodies than at great distances from them, dense bodies will be drawn toward one another; and that if the diminution of pressure is inversely as the distance from the dense body, the law will be that of gravitation. "The next step, as he points out, is to account for this inequality of pressure in the medium; and as he was not able to do this, he left the explanation of the cause of gravity as a problem to succeeding ages." So says Clerk-Maxwell.

The problem is just as biting now as it was when that was written, and perhaps its difficulty is intensified rather than alleviated by the enormously stronger electric attractions and repulsions which are now known to occur between electrons and between electrically charged atoms—the latter being the forces of chemical affinity. For between the smallest material units the electric

attraction is, so to speak, infinitely stronger than any gravitation attraction; we are not really sure that *electrons* gravitate at all. Their gravitation, if it exists—as I think it probably does—must be the merest residue, some irreducible minimum which characterizes all without regard to sign.

It is singular that there is no known gravitational *repulsion*, that it is all attraction: that there is not a principle of "levity" as well as a principle of "gravity"! Some have surmised that in the course of ages all the matter which *repelled* our kind has absented itself and gone into the uttermost parts of infinity. But surely some might have been mechanically entangled or entrapped for our edification. Most likely, however, no such general repulsion exists. Electrical repulsion exists, of course—an electrostatic force depending on the first power of electrostatic charge and therefore depending on the sign of that charge—but in addition to this large effect there may be a minute residue or surplus depending on some even power of the charge, a residue excessively, hopelessly minute.

We can reckon that the gravitational force between two *electrons*, at any distance apart, is to their electrical attraction or repulsion at the same distance in the ratio of 1 to 1,000,000,000,000,000, the numbers of ciphers in the denominator of this fraction being fifteen. Yet if such an almost infinitesimal but unalterable uniform constant residue of stress should ever be shown to be produced in the ether by the very existence of the singularity in it which we call an electron—or whatever the unit of matter may turn out to be—then the whole business of astronomy can be worked, and the gigantic forces between sun and planets will be accounted for. For electrical forces, however relatively enormous, cancel out in the aggregate because they are of opposite sign; but the ridiculously small gravitational residue goes on piling itself up—nothing interfering with it or diminishing any part of it—until the mutual force of planetary gravitational attraction becomes millions of millions of tons.



# Stranlagh of the Gold Coast

BY G. B. LANCASTER



STRANLAGH stood on the snow plateau — a big, burly figure in knickerbockers, white jersey, and cap — and watched a half-dozen men and women detach themselves, one by one, from the belt of pines above him and shoot down the wide slope of the Eikelshorn on the long, graceful ski. He watched with eyes narrowed and his hard, wind-burned face eager; and then, as a wild-haired boy arrived at his feet in a smother of snow, he demanded, sharply:

“Where’s your sister, Godfrey?”

The boy picked himself up, shook the clinging snow from head and neck, and examined his left ski.

“Sprung again,” he said, in disgust. “Just my luck. What? Is it Hilary? She is coming down the path. Sprung, too, I think. . . . or she ricked her ankle. No, it isn’t bad; she said she didn’t want any help.”

Stranlagh unstrapped his ski with quick hands, thrust them upright in the snow, and turned into the steep path with the short, straight step born of much walking through African jungles. Seven years on the Gold Coast had not left him with much grace of manner, nor much knowledge of the softer side of life. Fever; daily battle against the grosser passions, against ignorance, loneliness, and that insidious system of corruption which prevails among native officials — all this had developed the ruler in him, and something of the brute. He knew women and love by books, chiefly — and by the native lives under his hand. He knew men as beings made to grapple as best they might and as best they chose with an unclean savagery and a yet more unclean civilization; and he had brought to these winter sports among the Swiss mountains very much the same indifference to the personal and the same attention to detail which had given him his

commissionership at the hands of a discerning government.

In all Stranlagh’s life there had seemed leisure for neither amusement nor sentiment; but at this time he was setting himself steadily to the learning of both, in full knowledge that another two months would see him back at Accra with all the old joys and the old torments awaiting him. A new one would be added by then, and only Hilary Clephane could tell him if it was going to be joy or torment. And he had not asked her yet. For some time Stranlagh had understood that to dance and skate and ski with Hilary was not at all the same thing as to go through those movements with any of the other girls who crowded the toboggan-runs and the rink and the skiing-grounds; and, being rigid in the grain, and with no knowledge of that passion which shakes a man to his foundation, he believed that he loved the girl. But, in truth, Stranlagh, District Commissioner of the Gold Coast, was as yet the lover of duty only, and of a plain English honor upheld in a savage land.

His way lay straight up through the pine-forest, indigo now in shadow, and rust-red where the dying sun smote it. The tang of resin was clean and strong round him, and through the crystal stillness quivered the faint tinkle of sledge-bells far below in the valley. The sharp air heated his blood and quickened the natural virility in him; and so he went to meet the one woman, treading blind and blundering into his fate as nine men out of ten will do.

Where a dead pine jutted over the track he saw her — small and tired, and dragging her ski behind her, but she laughed as he took them from her roughly.

“Haven’t you any sense, Miss Clephane?” he said. “You’re as lame as a cat.”

“Please say ‘a kitten,’” she pleaded. “And don’t look so cross.”



"Why didn't you make Godfrey help you? How did you hurt yourself? Is it painful? You must take my arm. . . ."

A note of possession which he did not know was there made the girl draw back with a quick pucker between her white brows.

"Not for worlds," she said. "Alone I did it and alone I'll pay the cost. That is the kind of ethics you're always teaching me. But you can carry my ski."

Stranlagh looked down on her, biting his lips. Her small, brilliant face was paler than usual, and the dark, deep-lashed eyes showed pain.

"Will you take my arm?" he said, again. "If not I shall carry you as well as the ski."

She made a little grimace and put her gloved hand on the jersey sleeve. "You have the most gracefully persuasive manner of any one I know," she said. "Do men ever disobey you, Mr. Stranlagh?"

"Not often; and not generally twice—except one man."

His tone changed, and her face with it; for she received impressions with a marvelous quickness, and through these brief weeks of friendship Stranlagh had admitted her somewhat fully into that arena of struggle and punishment which interpreted life to him. Grim stories he had told her, with a merciless directness which a man seldom uses to a girl; and it said much for Stranlagh's innate honesty that not even red parted lips and wide sweet eyes could make him paint himself a bigger man than he was.

"Tell me about that man," she said. "He was somebody special, wasn't he?"

"Yes; a forestry officer and a friend of mine—once. I gave him a horse-whipping out in the bush just before I left, and I fancy he'll finish me off when I get back, if he can. They've given me another year in the same district."

"Finish you. . . . Do you mean that he would kill you?"

"Well—men disappear occasionally, you know; especially in that wild country up the Volta. I brought it on myself, of course, for I nearly killed him. I have more than once wished that I had. Some men ought to be wiped off the earth. They pollute it. Miss Clephane, you'll catch cold if you stand still."

His tone had been indifferent, except in the last words.

"Oh . . . why do you never talk like an ordinary man? You—you always sound as if you were a bit of the Old Testament, somehow."

Stranlagh laughed, but his eyes had hardened. "There is a good deal of the Old Testament along the Gold Coast," he admitted, "but I'm sorry I spoke of it. I forgot I was talking to a girl. We don't talk to many out there, you see. And we so often get down to bed-rock that I'm afraid it makes us brutal. I have been brutal now. I'm sorry. Forgive me."

He took her arm, felt the trembling of it, and stooped to peer into her white face. "Good Lord!" he said. "What is it? What have I done? Hilary, . . . have I frightened you as much as all that? Hilary . . ."

He put his hand on her shoulder, and the soft slimness of it fired him. She winced from his voice and touch; and then his grip tightened on her, and in a moment the Stranlagh whom men knew as impregnable in his fortress of justice and discipline was gone before a wave of overmastering passion which almost swept him off his feet. His words came in a burst—stammering, fierce, pleading; his breath was close against her forehead, and in the shadows under the pine-trees his dark, rugged face was a thing that terrified her. She flung up her arm to ward him off.

"Don't . . . oh, please don't," she cried. "I'm sorry. Oh, I'm sorry."

"Sorry?" He brushed her words aside. "No. You have no cause to be sorry. I love you . . . love you . . . love you! And you shall love me. I'll teach you, I'll teach you! Hilary, you don't know what love is. It can do anything. It can make the whole world go as a man wants—"

"Oh, I know." Her voice was muffled. "Men always think that when they love. You are all dynamiters by nature, and I might have known . . . but I didn't, and I am sorry . . . sorry. You seemed so much older, so wrapped up in your work. Mr. Stranlagh . . . please, Mr. Stranlagh, forget this and let us be friends."

"Friends?" he said. "When I love





*Drawn by W. Hatherell, R. I.*

Engraved by F. A. Pettit

"DO MEN EVER DISOBEY YOU, MR STRANLAGH?"







you? Friends? No! I can't be friends with you any more. I—God! It won't go into words, but I love you! Do you hear? *I love you!* Wait till I kiss you and you'll know!"

His arm came closely round her shoulders and he pulled her hands from before her face. And then, when he believed that nothing in heaven or hell could have come between her lips and his, her steady words held him back.

"I do know it," she said. "You have done me high honor, Mr. Stranlagh, and you must not spoil it now. Take me home, for I am tired and my foot aches, and to-night you may speak to me again."

He did not answer, nor did he loose her. And the tears were in her voice when she spoke again, for well she knew what she had done to him.

"Mr. Stranlagh, will you please help me home? I am so tired."

He stepped back slowly and there was a sharp moment of tension. Then he offered his arm. "If you don't mind," he said, and his voice was low. "There are so many roots to stumble on along this track."

Her light hand fell on his arm instantly, and Stranlagh set his lips, resisting the desire to crush it against him. And together they went back; down the dark, winding path where frost was already spreading its slippery film; across the little valley sunk in the translucent blue of evening, and up the narrow village street where lighted shops filled with carven Christs and brown bears and *zwerge* attracted the gay crowds coming back from the toboggan-runs.

Stranlagh never cared to look back on that walk. Love of women had hitherto been to him a meaningless formula used by other men; but now love had leaped on him as a live thing, a blazing fire fed with the fuel of many empty and strenuous years. The long lashes lying on the girlish cheeks; the slim outline in the close-fitting jersey costume; the quiver in her young voice as she spoke—all these things meant to Stranlagh now something beyond interpretation, so that the sweat was on his forehead and his face was stiff with repression when he left her in the lighted corridor at the

hotel and locked himself in his room. And here he tried to face that which this last hour had done to him—to him, big John Stranlagh, with his level head and his keen common-sense and his disgust at the weaknesses of other men.

"... but she's so little," he said, helplessly. "It would have crushed her if I had—held her—as I—" With a groan he gripped his arms together over his breast and walked through the room, fighting to regain his lost poise.

"It happens to us all, I suppose," he found himself saying. "We can't escape. It is just a madness—a drunkenness. I shall get over it. Even if she does not care, I shall get over it. This happens to us all."

But casuistry was of little help to him now, and when he followed Hilary into the lounge after dinner his hard face was drawn and dark. "I have brought some photographs to show you," he said. "Will you come into the drawing-room? They are going to dance directly, and the musicians will be in here."

She shook her head, and under the dark mist of her hair and against her white shoulders her rich color seemed to have paled. In the close yellow draperies she gave Stranlagh the impression of a flower folded into its sheath, and he looked down at her with the pulses hammering in his temples.

"I have ordered my coffee in here," she said. "I don't mind the German band, for it is really Swiss, you know."

"You are afraid of me," he said, sharply.

"I think I am—a little. . . . Are these the photographs?"

She spread them on her silken lap, and took the coffee the waiter brought. Stranlagh ordered some for himself, and then he sat still, seeking words that would not come. What could he say to her here, where people were passing and the long-haired orchestra was already tuning up? What cruelty made her keep him here? Cruelty . . . or was it fear? He sickened suddenly, and his eyes went blind with shame and misery. How was he to humble himself to her? How was he to make her understand? And then he heard her speaking—softly, but very distinctly.

"Perhaps it would have been better



to tell you up on the plateau," she said, "but . . . I couldn't. I am more sorry than I can say about this, Mr. Stranlagh. I like you so much, and . . . I have hurt you so much. No; wait till I have finished. I can never give you what you ask, Mr. Stranlagh, because there is some one else."

There was a little silence. The fair Swiss waiter brought coffee, and Stranlagh took four lumps—he heard himself counting them. Laughter came from the big room beyond where the men were taking their partners. Stranlagh said, slowly:

"Would you mind repeating that? I am not sure that I heard."

"There is—another man. We have loved each other ever since I was a little girl, but he will not be officially engaged until he has a better position. He is on the Gold Coast, too. Perhaps you may even have met him, though I have not heard you speak of him. But that is why I have liked to talk to you so much, and why, when you spoke of men disappearing, I was so afraid—for him. I am being very frank and very cruel to you, but it is best. I think you would sooner have it straight out. You are not a coward."

She stopped with her breath shortened, and she did not look at him. Across the lounge the string band was now playing a wild waltz, and figures swayed in couples past the distant open door. Stranlagh sat silent, staring at the floor. He had known that he might have to meet this. He told himself that he had known he might, but the words conveyed no sense.

"Another man," said his brain, slowly. "Another man."

And then the primal instinct of possession and conquest shouted suddenly that there could be no other man. His fingers twitched and his nostrils widened slightly, like those of an animal scenting blood. There should be no other man! He raised his head sharply, and the swollen veins in his temples and the light in his eyes sent a shiver running through the girl's body. She caught up the photographs hurriedly.

"Oh, tell me about these," she said. "What a dear little black baby! And are all the West African villages like this

one? . . . Oh! You have Harry here! You have! And you never told me you knew him!"

Stranlagh looked stupidly at the handsome, impudent face grinning out of the photograph.

"Yes," he said, after a pause, "I told you about him . . . the forestry officer I horsewhipped."

She dropped the handful scattering on the floor, and her eyes flamed at him out of a white face. "That," she cried, "is the man I love—the man I am going to marry!"

If passionate pride and tenderness could have crowned her lover at that moment, her words would have done it. Stranlagh's eyes met hers; blankly at first, and then with a something in them which she did not understand—never could have understood. They seemed to bore into her, those eyes, with their terrible intensity. Then they left hers abruptly, and Stranlagh got up and walked down the lounge in silence.

She looked after him, numb and white-faced; seeing the burly brute strength of his shoulders under the well-made coat, the dogged set of the head on the thick neck, the big, clenched hand burned almost to blackness by rough work and exposure. There was scarcely any sensation in her at this moment, but dimly she knew that the very demon of evil had hold of the man who walked down the empty lounge to the door beyond which the dancers whirled, and then turned and came back to her. He came slowly, pulled up his chair, and sat down again, and she did not look at him. But she shivered as she waited for him to speak.

"I don't know how to say it to you," he said at last, and his voice was strange. "I don't see what I can say without making you—suspect me. You must not marry Yorke, Miss Clephane. Any one who knows him well would tell you that."

"Oh, be a man!" she said, very low. "Because you hate him, and because you think he may . . . hurt you for what you have done to him . . . don't take advantage of the fact that he is not here and traduce him to me."

"I knew you would think that," he said, slowly. "It is not the truth, Miss Clephane. I am not saying this because



of what I have discovered you to be to me. I am saying it because I know the man."

He stopped, breathing unevenly. She knew that she was in the presence of a torture and a self-control infinitely greater than she could comprehend, and her flesh chilled. But indignation and love rose up in her.

"And do you think I don't know him?" she said. "Do you think that your words can mean anything to me—you who own that you have—have insulted him? Physically you may be stronger than he is—I suppose you are—but mentally! Oh, you coward! You hate him, and you want me, and so you stoop to this!"

Her cheeks flamed now, and her eyes shone. Stranlagh watched her steadily. This very passion for her lover made her even more lovely, more desirable. But pity and horror had quenched self in him for the time.

"You are mistaken," he said. "I can't give you particulars about this, but if you wish I will give them to Godfrey. He may be able to convince you."

"You are afraid to tell me a lie, but you would tell it to Godfrey. He is young enough to be easily persuaded! Oh, you are clever, Mr. Stranlagh! And you are brave!"

She bit her lips, struggling against burning tears, and Stranlagh stood up.

"Come into the drawing-room," he said, abruptly. "We must get to the end of this, and there will be a crowd in here directly."

The music had stopped, and in the next room he shut the door and turned to her; and the hard mask of his face was white and the hair on his temples was wet.

"I think you have got some of the qualities of a man," he said. "You expect a voucher for the truth of this. I can't give it to you. I must ask you to believe me without it, and I know that I am asking much. Yorke has not been on the Gold Coast very long, Miss Clephane; but I have seen him rather often, and I have seen his deterioration—and I have heard of it. He is a fairly good officer—when his pleasures give him time for his work."

They faced each other; the girl wide-

eyed, with parted lips, and the man repressed into a merciless quiet.

"You mean that others besides yourself speak evil of him?"

"Yes."

"I do not believe it. I shall never believe it. I love him. If he came to me—here—now—do you think that anything you could do or say would keep me from him? I tell you that nothing could. Nothing in all the world! Nothing!"

Stranlagh looked at her with his lips drawn in, and between his narrowed lids showed appreciation of her spirit and something of the temper which made him feared along the coast.

"Then there is just this to say," he said. "Yorke shall not marry you if I can help it."

"What do you mean?"

"Just that. Yorke shall not marry you if I can help it."

"Do you still expect to marry me yourself?"

His face attested to the thrust for a moment. "No," he said, shortly.

"Then you would kill him, perhaps?" Her lip lifted over her white teeth in a fine scorn.

"I may have to—in self-defense. But I can arrange something, I think. His character and his position won't stand against mine out there, Miss Clephane."

He had no more thought of sparing her than of sparing himself. Remembering three days spent in the rains with Yorke in a little native village near Angomeda, it did not seem possible that he should spare her. His face may have shown it, for suddenly her courage failed, and she flung out her hands to him.

"You don't understand," she said, piteously. "I have loved him all my life. You think you know what love is, but you can't. Three weeks ago you had never seen me, and I loved Harry when I was a little girl . . . oh, just a little girl, and he was good to me. I want him every day of my life, you know. I don't think you could wish to keep him away from me if you understood that. You couldn't, could you? I—I suppose you quarreled about something, and—and you know he will pay you back now. But you are so much



older than he, and so strong. You—you couldn't revenge yourself on him just because I can't love you . . . could you? A man wouldn't ever do that."

The round, girlish face and neck seemed to have thinned, and the tears ran down her face. "Tell me that you won't ever do anything to him," she pleaded.

"I can't tell you that."

Stranlagh's voice was harsh, and his eyes were turned from her.

"You *must* tell me. Oh! . . . how do you think I could live without him, now?"

"I can't. Miss Clephane, a little pain is better than a lifetime of it. You would have a lifetime of it with Yorke, and I mean to prevent that if I can. Other fellows would tell me that it is no business of mine. I can't help that. I only know that I will keep him away from you if I can."

His words were rough and blunt. He did not move or look at her. And she put her hands on his shoulders, not knowing the forces with which she played.

"You couldn't," she said, again. "Ah, you couldn't be so cruel to me. Promise that you won't. What can I do to make you promise? You can—can kiss me if you like. You can put your arms round me as you wanted to this afternoon. I will let you do that if you will be good to Harry—and to me."

Her palms were soft against his neck, against his ears. She leaned to him, with her brave soul in the eyes deep with tears and the color flooding her up-turned face. Stranlagh stood still. The trip-hammer pulses were beating in his brain again and a wild devil was leaping along his blood. Suddenly he moved, taking her by the shoulders and drawing her near him. She did not resist, and the faint scent from her cloudy hair and her clothes dizzied him. He drew her nearer, feeling the chill of her flesh under his hands. His throat seemed closed and his eyes blind, and those trip-hammer pulses beat—beat. Then he loosed her so suddenly that she staggered, and walked away down the room with his head bent and his hands twitching.

She dropped sideways into a chair and

lay there, with her head down on the arm of it, and presently he came back, looking at her with the mask over his face again.

"Are you going to faint?" he said. "Women always do that when they cannot get what they want, don't they?" Then he stooped lower, but he did not touch her. "Hilary," he said, "I am interfering in what most men would say is no affair of mine, but you are not going to desecrate yourself if I can prevent it. Won't you believe me when I say that I know more of the world than you do?"

"I love him," she said, half-suffocated. "I can't believe harm of him. I can't."

"That ends it, I fancy," said Stranlagh, and stood up. "I think I had better not say any more."

"No!" She sprang up, facing him with her last spurt of power. "If anything happens to him you shall not go free. I will—will—"

"What?" he said, and his lips twisted to a half-smile.

"I will tell every one that you threatened him because—"

He looked at her steadily, knowing this for his last leave-taking and seeing with a curious distinctness the delicate pink oval of her nails and the flutter of her breast where some red winter roses touched the white.

"Miss Clephane," he said, "you are very young, and you will get over this. You have plenty of courage and . . . you are very young, and youth is the best doctor of all. I—I—" he hesitated and stammered. "Oh, forget us both as soon as you can," he said. "That's the only thing for you to do."

He turned, and she held out her hands with a little inarticulate cry. The blood ran up his drawn face, and he made one step back. Then he shook his head and went out quickly.

"When massa no stop man die. Man die. When massa no stop man die-e."

Such chants from his negro carriers were of common occurrence to Stranlagh when he was on tour, and he tramped on up the road in a bleak indifference, with his blue-striped shirt open at the throat and the mud of the last river-crossing





*Drawn by W. Hatherell, R. I.*

Engraved by Nelson Demarest

"I CAN NEVER GIVE YOU WHAT YOU' ASK BECAUSE THERE IS SOME ONE ELSE"







still wet on his riding-breeches. Up in the high tops a faint breeze moved, breaking and knitting up the pencils of light that slid down into the hot shadows where cable-thick lianas laced oil-palm to silk-cotton-tree and acacia to a thousand others. Ahead the road narrowed far off to a wedge of golden light, and the hammock boys zigzagged back and forth in it, waiting until it should please massa to be toted again. Behind trailed the carriers—some twenty men and women, and a few children—bearing Stranlagh's bath, his roll of bedding, his chop-box, uniform-case, rifle, cartridges, and all the other things which are necessary when a white man travels through the forest in West Africa.

And in between walked the white man—silent, alone, omnipotent—the embodiment of British prestige in a savage land, and, at this moment, as weak in spirit as the smallest baby carried under its mother's arm behind him. Stranlagh had been back at his work for two months, and there was very nearly a year of its monotonous routine before him. Until now he had neither loved nor hated that routine. It was his duty, and he had performed it with a conscientious impersonality which took no great toll of either mind or body. Occasionally in the past he had been moved to deep feeling, as when he thrashed Yorke, and when he made a forced march in the rains to rescue a man from the fetish priests. But—and this was the vital point with Stranlagh—he had hitherto lived as an official more than as a man. Now, in these last months, he was living as a man only. He had looked on the one woman and she had found favor in his eyes, and then the sword had come between, turning him back to walk his track through the world alone.

It was very still here, in this funnel of the forest sprinkled with yellow light, and it was unbelievably hot. Occasionally a small monkey swung noiselessly through the branches to disappear in some deeper covert; occasionally a parrot screamed sharply or a bird-chatter rang out and stopped. But through the hours the monotonous hum of insects and the padding of naked feet in the dust and the slow intoned chant of the carriers seemed only a part of the intense

hush of an ancient and nerveless world. Now and again a thick mouse-like smell told Stranlagh where the great fruit-eating bats were hung up in some leafy shade, waiting for the night, and many times the strange, sensuous odor from a hidden orchid clouded his brain as if with incense or the scent from a woman's hair.

That scent wound itself in with Stranlagh's thoughts—with his life. A woman's hair in dark, misty masses; a young white throat, deep eyes. . . . Stranlagh saw them on the walls of bare rest-houses of nights now, and in the flecks of light on a dark pool, and in the silver clouds of a full-moon sky. Such things are not good for a lonely man in a West African forest to think about, especially when he has a touch of fever on him and an insistent devil whispering in his ear. Stranlagh knew this, yet he did not curb himself. He did not try to. There was nothing with which he cared to fill the silent hours but love for the woman and hate for the man. Yorke—did ever man hate man before as he loathed and hatred Yorke? Many times the man-face shaped itself in his mind beside the girl-face: idly amused, good-looking, as women count such things; but, to one who knew, instinct with a hidden foulness.

Stranlagh shut his fist in a blind desire to crash it into that mocking face; and he did not realize that, day by day, the man primeval was stirring in him, shaking off the bonds of centuries, blinking with the intense little eyes of instinct out of all the painful teaching and dogmatism of a race. Stranlagh wanted to kill. He wanted to fight for the woman; not in the veiled words of an effete civilization, but with the fist and with trampling feet and a grip on the choking windpipe. His teeth drew back from his lips as he thought of it; his shoulders drooped, and his great hands gripped. He walked more stealthily, with narrowed eyes glancing left and right, as the big white baboons walk on the haunted hills of the Krobo. He was primeval man again; conquered by his passions of love and hate; one with the cruel age-old forest about him. He was strong—strong! How Yorke had cried out under his horsewhipping! There had



been blood on the fellow's neck when he let him up: blood, like the blood Yorke himself had. . . . Still he walked on in silence and let his mind tread back through the centuries again.

The tunnel opened sharply to scattered orchard bush with distant hills humping against a fading sky. Night came fast, turning to ink-black the pools in the coarse grass. Isolated trees took strange shapes with reaching arms and nodding heads; night-birds began to call, and black patches of forest on the higher ground silvered under a rising moon. The great bats sheered by, wailing like unhappy women, and at some far-off pool a leopard was crying—crying insistently. All the winnowed-out evil and injustice and sin through which man has striven to carve his path belong to an African night—with the Redemption left out of it. Stranlagh forgot the exquisite wonder of that selflessness and purity and struggle by which through all the ages a handful of the sons of men have won their rightful title of sons of God. He forgot the reason for pain, for temptation. Through the hours he knew only that the breath of one woman on his cheek, the touch of one woman's hands on his neck, had brought to life in him something which not even death could kill. He knew that he would very shortly meet the man who could take those hands and that young gracious self of her and do what he chose with them. And he knew, too, what Yorke would choose to do.

The night dripped with heat, and the bodies of the hammock-boys glanced in the white light. Little red and yellow gleams from cooking fires sprang out of the shadows ahead; a pig scurried away with squeaks of terror, and beside the long, whitewashed wall of a compound dogs were barking. Past the palm-thatched huts built of swish, and past the black occupants with their eager greetings, the hammock-boys trotted up to a verandaed house raised on stilts, and halted at the steps. Stranlagh got out wearily. He knew these rest-houses, with their empty silences and their scanty furniture that was but a travesty of home-comforts. He turned into the front room and his orderly pattered after him distressfully.

"Oder massa go sit down bungalow first," he announced.

"No matter. I take next room." Then he turned on the threshold. "What name other massa?" he asked.

Keta interrogated the Kroo-boy who was setting out the other man's bed and bath.

"Him name Massa Yorke. . . . Forestry," he said, and dived down the veranda steps to hurl his wrath at the lagging carriers.

Stranlagh had his meal out on the veranda, and then he lit his pipe and sat still, waiting for Yorke to come up from the village. The shrill chatter and scuffling with which the carriers and his special boys had prepared his room for the night lessened and faded into an absolute silence with their departure to seek for quarters in the nearest compound. The rest-house stood apart where the march of the forest was stopped by a little plain, now sharply black and silver in moonlight, and the one sound in a hush that seemed to fill the world came from a night-bird saying "hoo, hoo, hoo," all on one note, somewhere back among the trees. The stark mystery and dread of the African night was abroad, held back a little round the white man by a kerosene-lamp placed on the table by his elbow, and making him a mark for any one who should come to the veranda-end with noiseless feet. Stranlagh thought of this suddenly and blew the light out. And then he went on smoking.

It did not seem to him strange that he should meet Yorke here. This week, or next week—it was all one. He was to meet him sometime, and that would be the beginning and the end of it. His brain told him that it would be necessary to bully Yorke, buy him off, make him false promises, fill him with drink and take him out in the sun. Any one way of these might do, but his blood told him that he probably would not use any of them. He sat quite still; and his hands were cold with the chill of the fever and his head was very hot, and he waited for the sound of feet over the creaking boards.

It came at last, quick and uncertain, and in the sharp-cut moonlight Yorke



stood and looked down on him. Stranlagh did not move. He met those blue, blood-shot eyes in silence, and presently Yorke laughed a little.

"They told me you were here," he said. "I thought you'd wait up for me."

Stranlagh did not move. Spawn of the primeval or product of this latter-day civilization—which was he? He did not know, and perhaps there is not so much difference as men like to pretend. Yorke spoke again.

"You thought you'd queer me with my girl, did you?" he said. "You were not smart enough, Stranlagh. She sticks to me!"

Stranlagh's chair fell over as he lifted his big body slowly. In some way he had not expected this, had not dreamed that Hilary, in her young fear and love and indignation, would fling his inner agony down before the feet of this man.

"You were hard put to it when you tried to shame me to her," said Yorke, and his words bit with the hate in them. "Was that—thrashing—quite the thing a decent man would talk about—to her?"

"I told her before I knew it was you," said Stranlagh, goaded at last.

"That's a lie. You told her because it was part of the way you chose to revenge yourself on a girl who repulsed your advances. She told me that you tried to kiss her."

Stranlagh made an animal noise in his throat. His big body began to stoop a little at the shoulders, and the fever that flushed his veins seemed to be turning the white night red. He would not ask if she had told of what came after, but he longed to know as he had never longed even for her touch.

"I could have shot you from the steps," said Yorke, "but I didn't want to. I get my leave next week, and I'm going home—home to marry Hilary. She's a sweet, soft little bit of goods, isn't she?"

For two hours Yorke had been drinking spirits and chewing kola-nut with

the chief; and he was no longer a white man responsible for the badge he wore, but a beast stripped to his natural bestiality. At any other time Stranlagh would have known this, but he could not know it now. The smell and the blood-taint of this African forest, the fever in him and the hate, the taunting words. Again the inarticulate noise sounded in his throat, and he moved, circling so as to get the other man into the light.

There was a silence, with both men breathing fast and unevenly. Out of the distance rang again the cry of the leopard, a desolate, animal cry, and on the veranda the two who had won through generations of pain and expiation to the dignity of immortality faced each other with the eternal problem between them.

Yorke dared not move; dared not draw attention to himself; and still round the eaves of the veranda the big bats were wailing, and still back in the bushes the night-bird cried, "hoo, hoo."

"In the name of God . . . and the Son . . ." said Stranlagh, solemnly. And then he whipped his great body round with teeth bared and eyes lit, and Yorke, turning to flee, went down as before the rush of a battering-ram. Together they rolled, gripped and silent, and above them the delicate black tracery of the leaves moved in the silver light, and from the bushes the bird cried, "hoo, hoo, hoo," and the faint scent of orchids among the vines was like the scent of a woman's hair.

Yorke struggled free at last, and lay gasping his breath back. Then he crawled on hands and knees to Stranlagh's side, and stared long into the tortured face upturned to the white light. And after that he closed the eyes and straightened the limbs and went down the veranda to his room, falling on the bed in the inertness of utter exhaustion.

"Fever and sunstroke," he said. "There won't be any trouble. His heart wasn't strong enough. And I go home . . . next week . . ."





# Shall We Standardize Our Diplomatic Service?

BY DAVID JAYNE HILL

Former United States Ambassador to Germany



It was on a chilly night in November, just preceding the opening of Congress, when the scattered Senators and Representatives were beginning to assemble for the coming session, that a little group of men, some of whom will seem like old friends to the readers of this magazine, formed a half-circle in front of an open fire in a certain club in Washington.

They were four in number: a venerable gentleman known as a distinguished jurist, a young Senator from a far-Western State, a Representative of national reputation from the Middle West, and a professor from a Southern university.

"I have asked Count Brysterand," observed the Representative, "to join us this evening to continue a conversation the Judge and I had with him not long ago. As the result of some things he said upon that occasion, I resolved to prepare a bill for the coming session of Congress on the standardization of our diplomatic service. The Judge has promised to help me with this bill, to which I have given considerable thought, but the subject is invested with difficulties which I had not anticipated. I hope to get additional light from the remarks of the Ambassador, and I want you gentlemen to help me draw him out and then to give me the benefit of your views when he has concluded."

As the Representative was finishing the sentence, a tall, middle-aged man, with fine-cut features and a genial manner, entered the room. All arose to greet him, and the Senator and the Professor, who had not met him, were presented.

"I recall with great satisfaction, Your Excellency," said the Representative, after they were seated, "a conversation we had some months ago regarding the diplomatic service, and I have tried to profit by your statements, many of which were very instructive to me. If it is agreeable to you, I should be pleased to have your views regarding some points that were not touched upon in the conversation I have referred to."

"I fear," said the Count, "I may not be able to add anything of importance to your stock of information, but it is always a pleasure to me to hear the opinions of the gentlemen I am so fortunate as to meet in this hospitable club. More than any other people in the world, I think, you Americans have the art of companionship; and you know how to surround yourselves with the conditions for making it agreeable. Everything seems possible to you."

"And yet, Excellency, we have much to learn from others; and the more we learn the more we realize the need. We, for example, are discussing as new questions many things which you have definitively settled in Europe," observed the Representative.

"And that," said the Count, "is what renders you really progressive. You discuss everything, and you see all the old problems in a new light. In Europe we are doing everything with an old plant. We get most of our new methods and most of our new machinery from you."

"But we still have to get some ideas from you in Europe," remarked the Judge.

"Say, rather," said the Count, "you get some of your problems from us, which you then solve anew by considering them in the light of original ideas. You borrow only to improve."



"Not always, I fear," retorted the Representative. "In diplomacy, for example, you seem to have ideas that are new to us. I wish Your Excellency would tell us how to organize our foreign service."

"You have no need of instruction on that point," replied the Count; "you, who know so well how to organize everything—your great corporations, your great banking institutions, your foreign trade. You have only to apply your own rules and methods, and you will presently outdo us all."

"We have discovered," said the Representative, "that as a nation we have important international business to transact, but the problem of how to conduct it is new to us."

"Conduct it as you do private business—not forgetting, however, that it is more pressing and important, because it is for the benefit of all. When you have important private business to transact at a distance, you consider, first, whether the business requires a resident representative or an occasional visit; secondly, the kind of persons and the nature of the business with which your representative will have to deal; thirdly, you select a person adapted to the kind of business with which you intend to intrust him; and, finally, you furnish him with the means for accomplishing with credit the business for which you send him. It all seems very simple, does it not?"

"But," inquired the Professor, "does not a public mission differ from a private one?"

"Government business differs from private business chiefly in this: that it involves greater responsibility, is essentially fiduciary, and should, therefore, be prepared for more carefully and be conducted with greater precaution than merely private business, in which mistakes would involve only a personal and not a public misfortune.

"Business between governments, being exceedingly varied in character and often involving unexpected developments, is practically continuous. The tide of intercourse and national activity never ceases to flow. The occasions for business being continuous, the preparation for transacting it should include the

idea of continuity. As between governments, no one can tell what a day may bring forth. You could not well open your store only when a customer knocked at the door to make a purchase, or keep your bank closed until some one called to cash a check or make a deposit. If you intend to be prepared for action at the right time, your agent or his substitute must be constantly at his post; there must be a permanent office; and those needing official services must know where to find it, and what are the hours of business."

"But is the business of a diplomatic officer, after all, really continuous?" asked the Representative.

"The question is a fair one, and in order to answer it properly it is necessary to consider what the business of such an officer is. One important element of it is vigilance. He ought to observe and report everything which his government may wish to know, not merely after it has occurred, but when it is meditated or under consideration. Many unpleasant occurrences can be prevented if they are known about in time."

"But the newspapers serve that purpose. They have their reporters everywhere, keen fellows, who are spurred on by the spirit of rivalry. Do they not tell us all we need to know?" remarked the Representative.

"The newspaper reporters in the great capitals are usually very intelligent men, but the rivalry you mention often renders their reports untrustworthy. They are fond of startling and sensational statements, which are frequently erroneous and afterward contradicted. They do not always have access to authoritative sources of information, and they are themselves sometimes intentionally exploited by others for purposes which they do not understand."

"Do you think, Excellency, that diplomatic officers can get at the truth more quickly and more accurately than the journalists?" inquired the Judge.

"Sometimes more quickly, and almost always more accurately; for, being public officers, they have the right to ask questions of responsible authorities, and the replies become official. Diplomatic officers have constantly to deny newspaper reports which are gathered from



rumors on the street or inferred without due warrant."

"Are not ambassadors and ministers themselves deceived? Some of them are well known not to be omniscient," observed the Professor.

"All men may be deceived, but in official life categorical deception, expressed in writing, is considered dangerous as well as disreputable. No government likes to put itself in that position. The advantage of the diplomatic officer is that upon any matter of real interest to his government he may properly ask a direct question to which he may rightly claim an answer, while the journalist would in most countries be considered impertinent if he pressed it, and would receive no reply. An ambassador, for example, may put questions to the highest authority in the land, if he chooses to do so, and can obtain an official answer. He may then use his judgment as to its sufficiency, and he can usually determine by the tone and circumstances attending it whether or not he is being 'amused,' as we say."

"Could not such questions and answers be passed from government to government directly, without any representative?" asked the Senator.

"Until you really come to think about it, nothing would seem more simple; but when you do, it immediately becomes apparent how awkward the process might sometimes be. To ask questions discreetly is a fine art not possessed by every one, and it is an art that no prudent man wishes to exercise without regard to time, place, and circumstances. It is possible to ask questions in such a manner as to make them offensive. It is precisely here that the man on the ground is especially needed. Sometimes it is more expedient to find out what we wish to know *without* asking questions. It is part of a diplomatic training to know how to get the truth without directly asking for it."

"This seems to me a little mystical. Are diplomats different from other men?" remarked the Senator.

"Not essentially," replied the Count, with a smile; "but they need to exercise tact and not spoil a friendly relation by introducing into it unnecessary suspicion, as if seeking a quarrel. But

even experienced diplomatists sometimes fail, or are forced to fail, as other men are, in the exercise of their profession. It was a mistake, for example, when, after the Emperor William I. had formally assented to the withdrawal of the Hohenzollern candidacy for the throne of Spain, to ask him to give assurance that it would never be renewed."

"But," interrupted the Judge, "what could poor Benedetti do but ask for it, when he was instructed to do so by his government?"

"I can only say that your question brings me to the second great duty of an ambassador. After informing his government, he should advise it; but that is often difficult. If the whole conduct of the negotiation regarding the Hohenzollern candidacy had been left in Benedetti's hands, the result would have been different."

"Do governments like to be advised by their agents?" inquired the Senator. "I thought they usually preferred to issue their orders."

"Wise governments, even when composed of the most skilful and experienced men—and perhaps because they are thus composed—seek all the light their agents can give them as to facts, conditions, and consequences; but governments which change their personnel rapidly often feel a confidence in their intuitions which makes knowledge seem superfluous to them. It is difficult for such governments to profit by the skill of their diplomatic agents."

"You seem to intimate," broke in the Senator, "that diplomatists know more than their governments. They are only creatures. They do not initiate policies."

The Count blushed slightly, but added good-naturedly: "You are right, Senator. They are public servants, and they do not initiate policies; but, if they are capable men and have had experience as well as proper training, they can aid very materially in making policies successful."

"Now that," remarked the Representative, "is my fundamental difficulty, which is still only partly removed. When I listen to you, Your Excellency, everything seems plain, and I can see that you might be persuasive in your efforts to make others see as you do; but do you



really think that most diplomats count for much in respect to the success of policies? Do they really influence any one?"

"They are intended to do so; and that brings me to the third point with regard to a diplomatist's duties. I think you will agree with me that he may be of some use to his government as eyes and ears, and also in the matter of judgment concerning circumstances which he, as a resident in a foreign country, fully comprehends, but of which his government knows but little. Now the third point is that he is an organ of understanding; or, if this be clearer, a medium of mutual explanation. You, Judge, must appreciate that the services of a good lawyer are worth something in securing the decision of a court, and that the sentence is, in fact, more clearly given after argument on both sides; and you, Mr. Senator, and you, Mr. Representative, appreciate the value of debate. When business men do not agree they meet, explain, and eventually recognize the difficulties on both sides; that is, they negotiate. Negotiation usually has to be oral. It is a process of give and take, an effort to arrive at what is reasonable and what men of sound mind can approve. A diplomatist is not quite like a lawyer, because he has no judge to decide upon the value of his arguments as to the law in the case; and he is not quite like a debater, because he has no audience to convince; but he is in some respects like a chess-player, or the player of any other game of skill, who tries to accomplish what he can under the rules of the game."

"Well," said the Professor, "that seems a strange way to put it. Do we send ambassadors and ministers abroad to play games?"

The Count laughed heartily, lighted a cigarette, and said: "I must beg you to excuse the ineptitude of my comparison. Of course I did not expect it to walk on all-fours. My meaning is that in negotiation a man does not win his case by convincing a third party, as the lawyer and the debater do; he wins it, or loses it, according to his ability to persuade another man that what he asks or proposes is reasonable; and he has to do this to a man who is trying to do the

same thing to him. Is it not a little like a game? Of course it must be perfectly honest, perfectly fair, and perfectly open, and in accordance with the rules. It must also be entirely friendly. Sometimes the contest is a draw. Two opposing forces are face to face, and at a standstill. But more frequently one or the other carries his point. That is the nature of diplomacy, and the moving principle of it is personal persuasion."

"Very well," said the Senator; "but do you mean to tell me that the affairs of this great nation should depend upon the power of one of our citizens to persuade some foreigner that we are right in what we do or expect to have done? When we are right we do not purpose to give way because some minister of a foreign country says we are wrong. I am sure I have the people of the United States with me on this point."

The Ambassador looked very grave, and it appeared for a moment as if he were about to drop the conversation; but the Judge, who had for an instant seemed disturbed in his mind, said very placidly: "Senator, I fully appreciate your point of view; but if you were an Englishman, or a Frenchman, or a German, would you not feel very much the same way about being right, and also about maintaining your right?"

"Perhaps I might, but that is a mere supposition," replied the Senator. "As a matter of fact, however, I am an American, and we Americans never want anything that is not right. We only want to be justly dealt with, and we insist on it."

"But," said the Judge, "suppose the other government with which we are dealing takes a different view and holds that what we demand or what we claim is not right, not in accordance with our treaty agreements or with the principles of international law. What would you do in that case?"

"Why, I would tell the other side to go to—"

"The Hague?" interrupted the Judge.

"No, not necessarily—but to go about their business. If it were a very complicated and doubtful matter, on which the opinions of our own people were divided, I suppose I would say, 'To The Hague with it'; but if it were a plain



case, and we were all agreed as to where our interest lay, I would say, 'What are you going to do about it?'"

"And you would do this not only once, but repeatedly, not only with one nation but with every nation? You would do it on principle, without an effort to make the other side see that you were right?"

"Well, no, not quite that. It would be necessary to discuss the matter."

"And who would discuss it?"

"Our Secretary of State with the ambassador or minister of the other country."

"But do you think any foreign government would send an ambassador to us if we sent no ambassador in return? And if we did have an ambassador in the foreign country, would his powers of persuasion be of no advantage to us?"

"That would depend upon what kind of a man he might be," answered the Senator.

"Quite so," said the Judge. "And just here I would like to be permitted to state that, after thirty years of experience on the bench, I am convinced that the best service that can be rendered by a lawyer to his client is not in testing the law before a court, but in making a just and fair settlement of the controversy between him and his adversary without ever appearing before a court of law. It is very well to have an International Tribunal, and the establishment of one at The Hague marks a great advance in civilization. Appeal to it is infinitely preferable to a resort to arms, which can only decide who is the stronger, but never who is right; still, it is best to go to court as little as possible, and I am much impressed by what His Excellency has said about persuasion. I think that power to persuade, by showing the essential reasonableness of a course of action, is one of the most valuable of possessions; and that you, Senator, if you will stop to think about it, will admit that we owe as much to the great conciliators as we do to the great warriors."

"Well, of course, Judge, I was a little hasty in what I said a few moments ago. I was only speaking as a defender of the national dignity. I know that it is better to arbitrate than to fight, and better to agree than to arbitrate. But what I

object to is bluff. We Americans do not like foreign dictation, and won't stand for it."

"And I suppose, my dear Senator, that foreigners do not greatly enjoy American bluff; and we should, as patriots, and also as gentlemen, try to avoid it. It is the parent of broils. The alternative to it is sound reasoning, and I suppose that has its place in diplomacy just as it has in law."

"Very good, Judge," exclaimed the Representative; "but we are almost forgetting what we met for. We could talk forever about these matters, but I want to get at my bill. I greatly desire to obtain some practical points on standardizing our diplomacy. The more we think about it the more we see that we have to have it; and although I myself once felt that we ought to abolish the whole system, I am convinced that this would be a mistake, and I, for one, would not like to take the responsibility of proposing it. Since we must have a diplomatic service, I want to make it really useful. I want it to be of such a character as to be of interest to all intelligent citizens, to inspire their respect and confidence, and to appeal to them for a proper support. We seem to know so little about such matters that I hoped to get some help from what His Excellency might kindly say to us in friendly confidence on some practical points; and with his permission I should like to ask a few direct questions."

The Representative turned inquiringly toward Count Brysterand, who said, "I shall be happy, gentlemen, to give you any information my limited experience has enabled me to acquire, and I only wish I were more competent to be of service to you."

"First of all, Excellency," said the Representative, "what do you mean by the expression 'standardizing' a service?"

"The expression is not, I think, a common one; but I suppose it to signify the organization of a service according to certain standards, as the army and navy are organized. You do not appoint a set of officers and leave it to them to direct an army or a navy in a casual, individual manner. You form a complete plan for the organization of your



army and your navy. You select, or prepare by instruction, qualified men to take the various places of command. You anticipate and provide for all their needs as public servants, and each rank has its own duties, its own regulations, its own responsibilities. There is nothing casual or individual about the position of a lieutenant, a captain, a colonel, or a general. We do not ask them how they are going to dress, how they are going to live, or what they are going to do. All these matters, so far as they relate to the public service, are settled for them. So long as they obey orders they exercise a certain authority, enjoy a certain amount of respect and consideration; they look forward to continuance in service and promotion, and regard themselves as wholly consecrated to the service of the State."

"Do you think, Excellency, that the United States should have a diplomatic service of that kind?" inquired the Senator.

The Count reddened perceptibly, showed a little embarrassment for a moment, and replied: "I hope, Senator, you will not misunderstand me. I came at the request of our excellent friend," nodding toward the Representative, "to answer some questions he did me the honor to wish to put to me merely for information. I fear I have already gone too far. I have not the slightest desire to exercise influence upon action or opinion in America as regards matters which are purely domestic. You neither need nor wish, I am sure, any outside counsel regarding your affairs. You must, therefore, excuse me, Senator, if I refrain from expressing any opinion regarding the diplomatic service of the United States, for whose eminent representatives I entertain the most profound respect, and who are received in my country with the most distinguished consideration. I was merely answering a question regarding the meaning of terms."

"Excuse me, Excellency," added the Senator, apologetically; "I had not the least intention of committing an impropriety, and it did not occur to me that there could be anything objectionable in your expressing an opinion."

"I seem to get your idea exactly, Excellency," said the Representative,

"regarding the standardizing of the service, and I appreciate how reasonable and desirable it is; but it seems to me that it is, after the principle is accepted, very largely a matter of details, and of details of a more or less technical character. I, for example, have a clear idea of what an army or a navy is for; still, it would be difficult for me to organize *ab initio* an army or a navy. And in like manner I have a pretty clear idea of what a diplomatic service is for; but I find it extremely difficult to draw a bill for the standardization of the service, which seems to me, nevertheless, absolutely necessary if American diplomacy is to be of the greatest possible usefulness or command the highest respect both at home and abroad. I thought that perhaps I might get from you, Excellency, some practical hints; and that with the help of the Judge, the Senator, and the Professor I might make at least the rough draft of a bill. In fact, I find it very difficult to begin, and I have only prepared the first section, which states the object to be accomplished."

"Do most other nations have what you call a 'standardized' diplomatic service?" inquired the Senator, turning toward the Count.

"Yes, practically all European nations have a service as completely standardized as the army or navy, or any branch of the civil service."

"But do you not have difficulty in recruiting it? Where, for example, do you find your ambassadors?"

"Nearly all European countries train their diplomatic officers, just as they train their naval and military officers," replied the Count. "They break them in as *attachés* during a period of probation. The most promising of them are retained, the most useful are gradually promoted, and each man goes as far as his abilities will carry him. Occasionally, for exceptional reasons, an outsider who seems specially well adapted for a particular mission is called in and sent to fill an ambassadorship; usually a man who has risen to great eminence in some branch of public life, or who is exceptionally familiar with a pending controversy, or through his standing and relations is peculiarly acceptable to the country to which he is sent. You have



had some ambassadors of this type here in the United States. These men are, as a rule, supported by a staff of junior officers familiar with the technical side of their work."

"You speak, Excellency, of a 'technical' side of diplomacy. What, precisely, is meant by this? Is it not all merely a matter of good will and plain common-sense?" asked the Professor.

The Count looked somewhat surprised for a moment; then, turning toward the Judge, he said: "Law, I suppose, is in a way based on plain common-sense; but would you, Judge, consider every man of good sense—and let me add, of good education—competent to practise in your court? Would he not need to know the law, the method of procedure, and the usages of the court?"

"Why, certainly," replied the Judge. "All that is implied in his admission to the bar; not every educated man is a lawyer."

"Well, in answer to the Professor's question, let me say," continued the Count, "if it is regarded seriously, diplomacy has a technique not only as important as that of the law, but one which is much more complicated and more difficult to acquire, partly because it cannot be learned from books, and partly because it demands special acquisitions for every particular post."

"I think we need not go into details, but I suppose you mean that there is a different etiquette at every different court," interrupted the Representative.

"Such matters are not of the highest importance, although they have their place; but there is necessary, in addition to a broad general knowledge of international law, acquaintance with the status of the treaty relations actually existing between the countries, the history of the causes that have produced them, the relations with other countries, the laws and policies of the country which one represents, those of the country to which one is accredited, and—"

"Yes, I see," interrupted the Senator, with a sarcastic smile, which indicated his incredulity. "The ideal diplomat, like the ideal general or admiral—" "Or senator," suggested the Professor. "Yes, or professor," retorted the Senator, "must be a very knowing man!"

But his voice dropped meekly at the end of the sentence, as if he were conscious that he had not fully made the point he had intended.

"What, on the whole, does Your Excellency regard as the most important quality in a diplomatic officer?" asked the Representative.

"Supposing that the man has the proper natural abilities, a good knowledge of two or three foreign languages—one of which should be French, sufficiently mastered to use it in delicate negotiation—and familiarity with the subjects I began to enumerate, I should say the most essential thing is experience. It is a profession in which one is always learning."

"Your Excellency calls it a profession," remarked the Senator. "We in America, in the United States at least, have never had that idea of it. Do you in Europe really make it a career?"

"Why, certainly. In an age of specialism, an age in which the care of the teeth, and other matters which used to be regarded as merely incidental, are by you in America considered as distinct professions, it appears to us foreigners very singular that you should not consider diplomacy a profession. You are so careful about your persons and your possessions, one would imagine you would consider the study of your national interests not only a profession, but a very great, very honorable, and very attractive profession."

"We seem to get on pretty well," laughed the Senator.

"Yes, and you have had some really great men in diplomacy, the equals of any, so far as your interests are concerned."

"And they have served us not only gratuitously, but have sacrificed their professions to do so, without much appreciation of it by the public," remarked the Professor.

"Which is more to their credit than it is to that of the nation," observed the Judge; "but that cannot always continue. It did very well when we had single interests to defend, and great lawyers were willing to go on special missions. Formerly our interests were not only isolated, they were also simple, consisting mainly in a proper settlement of



definite controversies which were well understood and needed only strong legal minds to deal with them. But that simplicity exists no longer. Since we have become a 'world-power' we need to be familiar with world politics. There are great questions that require to be profoundly studied. This demands not only a high order of talent, but a peculiar training and much specific information not to be acquired in a day, and not to be acquired at all without the mastery of foreign languages and much technical knowledge which few of our people possess. Our inferiority in the comprehension of these matters is not a deficiency of ability, but of adequate preparation. We are behind other great nations in this respect. We have not even begun to train our men."

"We seem to have only two courses before us," remarked the Professor. "We must either imitate the other nations, or we must improve upon them."

"For my part," exclaimed the Senator, "I do not believe our people want to imitate the effete—I mean, I think we do not want to—ah—Europeanize our institutions. We are a great, free, powerful—"

"Well, gentlemen," interrupted Count Brysterand, as he arose to depart, "it has been pleasant to meet you here, and I only regret that I have not been able to be of greater help to you in furnishing the information the Representative has kindly requested me to give; but I believe I have said all that is likely to be profitable to you, and I hope you will not consider that I have been in any way obtrusive in participating in a conversation—strictly private, of course—which regards your public action. I thank you for your courtesy, and will say good night."

All arose, bowed, and shook hands with the Ambassador. The Representative accompanied the Count to the coat-room, thanked him for his friendly response to his invitation, and said in parting: "I hope, Excellency, you don't mind what the Senator was saying. I am sure he meant nothing uncivil. He was only thinking of—"

"That is all right. The Senator is an excellent man. I wish you could get him to visit my country. He would be

received with distinction, and I would arrange to have him presented at Court."

The Representative returned to the circle and resumed his seat. "I say, Senator," he remarked, "I think maybe those fellows *could* teach us something about getting on with other people. He wants you to come over to visit his country and be presented at Court."

The Senator remained silent, but the Judge said: "Well, we didn't get much out of the Count about what the Representative wants for his bill, but to my mind a few points are pretty clear. We need to take this matter of diplomatic representation in hand. The word seems a little stiff, but we do need to 'standardize' our foreign service. We ought to see to it that we have our embassies and legations housed in our own buildings. We ought to have some kind of permanency in the service; and it ought to be fully and generously provided for by law, not in the way of voting big salaries, to be spent or saved as each man likes, but by a regular budget, based on exact knowledge and judgment, to cover the proper expenses of representation, which should be national, not personal. We shall, in time, discover how best to find the right men to fill the places; but it should be distinctly understood that the nation seeks the men, not the men the places, except that young men may freely apply at the bottom, as cadets enter the naval or military service, under proper selective conditions."

"I fully agree with you, Judge," said the Representative; "but this subject is too large for me. I am not getting on with my bill. I suppose the Count was purposely reticent, because he feared we would think him obtrusive."

"The Count is a gentleman," observed the Senator, "and I am glad he didn't undertake to tell us what we ought to do. We should all appear silly to go out and propose a plan dictated by a foreigner. The fact is, my chief objection to what you have called a 'standardized' service is that Europe already has it. Nothing could be more fatal to us in Congress than to propose to imitate Europe."

"I feel that there is truth in what you say, but what are we to do about this



business?" queried the Representative, wearing an anxious look. "What we do now makes us a laughing-stock. We simply *must* reform the service."

The Judge looked grave and thoughtful as he bit on the small remainder of his cigar. Then, turning toward the Professor, he said: "You stated a few moments ago that we must either imitate or originate. There seem to be practical objections to imitating. Suppose, then, we originate. Evidently we do not know enough about this subject to help much in drawing up a bill. How would it do for the Representative to introduce a resolution in Congress, calling for the appointment of a commission by the President, to be composed of members of Congress of both houses, and a number of persons—our own citizens—who have had experience in foreign posts, who know what is necessary, and what it would be expedient to do regarding the standardization of the service? The various points of view could be compared, information could be gathered, and, out of that more extended study, recommendations could be made, with the reasons for them, which would no doubt appeal to Congress and to the country. How does that strike you, Senator?"

"That appeals to me as a reasonable proposition," replied the Senator, as he turned toward the Judge with an approving glance.

"And you, Professor?" inquired the Judge.

"I see only one possible objection. If you associate with the commission diplomats actually in service, their recommendations might seem, perhaps, to be affected by self-interest; and yet it is most important to have advice based upon experience."

"Of course," said the Judge, "there should be no thought of personal interest. It is a matter in which only the interest of the nation should be considered."

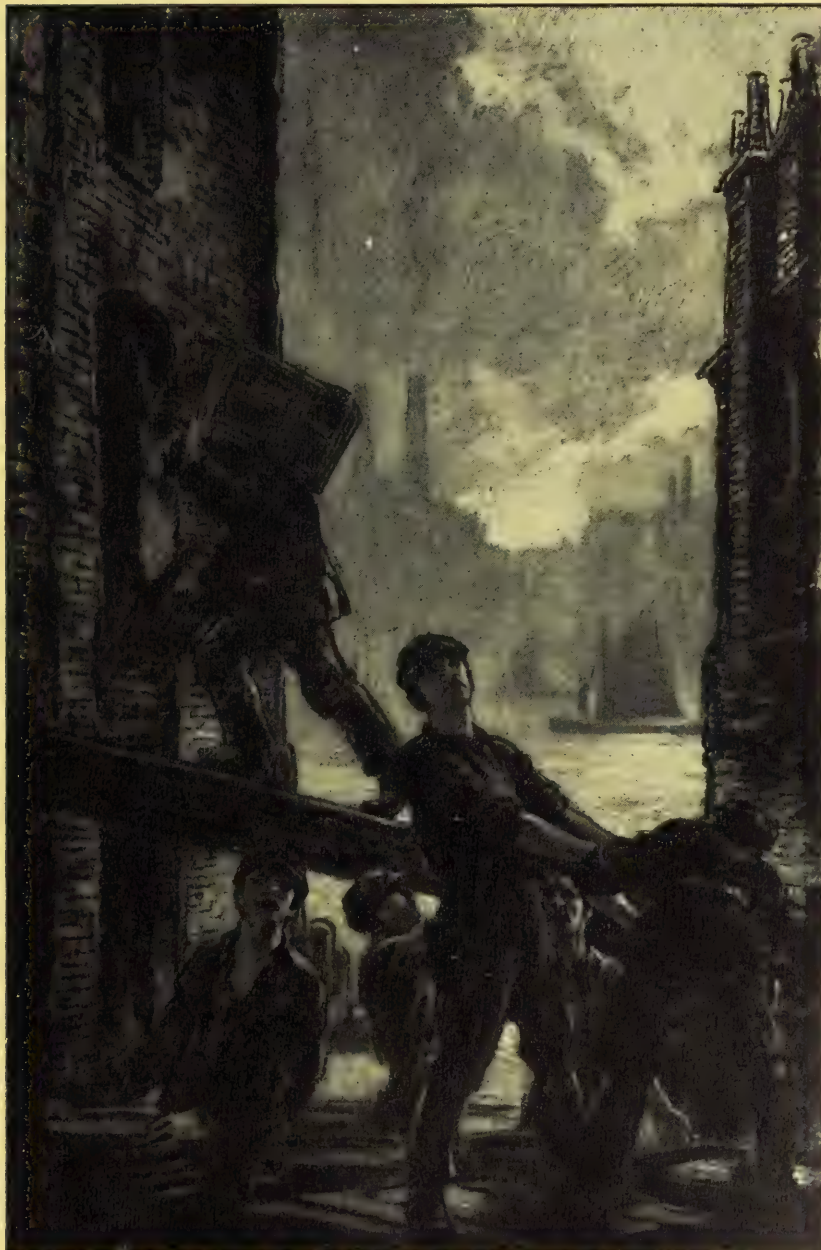
"The complaint has been made," broke in the Representative, "that many of our large Congressional appropri-

tions benefit local communities only, and not the nation as a whole. This is especially the case as regards public buildings. I, for one, would like to have the country feel that we who serve it in Congress *do* think of the well-being of the whole nation, and not merely of pleasing our own constituents. I began by opposing everything foreign, but I now see that we have interests abroad that require our attention. I am also convinced that a suitable embassy or legation building, standing as a permanent symbol of our friendship in every important capital, would be of extreme utility to our country. It would look as if we meant to have permanent friendly relations, and it would signify that in order to maintain them we mean to do what is right. And when I analyze the matter, I am persuaded that if we have just the right and fitting establishment of this kind, appropriate to our needs and to the local conditions in each capital, that fact alone will go far toward working out the ultimate standardization of the service. It will help to fix the scale and cost of representation; it will secure a dignified and uniform style of living for our representatives; it will satisfy the sentiments of self-respect of our own people, and tend to silence the gossip, the criticism, and the irrelevant comments which have so often detracted from the esteem in which a useful branch of the public service should be held."

"I am ready," added the Senator, "to indorse by word and deed all that the Representative has said. I object to mere imitation, and to doing things because others do them. But when they are in themselves right and reasonable, I think we should not only do them, but that we should lead in them. If this commission is ever authorized, I want it to have the benefit of the most expert advice possible. I hope its decisions will take account of our prestige among the nations, and of the influence we ought to exercise. If we are to do this thing, let us do it well. Let us show to the world that in judgment, liberality, and good taste we are inferior to none."

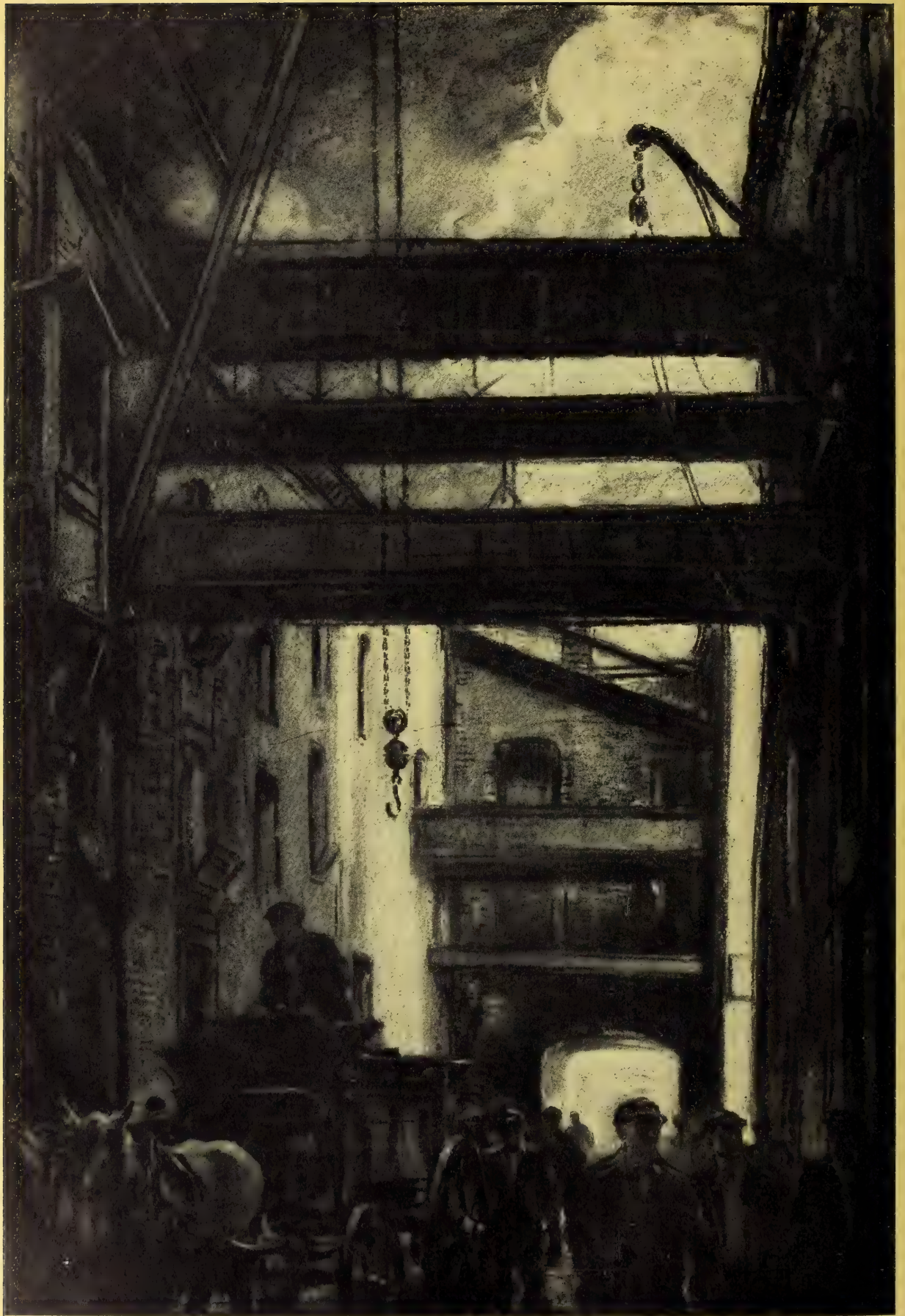


# ALONG THE THAMES AT LONDON



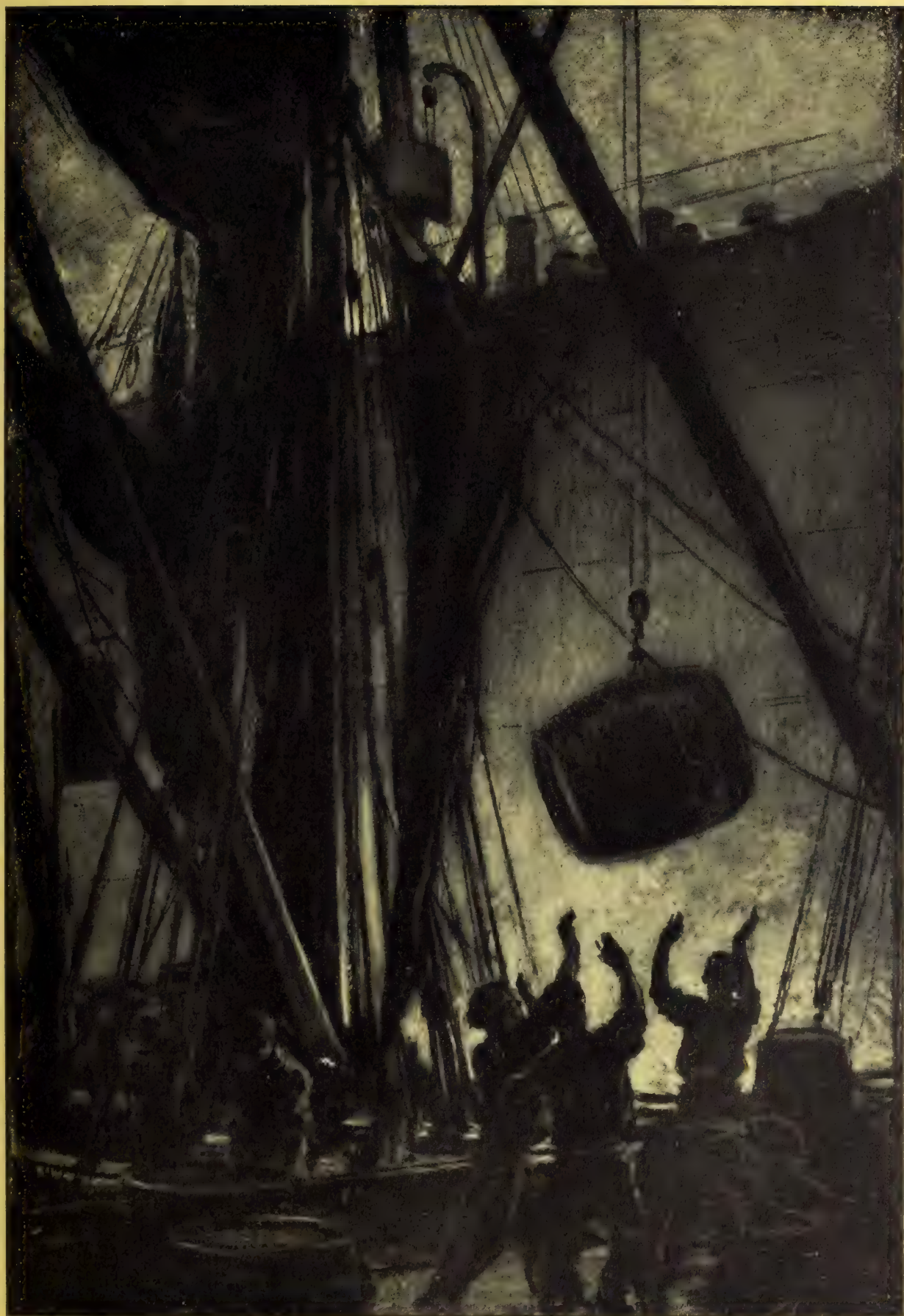
*A Group of Impressions~*  
By F. WALTER TAYLOR





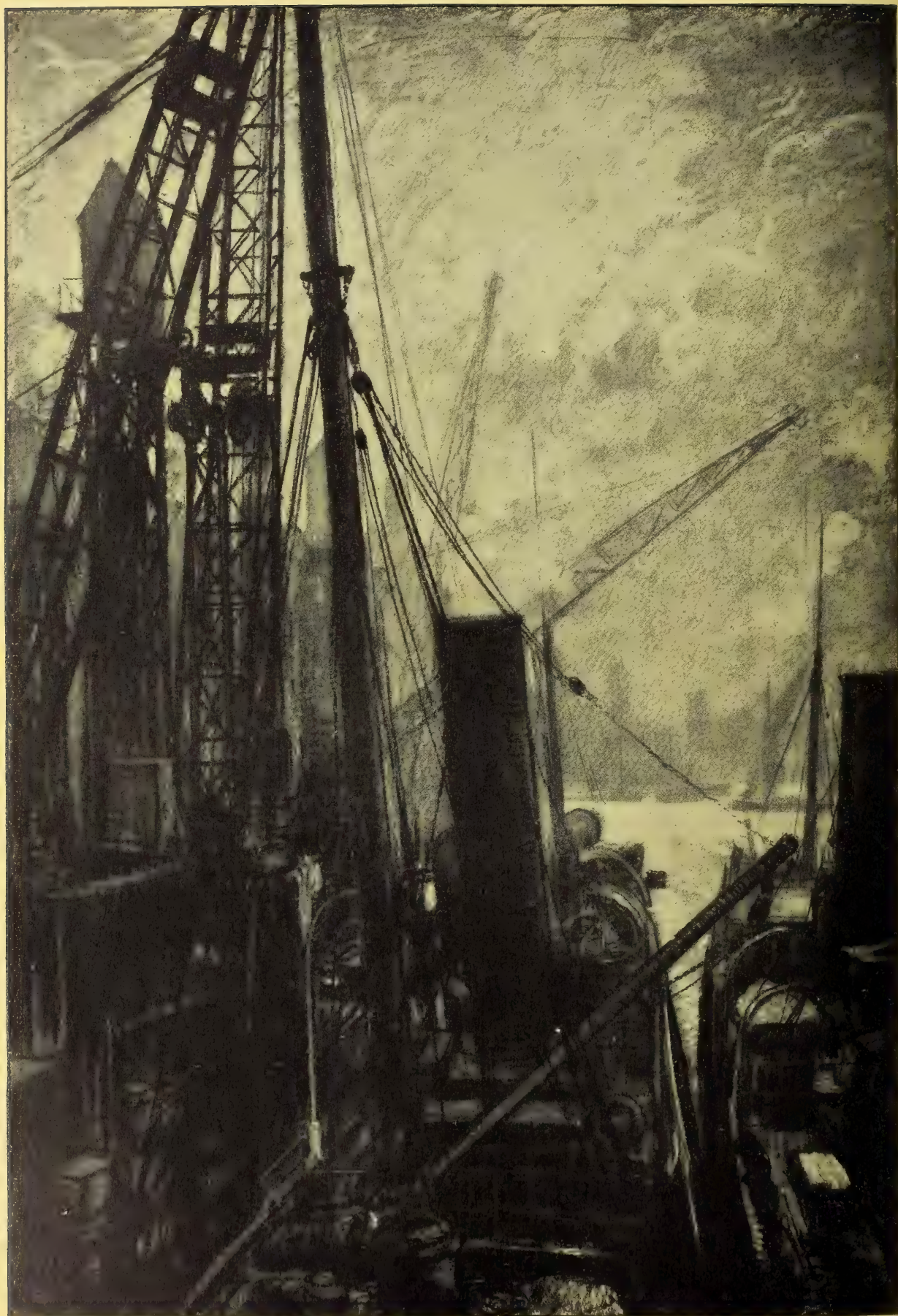
A CROWDED ALLEY LEADING TO THE WATERSIDE





CARGOES FROM DISTANT LANDS





THE POOL





BARGES AT LOW TIDE—LAMBETH BRIDGE



# Daniel and Little Dan'l

BY MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN



THE Wise homestead dated back more than a century, yet it had nothing imposing about it except its site. It was a simple, glaringly white cottage. There was a center front door with two windows on each side; there was a low slant of roof, pierced by unpicturesque dormers. On the left of the house was an ell, which had formerly been used as a shoemaker's shop, but now served as a kitchen. In the low attic of the ell was stored the shoemaker's bench, whereon David Wise's grandfather had sat for nearly eighty years of working days; after him his eldest son, Daniel's father, had occupied the same hollow seat of patient toil. Daniel had sat there for twenty-odd years, then had suddenly realized both the lack of necessity and the lack of customers, since the great shoe-plant had been built down in the village. Then Daniel had retired—although he did not use that expression. Daniel said to his friends and his niece Dora that he had "quit work." But he told himself, without the least bitterness, that work had quit him.

After Daniel had retired, his one physiological peculiarity assumed enormous proportions. It had always been with him, but steady work had held it, to a great extent, at bay. Daniel was a moral coward before physical conditions. He was as one who suffers, not so much from agony of the flesh, as from agony of the mind induced thereby. Daniel was a coward before one of the simplest, most inevitable happenings of earthly life. He was a coward before summer heat. All winter he dreaded summer. Summer poisoned the spring for him. Only during the autumn did he experience anything of peace. Summer was then over, and between him and another summer stretched the blessed perspec-

tive of winter. Then Daniel Wise drew a long breath and looked about him, and spelled out the beauty of the earth in his simple primer of understanding. Daniel had in his garden behind the house, a prolific grape-vine. He ate the grapes, full of the savor of the dead summer, with the gusto of a poet who can at last enjoy triumph over his enemy.

Possibly it was the vein of poetry in Daniel which made him a coward—which made him so vulnerable. During the autumn he reveled in the tints of the landscape which his sitting-room windows commanded. There were many maples and oaks. Day by day, the roofs of the houses in the village became more evident, as the maples shed their crimson and gold and purple rags of summer. The oaks remained, great shaggy masses of dark gold and burning russet; later they took on soft hues, making clearer the blue firmament between the boughs. Daniel watched the autumn trees with pure delight. "He will go to-day," he said of a flaming maple after a night of frost which had crisped the white arches of the grass in his door-yard. All day he sat and watched the maple cast its glory, and did not bother much with his simple meals. The Wise house was erected on three terraces. Always through the dry summer the grass was burned to an ugly negation of color. Later, when rain came, the grass was a brilliant green, patched with rosy sorrel and golden stars of arnica. Then later still came the diamond brilliance of the frost. So dry were the terraces in summer-time that no flowers would flourish. When Daniel's mother had come to the house as a bride she had planted under a window a blush-rose bush, but always the blush-roses were few and covered with insects. It was not until the autumn, when it was time for the flowers to die, that the sorrel blessing of waste lands flushed rosily and the arnica showed its stars of slender



threads of gold, and there might even be a slight glimpse of purple aster and a dusty spray or two of goldenrod. Then Daniel did not shrink from the sight of the terraces. In summer-time the awful negative glare of them under the afternoon sun maddened him.

In winter he often visited his brother John in the village. He was very fond of John, and John's wife, and their only daughter, Dora. When John died, and later his wife, he would have gone to live with Dora, but she married. Then her husband also died, and Dora took up dressmaking, supporting herself and her delicate little girl-baby. Daniel adored this child. She had been named for him, although her mother had been aghast before the proposition. "Name a girl Daniel, uncle!" she had cried.

"She is going to have what I own after I have done with it, anyway," declared Daniel, gazing with awe and rapture at the tiny flannel bundle in his niece's arms. "That won't make any difference, but I do wish you could make up your mind to call her after me, Dora."

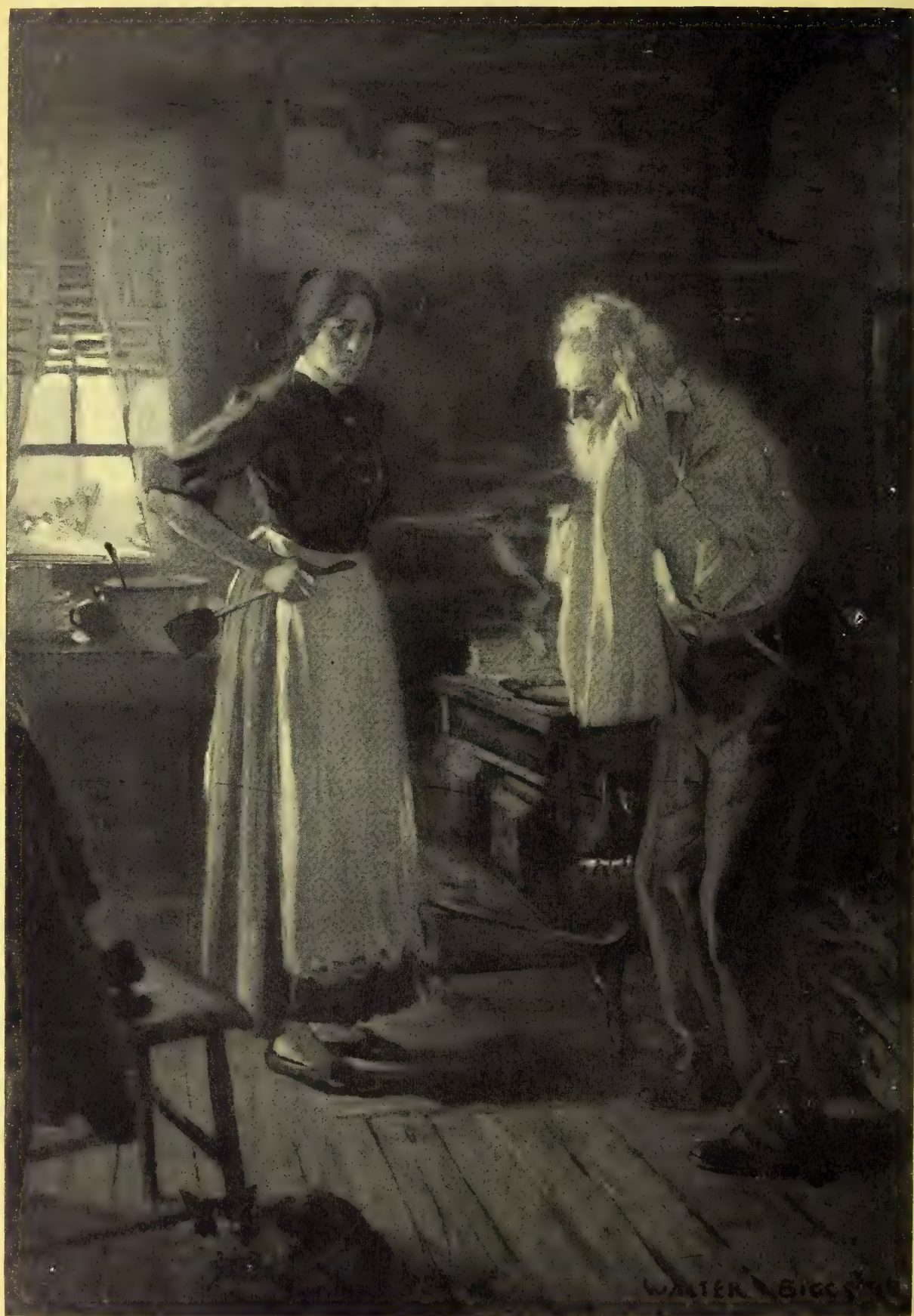
Dora Lee was soft-hearted. She named her girl-baby Daniel, and called her Danny, which was not, after all, so bad, and her old uncle loved the child as if she had been his own. Little Daniel—he always called her Daniel, or, rather, "Dan'l"—was the only reason for his descending into the village on summer days, when the weather was hot. Daniel, when he visited the village in summer-time, wore always a green leaf inside his hat and carried an umbrella and a palm-leaf fan. This caused the village boys to shout, "Hullo, grandma!" after him. Daniel, being a little hard of hearing, was oblivious, but he would have been in any case. His whole mind was concentrated in getting along that dusty glare of street, stopping at the store for a paper bag of candy, and finally ending in Dora's little dark parlor, holding his beloved namesake on his knee, watching her blissfully suck a barley stick while he waved his palm-leaf fan. Dora would be fitting gowns in the next room. He would hear the hum of feminine chatter over strictly feminine topics. He felt very much aloof, even while holding the little girl

on his knee. Daniel had never married—had never even had a sweetheart. The marriageable women he had seen had not been of the type to attract a dreamer like Daniel Wise. Many of those women thought him "a little off."

Dora Lee, his niece, privately wondered if her uncle had his full allotment of understanding. He seemed much more at home with her little daughter than with herself, and Dora considered herself a very good business woman, with possibly an unusual endowment of common sense. She was such a good business woman that when she died suddenly she left her child with quite a sum in the bank, besides the house. Daniel did not hesitate for a moment. He engaged Miss Sarah Dean for a housekeeper, and took the little girl (hardly more than a baby) to his own home. Dora had left a will, in which she appointed Daniel guardian in spite of her doubt concerning his measure of understanding. There was much comment in the village when Daniel took his little namesake to live in his lonely house on the terrace. "A man and an old maid to bring up that poor child!" they said. But Daniel called Dr. Trumbull to his support. "It is much better for that delicate child to be out of this village, which drains the south hill," Dr. Trumbull declared. "That child needs pure air. It is hot enough in summer all around here, and hot enough at Daniel's, but the air is pure there."

There was no gossip about Daniel and Miss Sarah Dean. Gossip would have seemed about as foolish concerning him and a dry blade of field-grass. Sarah Dean looked like that. She wore rusty black gowns, and her gray-blond hair was swept curtain-wise over her ears on either side of her very thin, mildly severe wedge of a face. Sarah was a notable housekeeper and a good cook. She could make an endless variety of cakes and puddings and pies, and her biscuits were marvels. Daniel had long catered for himself, and a rasher of bacon, with an egg, suited him much better for supper than hot biscuits, preserves, and five kinds of cake. Still, he did not complain, and did not understand that Sarah's fare was not suitable for the child, until Dr. Trumbull told him so.





*Drawn by Walter Biggs*

"IT IS THE HOTTEST DAY I EVER KNEW!" SHE SAID, DEFIANTLY



"Don't you let that child live on that kind of food if you want her to live at all," said Dr. Trumbull. "Lord, what are the women made of, and the men they feed, for that matter? Why, Daniel, there are many people in this place, and hard-working people, too, who eat a quantity of food, yet don't get enough nourishment for a litter of kittens."

"What shall I do?" asked Daniel in a puzzled way.

"Do? You can cook a beefsteak yourself, can't you? Sarah Dean would fry one as hard as sole-leather."

"Yes, I can cook a beefsteak real nice," said Daniel.

"Do it, then; and cook some chops, too, and plenty of eggs."

"I don't exactly hanker after quite so much sweet stuff," said Daniel. "I wonder if Sarah's feelings will be hurt."

"It is much better for feelings to be hurt than stomachs," declared Dr. Trumbull, "but Sarah's feelings will not be hurt. I know her. She is a wiry woman. Give her a knock and she springs back into place. Don't worry about her, Daniel."

When Daniel went home that night he carried a juicy steak, and he cooked it, and he and little Dan'l had a square meal. Sarah refused the steak with a slight air of hauteur, but she behaved very well. When she set away her untasted layer-cakes and pies and cookies, she eyed them somewhat anxiously. Her standard of values seemed toppling before her mental vision. "They will starve to death if they live on such victuals as beefsteak, instead of good nourishing hot biscuits and cake," she thought. After the supper dishes were cleared away, she went into the sitting-room where Daniel Wise sat beside a window, waiting in a sort of stern patience for a whiff of air. It was a very close evening. The sun was red in the low west, but a heaving sea of mist was rising over the lowlands.

Sarah sat down opposite Daniel. "Close, ain't it?" said she. She began knitting her lace edging.

"Pretty close," replied Daniel. He spoke with an effect of forced politeness. Although he had such a horror of extreme heat, he was always chary of boldly expressing his mind concerning

it, for he had a feeling that he might be guilty of blasphemy, since he regarded the weather as being due to an Almighty mandate. Therefore, although he suffered, he was extremely polite.

"It is awful up-stairs in little Dan'l's room," said Sarah. "I have got all the windows open except the one that's right on the bed, and I told her she needn't keep more than the sheet and one comfortable over her."

Daniel looked anxious. "Children ain't ever overcome when they are in bed, in the house, are they?"

"Land, no! I never heard of such a thing. And, anyway, little Dan'l's so thin it ain't likely she feels the heat as much as some."

"I hope she don't."

Daniel continued to sit hunched up on himself, gazing with a sort of mournful irritation out of the window upon the landscape over which the misty shadows vaguely wavered.

Sarah knitted. She could knit in the dark. After a while she rose and said she guessed she would go to bed, as to-morrow was her sweeping day.

Sarah went, and Daniel sat alone.

Presently a little pale figure stole to him through the dusk: the child, in her straight white nightgown, padding softly on tiny naked feet.

"Is that you, Dan'l?"

"Yes, Uncle Dan'l."

"Is it too hot to sleep up in your room?"

"I didn't feel so very hot, Uncle Dan'l, but skeeters were biting me, and a great big black thing just flew in my window!"

"A bat, most likely."

"A bat!" Little Dan'l shuddered. She began a little stifled wail. "I'm afeared of bats," she lamented.

Daniel gathered the tiny creature up. "You can jest set here with Uncle Dan'l," said he. "It is jest a little cooler here, I guess. Once in a while there comes a little whiff of wind."

"Won't any bats come?"

"Lord, no! Your Uncle Dan'l won't let any bats come within a gun-shot."

The little creature settled down contentedly in the old man's lap. Her fair, thin locks fell over his shirt-sleeved arm, her upturned profile was sweetly pure



and clear even in the dusk. She was so delicately small that he might have been holding a fairy, from the slight roundness of the childish limbs and figure. Poor little girl!—Dan'l was much too small and thin. Old man Daniel gazed down at her anxiously.

"Jest as soon as the nice fall weather comes," said he, "uncle is going to take you down to the village real often, and you can get acquainted with some other nice little girls and play with them, and that will do uncle's little Dan'l good."

"I saw little Lucy Rose," piped the child, "and she looked at me real pleasant, and Lily Jennings wore a pretty dress. Would they play with me, uncle?"

"Of course they would. You don't feel quite so hot here, do you?"

"I wasn't so hot, anyway; I was afeared of bats."

"There ain't any bats here."

"And skeeters."

"Uncle don't believe there's any skeeters, neither."

"I don't hear any sing," agreed little Dan'l in a weak voice. Very soon she was fast asleep. The old man sat holding her, and loving her with a simple crystalline intensity which was fairly heavenly. He himself almost disregarded the heat, being raised above it by sheer exaltation of spirit. All the love which had lain latent in his heart leaped to life before the helplessness of this little child in his arms. He realized himself as much greater and of more importance upon the face of the earth than he had ever been before. He became paternity incarnate and superblessed. It was a long time before he carried the little child back to her room and laid her, still as inert with sleep as a lily, upon her bed. He bent over her with a curious waving motion of his old shoulders as if they bore wings of love and protection; then he crept back down-stairs.

On nights like that he did not go to bed. All the bedrooms were under the slant of the roof and were hot. He preferred to sit until dawn beside his open window, and doze when he could, and wait with despairing patience for the infrequent puffs of cool air breathing blessedly of wet swamp places, which, even when the burning sun arose, would only show dewy eyes of cool reflection.

Daniel Wise, as he sat there through the sultry night, even prayed for courage, as a devout sentinel might have prayed at his post. The imagination of the deserter was not in the man. He never even dreamed of appropriating to his own needs any portion of his savings, and going for a brief respite to the deep shadows of mountainous places, or to a cool coast, where the great waves broke in foam upon the sand, breathing out the mighty saving breath of the sea. It never occurred to him that he could do anything but remain at his post and suffer in body and soul and mind, and not complain.

The next morning was terrible. The summer had been one of unusually fervid heat, but that one day was its climax. David went panting up-stairs to his room at dawn. He did not wish Sarah Dean to know that he had sat up all night. He opened his bed, tidily, as was his wont. Through living alone he had acquired many of the habits of an orderly housewife. He went down-stairs, and Sarah was in the kitchen.

"It is a dreadful hot day," said she, as Daniel approached the sink to wash his face and hands.

"It does seem a little warm," admitted Daniel, with his studied air of politeness with respect to the weather as an ordinance of God.

"Warm!" echoed Sarah Dean. Her thin face blazed a scarlet wedge between the sleek curtains of her dank hair; perspiration stood on her triangle of forehead. "It is the hottest day I ever knew!" she said defiantly, and there was open rebellion in her tone.

"It is sort of warmish, I rather guess," said Daniel.

After breakfast, old Daniel announced his intention of taking Little Dan'l out for a walk.

At that Sarah Dean fairly exploded. "Be you gone clean daft, Dan'l?" said she. "Don't you know that it actually ain't safe to take out such a delicate little thing as that on such a day?"

"Dr. Trumbull said to take her outdoors for a walk every day, rain or shine," returned Daniel, obstinately.

"But Dr. Trumbull didn't say to take her out if it rained fire and brimstone, I suppose," said Sarah Dean, viciously.



Daniel looked at her with mild astonishment.

"It is as much as that child's life is worth to take her out such a day as this," declared Sarah, viciously.

"Dr. Trumbull said to take no account of the weather," said Daniel with stubborn patience, "and we will walk on the shady side of the road, and go to Bradley's Brook. It's always a little cool there."

"If she faints away before you get there, you bring her right home," said Sarah. She was almost ferocious. "Just because *you* don't feel the heat, to take out that little pindlin' girl such a day!" she exclaimed.

"Dr. Trumbull said to," persisted Daniel, although he looked a little troubled. Sarah Dean did not dream that, for himself, Daniel Wise would have preferred facing an army with banners to going out under that terrible fusillade of sun-rays. She did not dream of the actual heroism which actuated him when he set out with little Dan'l, holding his big umbrella over her little sun-bonneted head and waving in his other hand a palm-leaf fan.

Little Dan'l danced with glee as she went out of the yard. The small, anemic creature did not feel the heat except as a stimulant. Daniel had to keep charging her to walk slowly. "Don't go so fast, little Dan'l, or you'll get overhet, and then what will Mis' Dean say?" he continually repeated.

Little Dan'l's thin, pretty face peeped up at him from between the sides of her green sun-bonnet. She pointed one dainty finger at a cloud of pale yellow butterflies in the field beside which they were walking. "Want to chase flutterbies," she chirped. Little Dan'l had a fascinating way of misplacing her consonants in long words.

"No; you'll get overhet. You jest walk along slow with Uncle Dan'l, and pretty soon we'll come to the pretty brook," said Daniel.

"Where the lagon-dries live?" asked little Dan'l, meaning dragon-flies.

"Yes," said Daniel. He was conscious, as he spoke, of increasing waves of thready black floating before his eyes. They had floated since dawn, but now they were increasing. Some of the time

he could hardly see the narrow sidewalk path between the dusty meadowsweet and hardhack bushes, since those floating black threads wove together into a veritable veil before him. At such times he walked unsteadily, and little Dan'l eyed him curiously.

"Why don't you walk the way you always do?" she queried.

"Uncle Dan'l can't see jest straight, somehow," replied the old man; "guess it's because it's rather warm."

It was in truth a day of terror because of the heat. It was one of those days which break records, which live in men's memories as great catastrophes, which furnish headlines for newspapers, and are alluded to with shudders at past sufferings. It was one of those days which seem to forecast the Dreadful Day of Revelation wherein no shelter may be found from the judgment of the fiery firmament. On that day men fell in their tracks and died, or were rushed to hospitals to be succored as by a miracle. And on that day the poor old man who had all his life feared and dreaded the heat as the most loathly happening of earth, walked afield for love of the little child. As Daniel went on the heat seemed to become palpable—something which could actually be seen. There was now a thin, gaseous horror over the blazing sky, which did not temper the heat, but increased it, giving it the added torment of steam. The clogging moisture seemed to brood over the accursed earth, like some foul bird with deadly menace in wings and beak.

Daniel walked more and more unsteadily. Once he might have fallen had not the child thrown one little arm around a bending knee. "You 'most tumbled down, Uncle Dan'l," said she. Her little voice had a surprised and frightened note in it.

"Don't you be scared," gasped Daniel; "we have got 'most to the brook; then we'll be all right. Don't you be scared, and—you walk real slow, and not get overhet."

The brook was near, and it was time. Daniel staggered under the trees beside which the little stream trickled over its bed of stones. It was not much of a brook at best, and the drought had caused it to lose much of its life. How-



ever, it was still there, and there were delicious little hollows of coolness between the stones over which it flowed, and large trees stood about with their feet rooted in the blessed damp. Then Daniel sank down. He tried to reach a hand to the water, but could not. The black veil had woven a compact mass before his eyes. There was a terrible throbbing in his head, but his arms were numb.

Little Dan'l stood looking at him, and her lip quivered. With a mighty effort, Daniel cleared away the veil and saw the piteous baby face. "Take—Uncle Dan'l's hat and—fetch him—some water," he gasped. "Don't go too—close and—tumble in."

The child obeyed. Daniel tried to take the dripping hat, but failed. Little Dan'l was wise enough to pour the water over the old man's head, but she commenced to weep, the pitiful, despairing wail of a child who sees failing that upon which she has leaned for support.

Daniel rallied again. The water on his head gave him momentary relief, but more than anything else his love for the child nerved him to effort.

"Listen, little Dan'l," he said, and his voice sounded in his own ears like a small voice of a soul thousands of miles away. "You take the—umbrella, and—you take the fan, and you go real slow, so you don't get overhet, and you tell Mis' Dean, and—"

Then old Daniel's tremendous nerve, that he had summoned for the sake of love, failed him, and he sank back. He was quite unconscious—his face, staring blindly up at the terrible sky between the trees, was to little Dan'l like the face of a stranger. She gave one cry, more like the yelp of a trodden animal than a child's voice. Then she took the open umbrella and sped away. The umbrella bobbed wildly—nothing could be seen of poor little Dan'l but her small, speeding feet. She wailed loudly all the way.

She was half-way home when, plodding along in a cloud of brown dust, a horse appeared in the road. The horse wore a straw bonnet and advanced very slowly. He drew a buggy, and in the buggy were Dr. Trumbull and Johnny, his son. He had called at Daniel's to see the little girl, and, on being told that

they had gone to walk, had said something under his breath and turned his horse's head down the road.

"When we meet them, you must get out, Johnny," he said, "and I will take in that poor old man and that baby. I wish I could put common sense in every bottle of medicine. A day like this!"

Dr. Trumbull exclaimed when he saw the great bobbing black umbrella and heard the wails. The straw-bonneted horse stopped abruptly. Dr. Trumbull leaned out of the buggy. "Who are you?" he demanded.

"Uncle Dan'l is gone," shrieked the child.

"Gone where? What do you mean?"

"He—tumbled right down, and then he was—somebody else. He ain't there."

"Where is 'there'? Speak up quick!"

"The brook—Uncle Dan'l went away at the brook."

Dr. Trumbull acted swiftly. He gave Johnny a push. "Get out," he said. "Take that baby into Jim Mann's house there, and tell Mrs. Mann to keep her in the shade and look out for her, and you tell Jim, if he hasn't got his horse in his farm-wagon, to look lively and harness her in and put all the ice they've got in the house in the wagon. Hurry!"

Johnny was over the wheel before his father had finished speaking, and Jim Mann just then drew up alongside in his farm-wagon.

"What's to pay?" he inquired, breathless. He was a thin, sinewy man, scantily clad in cotton trousers and a shirt wide open at the breast. Green leaves protruded from under the brim of his tilted straw hat.

"Old Daniel Wise is overcome by the heat," answered Dr. Trumbull. "Put all the ice you have in the house in your wagon, and come along. I'll leave my horse and buggy here. Your horse is faster."

Presently the farm-wagon clattered down the road dust-hidden behind a galloping horse. Mrs. Jim Mann, who was a loving mother of children, was soothing little Dan'l. Johnny Trumbull watched at the gate. When the wagon returned he ran out and hung on behind, while the strong, ungainly farm-horse galloped to the house set high on the sun-baked terraces.





*Drawn by Walter Biggs*

HE REALIZED THAT THE FEAR OF HIS WHOLE LIFE WAS OVERCOME



When old Daniel revived he found himself in the best parlor, with ice all about him. Thunder was rolling overhead and hail clattered on the windows. A sudden storm, the heat-breaker, had come up and the dreadful day was vanquished. Daniel looked up and smiled a vague smile of astonishment at Dr. Trumbull and Sarah Dean; then his eyes wandered anxiously about.

"The child is all right," said Dr. Trumbull; "don't you worry, Daniel. Mrs. Jim Mann is taking care of her. Don't you try to talk. You didn't exactly have a sunstroke, but the heat was too much for you."

But Daniel spoke, in spite of the doctor's mandate. "The heat," said he, in a curiously clear voice, "ain't never goin' to be too much for me again."

"Don't you talk, Daniel," repeated Dr. Trumbull. "You've always been nervous about the heat. Maybe you won't be again, but keep still. When I told you to take that child out every day I didn't mean when the world was like Sodom and Gomorrah. Thank God, it will be cooler now."

Sarah Dean stood beside the doctor. She looked pale and severe, but adequate. She did not even state that she had urged old Daniel not to go out. There was true character in Sarah Dean.

The weather that summer was an unexpected quantity. Instead of the day after the storm being cool, it was hot. However, old Daniel, after his recovery, insisted on going out-of-doors with little Dan'l after breakfast. The only concession which he would make to Sarah Dean, who was fairly frantic with anxiety, was that he would merely go down the road as far as the big elm-tree, that he would sit down there, and let the child play about within sight.

"You'll be brought home ag'in, sure as preachin'," said Sarah Dean, "and if you're brought home ag'in, you won't get up ag'in."

Old Daniel laughed. "Now, don't you worry, Sarah," said he. "I'll set down under that big ellum and keep cool."

Old Daniel, at Sarah's earnest entreaties, took a palm-leaf fan. But he did not use it. He sat peacefully under

the cool trail of the great elm all the forenoon, while little Daniel played with her doll. The child was rather languid after her shock of the day before, and not disposed to run about. Also, she had a great sense of responsibility about the old man. Sarah Dean had privately charged her not to let Uncle Daniel get "overhet." She continually glanced up at him with loving, anxious, baby eyes.

"Be you overhet, Uncle Dan'l?" she would ask.

"No, little Dan'l, uncle ain't a mite overhet," the old man would assure her. Now and then little Dan'l left her doll, climbed into the old man's lap, and waved the palm-leaf fan before his face.

Old Daniel Wise loved her so that he seemed, to himself, fairly alight with happiness. He made up his mind that he would find some little girl in the village to come now and then and play with little Dan'l. In the cool of that evening he stole out of the back door, covertly, lest Sarah Dean discover him, and walked slowly to the rector's house in the village. The rector's wife was sitting on her cool, vine-shaded veranda. She was alone, and Daniel was glad. He asked her if the little girl who had come to live with her, Content Adams, could not come the next afternoon and see little Dan'l. "Little Dan'l had ought to see other children once in a while, and Sarah Dean makes real nice cookies," he stated, pleadingly.

Molly Westminster laughed good-naturedly. "Of course she can, Mr. Wise," she said.

The next afternoon Molly herself drove the rector's horse, and brought Content to pay a call on little Dan'l. Molly and Sarah Dean visited in the sitting-room, and left the little girls alone in the parlor with a plate of cookies, to get acquainted. They sat in solemn silence and stared at each other. Neither spoke. Neither ate a cooky. When Molly took her leave, she asked little Dan'l if she had had a nice time with Content, and little Dan'l said, "Yes, ma'am."

Sarah insisted upon Content's carrying the cookies home in the dish with a napkin over it. "When can I go again to see that other little girl?" asked Con-



tent as she and Molly were jogging home.

"Oh, almost any time. I will drive you over—because it is rather a lonesome walk for you. Did you like the little girl? She is younger than you."

"Yes'm."

Also little Dan'l inquired of old Daniel when the other little girl was coming again, and nodded emphatically when asked if she had had a nice time. Evidently both had enjoyed, after the inscrutable fashion of childhood, their silent session with each other. Content came, generally, once a week, and old Daniel was invited to take little Dan'l to the rector's. On that occasion Lucy Rose was present, and Lily Jennings. The four little girls had tea together at a little table set on the porch, and only Lily Jennings talked. The rector drove old Daniel and the child home, and after they had arrived the child's tongue was loosened and she chattered. She had seen everything there was to be seen at the rector's. She told of it in her little silver pipe of a voice. She had to be checked and put to bed, lest she be tired out.

"I never knew that child could talk so much," Sarah said to Daniel, after the little girl had gone up-stairs.

"She talks quite some, when she's alone with me."

"And she seems to see everything."

"Ain't much that child don't see," said Daniel, proudly.

The summer continued unusually hot, but Daniel never again succumbed. When autumn came, for the first time in his whole life old Daniel Wise was sorrowful. He dreaded the effect of the frost and the winter upon his precious little Dan'l, whom he put before himself as fondly as any father could have done, and as the season progressed his dread seemed justified. Poor little Dan'l had cold after cold. Content Adams and Lucy Rose came to see her. The rector's wife and the doctor's sent dainties. But the child coughed and pined, and old Daniel began to look forward to spring and summer—the seasons which had been his bugaboos through life—as if they were angels. When the February thaw came, he told little Dan'l, "Jest look at the snow meltin' and the drops

hangin' on the trees; that is a sign of summer."

Old Daniel watched for the first green light along the fences and the meadow hollows. When the trees began to cast slightly blurred shadows, because of budding leaves, and the robins hopped over the terraces, and now and then the air was cleft with blue wings, he became jubilant. "Spring is jest about here, and then uncle's little Dan'l will stop coughin', and run out-of-doors and pick flowers," he told the child beside the window.

Spring came that year with a riotous rush. Blossoms, leaves, birds, and flowers—all arrived pell-mell, fairly smothering the world with sweetness and music. In May, about the first of the month, there was an intensely hot day. It was as hot as midsummer. Old Daniel with little Dan'l went afield. It was, to both, as if they fairly saw the carnival-arrival of flowers, of green garlands upon tree-branches, of birds and butterflies. "Spring is right here!" said old Daniel. "Summer is right here! Pick them vi'lets in that holler, little Dan'l." The old man sat on a stone in the meadow-land, and watched the child in the blue-gleaming hollow gather up violets in her little hands as if they were jewels. The sun beat upon his head, the air was heavy with fragrance, laden with moisture. Old Daniel wiped his forehead. He was heated, but so happy that he was not aware of it. He saw wonderful new lights over everything. He had wielded love, the one invincible weapon of the whole earth, and had conquered his intangible and dreadful enemy. When, for the sake of that little beloved life, his own life had become as nothing, old Daniel found himself superior to it. He sat there in the tumultuous heat of the May day, watching the child picking violets and gathering strength with every breath of the young air of the year, and he realized that the fear of his whole life was overcome forever. He realized that never again, though they might bring suffering, even death, would he dread the summers with their torrid winds and their burning lights, since, through love, he had become under-lord of all the conditions of his life upon earth.



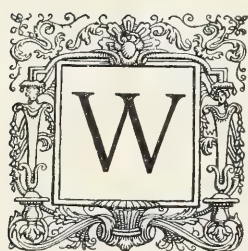
# The Price of Love

## A NOVEL

BY ARNOLD BENNETT

### CHAPTER IX

#### THE MARRIED WOMAN



WONDERFUL things happen. If anybody had foretold to Mrs. Tams that in her fifty-eighth year she would accede to the honorable order of the starched white cap, Mrs. Tams could not have credited the prophecy. But there she stood, in the lobby of the house at Bycars, frocked in black, with the strings of a plain, but fine, white apron stretched round her stoutness, and the cap crowning her gray hair. It was Louis who had insisted on the cap, which Rachel had thought unnecessary and even snobbish, and which Mrs. Tams had nervously deprecated. Not without pleasure, however, had both women yielded to his indeed unanswerable argument: "You can't possibly have a servant opening the door without a cap. It's unthinkable."

Thus in her latter years of grand-motherhood had Mrs. Tams cast off the sackcloth of the charwoman and become a glorious domestic servant, with a room of her own in the house, and no responsibilities beyond the house, and no right to leave the house save once a week, when she visited younger generations who still took from her and gave nothing back. She owed the advancement to Rachel, who, quite unused to engaging servants, and alarmed by harrowing stories of the futility of registry offices and advertisements, had seen in Mrs. Tams the comfortable solution of a fearful problem. Louis would have preferred a younger, slimmer, nattier, fluffier creature than Mrs. Tams, but was ready to be convinced that such as he wanted lived only in his fancy. More-

over, he liked Mrs. Tams, and would occasionally flatter her by a smack on the shoulder.

So in the April dusk Mrs. Tams stood in the windy lobby, and was full of vanity and the pride of life. She gazed forth in disdain at the little crowd of inquisitive idlers and infants that remained obstinately on the pavement hoping against hope that the afternoon's marvelous series of social phenomena was not over. She scorned the slatternly, stupid little crowd for its lack of manners. Yet she ought to have known, and she did know as well as any one, that though in Bursley itself people will pretend out of politeness that nothing unusual is afoot when something unusual most obviously *is* afoot, in the small suburbs of Bursley, such as Bycars, no human or divine power can prevent the populace from loosing its starved curiosity openly upon no matter what spectacle that may differ from the ordinary. Alas! Mrs. Tams in the past had often behaved even as the simple members of that crowd. Nevertheless, all ceremonies being over, she shut the front door with haughtiness, feeling glad that she was not as others are. And further, she was swollen and consequential because, without counting persons named Batchgrew, two visitors had come in a motor, and because at one supreme moment no less than two motors (including a Batchgrew motor) had been waiting together at the kerb in front of her cleaned steps. Who could have foreseen this arrant snobbishness in the excellent child of nature, Mrs. Tams?

A far worse example of spiritual iniquity sat lolling on the Chesterfield in the parlor. Ignorance and simplicity and a menial imitativeness might be an excuse for Mrs. Tams; but not for Rachel, the



mistress, the omniscient, the all-powerful, the giver of good, who could make and unmake with a nod. Rachel sitting gorgeous on the Chesterfield amid an enormous twilight welter and litter of disarranged chairs and tables; empty teapots, cups, jugs, and glasses; dishes of fragmentary remains of cake and chocolate; plates smeared with roseate jam, sticky teaspoons, loaded ash-trays, and a large general crumbly mess—Rachel, the downright, the contemner of silly social prejudices and all nonsense, was actually puffed up because she had a servant in a cap and because automobiles had deposed elegant girls at her door and whirled them off again. And she would have denied it and yet was not ashamed.

The sole extenuation of Rachel's base worldliness was that during the previous six months she had almost continuously had the sensations of a person crossing Niagara on a tight-rope, and that now, on this very day, she had leaped to firm ground and was accordingly exultant. After Mrs. Maldon's death she had felt somehow guilty of disloyalty; she passionately regretted having had no opportunity to assure the old lady that her suspicions about Louis were wrong and cruel, and to prove to her in some mysterious way the deep rightness of the betrothal. She blushed only for the moment of her betrothal. She had solemnly bound Louis to keep the betrothal secret until Christmas. She had laid upon both of them a self-denying ordinance as to meeting. The funeral over, she was without a home. She wished to find another situation; Louis would not hear of it. She contemplated a visit to her father and brother in America. In response to a letter, her brother sent her the exact amount of the steerage fare, and, ready to accept it, she was astounded at Louis' fury against her brother and at the accent with which he had spit out the word "steerage." Her brother and father had gone steerage. However, she gave way to Louis, chiefly because she could not bear to leave him even for a couple of months. She was lodging at Knype, at a total normal expense of ten shillings a week. She possessed over fifty pounds—enough to keep her for six months and to pur-

chase a trousseau, and not one penny would she deign to receive from her affianced.

The disclosure of Mrs. Maldon's will increased the delicacy of her situation. Mrs. Maldon had left the whole of her property in equal shares to Louis and Julian absolutely. There were others who by blood had an equal claim upon her with these two, but the rest had been mere names to her, and she had characteristically risen above the conventionalism of heredity. Mr. Batchgrew, the executor, was able to announce that in spite of losses the heirs would get over three thousand five hundred pounds apiece. Hence it followed that Rachel would be marrying for money as well as for position! She trembled when the engagement was at length announced. And when Louis, after consultation with Mr. Batchgrew, pointed out that it would be advantageous not merely to the estate as a whole, but to himself and her, if he took over the house at Bycars and its contents at a valuation and made it their married home, she at first declined utterly. The scheme seemed sacrilegious to her. How could she dare to be happy in that house where Mrs. Maldon had died, in that house which was so intimately Mrs. Maldon's? But the manifold excellences of the scheme, appealing strongly to her common sense, overcame her scruples. The dead are dead; the living must live, and the living must not be morbid; it would be absurd to turn into a pious monument every house which death has emptied; Mrs. Maldon, had she known all the circumstances, would have been only too pleased, etc., etc. The affair was settled, and grew into public knowledge.

Rachel had to emerge upon the world as an engaged girl. Left to herself, she would have shunned all formalities; but Louis, bred up in Barnes, knew what was due to society. Naught was omitted. Louis' persuasiveness could not be withstood. Withal, he was so right. And though Rachel in one part of her mind had a contempt for "fuss," in another she liked it and was half-ashamed of liking it. Further, her common sense, of which she was still proud, told her that the delicacy of her situation demanded "fuss," and would be much assuaged



thereby. And finally, the whole thing, being miraculous, romantic, and incredible, had the quality of a dream through which she lived in a dazed nonchalance. Could it be true that she had resided with Mrs. Maldon only for a month? Could it be true that her courtship had lasted only two days—or at most, three? Never, she thought, had a sensible, quiet girl ridden such a whirlwind before in the entire history of the world. Could Louis be as foolishly fond of her as he seemed? Was she truly to be married? "I sha'n't have a single wedding-present," she had said. Then wedding-presents began to come. "Are we married?" she had said, when they were married and in the conventional clothes in the conventional vehicle. After that she soon did realize that the wondrous and the unutterable had happened to her too. And she swung over to the other extreme: instead of doubting the reality of her own experiences, she was convinced that her experiences were more real than those of any other created girl, and hence she felt a slight condescension toward all the rest. "I am a married woman," she reflected at intervals, with intense momentary pride. And her fits of confusion in public would end in recurrences of this strange, proud feeling.

Then she had to face the return to Bursley, and, later, the At Home which Louis propounded as a matter of course, and which she knew to be inevitable. The house was her toy, and Mrs. Tams was her toy. But the glee of playing with toys had been overshadowed for days by the delicious dread of the At Home. "It will be the first caller that will kill me," she had said. "But will anybody really come?" And the first caller had called. And, finding herself still alive, she had become radiant, and often during the afternoon had forgotten to be clumsy. The success of the At Home was prodigious, startling. Now and then when the room was full, and people without chairs perched on the end of the Chesterfield, she had whispered to her secret heart in a tiny, tiny voice: "These are my guests. They all treat me with special deference. I am the hostess. *I am Mrs. Fores.*" The Batchgrew clan was well represented, no doubt by order from authority. Mrs. Yardley

came, in surprising stylishness. Visitors arrived from Knype. Miss Malkin came and atoned for her historic glance in the shop. But the dazzlers were sundry male friends of Louis, with Kensingtonian accents, strange phrases, and assurance in the handling of tea-cups and the choosing of cake. . . . One by one and two by two they had departed, and at last Rachel, with a mind as it were breathless from rapid flittings to and fro, was seated alone on the sofa.

She was richly dressed in a dark blue taffeta dress that gave brilliance to her tawny hair. Perhaps she was over-richly dressed, for, like many girls who as a rule are not very interested in clothes, she was too interested in them at times, and inexperienced taste was apt to mislead her into an unfitness. Also her figure was too stiff and sturdy to favor elegance. But on this occasion the general effect of her was notably picturesque, and her face and hair, and the expression of her pose, atoned in their charm for the shortcomings and the luxuriance of the frock. She was no more the Rachel that Mrs. Maldon had known and that Louis had first kissed. Her glance had altered, and her gestures. She would ask herself, could it be true that she was a married woman? But her glance and gestures announced it true at every instant. A new languor and a new confidence had transformed the girl. Her body had been modified and her soul at once chastened and fired. Fresh in her memory was endless matter for meditation. And on the sofa, in a negligent attitude of repose, with shameless eyes gazing far into the caverns of the fire, and an unreadable faint smile on her face, she meditated. And she was the most seductive, tantalizing, self-contradictory object for study in the whole of Bursley. She had never been so interesting as in this brief period, and she might never be so interesting again.

Mrs. Tams entered. With her voice Mrs. Tams said, "Shall I begin to clear all these things away, *ma'm*?" But with her self-conscious eyes Mrs. Tams said to the self-conscious eyes of Rachel, "What a staggering world we live in, don't we?"

Rachel sprang from the Chesterfield,



smoothed down her frock, shook her hair, and then ran up-stairs to the large front bedroom, where Louis, to whom the house was just as much a toy as to Rachel, was about to knock a nail into a wall. Out of breath, she stood close to him very happily. The At Home was over. She was now definitely received as a married woman in a town full of married women and girls waiting to be married women. She had passed successfully through a trying and exhausting experience; the nervous tension was slackened. And therefore it might be expected that she would have a sense of reaction, the vague melancholy which is produced when that which has long been seen before is suddenly seen behind. But it was not so in the smallest degree. Every moment of her existence equally was thrilling and happy. One piquant joy was succeeded immediately by another as piquant. To Rachel it was not in essence more exciting to officiate at an At Home than to watch Louis drive a nail into a wall.

The man winked at her in the dusk; she winked back, and put her hand intimately on his shoulder. She thought, "I am safe with him now in the house." The feeling of solitude with him, of being barricaded against the world and at the mercy of Louis alone, was exquisite to her. Then Louis raised himself on his toes, and raised his left arm with the nail as high as he could, and stuck the point of the nail against a pencil-mark on the wall. Then he raised the right hand with the hammer; but the mark was just too high to be efficiently reached by both hands simultaneously. Louis might have stood on a chair. This simple device, however, was too simple for them.

Rachel said:

"Shall I stand on a chair and hold the nail for you?"

Louis murmured:

"Brainy little thing! Never at a loss!"

She skipped on to a chair and held the nail. Towering thus above him, she looked down on her husband and thought: "This man is mine alone, and he is all mine." And in Rachel's fancy the thought itself seemed to caress Louis from head to foot.

"Supposing I catch you one?" said Louis, as he prepared to strike.

"I don't care," said Rachel.

And the fact was that really she would have liked him to hit her finger instead of the nail—not too hard, but still smartly. She would have taken pleasure in the pain: such was the perversity of the young wife. But Louis hit the nail infallibly every time.

He took up a picture which had been lying against the wall in a dark corner, and thrust the twisting wire of it over the nail.

Rachel, when in the deepening darkness she had peered into the frame, exclaimed, pouting:

"Oh, darling, you aren't going to hang that here, are you? It's so old-fashioned. You said it was old-fashioned yourself. I did want that thing that came this morning to be put somewhere here. Why can't you stick this in the spare room? . . . Unless, of course, you *prefer* . . ." She was being deferential to the art-expert in him, as well as to the husband.

"Not in the least!" said Louis, acquiescent, and unhooked the picture.

Taste changes. The rejected of Rachel was a water-color by the late Athelstan Maldon, adored by Mrs. Maldon. Already it had been degraded from the parlor to the bedroom, and now it was to be pushed away like a shame into obscurity. It was a view of the celebrated Vale of Llangollen, finicking, tight, and hard in manner, but with a certain sentiment and modest skill. The way in which the initials "A. M." had been hidden amid the foreground foliage in the left-hand corner disclosed enough of the painter's quiet and proud temperament to show that he "took after" his mother. Yet a few more years, and the careless observer would miss those initials altogether and would be contemptuously inquiring, "Who did this old daub, I wonder?" And nobody would know who did the old daub, or that the old daub for thirty years had been an altar for undying affection, and also a distinguished specimen—admired by a whole generation of townsfolk—of the art of water-color.

And the fate of Athelstan's sketch was symptomatic. Mrs. Maldon's house had been considered perfect, up to the time of her death. Rachel had at first been



even intimidated by it; Louis had sincerely praised it. And indeed its perfection was an axiom of drawing-room conversation. But as soon as Louis and Rachel began to look on the house with the eye of inhabitants, the axiom fell to a dogma, and the dogma was exploded. The dreadful truth came out that Mrs. Maldon had shown a strange indifference to certain aspects of convenience, and that, in short, she must have been a peculiar old lady with ideas of her own. Louis proved unanswerably that in the hitherto faultless parlor the furniture was ill arranged, and suddenly the sideboard and the Chesterfield had changed places, and all concerned had marveled that Mrs. Maldon had for so long kept the Chesterfield where so obviously the sideboard ought to have been, and the sideboard where so obviously the Chesterfield ought to have been.

And still graver matters had come to light. The house had an attic floor, which was unused and the scene of no activity except spring-cleaning. A previous owner, infected by the virus of modernity, had put a bath into one of the attics. Now Mrs. Maldon, as experiments disclosed, had actually had the water cut off from the bath. Eyebrows were lifted at the revelation of this caprice. The restoration of the supply of water and the installing of a geyser were the only expenditures which thrifty Rachel had sanctioned in the way of rejuvenating the house. Rachel had decided that the house must, at any rate for the present, be "made to do." That such a decision should be necessary astonished Rachel; and Mrs. Maldon would have been more than astonished to learn that the lady-help, by fortitude and determination, was making her perfect house "do." As regards the household inventory, Rachel had been obliged to admit exceptions to her rule of endurance. Perhaps her main reason for agreeing to live in the house had been that there would be no linen to buy. But truly Mrs. Maldon's notion of what constituted a sufficiency of—for example—towels, was quite too inadequate. Louis protested that he could comfortably use all Mrs. Maldon's towels in half a day. More towels had to be obtained. There were other short-

ages, but some of them were set right by means of veiled indications to prospective givers of gifts.

"You mean that 'Garden of the Hesperides' affair for up here, do you?" said Louis.

Rachel gazed round the bedchamber. A memory of what it had been shot painfully through her mind. For the room was profoundly changed in character. Two narrow bedsteads given by Thomas Batchgrew, and described by Mrs. Tams, in a moment of daring, as "flighty," had taken the place of Mrs. Maldon's bedstead, which was now in the spare room, the spare-room bedstead having been allotted to Mrs. Tams, and Rachel's old bedstead sold. Bright crocheted and embroidered wedding-presents enlivened the pale tones of the room. The wardrobe, washstand, dressing-table, chairs, carpet, and ottoman remained. But there were razors on the washstand and boot-trees under it; the wardrobe had been emptied, and filled on strange principles with strange raiment; and the Maldon family Bible, instead of being on the ottoman, was in the ottoman—so as to be out of the dust.

"Perhaps we may as well keep that here, after all," said Rachel, indicating Athelstan's water-color. Her voice was soft. She remembered that the name of Mrs. Maldon, only a little while since a major notability of Bursley and the very mirror of virtuous renown, had been mentioned but once, and even then apologetically, during the afternoon.

Louis asked, sharply:

"Why, if you don't care for it, *I* don't."

"Well—" said Rachel. "As you like, then, dearest."

Louis walked out of the room with the water-color, and in a moment returned with a photogravure of Lord Leighton's "The Garden of the Hesperides," in a coquettish gold frame—a gift newly arrived from Louis' connections in the United States. The marmoreal and academic work seemed wonderfully warm and original in that room at Bycars. Rachel really admired it, and admired herself for admiring it. But when Louis had hung it and flicked it into exact perpendicularity, and they had both exclaimed upon its brilliant effect even in the dusk, Rachel saw it also with the



eyes of Mrs. Maldon, and wondered what Mrs. Maldon would have thought of it opposite her bed, and knew what Mrs. Maldon would have thought of it.

And then, the job being done and the progress of civilization assured, Louis murmured in a new appealing voice:

"I say, Louise!"

"Louise" was perhaps his most happy invention, and the best proof that Louis was Louis. Upon hearing that her full Christian names were Rachel Louisa, he had instantly said: "I shall call you Louise." Rachel was ravished. Louisa is a vulgar name—at least it is vulgar in the Five Towns, where every second general servant bears it. But Louise was full of romance, distinction, and beauty. And it was the perfect complement to Louis. Louis and Louise—ideal coincidence! "But nobody except me is to call you Louise," he had added. And thus completed her bliss.

"What?" she encouraged him amorously.

"Suppose we go to Llandudno on Saturday for the week-end?"

His tone was gay, gentle, innocent, persuasive. Yet the words stabbed her and her head swam.

"But why?" she asked, controlling her utterance.

"Oh, well! Be rather a lark, wouldn't it?"

It was when he talked in this strain that the inconvenient voice of sagacity within her would question for one agonizing instant whether she was more secure as the proud, splendid wife of Louis Fores than she had been as a mere lady-help. And the same insistent voice would repeat the warnings which she had had from Mrs. Maldon and from Thomas Batchgrew, and would remind her of what she herself had said to herself when Louis first kissed her: "This is wrong. But I don't care. He is mine."

Upon hearing of his inheritance from Mrs. Maldon, Louis was for throwing up immediately his situation at Horrocleave's. Rachel had dissuaded him from such irresponsible madness. She had prevented him from running into a hundred expenses during their engagement and in connection with the house. And he had in the end enthusiastically

praised her common sense. But that very morning at the midday meal he had surprised her by announcing that on account of the reception he should not go to the works at all in the afternoon, though he had omitted to warn Horrocleave. Ultimately she had managed, by guile, to despatch him to the works for two hours. And now in the evening he was alarming her afresh. Why go to Llandudno? What point was there in rushing off to Llandudno, and scattering in three days more money than they could save in three weeks? He frightened her ingrained prudence, and her alarm was only increased by his obvious failure to realize the terrible defect in himself (for to her it was terrible). The joyous scheme of an excursion to Llandudno had suddenly crossed his mind, exciting the appetite for pleasure. Hence the appetite must be immediately indulged! . . . Rachel had been brought up otherwise. And as a direct result of Louis' irresponsible suggestion she had a vision of the house with county-court bailiffs lodged in the kitchen. . . . She had only to say: "Yes, let's go," and they would be off on the absurd and wicked expedition.

"I'd really rather not," she said, smiling, but serious.

"All serene. But, anyhow, next week's Easter, and we shall have to go somewhere then, you know."

She put her hands on his shoulders and looked close at him, knowing that she must use her power and that the heavy dusk would help her.

"Why?" she asked again. "I'd much sooner stay here at Easter. Truly I would! . . . With you!"

The episode ended with an embrace. She had won.

"Very well! Very well!" said Louis. "Easter in the coal-cellar if you like. I'm on for anything."

"But don't you *see*, dearest?" she said. And he imitated her emphasis, full of teasing good-humor:

"Yes, I *see*, dearest."

She breathed relief, and asked:

"Are you going to give me my bicycle lesson?"

Louis had borrowed a bicycle for Rachel to ruin while learning to ride.



He said that a friend had lent it to him—a man in Hanbridge whose mother had given up riding on account of stoutness—but who exactly this friend was Rachel knew not, Louis' information being characteristically sketchy and incomplete; and with his air of candor and good-humor he had a strange way of warding off questions; so that already Rachel had grown used to a phrase which she would utter only in her mind, "I don't like to ask him—"

It pleased Louis to ride this bicycle out of the back yard, down the sloping entry, and then steer it through another narrow gateway, across the pavement, and let it solemnly bump, first with the front wheel and then with the back wheel, from the pavement into the road. During this feat he stood on the pedals. He turned the machine up Bycars Lane, and steadily climbed the steep at Rachel's walking pace. And Rachel, hurrying by his side, watched in the obscurity the play of his ankles as he put into practice the principles of pedaling which he had preached. He was a graceful rider; every movement was natural and elegant. Rachel considered him to be the most graceful cyclist that ever was. She was fascinated by the revolutions of his feet.

She felt ecstatically happy. The episode of his caprice for the seaside was absolutely forgotten; after all, she asked for nothing more than the possession of him, and she had that, though indeed it seemed too marvelous to be true. The bicycle lesson was her hour of magic; and more so on this night than on previous nights.

"I must change my dress," she had said. "I can't go in this one."

"Quick, then!"

His impatience could not wait. He had helped her. He undid hooks, and fastened others. . . . The rich blue frock lay across the bed and looked lovely on the ivory-colored counterpane. It seemed indeed to be part of that in her which was Louise. Then she was in a short skirt which she had devised herself, and he was pushing her out of the room, his hand on her back. And she had feigned reluctance, resisting his pressure, while laughing with gleeful eagerness to be gone. No delay had been

allowed. As they passed through the kitchen, not one instant for parley with Mrs. Tams as to the domestic organization of the evening! He was still pushing her. . . . Thus she had had to confide her precious house and its innumerable treasures to Mrs. Tams. And in this surrender to Louis' whim there was a fearful joy.

When Louis turned at last into Park Road, and stepped from between the wheels, she exclaimed, a little breathless from quick walking level with him up the hill:

"I can't bear to see you ride so well. Oh!" She crunched her teeth with a loving, cruel gesture, "I should like to hurt you frightfully!"

"What for?"

"Because I shall never, never be able to ride as well as you do!"

He winked.

"Here! Take hold."

"I'm not ready! I'm not ready!" she cried.

But he loosed the machine, and she was obliged to seize it as it fell. That was his teasing.

Park Road had been the scene of the lesson for three nights. It was level, and it was unfrequented. "And the doctor's handy in case you break your neck," Louis had said. Dr. Yardley's red lamp shone amicably among yellow lights, and its ray with theirs was lost in the mysterious obscurities of the closed park. Not only was it socially advisable for Rachel to study the perverse nature of the bicycle at night—for not to know how to ride the bicycle was as shameful as not to know how to read and write—but she preferred the night for the romantic feeling of being alone with Louis, in the dark and above the glow of the town. She loved the sharp night-wind on her cheek, and the faint clandestine rustling of the low evergreens within the park palisade, and the invisible and almost tangible soft sky, revealed round the horizon by gleams of fire. She had longed to ride the bicycle as some girls long to follow the hunt or to steer an automobile or a yacht. And now her ambition was being attained amid all circumstances of bliss.

And yet she would shrink from beginning the lesson.



"The lamp! You've forgotten to light the lamp!" she said.

"Get on!" said he.

"But suppose a policeman comes?"

"Suppose you get on and start! Do you think I don't know you? Policemen are my affair. Besides, all nice policemen are in bed. . . . Don't be afraid. It isn't alive. I've got hold of the thing. Sit well down. No! There are only two pedals. You seem to think there are about nineteen. Right! No, no, *no!* Don't—do not—cling to those blooming handle-bars as if you were in a storm at sea. Be a nice little cat in front of the fire—all your muscles loose. Now! Are you ready?"

"Yes," she murmured, with teeth set and dilated eyes staring ahead at the hideous dangers of Park Road.

He impelled. The pedals went round. The machine slid terribly forward.

And in a moment Louis said, mischievously:

"I told you you'd have to go alone to-night. There you are!"

His footsteps ceased.

"Louis!" she cried, sharply and yet sadly upbraiding his unspeakable treason. Her fingers gripped convulsively the handle-bar. She was moving alone. It was inconceivably awful and delightful. She was on the back of a wild pony in the forest. The miracle of equilibrium was being accomplished. The impossible was done, and at the first attempt. She thought very clearly how wondrous was life, and how perfectly happy fate had made her. And then she was lying in a tangle amid dozens of complex wheels, chains, and bars.

"Hurt?" shouted Louis, as he ran up.

She laughed and said "No," and sat up stiffly, full of secret dolours. Yet he knew and she knew that the accidents of the previous two nights had covered her limbs with blue discolorations, and that the latest fall was more severe than any previous one. Her courage enchanted Louis and filled him with a sense of security. She was not graceful in these exercises. Her ankles were thick and clumsy. Not merely had she no natural aptitude for physical feats,—apparently she was not lissome, nor elegant in motion. But what courage! What calm, bright endurance! What stoicism!

Most girls would have reproached him for betraying them to destruction, would have pouted, complained, demanded petting and apologies. But not she! She was like a man. And when he helped her to pick herself up he noticed that after all she was both lissome and agile, and exquisitely, disturbingly girlish in her short, dusty skirt; and that she did trust him and depend on him. And he realized that he was safe for life with her. She was created for him.

Work was resumed.

"Now don't let go of me till I tell you," she enjoined, lightly.

"I won't," he answered. And it seemed to him that his loyalty to her expanded and filled all his soul.

Later, as she approached the other end of Park Road, near Moorthorne Road, a tram-car hurled itself suddenly down Moorthorne Road and overthrew her. It is true that the tram-car was never less than twenty yards away from her. But even at twenty yards it could overthrow. Rachel sat dazed in the road, and her voice was uncertain as she told Louis to examine the bicycle. One of the pedals was bent, and prevented the back wheel from making a complete revolution.

"It's nothing," said Louis. "I'll have it right in the morning."

"Who's that?" Rachel, who had risen, gasping, turned to him excitedly as he was bending over the bicycle. Conscious that somebody had been standing at the corner of the street, he glanced up. A figure was moving quickly down Moorthorne Road toward the station.

"I dun'no'," said he.

"It's not Julian, is it?"

In a peculiar tone Louis replied:

"Looks like him, doesn't it?" And then impulsively he yelled, "Hi!"

The figure kept on its way.

"Seeing that the inimitable Julian's still in South Africa, it can't very well be him. And, anyhow, I'm not going to run after him."

"No, of course it can't," Rachel assented.

Presently the returning procession was reformed. Louis pushed the bicycle on its front wheel, and Rachel tried to help him to support the weight of the suspended part. He had attempted in vain to take the pedal off the crank.



"It's perhaps a good thing you fell just then," said Louis. "Because old Batch is coming in to-night, and we'd better not be late."

"But you never told me!"

"Didn't I? I forgot," he said, blandly.

"Oh, Louis! . . . He's not coming for supper, I hope?"

"My child, if there's a chance of a free meal, old Batch will be on the spot."

The unaccustomed housewife foretold her approaching shame, and proclaimed Louis to be the author of it. She began to quicken her steps.

"You certainly ought to have let me know sooner, dearest," she said, seriously. "You really are terrible."

Hard knocks had not hurt her. But she was hurt now. And Louis' smile was very constrained. Her grave manner of saying "dearest" had disquieted him.

## CHAPTER X

### THE CHASM

IT is true that Rachel held Councilor Thomas Batchgrew in hatred, that she had never pardoned him for the insult which he had put upon her in the Imperial Cinema de Luxe; and that, indeed, she could never pardon him for simply being Thomas Batchgrew. Nevertheless, there was that evening in her heart a little softening toward him. The fact was that the councilor had been flattering her. She would have denied warmly that she was susceptible to flattery; even if authoritatively informed that no human being whatever is unsusceptible to flattery, she would still have protested that she at any rate was, for, like numerous young and inexperienced women, she had persuaded herself that she was the one exception to various otherwise universal rules.

It remained that Thomas Batchgrew had been flattering her. On arrival he had greeted her with that tinge of deference which from an old man never fails to thrill a girl. Rachel's pride as a young married woman was tigerishly alert and hungry that evening. Thomas Batchgrew, little by little, tamed and fed it very judiciously at intervals, until at length it seemed to purr content around him like a cat. The phenomenon was

remarkable, and the more so in that Rachel was convinced that, whereas she was as critical and inimical as ever, old Batchgrew had slightly improved. He behaved "heartily," and everybody appreciates such behavior in the Five Towns. He was by nature far too insensitive to notice that the married lovers were treating each other with that finished courtesy which is the symptom of a tiff or of a misunderstanding. And the married lovers, noticing that he noticed nothing, were soon encouraged to make peace; and by means of certain tones and gestures peace was declared in the very presence of the unperceiving old brute, which was peculiarly delightful to the contracting parties.

Rachel had less difficulty with the supper than she feared, whereby also her good-humor was fostered. With half of a cold leg of mutton, some cheese, and the magnificent fancy remains of an At Home tea, arrayed with the doilies and embroidered cloths which brides always richly receive in the Five Towns, a most handsome and impressive supper can be concocted. Rachel was astonished at the splendor of her own table. Mr. Batchgrew treated this supper with unsurpassable tact. The adjectives he applied to it were short and emphatic and spoken with a full mouth. He ate the supper; he kept on eating it; he passed his plate with alacrity; he refused naught. And as the meal neared its end he emitted those natural inarticulate noises from his throat which in Persia are a sign of high breeding. Useless for Rachel in her heart to call him a glutton—his attitude toward her supper was impeccable.

And now the solid part of the supper was over. One extremity of the Chesterfield had been drawn closer to the fire—an operation easily possible in its new advantageous position—and Louis as master of the house had mended the fire after his own method, and Rachel sat upright (somewhat in the manner of Mrs. Maldon) in the arm-chair opposite Mr. Batchgrew, extended half-reclining on the Chesterfield. And Mrs. Tams entered with coffee.

"You'll have coffee, Mr. Batchgrew?" said the hostess.

"Nay, missis! I canna' sleep after it."



Secretly enchanted by the sweet word "missis," Rachel was nevertheless piqued by this refusal.

"Oh, but you must have some of Louise's coffee," said Louis, standing negligently in front of the fire.

Already, though under a month old as a husband, Louis, following the eternal example of good husbands, had acquired the sure belief that his wife could achieve a higher degree of excellence in certain affairs than any other wife in the world. He had selected coffee as Rachel's specialty.

"Louise's?" repeated old Batchgrew, puzzled, in his heavy voice.

Rachel flushed and smiled.

"He calls me Louise, you know," said she.

"Calls you Louise, does he?" Batchgrew muttered, indifferently. But he took a cup of coffee, stirred part of its contents into the saucer and onto the Chesterfield, and began to sup the remainder with a prodigious splutter of ingurgitation.

"And you must have a cigarette, too," Louis carelessly insisted. And Mr. Batchgrew agreed, though it was notorious that he only smoked once in a blue moon, because all tobacco was apt to be too strong for him.

"You can clear away," Rachel whispered, in the frigid tones of one accustomed to command cohorts of servants in the luxury of historic castles.

"Yes, ma'm," Mrs. Tams whispered back, nervously, proud as a majordomo, though with less than a majordomo's aplomb.

No pride, however, could have outclassed Rachel's. She had had a full day, and the evening was the crown of the day, because in the evening she was entertaining privately for the first time. She was the one lady of the party; for these two men she represented woman, and they were her men. They depended on her for their physical well-being, and not in vain. She was the hostess; hers to command; hers the complex responsibility of the house. She had begun supper with painful timidity, but the timidity had now nearly vanished in the flush of social success. Critical as only a young wife can be, she was excellently well satisfied with Louis' performance in

the rôle of host. She grew more than ever sure that there was only one Louis. See him manipulate a cigarette—it was the perfection of worldliness and agreeable, sensuous grace! See him hold a match to Mr. Batchgrew's cigarette!

Now Mr. Batchgrew smoked a cigarette clumsily. He seemed not to be able to decide whether a cigarette was something to smoke or something to eat. Mr. Batchgrew was more ungainly than ever, stretched in his characteristic attitude at an angle of forty-five degrees; his long whiskers were more absurdly than ever like two tails of a wire-haired white dog; his voice more coarsely than ever rolled about the room like undignified thunder. He was an old, old man, and a sinister. It was precisely his age that caressed Rachel's pride. That any man so old should have come to her house for supper, should be treating her as an equal and with the directness of allusion in conversation due to a married woman but improper to a young girl—this was very sweet to Rachel. The subdued stir made by Mrs. Tams in clearing the table was for Rachel a delicious background to the scene. The one flaw in it was her short skirt, which she had not had time to change. Louis had protested that it was entirely in order, and indeed admirably coquettish, but Rachel would have preferred a long train of soft drapery disposed with art round the front of her chair.

"What you want here is electricity," said Thomas Batchgrew, gazing at the incandescent gas; he could never miss a chance, and was never discouraged in the pursuit of his own advantage.

"You think so?" murmured Louis, genially.

"I could put ye in summat as 'u'd—"

Rachel broke in with clear, calm decision:

"I don't think we shall have any electricity just yet."

The gesture of the economical wife in her was so final that old Batchgrew raised his eyebrows with a grin at Louis, and Louis humorously drew down the corners of his mouth in response. It was as if they had both said, in awe:

"She has spoken!"

And Rachel, still further flattered and happy, was obliged to smile.



When Mrs. Tams had made her last tiptoe journey from the room and closed the door with due silent respect upon those great ones, the expression of Thomas Batchgrew's face changed somewhat; he looked round, as though for spies, and then drew a packet of papers from his pocket. And the expression of the other two faces changed also. For the true purpose of the executor's visit was now to be made formally manifest.

"Now about this statement of account—*re* Elizabeth Maldon, deceased," he growled, deeply.

"By the way," Louis interrupted him. "Is Julian back?"

"Julian back? Not as I know on," said Mr. Batchgrew aggressively. "Why?"

"We thought we saw him walking down Moorthorne Road to-night."

"Yes," said Rachel. "We both thought we saw him."

"Happen he is if he aeroplaned it!" said Batchgrew, and fumbled nervously with the papers.

"It couldn't have been Julian," said Louis, confidently, to Rachel.

"No, it couldn't," said Rachel.

But neither conjured away the secret uneasiness of the other. And as for Rachel, she knew that all through the evening she had, inexplicably, been disturbed by an apprehension that Julian, after his long and strange sojourn in South Africa, had returned to the district. Why the possible advent of Julian should disconcert her, she thought she could not divine. Mr. Batchgrew's demeanor as he answered Louis' question mysteriously increased her apprehension. At one moment she said to herself, "Of course it wasn't Julian." At the next, "I'm quite sure I couldn't be mistaken." At the next, "And supposing it was Julian—what of it?"

When Batchgrew and Louis, sitting side by side on the Chesterfield, began to turn over documents and peer into columns; and carry the finger horizontally across sheets of paper in search of figures, Rachel tactfully withdrew, not from the room, but from the conversation, it being her proper rôle to pretend that she did not and could not understand the complicated details which they were discussing. She expected some rather

dazzling revelation of men's trained methods at this "business interview" (as Louis had announced it), for her brother and father had never allowed her the slightest knowledge of their daily affairs. But she was disappointed. She thought that both the men were somewhat absurdly and self-consciously trying to be solemn and learned. Louis beyond doubt was self-conscious—acting as it were to impress his wife—and Batchgrew's efforts to be hearty and youthful with the young roused her private ridicule.

Moreover, nothing fresh emerged from the interview. She had known all of it before from Louis. Batchgrew was merely repeating and resuming. And Louis was listening with politeness to recitals with which he was quite familiar. In words almost identical with those already reported to her by Louis, Batchgrew insisted on the honesty and efficiency of the valuer in Hanbridge, a life-long friend of his own, who had for a specially low fee put a price on the house at Bycars and its contents for the purpose of a division between Louis and Julian. And now, as previously with Louis, Rachel failed to comprehend how the valuer, if he had been favorably disposed toward Louis, as Batchgrew averred, could at the same time have behaved honestly toward Julian. But neither Louis nor Batchgrew seemed to realize the point. They both apparently flattered themselves with much simplicity upon the partiality of the life-long friend and valuer for Louis, without perceiving the logical deduction that if he was partial he was a rascal. Further, Thomas Batchgrew "rubbed Rachel the wrong way" by subtly emphasizing his own marvelous abilities as a trustee and executor, and by assuring Louis repeatedly that all conceivable books of account, correspondence, and documents were open for his inspection at any time. Batchgrew, in Rachel's opinion, might as well have said, "You naturally suspect me of being a knave, but I can prove to you that you are wrong."

Finally, they came to the grand total of Louis' inheritance, which Rachel had known by heart for several days past; yet Batchgrew rolled it out as a piece of tremendous news, and immediately



afterward hinted that the sum represented less than the true worth of Louis' inheritance, and that he, Batchgrew, as well as his life-long friend the valuer, had been influenced by a partiality for Louis. For example, he had contrived to put all the house property, except the house at Bycars, into Julian's share; which was extremely advantageous for Louis because the federation of the Five Towns into one borough had rendered property values the most capricious and least calculable of all worldly possessions. . . . And Louis tried to smile knowingly at the knowing trustee and executor with his amiable partiality for one legatee as against the other. Louis' share, beyond the Bycars house, was in the gilt-edged stock of limited companies which sold water and other necessities of life to the public on their own terms.

Rachel left the pair for a moment, and returned from up-stairs with a gray jacket of Louis' from which she had to unstitch the black crêpe armlet announcing to the world Louis' grief for his dead great-aunt; the period of mourning was long over, and it would not have been quite nice for Louis to continue announcing his grief.

As she came back into the room she heard the word "debentures," and that single word changed her mood instantly from bland feminine toleration to porcupinish defensiveness. She did not, as a fact, know what debentures were. She could not for a fortune have defined the difference between a debenture and a share. She only knew that debentures were connected with "limited companies"—not waterworks companies, which she classed with the Bank of England—but just any limited companies, which were in her mind a bottomless pit for the savings of the foolish. She had an idea that a debenture was, if anything, more fatal than a share. She was, of course, quite wrong, according to general principles; but, unfortunately, women, as all men sooner or later learn, have a disconcerting habit of being right in the wrong way for the wrong reasons. In a single moment, without justification, she had in her heart declared war on all debentures. And as soon as she gathered that Thomas Batchgrew was suggesting to Louis the exchange of

waterworks stock for seven per cent. debentures in the United Midland Cinemas Corporation, Limited, she became more than ever convinced that her instinct about debentures was but too correct. She sat down primly, and detached the armlet, and removed all the bits of black cotton from the sleeve, and never raised her head nor offered a remark, but she was furious—furious to protect her husband against sharks and against himself.

The conduct and demeanor of Thomas Batchgrew were now explained. His visit, his flattery, his heartiness, his youthfulness, all had a motive. He had safeguarded Louis' interests under the will in order to rob him afterward as a cinematograph speculator. The thing was as clear as daylight. And yet Louis did not seem to see it. Louis listened to Batchgrew's ingenious arguments with naïve interest and was obviously impressed. When Batchgrew called him "a business man as smart as they make 'em," and then proved that the money so invested would be as safe as in a stocking, Louis agreed with a great air of acumen that certainly it would. When Batchgrew pointed out that, under the proposed new investment, Louis would be receiving in income thirty or thirty-five shillings for every pound under the old investments, Louis' eye glistened—positively glistened! Rachel trembled. She saw her husband beggared, and there was nothing that frightened her more than the prospect of Louis without a reserve of private income. She did not argue the position—she simply knew that Louis without sure resources behind him would be a very dangerous and uncertain Louis, perhaps a tragic Louis. She frankly admitted this to herself. And old Batchgrew went on talking and inveigling until Rachel was ready to believe that the device of debentures had been originally invented by Thomas Batchgrew himself with felonious intent.

An automobile hooted in the street.

"Well, ye'll think it over," said Thomas Batchgrew.

"Oh, I *will*!" said Louis, eagerly.

And Rachel asked herself, almost shaking:

"Is it possible that he is such a simpleton?"



"Only I must know by Tuesday," said Thomas Batchgrew. "I thought I'd give ye th' chance, but I can't keep it open later than Tuesday."

"Thanks, awfully," said Louis. "I'm very much obliged for the offer. I'll let you know—before Tuesday."

Rachel frowned as she folded up the jacket. If, however, the two men could have seen into her mind they would have perceived symptoms of danger more agitating than one little frown.

"Of course," said Thomas Batchgrew, easily, with a short laugh, in the lobby, "if it hadna been for *her* making away with that nine hundred and sixty-odd pound, you'd ha' had a round sum o' thousands to invest. I've been thinking o'er that matter, and all I can see for it is as her must ha' thrown th' money into th' fire in mistake for th' envelope, or with th' envelope. That's all as I can see for it."

Louis flushed slightly as he slapped his thigh.

"Never thought of that!" he cried. "It very probably *was* that. Strange it never occurred to me!"

Rachel said nothing. She had extreme difficulty in keeping control of herself while old Batchgrew, with numerous senile precautions, took his slow departure. She forgot that she was a hostess and a woman of the world.

"Hello! What's that?" Rachel asked, in a self-conscious voice, when they were in the parlor again.

Louis had almost surreptitiously taken an envelope from his pocket, and was extracting a paper from it.

On finding themselves alone they had not followed their usual custom of bursting into comment, favorable or unfavorable, on the departed—a practice due more to a desire to rouse and enjoy each other's individualities than to a genuine interest in the third person. Nor had they impulsively or deliberately kissed, as they were liable to do after release from a spell of worldliness. On the contrary, both were still constrained, as if the third person were still with them. The fact was that there were two other persons in the room, darkly discerned by Louis and Rachel—namely, a different, inimical Rachel and a different, inimical

Louis. All four, the seen and the half-seen, walked stealthily, like rival beasts in the edge of the jungle.

"Oh!" said Louis with an air of nonchalance. "It came by the last post while old Batch was here, and I just shoved it into my pocket."

The arrivals of the post were always interesting to them, for during the weeks after marriage letters are apt to be more numerous than usual, and to contain delicate and enchanting surprises. Both of them were always strictly ceremonious in the handling of each other's letters, and yet both deprecated this ceremoniousness in the beloved. Louis urged Rachel to open his letters without scruple, and Rachel did the same to Louis. But both—Louis by chivalry and Rachel by pride—were prevented from acting on the invitation. The envelope in Louis' hand did not contain a letter, but only a circular. The fact that the flap of the envelope was unsealed and the stamp a mere halfpenny ought rightly to have deprived the packet of all significance as a subject of curiosity. Nevertheless, the different, inimical Rachel, probably out of sheer perversity, went up to Louis and looked over his shoulder as he read the communication, which was a printed circular, somewhat yellowed, with blanks neatly filled in, and the whole neatly signed by a churchwarden, informing Louis that his application for sittings at St. Luke's Church (commonly called the Old Church) had been granted. It is to be noted that, though applications for sittings in the Old Church were not overwhelmingly frequent, and might indeed very easily have been coped with by means of autograph replies, the authorities had a sufficient sense of dignity always to circularize the applicants.

This document, harmless enough, and surely a proof of laudable aspirations in Louis, gravely displeased the different, inimical Rachel, and was used by her for bellicose purposes.

"So that's it, is it?" said she, ominously.

"But wasn't it understood that we were to go to the Old Church?" said the other Louis, full of ingenious innocence.

"Oh! Was it?"

"Didn't I mention it?"

"I don't remember."



"I'm sure I did."

The truth was that Louis had once casually remarked that he supposed they would attend the Old Church. Rachel would have joyously attended any church or any chapel with him. At Knype she had irregularly attended the Bethesda Chapel—sometimes (in the evenings) with her father, oftener alone, never with her brother. During her brief employment with Mrs. Maldon she had been only once to a place of worship, the new chapel in Moorthorne Road, which was the nearest to Bycars and had therefore been favored by Mrs. Maldon when her limbs were stiff. In the abstract she approved of religious rites. Theologically her ignorance was such that she could not have distinguished between the tenets of church and the tenets of chapel, and this ignorance she shared with the large majority of the serious inhabitants of the Five Towns. Why, then, should she have "pulled a face" (as the saying down there is) at the Old Parish Church?

One reason, which would have applied equally to church or chapel, was that she was disconcerted and even alarmed by Louis' manifest tendency to settle down into utter correctness. Louis had hitherto been a devotee of joy—never as a bachelor had he done ought to increase the labor of churchwardens—and it was somehow as a devotee of joy that Rachel had married him. Rachel had been settled down all her life, and naturally desired and expected that an unsettling process should now occur in her career. It seemed to her that in mere decency Louis might have allowed at any rate a year or two to pass before occupying himself so stringently with her eternal welfare. She belonged to the middle class (intermediate between the industrial and the aristocratic employing) which is responsible for the Five Towns' reputation for joylessness, the class which sticks its chin out and gets things done (however queer the things done may be), the class which keeps the district together and maintains its solidity, the class which is ashamed of nothing but idleness, frank enjoyment, and the caprice of the moment. (Its idiomatic phrase for expressing the experience of gladness, "I sang 'Oh, be joyful,'" alone

demonstrates its unwillingness to rejoice.) She had espoused the hedonistic class (always secretly envied by the other), and Louis' behavior as a member of that class had already begun to disappoint her. Was it fair of him to say in his conduct: "The fun is over. We must be strictly conventional now?" His costly caprices for Llandudno and the pleasures of idleness were quite beside the point.

Another reason for her objection to Louis' overtures to the Old Church was that they increased her suspicion of his snobbishness. No person nourished from infancy in chapel can bring himself to believe that the chief motive of churchgoers is not the snobbish motive of social propriety. And dissenters are so convinced that, if chapel means salvation in the next world, church means salvation in this, that to this day, regardless of the feelings of their pastors, they will go to church once in their lives—to get married. At any rate, Rachel was positively sure that no anxiety about his own soul or about hers had led Louis to join the Old Church.

"Have you been confirmed?" she asked.

"Yes, of course," Louis replied, politely.

She did not like that "of course."

"Shall I have to be?"

"I don't know."

"Well," said she, "I can tell you one thing—I sha'n't be."

Rachel went on:

"You aren't really going to throw your money away on those debenture things of Mr. Batchgrew's, are you?"

Louis now knew the worst; and he had been suspecting it. Rachel's tone fully displayed her sentiments, and completed the disclosure that "the little thing" was angry and aggressive. (In his mind Louis regarded her, at moments, as "the little thing.") But his own politeness was so profoundly rooted that practically no phenomenon of rudeness could overthrow it.

"No," he said. "I'm not going to 'throw my money away' on them."

"That's all right, then," she said, affecting not to perceive his drift. "I thought you were."



"But I propose to put my money into them, subject to anything you, as a financial expert, may have to say."

Nervously she had gone to the window and was pretending to straighten a blind.

"I don't think you need to make fun of me," she said. "You think I don't notice when you make fun of me. But I do—always."

"Look here, young 'un," Louis suddenly began to cajole, very winningly.

"I'm about as old as you are," said she.

"And perhaps in some ways a bit older. And I must say I really wonder at you being ready to help Mr. Batchgrew after the way he insulted me in the cinema."

"Insulted you in the cinema!" Louis cried, genuinely startled, and then somewhat hurt because Rachel argued like a woman instead of like a man. In reflecting upon the excellences of Rachel he had often said to himself that her unique charm consisted in the fact that she combined the attractiveness of woman with the powerful common sense of man. In common with a whole enthusiastic army of young husbands he had been convinced that his wife was the one female creature on earth to whom you could talk as you would to a male. "Oh!" he murmured.

"Have you forgotten it, then?" she asked, coldly. To herself she was saying: "Why am I behaving like this? After all, he's done no harm yet." But she had set out, and she must continue, driven by the terrible fear of what he might do. She stared at the blind. Through a slit of window at one side of it she could see the lamp-post and the iron kerb of the pavement.

"But that's all over long ago," he protested, amiably. "Just look how friendly you were with him yourself over supper! Besides—"

"Besides what? I wasn't friendly. I was only polite. I had to be. Nobody's called Mr. Batchgrew worse names than you have. But you forget. Only I don't forget. There's lots of things I don't forget, although I don't make a song about them. I sha'n't forget in a hurry how you let go of my bike without telling me and I fell all over the road. I know I'm lots more black and blue even than I was."

If Rachel would but have argued ac-

cording to his rules of debate, Louis was confident that he could have conducted the affair to a proper issue. But she would not. What could he say? In a flash he saw a vista of, say, forty years of conjugal argument with a woman incapable of reason, and trembled. Then he looked again, and saw the lines of Rachel's figure in her delightful short skirt and was reassured. But still he did not know what to say. Rachel spared him further cogitation on that particular aspect of the question by turning round and exclaiming, passionately, with a break in her voice:

"Can't you see that he'll swindle you out of the money?"

It seemed to her that the security of their whole future depended on her firmness and strong sagacity at that moment. She felt herself to be very wise and also, happily, very vigorous. But at the same time she was afflicted by a kind of despair at the thought that Louis had indeed been, and still was, ready to commit the disastrous folly of confiding money to Thomas Batchgrew for investment. And as Louis had had a flashing vision of the future, so did Rachel now have such a vision. But hers was more terrible than his. Louis foresaw merely vexation. Rachel foresaw ruin doubtfully staved off by eternal vigilance on her part and by nothing else—an instant's sleepiness, and they might be in the gutter and she the wife of a ne'er-do-well. She perceived that she must be reconciled to a future in which the strain of intense vigilance could never once be relaxed. Strange that a creature so young and healthy and in love should be so pessimistic, but thus it was! She remembered in spite of herself the warnings against Louis which she had been compelled to listen to in the previous year.

"Odd, of course!" said Louis. "But I can't exactly see how he'll swindle me out of the money! A debenture is a debenture."

"Is it?"

"Do you know what a debenture is, my child?"

"I don't need to know what a debenture is when Mr. Batchgrew's mixed up in it."

Louis suppressed a sigh. He first



thought of trying to explain to her just what a debenture was. Then he abandoned the enterprise as too complicated, and also as futile. Though he should prove to her that a debenture combined the safety of the Bank of England with the brilliance of a successful gambling transaction, she would not budge. He was acquiring valuable and painful knowledge concerning women every second. He grew sad, not simply with the weight of this new knowledge, but more because, though he had envisaged certain difficulties of married existence, he had not envisaged this difficulty. He had not dreamed that a wife would demand a share, and demand it furiously, in the control of his business affairs. He had sincerely imagined that wives listened with much respect and little comprehension when business was on the carpet, content to murmur soothingly from time to time, "Just as you think best, dear." Life had unpleasantly astonished him.

It was on the tip of his tongue to say to Rachel, with steadying facetiousness:

"You mustn't forget that I know a bit about these things, having spent years of my young life in a bank."

But a vague instinct told him that to draw attention to his career in the bank might be unwise—at any rate, in principle.

"Can't you see," Rachel charged again, "that Mr. Batchgrew has only been flattering you all this time so as to get hold of your money? And wasn't it just like him to begin again harping on the electricity?"

"Flattering me?"

"Well, he couldn't bear you before—if you'd only heard the things he used to say!—and now he simply licks your boots."

"What things did he say?" Louis asked, disturbed.

"Oh, never mind!"

Louis became rather glum and obstinate.

"The money will be perfectly safe," he insisted. "And our income pretty nearly doubled. I suppose I ought to know more about these things than you."

"What's the use of income being doubled if you lose the capital?" Rachel snapped, now taking a horrid perverse pleasure in the perilous altercation.

"And if it's so safe why is he ready to give you so much interest?"

The worst of women, Louis reflected, is that in the midst of a silly argument that you can shatter in ten words they will by a fluke insert some awkward piece of genuine ratiocination, the answer to which must necessarily be lengthy and ineffective.

"It's no good arguing," he said, pleasantly, and then repeated, "I ought to know more about these things than you."

Rachel raised her voice in exasperation:

"I don't see it. I don't see it at all. If it hadn't been for me you'd have thrown up your situation—and a nice state of affairs there would have been then! And how much money would you have wasted on holidays and so on and so on if I hadn't stopped you, I should like to know!"

Louis was still more astonished. Indeed, he was rather nettled. His urbanity was unimpaired, but he permitted himself a slight acidity of tone as he retorted with gentle malice:

"Well, you can't help the color of your hair. So I'll keep my nerve."

"I didn't expect to be insulted!" cried Rachel, flushing far redder than that rich hair of hers. And she paced pompously out of the room, her face working violently. The door was ajar. She passed Mrs. Tams on the stairs, blindly, with lowered head.

In the conjugal bedroom, full of gasglare and shadows, there were two old women. One was Mrs. Tams, ministering; the other was Rachel Fores, once and not long ago the beloved and courted girlish Louise of a chevalier, now aged by all the sorrow of the world. She lay in bed—in her bed nearest the fireplace and farthest from the door.

She had undressed herself with every accustomed ceremony, arranging each article of attire, including the fine frock left on the bed, carefully in its place, as is meet in a chamber where tidiness depends on the loyal co-operation of two persons, but through her tears. She had slipped sobbing into bed. The other bed was empty, and its emptiness seemed sinister to her. Would it ever be occu-



pied again? Impossible that it should ever be occupied again! Its rightful occupant was immeasurably far off, along miles of passages, down leagues of stairs, separated by impregnable doors, in another universe, the universe of the ground-floor. Of course she might have sprung up, put on her enchanting dressing-gown, tripped down a few steps in a moment of time, and peeped in at the parlor door—just peeped, in that magic ribboned peignoir, and glanced—and the whole planet would have been reborn. But she could not. If the salvation of the human race had depended on it, she could not—partly because she was a native of the Five Towns, where such things are not done, and no doubt partly because she was just herself.

She was now more grieved than angry with Louis. He had been wrong; he was a foolish, unreliable boy—but he was a boy. Whereas she was his mother, and ought to have known better. Yes, she had become his mother in the interval. For herself she experienced both pity and anger. What angered her was her clumsiness. Why had she lost her temper and her head? She saw clearly how she might have brought him round to her view with a soft phrase, a peculiar inflection, a tiny appeal, a caress, a mere dimpling of the cheek. She saw him revolving on her little finger. . . . She knew all things now because she was so old. And then suddenly she was bathing luxuriously in self-pity, and young and imperious, and violently resentful of the insult which he had put upon her—an insult which recalled the half-forgotten humiliations of her school-days, when loutish girls had baptized her with the name of a vegetable. . . . And then, again suddenly, she deeply desired that Louis should come up-stairs and bully her.

She attached a superstitious and terrible importance to the tragical episode in the parlor because it was their first quarrel as husband and wife. True, she had stormed at him before their engagement, but even then he had kept intact his respect for her, whereas now, a husband, he had shamed her. The breach, she knew, could never be closed. She had only to glance at the empty bed to be sure that it was eternal. It had been

made slowly and yet swiftly; and it was complete and unbridgable ere she had realized its existence. When she contrasted the idyllic afternoon with the tragedy of the night, she was astounded by the swiftness of the change. The catastrophe lay, not in the threatened loss of vast sums of money and consequent ruin—that had diminished to insignificance!—but in the breach.

And then Mrs. Tams had inserted herself in the bedroom. Mrs. Tams knew or guessed everything. And she would not pretend that she did not; and Rachel would not pretend—did not even care to pretend, for Mrs. Tams was so unimportant that nobody minded her. Mrs. Tams had heard and seen. She commiserated. She stroked timidly with her gnarled hand the short, fragile sleeve of the nightgown, whereat Rachel sobbed afresh, with more plenteous tears, and tried to articulate a word, and could not till the third attempt. The word was "handkerchief." She was not weeping in comfort. Mrs. Tams was aware of the right drawer and drew from it a little white thing—yet not so little, for Rachel was Rachel!—and shook out its quadrangular folds, and it seemed beautiful in the gaslight; and Rachel took it and sobbed "Thank you."

Mrs. Tams rose higher then even than a general servant; she was the soubrette, the confidential maid, the very echo of the young and haughty mistress, leagued with the worshiped creature against the wickedness and wile of a whole sex. Mrs. Tams had no illusions save the sublime illusion that her mistress was an angel and a martyr. Mrs. Tams had been married, and she had seen a daughter married. She was an authority on first quarrels and could and did tell tales of first quarrels—tales in which the husband, while admittedly an utterly callous monster, had at the same time somehow some leaven of decency. Soon she was launched in the epic recital of the birth and death of a grandchild; Rachel, being a married woman like the rest, could properly listen to every interesting and recondite detail. Rachel sobbed and sympathized with the classic tale. And both women, as it was unrolled, kept well in their minds the vision of the vile man, mysterious and impla-





*Drawn by C. E. Chambers*

A SHABBY YOUTH GAVE HER A NOTE FOR "LOUIS FORES, ESQ."







cable, alone in the parlor. Occasionally Mrs. Tams listened for a footstep, ready discreetly to withdraw at the slightest symptom on the stairs. Once when she did this, Rachel murmured, weakly, "He won't—" And then lapsed into new weeping. And after a little time Mrs. Tams departed.

Mrs. Tams had decided to undertake an enterprise involving extreme gallantry—surpassing the physical. She went down-stairs and stood outside the parlor door, which was not quite shut. Within the parlor, or throne-room, existed a beautiful and superior being, full of grace and authority, who belonged to a race quite different from her own, who was beyond her comprehension, who commanded her and kept her alive and paid money to her, who accepted her devotion casually as a right, who treated her as a soft cushion between himself and the dirt and inconvenience of the world, and who occasionally, as a supreme favor, caught her a smart slap on the back, which flattered her to excess. She went into the throne-room if she was called thither, or if she had cleansing or tidying work there; she spoke to the superior being if he spoke to her. But she had never till then conceived the breathtaking scheme of entering the throne-room for a purpose of her own, and addressing the superior being without an invitation to do so.

Nevertheless, since by long practice she was courageous, she meant to execute the scheme. And she began by knocking at the door. Although Rachel had seriously warned her that for a domestic servant to knock at the parlor door was a grave sin, she simply could not help knocking. Not to knock seemed to her wantonly sacrilegious. Thus she knocked, and a voice told her to come in.

There was the superior being, his back

to the fire and his legs apart—formidable!

She courtesied—another sin according to the new code. Then she discovered that she was inarticulate.

"Well?"

Words burst from her:

"Her's crying her eyes out up yon, mester."

And Mrs. Tams also sniveled.

The superior being frowned and said, testily, yet not without a touch of careless toleration:

"Oh, get away, you silly old fool of a woman!"

Mrs. Tams got away, not entirely ill-content.

In the lobby she heard an unusual rapping on the glass of the front door, and sharply opened it to inform the late disturber that there existed a bell and a knocker for respectable people. A shabby youth gave her a note for "Louis Fores, Esq.," and said that there was an answer. So that she was forced to renew the enterprise of entering the throne-room.

In another couple of minutes Louis was running up-stairs. His wife heard him, and shook in bed from excitement at the crisis which approached. But she could never have divined the nature of the phenomenon by which the unbridgable breach was about to be closed.

"Louise!"

"Yes," she whimpered. Then she ventured to spy at his face through an interstice of the bedclothes, and saw thereon a most queer, white expression.

"Some one's just brought this. Read it."

He gave her the note, and she deciphered it as well as she could:

DEAR LOUIS,—If you aren't gone to bed I want to see you to-night about that missing money of aunt's. I've something I must tell you and Rachel. I'm at the Three Tuns.

JULIAN MALDON.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]





# Aunt Elizabeth

BY OWEN OLIVER



THE FIRESIDE went to press on Thursday night, and I joined the staff on Thursday morning. The editor, though friendly, was hurried, and hustled me through the introductions.

"That's all of us," he concluded, "except the Skeleton. You'll see him on Monday."

"Skeleton?" I inquired; but the editor's coat-tails were whisking through the door.

"He goes into his cupboard from Thursday to Sunday," the sub-editor explained, with one eye on a proof.

"The cupboard where they keep the drinks," Groves added.

"He's not much credit to the family," Warne apologized, "but he's the most useful man on the paper."

"What's his specialty?" I asked.

The sub-editor glanced up from his proof and eyed me critically. "You can keep the secrets of the prison-house, I think," he pronounced. "He's Aunt Elizabeth."

"Look here!" I protested. "I've had two years at this business."

They laughed ruefully.

"You'd be prepared to find 'Sportsman' a parson and the society man a prize-fighter," Groves suggested; "but this is too much!"

"He does three pages," the sub-editor stated—"eleven, twelve, and thirteen: 'Aunt Elizabeth's Friends'; 'My Nephews and Nieces'; 'The Little Ones' League.'"

"The correspondents are all genuine," Groves asserted. "There hasn't been a fake among them for three years."

"Perhaps you've been one of them?" Warne observed with a grin.

"No," I denied. "That's not my particular line of tomfoolery. I haven't read his stuff. My sisters like it. They wouldn't like anything that wasn't

pretty decent. My mother says that Aunt Elizabeth preaches better sermons than she ever hears in church."

"Possibly," the sub suggested, "the Skeleton once had a decent mother and sisters. If so, I hope he's passed out of their ken. Anyhow, first-hand or second-hand, he preaches better than he practises. The business is a fraud, and if I'd been editor I'd have sacked him long ago. . . . I don't know that I would have, either. The stuff is as good as that sort of drivel can be. Here are the proofs for this week. If you find anything that isn't fit for your mother and sisters, put your pen through it."

I did not need the pen. The six columns, from the first line to the last, breathed nothing but wisdom and humanity—such wise humanity and such humane wisdom! One seemed to see a gentle, white-haired lady—a lady like my sweet mother—behind the letterpress.

"I cried a little over your letter," Aunt Elizabeth told *Bereaved*. "Perhaps, dear, that is the most comforting answer that I can give you. I, too, have loved and lost. I have found one real consolation: to do some of the good deeds that my dear one would have done. The dead have speech through the living. God comfort and help you!"

"Since you are in doubt between two," *Puzzled Peter* was advised, "I recommend you to propose to neither. I fancy, my dear boy, that you are dull and lonely and mistake a desire for companionship for a warmer feeling. You mustn't get married just to fill up your spare time. Write and tell me exactly how you are situated in town, and what were your amusements before you left home. Then I can perhaps help you to find a club or suitable companions to fill up the dull spare time until Miss Right comes along. You won't ask Aunt Elizabeth's advice about *her*."

*Worried Wife* had her kindly and help-



ful answer: "Possibly your husband's liver is out of order. 'Liver' is often a man's name for business worries, remember. Possibly your own liver may be a bit wrong. We women have such a lot of rasping little worries, haven't we, dear? If I had to make a guess, I should suspect that it was worry with both of you. You say that he is a good fellow; and I am sure that *you* are. If I were you I'd ask him to assist you in finding a way for two good fellows to pull together. Don't be too 'reasonable,' dear. Put your arm round his neck and say you want to have a nice time with him. Write again and tell me how you get on."

These were only samples of much wise counsel in the same gentle strain. The children's columns were even more tender. I found it impossible to think of Aunt Elizabeth as the "Skeleton," who disgraced the cupboard of a very pleasant family, till my first Monday. Then, an hour after the rest, he shambled in—a shabby, red-faced, hoarse-voiced man of about fifty, who smelt horribly of beer!

He lowered himself into his chair with a groan, and blinked at me when I was introduced.

"I never welcome a young man to journalism," he said, as if he measured his words. "I tell him to get out of the degrading business while he has brains and muscles! You'd better go and dig a canal—a hefty young chap like you! Stay at the game and you'll come down to this sort of thing!" He waved a shaking arm at a huge pile of letters and half a dozen boxes of flowers. Flowers were always coming to Aunt Elizabeth!

"You'll find fools enough in any walk of life," he continued; "but not the utterly foolish and pestilent fools who write to a correspondence column! 'When do cats cut their wisdom teeth?' 'Is there any harm in walking out with a young man?—P. S. I am engaged to some one else.' 'Which hand should I take off my hat with when I meet a lady?' Lord! I'm sick of the rubbish! I think I'll take it home, Sub!"

The sub-editor frowned at him. "We stipulated a fortnight ago that you were to do it here," he said. "You know what happened when you were going to do it at home."

"I got a loan back that week," Aunt

Elizabeth explained. "That doesn't happen twice in a century! My poverty is my protection. However, if you won't, you won't!"

He lit a strong-smelling pipe with hands that trembled shockingly, and started reading his letters and writing answers on separate sheets. He favored me with extracts and comments (luridly adjectived) from time to time.

"Listen to this idiot," the hoarse voice growled. "Her husband's been playing the giddy goat, and she wants to know if she shall forgive him." He read a few piteous sentences; and then the unsteady hand began to write:

*"Disappointed.* I sympathize so very, very much. I read between the lines that you mean to forgive, whatever I say; and if I do not entirely approve of your decision, I approve of *you*. God bless you, and grow the divine seed of forgiveness into a great tree of love."

Then he quoted a poem from one of the members of the Children's League.

"Listen to this, Armstrong:

"Tommy has a pretty lamb,  
It only answers 'baa!'  
I love it more than cakes or jam,  
And next to pa and ma!"

A little nincompoop like that ought to be spanked! It might make a man of him, instead of a whining hypocrite!"

And again his pen sprawled over the paper.

"1033. *Tommy Brown.* Auntie was so pleased with your pretty poetry. She is sure that the dear little lamb loves Tommy very much. The rules of membership *are* rather long; but if Tommy will remember the first one—to be kind to everybody—he is not likely to break any of the rest. He must ask mamma to let him play boys' games and go to a boys' school soon. Auntie likes her nephews to grow up manly men."

A letter from a man whose children were ill, and who had no money to buy them sick-room nourishment, moved Aunt Elizabeth to an angry outburst.

"Why doesn't the helpless ass go straight to a charitable society instead of making a post-office of me?" he demanded.

"You could tell him the name and address of one," I suggested.



"Oh!" he cried. "You'll make a great newspaper man! Tell him in Friday's paper, after a couple of the children are dead—best thing that could happen, probably—and discredit the column! Don't you see why the Aunt Elizabeth fake works? Because I keep up the pose. What's the balance on Aunt Elizabeth's Thank Offering Fund, Groves? . . . Umph!" He shambled to the telephone, and rang up a charitable organization and arranged for assistance to the sick children. It was flying in the face of nature, he asserted when he was back at his desk, to keep weaklings alive; but he was running three pages of a piffling paper, not the universe!

"However," he consoled himself, "if there were no weaklings and semi-imbeciles there'd be no blithering domestic papers, and Othello's occupation would be gone! I'll send these flowers to the Bon Dieu Hospital, and mention it in the columns! These two boxes can go to Mary Hammond, 754 Little Asses' League, and to Mrs. Black (she's *Long-suffering*). You might look them out in the address-books, Armstrong. I'm a sort of clearing-house between fools for flowers! Put in a card 'With Aunt Elizabeth's sympathy and love.' When you pose, pose properly!"

"I suppose it is a pose?" I asked Groves afterward; and Groves shrugged his shoulders.

"Smell him!" he said. "It's swindling journalism. If I were editor I'd run the rag without it."

"So would I," Warne agreed, vigorously.

"The rag wouldn't run without it," the sub denied, sharply; "and the rag's our bread-and-cheese. I don't see any swindle in it. They'd better have a spirituous sinner who gives them what they want than a plaster saint who's no use to them. We had a delightful lady on the columns before the Skeleton came to hand. She cried her eyes out over the sad cases; but she did them no good, bless her! The answers were three-quarters fake in her time. Journalism is journalism, and don't you forget it."

"And a skeleton out of the cupboard is a skeleton out of the cupboard," Warne added; "and out of office

I wouldn't touch him with a pitchfork."

I thought much the same. The more I saw of Aunt Elizabeth the more I loathed his columns. I would have given a week's salary to stop my mother's and sisters' eyes moistening over the simulated sentiment of this "spirituous sinner." They even sent me messages of appreciation to "her." I did not deliver them. He was ailing at the time, and had a hacking cough. His illness made him irritable, and his criticisms of his clients were hyper-lurid. Finally he stayed in bed at his lodgings, and the editor asked me to take the correspondence there and help him with the columns.

"Well, sir," I said, "a journalist is a journalist, and I don't want to quarrel with my bread-and-butter; but I don't like the Aunt Elizabeth business."

"My dear boy," the editor answered, "don't be a young idiot. I was young once and had a sort of conscience myself. I'll put it to you like this: Suppose we stopped the columns this week? Would people be worse off or better?"

"Well," I owned, "the stuff is all right. It's the man I object to."

The editor turned his paper-knife over and over. "I don't think you will have to work with him long," he said. "He— We were at school together. He was top boy, and very popular; very deservedly popular. We expected he'd be a great man some day. . . . I suppose things went wrong somehow. I wonder what Aunt Elizabeth would say if he put his own case to her?"

"I know what she'd say to me," I confessed. My eyes were misty suddenly. "I'll take the stuff out to his place and help him all I can, sir."

It was not very easy work helping Aunt Elizabeth. He was distinctly crotchety and he seemed to take a bitter pleasure in showing me that his columns were the antithesis of his real feelings. He pointed the contrast with a little paragraph about himself:

"*To All My Dear Friends:* You will be sorry to know that I am very ill. I could never have answered you all this week if I had not received tender and painstaking assistance from dear Aunt Mary. You will help me by helping her."



They called me "Aunt Mary" at the office afterward. If the Skeleton—he looked almost like one now—did not recover, they prophesied that I should succeed to the columns. I made up my mind to resign first.

One child sent a second bunch of flowers on the Saturday. So that "the other Aunt" might have one. Aunt Elizabeth snapped at me when I said "kind little kid."

"It is the soft-brained children of soft-brained parents," he asserted, "who join the Little Snivelers' League." He usually called it that.

He wrote a special article of half a column that week for Aunt Elizabeth's Boys. "Be kind, but be manly," was the text of it. My mother wrote that she had cried over it. "It made my heart swell to find in words what was the prayer of my heart when I brought you up, dear lad!" She begged me to shake Aunt Elizabeth's hand for her. "Tell her that she has been a sweetening influence in the life of one woman."

I told Aunt Elizabeth that a lady whom I revered had bidden me say that. I could not mention the name of my mother to him.

He laughed and asked for his pipe.

"I'm too far gone for anything to hurt me now," he claimed. "If the doctor—hang him!—and you—hang you!—won't let me drink, I'll smoke. 'Sweet influence,' eh? That's just the point, my boy. Keep on the grease-paint right through the play. Remember that when 'Aunt Mary' runs the columns. Make them give you a fifty per cent. rise—and double, if you can keep up the numbers of the friends and nephews and nieces and little baa-lambs. . . . I'll tell you the way to do it: When you write, *fancy you're your mother, and say what she would.* Hand over the rubbish. Aunt Mary's only a sweet assistant as yet. . . . As a matter of fact, you're not a bad boy, Armstrong. Ah-h-h! Here's one of the pestilent type of fools: *Country Lassie* has come up to town, and finds that the streets are not paved with gold, or even with music pupils! 'Nothing since breakfast.' That's yesterday. You'll have to go and see about her, or she'll peg out and the editor will make a fuss and say we're ruining the paper.

There's plenty in the fund. Go and see the little simpleton and give her a trifle, and get her a job if you can. You'll bless 'Aunt Mary's Columns' before you've done, my son!"

I went and found a very, very sweet little lassie. Aunt Elizabeth was ill and had sent me, I explained. She would bless Aunt Elizabeth to her dying day, the girl declared. Aunt Elizabeth growled at me when I told him. He didn't want to hear about the little fool, he said—and the world would be improved if such useless simpletons were left to starve! And I should hold the same opinion when the columns were Aunt Mary's; and that would be in a week or two, he added.

"They will never be Aunt Mary's," I denied. "At least, I sha'n't be Aunt Mary. I—I wonder if it *is* all a pose with you, Ralston? I was thinking if—if you'd seen Country Lassie. She's such a refined little thing. Her father was a country minister; and he died. . . . I had to give her the soup a little at a time, she wolfed it so. She—"

"Oh, hang her!" he growled. "She's marked off now. Let's get on with the work. Undo that box of flowers. There may be a letter in it to answer; another 'lassie' for you to be maudlin over, perhaps! I'll tell you just what my precious correspondents mean to me: so many lines of print apiece! Lines mean columns; and columns mean money; and money—curse it!—means drink. Now then. Let's see how many lines *this* fool means. . . . *Mother of Tommy Brown, 1033, Little Ones' League.* That's the little prig who wrote the baa-poetry. He ought. . . . Oh, good Lord!"

Aunt Elizabeth dropped the letter and turned pale. I picked the letter up and read it.

Tommy is very ill, and the doctor says he is dying. Last night he whispered, 'Mummy, Mummy! Send Auntie Lizbet flowers.' He always talked so much about you. God bless you, dear friend. You have helped to make one short little life better and happier. I *can't* give up hope while he lives. Dear friend, I know you will pray too.

"Money's no use to me now," said Aunt Elizabeth. "I can't get out to have a drink, and the doc and you—con-



found you!—won't get me any! It's in the dressing-gown, behind the door; the money, not the drink, you young fool! You can take some and get a picture-book and send it off to Tommy by express. I don't suppose it will be any use to him, but it will please his mother and be a good advertisement for the columns!" He laughed feebly. "Bright pictures, mind, in case he takes any notice of things; and put in a card with Aunt Elizabeth's love and sympathy and hope. . . . Tommy had a little lamb! And now . . . Hurry up. I'll clear off a few more questioning idiots while you're gone."

Nothing was cleared off, however, when I returned. He seemed to have collapsed suddenly. Aunt Mary had to finish the columns that week. I put in an apology for myself; part of the notice, for any one who understood, was an apology for him. "The very best of Aunt Elizabeth's life," I said, "has been in these columns and in the good work connected with them. Few people have done so much good in the world; and, as she has often told you in these columns, no one who trusts in Providence can doubt that, sooner or later, here or hereafter, good and true work must have its reward."

"I hope," the editor said, when he read it, "that Heaven judges him by results. He's all right then! . . . What are we going to do with all the things that come in for him? There are twenty-three lots of flowers and about thirty other parcels; photos, wine, beef-tea in a bottle, a woolen dressing-jacket, and goodness knows what. Seven 'friends' have written to ask if 'she' wants money or other assistance; and two doctors have offered to attend 'her.' We have callers all day while you're with him. We had to stick a bulletin outside. . . . He thinks a lot of you, Armstrong. He dictated a para to me when I was round there last night. He—he was good to me when I was a junior at school. We all thought—" The editor stopped abruptly and blew his nose. "The para is to commend Aunt Mary to his readers as his successor. He thinks that you—"

"No, no!" I interrupted. "I'm not fit to preach to other people."

"Neither was he," the editor said; "and yet, you see, he preached! I suppose a good many people are better for Aunt Elizabeth. . . . Sometimes I think I might have consulted him myself about a few things." He laughed, and sighed. "It's easy to advise other people. The difficulty is yourself."

"Yes," I agreed, "that's where it is. It's the posing—the Aunt Mary business, you know—that I can't stand."

"It was a useful pose," the editor protested. "The fund was his idea; and it set a lot of poor beggars on their legs. You judge a man by results if they're bad. Why shouldn't you if they're good? Well, well! Think it over, Armstrong. We accept his judgment that you could do it; and we should make it worth your while, of course. Anyhow, we shall show our appreciation of the assistance that you have given us during Ralston's illness."

"That was assisting *him*, sir. I don't want anything for that. Thank you. I'd like the extra pay, of course; but it seems rather—rather humbug. As a *man*, sir? What do you think about it?"

"Umph! . . . It's a fake, of course; but it would be doing good to a lot of people; and to the paper; and to yourself. It's a pretty harmless fake; but no one can keep any one else's conscience—except Aunt Elizabeth."

"I wonder what she would say about it?" I remarked.

I asked Aunt Elizabeth about it, just before the end. He laid his wasted hand on mine.

"They would make it worth your while, you know," he murmured, "and you'd do it very nicely. You're a better judge than I. Don't ask me. You know what I am, dear boy."

"I'm not asking you," I said. "I'm asking Aunt Elizabeth!"

He looked up at me with a faint smile; his last one.

"You've got me there!" he said. "It may be a pose. I don't say it isn't, mind! But I'll keep the grease-paint on till the curtain comes down!"

It was a long time before he said anything more. Then he asked me to raise him on his pillows.

"Put it in the columns!" he com-



manded. "Leaded type! Tell them it's the last advice that Aunt Elizabeth gave. *Follow your conscience; and even if you do wrong you will do right.* . . . Write it down, Armstrong. . . . Sure you've got it? . . . Right!" He sank back wearily. "Now you'd better 'phone for the doctor; but he won't be any use."

He wasn't.

We put a notice in the next issue, and an advance proof in our window, where the bulletin had been, that Aunt Elizabeth "passed away very peacefully on Wednesday evening," and that since she felt that the best of her had gone into her "columns," she wished to remain just Aunt Elizabeth to all her dear friends. Consequently there would be no obituary notice, and the funeral would be quite private. There would be "no flowers," we said. Those who desired to do some little thing to show their gratitude might remember Aunt Elizabeth's Fund. She would wish most of all that they would remember her in their lives; and then we gave that last counsel of hers; and as "she" had wished, we put it in big, leaded letters.

There were many subscriptions to the

fund during the next few days; but most of the subscribers sent wreaths, too. Some of the senders—my mother was one—quoted an answer that Aunt Elizabeth once gave:

"*Mourning.* I do not think it waste to send flowers. Money spent in showing love to the dead or the living is never wasted. There is—ah me!—a grave that I keep green."

The sexton said that he had never seen so many wreaths before. He suggested that perhaps the gentleman's friends grew flowers.

"It was rather that the gentleman grew friends!" the editor said. He and I were the only mourners. "I shall put up a little cross," he told me. "Just his name, and . . . and nothing else. He'd prefer that, I think. . . . I don't believe it was all a pose. I—I remember him at school. I was a little junior, and he—he was good to me. . . . Such promise! I wish I could guess how it came about."

I could guess a little of it, I think. There was a photograph in his desk. The giver had signed it. Her name was Elizabeth.

## Night Song at Amalfi

BY SARA TEASDALE

I ASKED the scattered stars  
What I should give my love;  
They answered me with silence,  
Silence above.

I asked the darkened sea  
Down where the fishers go;  
It answered me with silence,  
Silence below.

Oh, I could give him weeping  
Or I could give him song;  
But how can I give silence  
My whole life long?



# A Survival of Matriarchy

BY CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT



WHEN the Dutch, in 1599, began their arduous task of converting the unexplored island of Sumatra into a profitable colony, they heard strange tales of the wealth and power of the kingdom of the Menangkabau, which occupied the interior, and which, it was said, boasted that "its relations extended from China to Turkey." The report that the ruler was a queen, and that the women owned all the land of the vast territory occupied, added spice to the tale. It was a comparatively easy matter to gain the good will of the people of mixed races who were found in the hot, low-lying coast country, but the Menangkabau occupied the uplands, beyond a range of mountains, while between the coast and mountains lay a stretch of marshy lowland many miles in width, covered by a jungle of tropical growth and exuding a deadly miasmatic atmosphere whose dangers the Dutch knew only too well. Every overture was met with haughty disdain, but the armies of the Netherlands found employment far more pressing than the satisfaction of curiosity concerning a mysterious kingdom which was offering no trouble. They could afford to wait, and wait they did for nearly two hundred and twenty-five years before a direct acquaintance with the Menangkabau was made possible. Then, in 1821, happily for the Netherlands, these people found themselves involved in civil war, and appealed to the Dutch for aid. The situation afforded a long-desired opportunity, and the Menangkabau did not appeal in vain.

A group of foreign emissaries known as the Padris had entered the country, and for some time had been conducting a fanatical revival of the Mohammedan religion which these people had espoused centuries before. Many of their customs were curiously at variance with

those of Islam, and the Padris, designing to compel the people to a strict observance of Mohammedanism, had succeeded in fomenting a rebellion. The purpose of the rebels was the entire reorganization of the government, the abolition of every social and political custom not in exact accord with the prescribed rules of the Koran. The war against the Padris lasted seventeen years, and when in 1838 they were finally overthrown the Dutch expected the speedy annexation of their territory as a reward for their services; but the proposal was met by a new rebellion, and it was not until 1899 that complete pacification was effected. Even then the haughty Menangkabau made no ignominious surrender to the force of superior arms, but yielded willingly instead to the clever diplomacy which has made the Dutch world-renowned as colonizers.

Some twenty years before peace was declared, and while negotiations were pending, these people had astounded the Dutch by asking for schools, teachers, and books. One school was established, and its pupils became teachers of other schools, and through them so general a desire for education had spread throughout the country that the final contract with the Dutch was apparently actuated by a wholesome ambition to gain advantages that contact with Western civilization alone could secure. The Netherlands pledged itself to leave the *adat* (the system of law based on custom) undisturbed, and to stand as protectors of the people against possible enemies. In return the Dutch received the pledge of loyalty of the Menangkabau, and an uncontested claim to a large part of the interior of Sumatra.

Now that a closer acquaintance with the Menangkabau is made possible, it is known that their fundamental institutions belong to the Matriarchate, or Age of the Mother's Rights, which many sociologists believe to have been a stage





A TYPICAL HOUSE AND ITS WOMEN OCCUPANTS  
Coffee is drying on the mats in the foreground

through which all races have passed. They number 1,320,000, and occupy a territory eight times the size of the Netherlands. The women own the land and houses; family names descend in the female line, and mothers are the sole guardians of their children. Some of the customs of the people have been deflected from their normal course of development by two powerful patriarchal influences. At a remote period of unknown date the Hindus overran the chief islands of the archipelago. How long they remained, or why they withdrew, or if they merely intermarried with the native peoples they visited and thus lost their identity, are questions that are asked many times, though never answered; but they left a permanent impress of their arts, religion, and ideas of caste. The other external influence came through Arab traders and priests, probably about the thirteenth century, who converted the people to Mohammedanism and formed a connection which

has been intermittently continued until the present day. Since Hindus and Mohammedans alike assign women to seclusion and a position of utter subordination to men, it is evident that there was something tremendously virile in the "Mother's Rights" institutions of the Menangkabau, or something unusual in their environment, to have withstood such all-dominating forces. This conclusion becomes the more apparent when taken in connection with the fact that distinct traces of the Matriarchate are to be found throughout the Malay race, to which these people belong, though nearly all tribes have substituted Patriarchate institutions.

A visitor to the country of the Menangkabau is convinced at once that he is among an unusual people. There is none of the servility which characterizes their neighbors, the Javanese. The men are bold and daring in appearance; their women as noticeably resolute and independent. Groups of buildings of such





A MOTHER AND THREE DAUGHTERS CLAD IN GOLD BROCADE

peculiar construction as to awaken instant curiosity peep out on all sides from tropical groves of towering cocoapalms, bamboo, and banana-trees. The distinguishing feature of these houses is a curved roof-tree sharply upturned at the ends. Legend declares that there was once a great war between Java and Sumatra, during which there was much loss of life, and still there came no end to the conflict. The queens of these two peoples then decided that no more men should be killed, but that the dispute should be decided by a contest between two bullocks. The Sumatran bullock won, and the people were known ever after as the Menangkabau, or Bullock Victors. The bullock's horn was adopted as the symbol of their supremacy, and now appears in the roof-tree of every building, bridge, and cart-cover.

The roof-tree of an original house represents a pair of bullock's horns. Upon the occasion of the marriage of the eldest daughter a wing is added at one end,

its roof being shaped like a single horn. As fast as the daughters marry, other wings are added, and as many as six (three at each end) are sometimes added to the house of a prosperous family. The roofs are thickly and skilfully thatched, and the upturned ends of the tree mounted by shining metal tips. They are sometimes decorated by showy geometrical designs formed by interlacing silver thread and the black fiber of the aren-palm into the thatch. The houses of the poor are sided with woven bamboo; of the rich, with wood completely covered by carving picked out in color—red, black, white, and gilt predominating. Every house has one or more rice-barns, supported on high piles to insure safety from the depredations of animals, and surmounted by a somewhat disproportionately large roof shaped upon the usual curved ridge. The gables are painted or carved, and frequently the sides are ornamented in the same pattern and colors as the house.



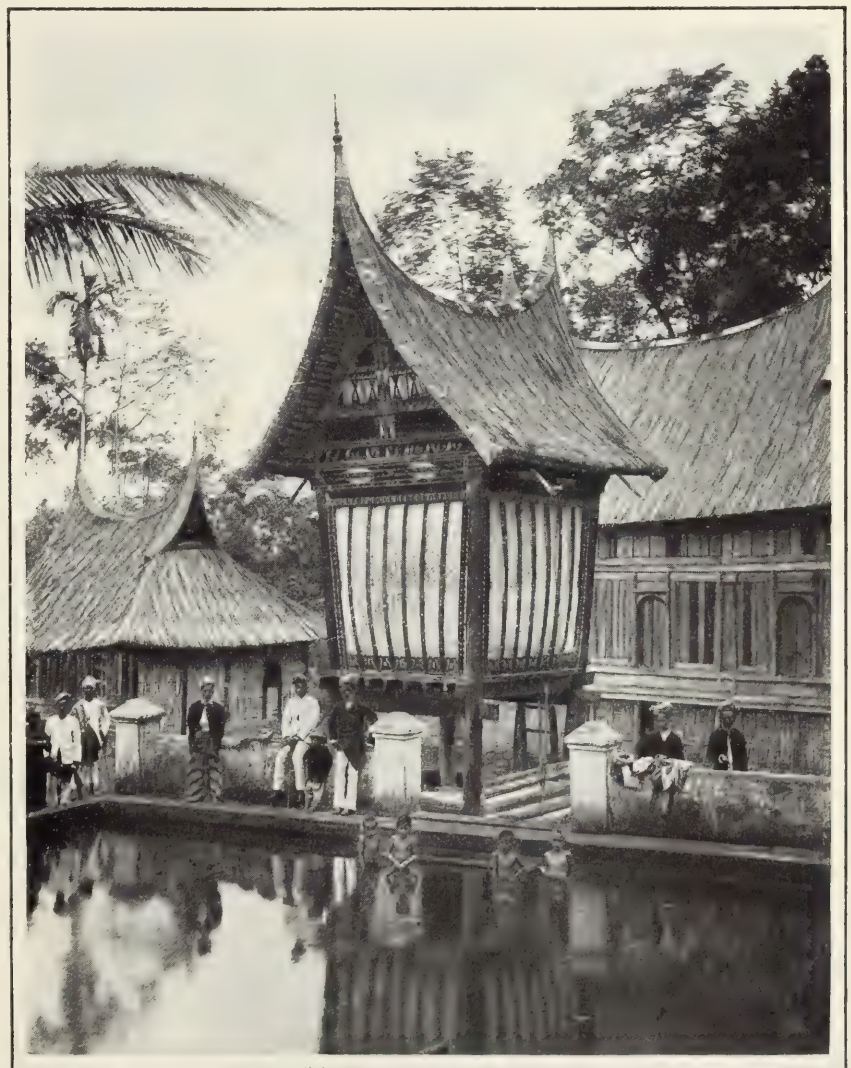
A group of family houses will have a small curved-roof building with open sides, a *balei*, where the men of the family gather for discussion, and a community house where the unmarried men and boys over ten years of age sleep. It will also have a *missigit*, or mosque. The architecture of these religious buildings is uniform throughout the country, and is plainly imported. The square building is surmounted by three superimposed roofs, but often an imposing entrance has been added introducing the local architectural features of the familiar bullock's horn roof-tree.

There are no family dwellings in the neighboring islands, Ceylon, India, or southeastern Asia, which approach these buildings in originality of design or richness of decoration. Neither Hindus nor Arabs have produced anything resembling them, and apparently they are the unique creation of the Menangkabau themselves. Not only are they characteristic in style, but also in size, being much larger than similar buildings in neighboring countries. The interior of these houses is no less ornamental than the outside. The walls are entirely covered with carved or painted designs which include trees, flowers, and animals, some extremely well drawn. Strips of skilled embroidery or gold brocade fill vacancies left by carver or painter.

The entrance leads into a large general living-room, where the children and unmarried women sleep. At the back and ends are small sleeping-rooms, a house sometimes containing as many as fifteen. In rich families these are supplied with bedsteads and mattresses, cov-

ered by the overhanging sheet edged with crochet-work, which is seen in every Dutch home in the East Indies. Tables, chairs, hanging-lamps, clocks, framed pictures, sewing-machines, and graphophones are frequently found. In one house where we were unexpected visitors refreshments were served on dainty French china and each guest was provided with a finger-bowl. These European accessories give a modern air to these quaint dwellings, but the presence of the primitive loom, spinning-wheel, and embroidery-frame signifies that the bridge has not yet been burned between the old time and the new.

Marriage is exogamic, and before the days of Mohammedanism all husbands doubtless went to live in the homes of their mothers-in-law, as is the usual custom under the Matriarchate. The polygamy allowed by Mohammed inter-



A RICE-BARN



ferred with this practice, and a curious compromise was effected between these opposing institutions which has permitted both to exist. The polygamous husband now remains in the family of his own mother, and merely visits his wife in the home of his mother-in-law. If he takes the four wives authorized by the Koran, he usually spends a week with each, or at least he times his visits of equal lengths—watchful mothers-in-law, with an eye to the family exchequer, see to it that he does not overstay the prescribed period. Here he eats and sleeps in the apartment of his wife. In former times, since the women controlled the land and carried the family pocket-book, the husbands made no contribution toward the family expenses. Instead, the men were supported by their wives and received their pocket-money as a gift from them. Now, many men have attained “economic indepen-

dence” through the opening of new occupations and business opportunities brought about by the Dutch occupancy, and such men are expected to bring a gift of food, clothing, or money to their wives upon the occasion of each visit. No law compels this attention, but popular opinion has thus far done its perfect work, and few men avoid the obligation.

As social intercourse is as free as in America, young people fall in love in a natural way and make their own choice of matrimonial partners, but when the choice is made negotiations between the parents of the young couple begin and the price which the bride shall pay for the husband is determined, as well as details for the proper celebration of the wedding. For an ordinary man the sum paid rarely exceeds eighty dollars, but two hundred and fifty dollars is gladly paid for a head man, whose position is regarded as one of great dignity. The

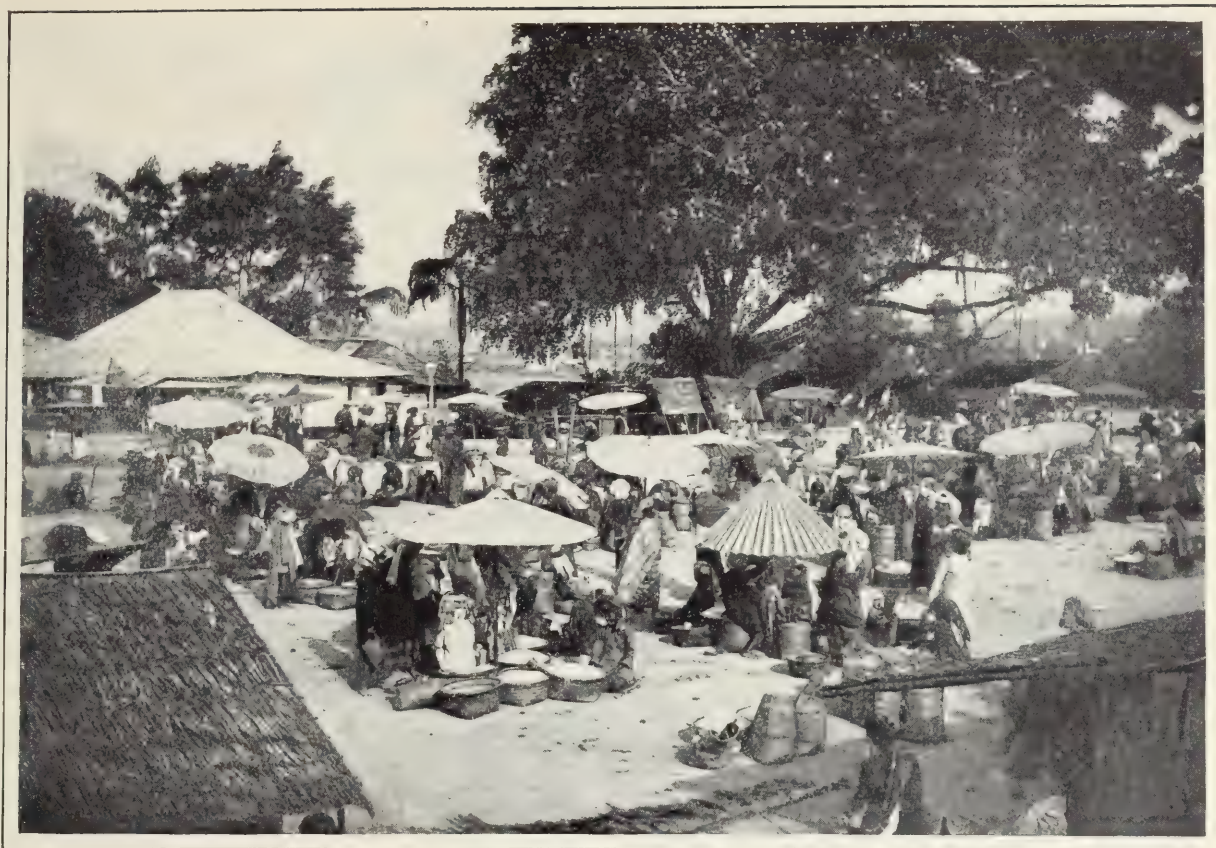
Lompongs, a neighboring tribe which claims to have sprung from the Menangkabau at a remote period, are now patriarchate in most customs, and husbands give purchase money for wives. Here eight hundred dollars is frequently paid for the daughter of a good family. In both tribes the purchase-money is used to buy the “trousseau” of husband or wife, as the case may be, and to pay for the festival which the parents of the one receiving the money are expected to give.

In both tribes divorces are obtained with ease, but the purchase-money must be returned in the event of separation. The husband merely announces his desire to leave his wife and divorce is at once granted, but the wife must be able to give assurance that her husband has not visited her for one hundred days, nor sent her a gift during that time, a provision said to be made by the Koran, before she is given her freedom. Some-



HUSBAND AND WIFE DRESSED FOR A FESTIVAL





A MENANGKABAU "PASAR"

times when the wife is rich the husband is not easily dismissed, in which case the cause comes before the *balei*, where he is so pitilessly ridiculed for wishing to stay in a family which does not want him that in the end the wife is sure to win. The children always remain with the wife and keep the name of her family. Husbands have attempted to gain possession of their children, especially their sons, upon divorce being granted, but no one has as yet succeeded. Divorced men usually marry again; divorced women rarely do.

Children inherit the property of their mother (the *harta poesaka*) and one-half of what the father and mother may earn together (the *harta pentjarian*); the other half, or the *harta pentjarian*, and all the father's independent property go to the children of his eldest sister. This provision of the *adat* is growing extremely unpopular, since so many men hold well-paid positions under the Dutch government, and in order to evade it fathers have been known to give their property to their own children while living.

Nearly all the land is still owned by

the women, and its cultivation is in their hands. The head of the house is called the *Indua*, and as such she controls the family property. At her death her property and authority pass to her eldest daughter, and in the event that there is no daughter, to the daughter of her eldest brother. In case the absence of daughters renders the inheritance too complicated, a girl may be adopted, but she must, in order to continue the family name and property, be a member of the same family. When a girl marries, a piece of land is assigned to her, and her husband is expected to aid her in its cultivation. As a matter of fact, men do little agricultural work.

Rice is the chief product, and it requires constant and laborious attention. When the Dutch first entered the country the numerous broad, fertile valleys were as perfectly terraced and as carefully cultivated as a park. This had apparently been true for many centuries. In these rice *sawas*, the women may be seen standing all day up to their knees in mud, their garments tucked high, sowing, transplanting, weeding, and cultivating the young plants. The dykes



which hold the water on each small terrace must be kept in repair and the birds frightened away when the grain is ripening. Later it is garnered, head by head, threshed, winnowed, and dried, all by simple primitive processes, and then carried home by the women in huge baskets on their heads, to be stored in the rice-barn. Sugar-cane has also been cultivated for many centuries by these women, and crude sugar manufactured. A simple machine, worked by a bullock, extracts the sap, which is then boiled in an open kettle. All the processes are conducted by women. Of late, coffee, rubber, pepper, and cinnamon are also cultivated.

A weekly *pasar*, or market, is held in every village, and for miles around women of remarkably independent and business-like mien may be seen wending their way by every road and mountain-path toward the *pasar*. Hundreds of them carry great baskets on their heads loaded with chickens, ducks, geese, turkeys, rice, and other grains, and an

astonishing variety of vegetables and fruits. Sometimes a mother and all her daughters form a group, each loaded with produce for the market.

An air of earnest business pervades this *pasar*. There is no loitering, loud talking, boisterous play, nor drunkenness, yet thousands of people go and come during the day in the larger centers. Customers (men and women) pass quickly from group to group, finding what they want, bargaining sharply for it, and go their way. The barter of old times has long since given way to money as a medium of exchange. Women money-changers are located at convenient places, where they sit on the ground, Oriental fashion, with their money before them; they make change with quick intelligence. Little restaurants are also numerous, the more pretentious being under cover and supplied with a long table and benches. In the simpler ones, the customers sit cross-legged around the group of kettles over which a woman presides, being cook, waitress, and treas-



A NATIVE CARRIAGE DRAWN BY BULLOCK, WITH RICE-BARN IN THE BACKGROUND



urer. The endless variety of comestibles to be seen in these eating-places is indisputable evidence that the women of the Menangkabau have found time in the midst of their arduous labors to develop the art of cooking far beyond primitive stages. Elaborate sweets, made of sugar, tapioca, sago, or gelatin, colored with fruit or flower juices and decorated tastefully, are numerous displayed. Ears of maize, roasted over small charcoal braziers, find a ready sale, and are eaten American fashion. Bananas, with or without a batter, are fried hot for the waiting customer in deep cocoanut-oil, while the author of *Two Hundred Ways of Cooking Rice* would be truly astounded at the innumerable ways of serving it which are unknown to Western cooks.

Meanwhile, where are the men, and what are they doing? Along the roads they may be seen, also marching to and from the *pasar*, but with no baskets on their heads or burdens on their backs. With a *payung* (Chinese umbrella) under one arm, a little bird-cage covered with a tasseled square of velvet in the other hand, and a big cigar in the mouth, they seem the embodiment of irresponsible idleness. This conviction deepens when groups of these men are seen under the broad shade of the *pasar* trees, lazily sleeping, exchanging gossip, or comparing the merits of their birds, while the women are hard at work. But Dutch officials give assurance that the first impression is deceptive, and this opinion is supported by closer observation.

The division of labor, common to all primitive people, made warriors and hunters of these men, and in those capacities they afforded protection to the women which enabled them to develop agriculture and the primitive arts to a high degree. Even yet tiger-baiting



HEAD MEN CLOTHED IN GOLD BROCADE

is a noble and heroic pastime, and the elephant, rhinoceros, panther, tapir, orang-outang, and python are to be encountered in the territory. They enjoy the repute of being bold, fearless, and sagacious soldiers, and their folklore is full of accounts of wars and brave deeds. They have, however, being free from the daily duties imposed by family support, an abundance of leisure, which is often employed in such games and training as will prepare men for war and the hunt. These are conducted by skilled teachers, and, although something similar exists in other islands of the *Insulinde*, it is said that the Sumatran games are distinctly different from all others. With backs bent at right angles, hands and arms outstretched, they glide, twist, and turn, lift their bodies up and down, and to right and left, with such rapidity and variety of pose, such agility and





A "BALEI-BALEI," OR TOWN HALL, WHERE MEN GATHER TO DISCUSS POLITICS

skill, that the looker-on is held fairly breathless with amazement. There are also kicking-bouts and fencing with sharp daggers which would make our college athletes green with envy. These men are certainly not in a state of deterioration. They have, however, borrowed some of the vices of their neighbors, and the Dutch found cock-fighting with them a popular male amusement. They put a stop to it, but it is suspected that they still pursue it on the sly, and that they pit their caged birds (which are usually pigeons) against one another.

The arts are not unknown. The men are clever wood-carvers, and do creditable work in brass, glass, and silver. When a house is to be built, the whole family contribute service to the enterprise; but the men do the carving and painting. In the *pasar* also they have some place. Apparently, they deal in all commodities which are of recent introduction. They sell tobacco, "butcher's meat," their own creations in brass, glass, and silver, and imported goods

which supply the fast-growing taste for Western products. They are also the drivers of bullocks, and not infrequently bring the women of their family, together with the produce, to the *pasar* in a native carriage. Politics also form part of the occupation of men.

The Menangkabau, like most people of similar development, are organized into *soekoes* (clans), the members of each *soekoe* being descended from a common ancestress in the female line. Questions of common interest to the whole people are discussed first in every family circle, the leader being the *Indua*, and later, or at the same time, by the men of the family in the *balei*. Here the leader is not the husband of the *Indua*, but her eldest brother, who is called the *Mamuk*. He represents the family in all public ways, but has no authority of his own. After the family has reached a decision the *Mamuk* carries it to the *balei-balei*, or council composed of the *Mamuks* of all the families in a clan or village of a clan, and presided over by a head man elected by them, which next



considers it. The question, having passed through the various villages, goes to the council of the *soekoe*, where an hereditary chief (*panghoeloe*) presides, and next to a district council composed of the *panghoeloes* of all the *soekoes* composing the district. Upon a great open square a circle of flat stones placed on end forms the meeting-place, where in the open air, with the smoking volcano, Mt. Metapi, on one side, and Mt. Singalling on the other, as monitors, the final decision is reached.

Before the largest stone, some eight feet high and four wide, sits the great chief. Before the other stones of the circle sit the *Panghoeloes*, the size of the stone indicating the relative importance of each. Here the *adat* is amended and revised, and all problems concerning the people are discussed. The Dutch officials say that no decision contrary to the wishes of the women has ever been made. The hereditary chiefs do not derive their authority from their fathers, but are the eldest sons of the chief's eldest sister. Dutch history records communication with the great head of the Menangkabau in the long ago, variously styled emperor, king, sultan, maharajah, but the people themselves say they never had a male head, their chief always having been a queen. One Boendo Kandoung is gloriously remembered for her heroic and victorious leadership of the armies; and another, whose name, Wilhelmina, indicates a European origin, fought side by side with her soldiers, as brave as the bravest. Now the position of chief is occupied by the Dutch government.

It is evident that the women work much harder than the men, for not only do they produce the food, cook it, care for the house and children, but they make their own utensils of pottery, mats, baskets, and many articles of daily use from braided bamboo rattan or grass. In many families the women still weave the cloth for all the garments of the family, and still find time for skilled embroidery. Their highest art is the woven gold cloth which in the long ago was among the rare treasures that Western royalists imported from India. The patterns used are numerous, intricate, and original, and no cloth more beautiful has ever been produced by human hands.

The Menangkabau woman of a rich family at a festival bears little resemblance to the hard-working, muddy laborer of the rice-field. She has brought forth her hidden treasures, and, decked in "cloth of gold" from head to foot, with necklaces and bracelets, and pins in her hair (all of gold and jewels—often valuable heirlooms), she might well pass for the Queen of Sheba. The chiefs, too, or husbands of rich wives skilled in weaving, come out brilliantly clad in gold brocade.

As a whole, the Menangkabau cannot be called a handsome people, for in common with most natives of the Pacific archipelagoes from Japan to Ceylon, they file and blacken their teeth and chew the betel. Of late these customs, odious when viewed from our Western standpoint, have been abolished in the more progressive houses, and the sons and daughters of such homes are as fresh and intelligent in appearance as our own.

There are male and female native doctors, who use native herbs as medicine; and skilled massage, practised by the most intelligent of their neighbors, is among their accomplishments. Priests and priestesses, known as *Hadjis*—men and women who have journeyed to Mecca and there become "holy"—administer to spiritual wants.

The territory occupied is one of unrivalled beauty. Majestic mountains, wild rocky rivers, tumbling noisy waterfalls, sharp kloofs in the hills, crater lakes, and one great palm-bordered lake (*Singkarah*) fifty-two miles broad and eight hundred and fifty feet deep, are among its features. These *bovenlanden*, from one thousand to four thousand feet above the sea, are relieved from the steaming heat which renders life almost unendurable on the coast of Sumatra. Here bounteous Nature has covered the broad, well-watered, fertile valleys with a wealth of the tropical man's three best friends—the cocoa-palm, the bamboo, and banana. From these, at the smallest possible outlay of energy, he may derive shelter, clothing, food, and drink. Many tribes of the same race in the East Indian archipelago have yielded to the temptation to exert no further effort than that necessary to support life, and



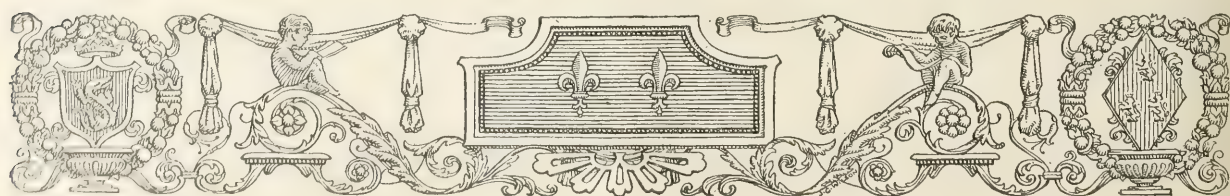
in consequence have sunk into the lethargy which has effectively checked all progress; the Menangkabau have possessed within themselves some hidden stimulus to energy, and by degrees they have wrested royal tribute from Nature, already generous in her gifts. Their entire country is prosperous, although some sections are more so than others. Certain families are spoken of as rich and others as poor, and it is true that the one owns broad acres and handsome houses, and the other has no land at all; but there is no pauperism. The people have been well prepared for the impetus which the touch with Western civilization will give them. Upon all the roads leading to the *pasars*, where throngs of women, with baskets upon their heads, and men carrying their little bird-cages, are to be seen, there are also boys and girls—clean, bright, and sturdy, with books and slates under their arms, trudging along to school.

Although the tribes of the *Insulinde* are almost as numerous as the hairs of the head, and many are responding to modern education in encouraging fashion, yet the sons of these Matriarchate mothers are most in demand by the Dutch government for positions of trust. From Atchee, at the extreme north of Sumatra, to the island of Timor at the south, young Menangkabaus are to be found in responsible posts, where their honesty and intelligence become "towers of strength" to the Dutch. The Menangkabau speak a dialect of the Malay language, and in their schools must secure their education through the medium of two languages—neither of which is their own—Malay and Dutch.

Some ethnologists have claimed that the Matriarchate represents a very primitive condition, in which sex relations are free and the father of the family uncertain. If this be true, the Menangkabau have long outlived that period. Rape

is absolutely unknown, and prostitution does not exist. No Menangkabau girl has ever been known to live an immoral life in harbor towns where native and foreign women by the hundreds fill houses of prostitution. Adultery is no more common than in lands of the highest civilization; the *adat* demands from both parties at fault a heavy fine paid to the community, and popular condemnation constitutes a still heavier penalty.

It is ordinarily believed that polygamy, made possible by "wife capture" among primitive people, was the cause of the overthrow of the Matriarchate. That these institutions have survived among the Menangkabau may be explained by the fact that this method of securing wives has not existed within the memory of these people or in their folk tales. The tribe did not produce women enough to make ordinary polygamy possible to any extent. Now there are 12,000 more men than women in the tribe. In consequence men with salaries of their own are taking wives from neighboring tribes—Chinese, Japanese, and the mixed races of the coast country. These women, coming from patriarchal peoples, own no property, and are dependent upon their husbands not only for their support, but for every privilege and pleasure. Evidently the Matriarchate will disappear. In this transition period it happens occasionally that a man is the head of a patriarchal home, which he supports and rules, and at the same time is the husband of a Matriarchate wife, who supports herself and children and holds herself haughtily independent. The people are now taking an intelligent view of their own comparative status among the peoples of the world, and more than one possesses a fair knowledge of ethnology. At present they probably represent the highest civilization existing under this form of social organization.





# The Toad and the Jewel

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD



I DIDN'T exactly want to go; but there are cowardices for which there is no excuse. If I had come back to America, I must face America; and Joan Delabere was the thing in America supremely to be faced. I should have been showing my heels to the whole adventure if I had turned my back on her. I hadn't seen her since the accident and the two—or was it three?—operations that followed. I had been away for four years, and not from one person had I had one vital fact about Joan. There were letters from the whole group—letters that skimmed the subject and took everything for granted. If I asked them plainly and directly for news of Joan Delabere, I got no answer; my question was flung silently back on my hands. And yet there must be news, I had always reasoned. A hideous thing like that didn't happen to a creature like that, without results. If she had been completely done for, stricken into nullity, why did they mention her at all? If she had managed to be exquisite among the ruins of her life, why didn't they sound the taboret in her honor? There was a conspiracy among them all not to answer the great, inevitable query: How, on the whole, has she made it out with life? Beautiful; adoring her husband and adored by him; waiting, almost like the slim girl in an old Annunciation, for her child—that blow could not have found a prettier mark than Joan Delabere. More than once, before I finally took my way to Joan's own house, I recalled the fabulous toad with a jewel in its forehead; the toad that may, if one will, symbolize disaster. In what guise would disaster have come to her? Would it bear the jewel in its forehead, or should I see, on Joan Delabere's threshold, only the squat batrachian figure unadorned?

The house was large and cool and empty; full of light, with pale vistas stretching everywhere. It was airy and soundless, like a palace kept in order but uninhabited. Joan had arranged it originally, I suspected, for a background to her own ambient vividness. The high walls and the polished floors called, like a stage, for moving human color. Joan would have been color enough; but now, in their purposeless state, they seemed more uncannily irrelevant than the shrouded and darkened chambers of a house before a funeral. The master, too, was absent—abroad, as I had learned in New York—and there was nothing anywhere that suggested male ownership or habitation. The rooms had evidently once been Joan's; and since then had been no one's.

It was half an hour before I was led up-stairs by a pale, cheerful nurse, and shown into a sunny sitting-room; paneled, floored, and ceiled in pale, polished woods, adorned with carved Eastern furniture. It was like Joan, I thought as I stood on the threshold, to change her esthetic mood so completely on the second floor: down-stairs, the French perfections; here, this carved casket of a room. Then I saw her.

She lay on a broad *chaise-longue*, propped into a strange position with white silk cushions of every size and shape. She wore—if the word does not belie the shapelessness of her wrappings—a thin gown of apricot-colored stuff, frilled and pleated, ruffled and tucked into exceeding elaboration; and over her whole form—face, feet, and body—was thrown a sheer veil of white tulle. Through it, very vaguely, I could see her moving eyes; and at one side a white hand crumpled the soft folds. The eyes and the hand were all I could see of Joan Delabere; for the shapeless shape, in its yards of apricot chiffon, might have been anybody—or anything.

The hand disengaged itself and met



mine—neither limply nor feverishly; a mere conventional clasp. For very awkwardness, I could not kiss her.

"I am sorry to have kept you waiting. It takes them a long time to move me; and if I am moved beforehand, I have just so much less time to stay here. I wanted a good talk—I want to hear all about Europe."

I sighed a little with relief. The voice, at least, was all right; fresh and healthy, though Joan's old musical modulations seemed to have gone. I was soothed by it; it was recognizable, it made a frail bridge to the past. But it was hard to know what to say. I had intended to begin with something banal about her looking well. The veil somehow made it very difficult to say anything.

"Oh, Europe is always the same." Joan Delabere and I, for talk, had come to this!

"Nonsense! Europe's never the same two days running. That's why I keep Tony over there so much." There was a touch of the old imperiousness in her impatience.

I was tongue-tied. The vision must be worse than I had dreamed, since it could affect me so: that was the curious inverted path my reasoning took. The form on the *chaise-longue* stirred ever so slightly; there was the faintest perceptible movement in my direction of that mass of chiffon and lace; the head was turned to me beneath the veil. I felt the hand tighten on mine, and I looked down at it, fastening my corporeal gaze on that one member of familiar flesh.

"I have very little pain, you know, Garda. I'm just rather useless." Her voice struck one or two of the crisp, sweet notes one had always stopped to listen to.

"Thank Heaven for that, my dear! You see—oh, Joan, you see no one has ever told me anything I wanted to know! And until now, I couldn't come."

I felt the eyes roving over my lusterless crêpe dress, my long black veil.

"Your poor brother has died?"

"Yes, only two months since. I was with him to the last."

"Lucky you—to be able to do things for him. Was it a bad illness?"

"Very bad, Joan. Day and night, for—well, you may call it years."

"Oh, you lucky thing!"

It was the very tone with which, of old, she would have congratulated me on a heap of cotillion favors. I did not, just at once, see why. But I would give her no inkling of poor Philip's bodily and mental decay—pile horrors on that veiled creature. If she thought me lucky, whether for Phil's having lived or for his having died, let her think me so. It was luck enough for any human creature not to be Joan Delabere. Perhaps that was all she meant.

"No one is wholly lucky, Joan. But I do feel lucky, in spite of everything, just to see you again and hear your voice. It has been so long."

"Ye-es. We'll let it go at the voice for a little while, Garda, if you don't mind. I'll unveil before you go. I'm what you call—disfigured, you know."

Joan was not making it easy for me; but the mere fact that she was not trying to helped me a little. I had known that she would not be lachrymose—imagine Joan lachrymose!—but I had been afraid that she would try to spare me things, and that I should break down under her futile efforts. It is a terrible thing when the weak and luckless play at ministering to one—worse when they seem to succeed. Joan had been very dear to me ever since we climbed the trees of the old orchard below the fish-pond . . . and the staircase was near, and the car waiting. We would be magnificent together—or I would run. There need be no miserable compromise. I grew stronger moment by moment.

"Do as you like—you Eastern lady in an Eastern room. But I'm not afraid of anything—of anything, you understand." I forced myself to seek the brilliant brown eyes beneath the veil.

Joan patted my hand. "Dear old Garda! I really believe you aren't. But I'll lead you down from *giro* to *giro* neatly, Virgil-fashion, if you don't mind. I know a little better than you all about it. I've never shrunk from mirrors." She drew her hand under the veil.

"It's a charming hand, Joan. You needn't pull it away."

Immediately she laid it on the cushion beside her. "Yes, it's a good hand. But useless—oh, how useless! . . . So you like my room?"



"Yes. It's odd, and, decoratively speaking, has no place in the house; but I like it. It's a wonder the architect let you do it. Of course it swears absolutely at the rest."

"It's lucky I got my way. I had it done last year. Imagine me down-stairs among the various French periods! Every chair in the drawing-rooms would know that I belonged in a convent. But this is Eastern and timeless. 'Eastern and timeless,'" she repeated; "it just suits me. For any sense of company, I have to go to the zenana. If I'm like anything human, I'm like the first wife of a Rajput. I just might be that, you know. And it is excellent to feel oneself human, on any terms—to fall in with some type, no matter what. One comes to seem so outside of it all."

She crossed her arms above her head—so familiar a gesture!—and the wide veil rippled like a wave and fell into new folds.

"This is what I have been waiting for, all this time: some one I could really talk to. Except when Tony is at home, there is no one; and there are so many things I can't say to Tony—God bless him!—that it's rather a relief to have him on the other side. We must have a long gossip, you and I. I can say anything to you, because you're not involved."

"How do you manage to get rid of Tony so much?" True, cataclysmic things had happened since I had seen Joan and Tony Delabere plight their troth before the dim high altar of Saint Jude's; but it had been a real love, I fancied.

"I make Miss Stanley write and engage his passage. I make his man pack his things. I hold out the ticket to him; and then I give him a commission—something I am languishing for, that can't be got this side of Paris or Rome or Constantinople. It takes a deal of thinking, for there's not much you can't get in New York, as we all know. But I am hoping to discover something yet that he'll have to fetch in person from New Zealand—unless by that time his philosophy is as ripe as mine. He takes managing, Tony does."

"Isn't it a little unkind, Joan?"

"Well, of course"—her tones were

growing more and more familiar—"it's a pretty weak bluff to chuck; but Tony is too well-bred to question me. He sees I want him to go; and we play the game out, every time, very prettily. It's a great strain on us both—there's the truth. And Tony goes; and one of my sisters comes to stay with me, and I pack her off as soon as he has sailed. Miss Stanley's worth all my family to me, and more. Imagine them, Garda, snuffling in their lace handkerchiefs! They do it by the hour—and whisper outside the door, and then come in with a smile that apparently aches. *They* don't ask me to take off my veil. I do it in spite of them. Oh yes, I pack them off as soon as I get Tony's first wireless. Tony used to come back always on the next steamer—'sick for the leash,' he would say; but now his excuses are nearly as transparent as mine. One day there'll be no more excuses—naked truth between us, and then my blessed brain can go to sleep, as all my senses have done."

She broke off suddenly, and reached for the enameled bell-handle beside her. "Please, Miss Stanley, tell Myra we are ready for tea." The cheerful nurse rearranged half a dozen cushions deftly, in accordance with some mysterious law, and went out, smiling. "A nice woman, that," murmured Joan. "Treats me as if I had a mild case of grippe; has been doing it for four years. Treats me also as if all normal beings had atrophy of the emotions. A *very* nice woman."

I laughed. Joan was so like herself that I had only to turn my eyes away from her to forget. But as I poised the teapot my hand trembled a little. I realized that, to eat or drink, Joan would have to strip her face of the concealing veil. "None for me," she said; and, looking down again, I saw that there was only one cup. My strength returned to me in a shamefaced flood. I would rather have broken something than have been so relieved.

"I eat queer nursery things at queer nursery times, and, I'm afraid, in queer nursery fashion." She spoke quite simply. Nothing that she had said before had focused light on so many elements of her frustration as did, by sheer trickery of phrase, that little



speech. Poor Joan! It was not only one life, not even only two, but three that fate had reached by that "accident." But her voice had not faltered; it had not even been carefully controlled; it had been colorless.

I drank some tea in silence. I ate, one after the other, three infinitesimal cakes. In such trivial fashion I braced myself. Joan watched me, and waited—but not, I felt sure, to brace herself. She was giving me time. Joan Delabere was wonderful. In her place—I suddenly felt it as I watched the mockery of good cheer, the Sevres and silver, carried out of the door—I would have opened my lips to taste only one thing. . . .

"Yes; but you see, Garda, I can't get it." It was Joan's voice, sounding very clear, as the footsteps of the maid, beyond the closed door, went down the hall.

I started. Witchlike, to an unloving eye, in all that formless drapery, she would from the first have seemed; now, in that bit of divination, she seemed witchlike to me. But Joan laughed.

"It's what you all think of, sooner or later. You were bound to think of it sooner than some—and later than others. You thought of it, my dear Garda, at just about the right time. Sooner would have proved you hard; later would have proved you dull. I'm glad you're neither; I'm still more glad you're here."

I bit my lip. The situation was, as always, Joan's very own. Her luck could be maimed in every way but that.

"I was much too canny to ask for it explicitly, ever; but I've tried every indirect way that I could think of. No use: they have me utterly in their power; and they'll give me every gift but poison. I've stopped thinking about it, even—that way lies madness. But you couldn't help thinking of it—once. I used to hope the ether would play me tricks; but you would have thought it was 'my sister, Water,' it was so loyal to my poor old heart. No, Garda; there is no discharge in this war. And that is the whole point. It is just there that Tony comes in to complicate a situation that without him would have the simplicity of hell."

There was a long pause. She went on, half dreamily, yet always with that crisp-

ness in her voice which of old had given her lightest speech factitious weight.

"Did it ever occur to you that the only argument against purgatory is the complexity of it?—that to keep purgatory going for all those millions would tax even the wits of Omniscience? Prison is organized, at least; but imagine being probation officer for all the sons of Adam! No, I'm not irreverent; but, as I said, I've only a brain left, and sometimes it whirls."

Well, I had wanted to have, at any cost, vital talk with Joan Delabere, and I was to get it. It was clear to me, from the rapidity with which we had come to the core of the matter, that Joan had not intended, from the first, to waste time.

Again, as if in answer to the unspoken, she took up the thread of my thought.

"You see, they don't allow me in here too long at a time. Miss Stanley will come at any minute to say I must be moved back. I don't let any one see me in my bedroom except Tony—and for days together not even him. There are sickening paraphernalia there—I have to be propped in all sorts of queer ways. Not that they hope for anything better, but I will say they work like nailers to make me as comfortable as they can. And I *am* comfortable, you know, most of the time; only it takes queer things to make me so. Now, I rather fancy myself here. I feel like Madame Récamier—but much more like that faded Rajput queen. Smell the sandalwood, Garda! I love it. It's my 'ounce of civet, to sweeten my imagination.' I tremble to think what Tony's ounce of civet may be."

I laid my hand on her arm gently, almost fearfully. "Don't run on like that, Joan. It's humiliating to have you trying to distract me. There's nothing I can't stand. Out with it!"

She clasped her hands on her breast. "I could go on 'like that' endlessly with no effort, I assure you. But I'm glad you're game, for I haven't overmuch time, as I said, and you may not come back."

"Indeed I shall come back!" I cried.

"Well—I hope so; but you may not, all the same. I sha'n't be hurt, because nothing hurts me any more. If things



hurt me, I should be dead. There isn't a thing in the world that could shock or wound me. Inaction has brought its anodyne. You can't lie like a log for four years, with a veil between you and the world, and still *care*, you know. There's only one thing I want; and I sometimes think it's only for the honor of my five wits that I want that. See if you can help me."

"What is it you want, Joan?"

"I want a way out for Tony." She was silent for a moment, and we faced each other—lucidly and intimately, for all the veil between. I did not want to enter the labyrinth, but I could not step back and still be loyal.

"A way out for Tony." I repeated it mechanically while I searched the phrase for all its implications.

"Yes." She clasped her hands. Her wedding-ring gleamed through the tulle. "You may not know what a sordid and useless tangle our divorce laws are," she went on. "There's no decent way, apparently, for him to be quit of me. I'm divorceable enough, one would think, but the law doesn't see it in that light. Or, at least, the law sees nothing that Tony and I can bring ourselves to see. Besides, Tony won't divorce me. I don't know that you could expect him to. It's in his tradition to fling himself in the path of the unfortunate and let poor crippled feet stamp on him. . . . Never marry a gentleman, Garda, unless you can be perfectly sure of giving him more than he gives you. Otherwise he'll make your life a hell of humility. It must have taken nerve to marry Cophetua. Certainly I never planned to do it; yet here I am."

She stopped a minute; then, still with clasped hands, went on in her didactic tone, so like the occasional Joan of old.

"You can, as an impartial witness, consider that possibility eliminated. Tony will not divorce me. There remains only the possibility of my divorcing him. That, again, isn't easy. If I could go out West, as the others do—but even then, what judge wouldn't rock with laughter at the notion of a fragment like me wanting a divorce? I should be a by-word, nothing more. I ought to be glad and grateful—the whole world would say—to get any man to

stick to me, even in the empty legal sense. . . . And here—well, how, lying here, in the effete East, can I get a divorce? Especially as Tony won't help."

"If Tony won't help, I should think it clear enough that Tony doesn't want it. And really, Joan"—I tried to be very quiet and convincing—"if Tony doesn't want it, I don't see that you've anything to complain of. It's unimaginable that you should care about being legally free. What would you get out of that?"

"Nothing of any importance—only my self-respect." She spoke with concentrated bitterness.

"My dear Joan, if any human creature has a right to self-respect, I think it's you." I said it honestly, brooding for a moment on all the things that white hand of hers had gallantly rejected: hysteria, melancholy, egotistic evasions, vanity. I spoke my thought: "A platonic devotion to truth is enough for self-respect, I imagine. And that you've got; you've saved it out of whatever wreck there may have been."

"Trust you to strike home, Garda!" she cried, softly. "Now that is the best thing that has been said to me for many a day, though Herbert Melcham has written a sonnet to me *as I am*—poor young decadent! 'To hold the mirror up to nature'—and not let your hand shake. That's it. . . . When the senses are dead you must satisfy the brain. It clamors in the night—one's brain. Why should I have a brain at all? I don't know. But it will not release me until it has saved Tony. It will keep on working until it does."

There was a long silence. I determined to let Joan herself break it. She stirred at last and spoke again.

"Probably you can't imagine, Garda, what an odd thing it is to lie outside of time and space, as I do—discarnate, except for this accidental burden of flesh that I carry like a pack. I suppose it's what happened to the saints. Perhaps I should be a saint if I could get rid of Tony. It's worse than having passions of your own to lie there like a dead thing and see other people's passions hard at work. Usually one has something at stake, oneself. There's the blindness



and the beauty of the game to carry one on. I'm out of the game, but I mustn't forget that Tony isn't. That's what my brain beats in on me. *That's* why Tony drives me mad; why I have to send him off."

"My dear child, you must remember that Tony has inhibitions, too. You're not the only civilized person in the world."

"Inhibitions!" She mocked me. "We've all had them, always. That's not the name of my malady. But don't you suppose that I remember what life was before I was stricken? Do you suppose I imagine for a moment that Tony is in my case? I may have, as it were, no lips to kiss with; but Tony is still the magnificent young pagan god he always was."

"It's a very curious thing, Joan"—I bent forward to her—"that the great love has always been able to do anything it liked with the body; but so it is."

She was very patient with me. "I don't know whether or not you've ever been in love, Garda; but I do know that you've never been married to the man you loved. And I am forced to tell you that there is a part of the philosophy of life that can't be resolved in the cloister."

"One has eyes in one's head, my dear, and life's an open common. Why talk like an old wife by the fire?"

"Simply because you will babble like a child in arms."

It was very like old times. As before, I had only to turn my head away to forget.

"What you perhaps don't know, my dear girl," she went on, crisply, "is that there's love—and love. Tony will care for me always, in one way, more than anything else. But through these last years I've become a different creature. I'm not precisely the woman he loved. 'Strange eyes, new limbs'—and 'no lips to kiss.' It's not mere loss of any looks I had. If I were maimed as I am, and still cared, we could subsist, perhaps, on mere caring. It's the lack of longing, the coldness of the grave between us, the absolute deadness of desire. I've sifted that tenderness of his to the last grain, and there's not a whit of passion in it. How should there be? It would be morbid if there were."

"How can you speak for Tony?"

"I speak for him by the letter of the law. It's not that, by accident, I can no longer be Tony's wife—your 'inhibitions' might manage that. It's that I am wooden to his touch. In that sense, there *is* no life left in me. If I were a ghost I couldn't be more fleshless. When Tony kisses me—sometimes he does—I wonder why any two people have ever kissed. At that rate, he won't want to kiss me very long. For coldness breeds coldness. Take that back to your cloister for a new addition to the sum of knowledge."

"It's not as if you didn't love him." I was perplexed, but I clung to that.

"That is where you are wrong. It is precisely as if I didn't love him. Oh, if I longed for him, however vainly, it would be a very different problem, my dear Garda—and one I probably shouldn't trouble you with. All I can get from Tony I do get. From me Tony gets nothing. He's simply my kind Providence. Oh, I wouldn't stick at alimony, you know—if that were all. I'd take it in a minute."

"But there is something beyond all this, Joan; something that you are, unalterably, to each other."

"Nothing"—and her voice sounded very clear and very cold—"that makes a man and a woman find it imperative to live under the same roof. One can be Beatrice at a distance. In fact, one usually is. And I never was precisely Beatrice, you know, Garda."

"But Tony loves you." I clung to it doggedly.

"He's happier away from me—perhaps because he loves me."

"Aren't you quibbling?"

With a sudden movement she flung off her veil and stared fixedly at me. I did not flinch outwardly—one could not, for very shame, be weak with Joan Delabere—but within me it was as if every bone in my body had turned to arctic ice.

"That was brutal of you, Joan." My voice, I suspect, was as cold as the rest of me. But what an argument to let fly at me, with a turn of the hand!

"I thought you needed strong drink. You looked it. '*Le vin triste*.' I have it on tap for people who are fools enough



to ask for it." She flung the veil negligently by, and rested her head comfortably on the pillow. "We'll face the rest of it in the light of this." She stared past me out of the window. "Oh, Garda, Garda, if I were playing for sympathy, it *would* be a low trick; but I am playing only for Tony. I have to show you his side."

I stole a look at her, while she was not facing me. Her argument was perfectly good; it covered all points. I turned my eyes away.

"What does Tony say? You must have had it out with him."

"Often. The last time I had it out with him I didn't have to make Miss Stanley write for his ticket. He rushed to town and bought it himself."

"Poor Tony!"

"That's what I wanted you to say. Oh, I know you don't mean it quite as I mean it. But you will, before the end."

I thought very carefully before I spoke. "He has had hard luck with his bargain, but so have you. Your contract was the same. I suppose you'll both have to abide by the results."

"Ah, but I haven't had such hard luck as Tony!"

The tears came to my eyes. "My dear, I think you have—if that's any comfort."

"You mean that he can get away from this thing that lies here, and that I can't? True; and that is what Tony himself for a long time felt, I fancy. But I think he has come to see now how much more fortunate I am; for he has learned that I don't feel. The days go by like long shimmering stretches of the desert. They shift and reshape themselves; but in the end they're all the same. I don't know by what law the physical catastrophe has managed to get at the very springs of the soul and dry them up; but I know that it has. The brain is left, but the heart is dried. And accordingly I see the terms of that contract more clearly than any one else, perhaps, ever has. For it's not simply over for me with Tony; it's over for me with everything. So long as you're human, you may have a future—though sometimes you have to stoop pretty low to get it. I'm not human, and there's no future at all for me. I can no more

'care' than I can walk. And therefore I'm a negligible quantity. It's monstrous that I should interfere with any normal creature's life."

"My dear Joan"—I put it to her—"would you be so insistent on Tony's marrying again if you died?"

"I shouldn't have to be," she flashed back at me. "Time and Tony would look out for that. But as it is, though I'm quite dead, I lie here and haunt Tony. And that's not decent."

"I wonder if you really hate him," I mused. It was always best to say to Joan Delabere whatever crossed one's mind. She herself would never keep the buttons off the foils.

Her eyes filled. "I'm excessively fond of Tony. I even feel about him—as sometimes one insanely feels it about a stranger—as if in some other life we had had a past together. I am always thinking, 'How odd that I seem to know him so well.' There was a long interval, you see, when only my body and the things they did to it in hospitals seemed to count; and just a few little feeble memories come across the interval to account for his being here. Indeed, indeed, I am fond of him, Garda; but not as I used to be. It's as if, one of those times when they had me unconscious, they had cunningly removed my heart—as if there were a seat of the soul that a knife could find. And I think, if I could see Tony provided for—if I could arrange for him like a French mamma—I should be a curiously happy creature because of this anesthetic state. There's the case complete."

"What do you really want? That he should fall in love with another woman?"

"Ultimately that, I suppose. But—don't you see?—I want him in a position to love and woo any woman he pleases. The women who would take him as he is aren't the women that would make him happy. I want him free to carry his heart, his hand, and all his young magnificence to some piece of loveliness who'll have better luck than I did."

"There are plenty of girls who wouldn't marry a man, however 'free,' so long as his first wife lived."

Joan tossed her head. "I'd like to see any girl tell him she wouldn't marry him on *my* account! Send such a little



fool to me. I'd soon have her at the nearest parson's in an agony of impatience."

Then and there, at the very heart of the tangle, I laughed.

"Joan, Joan, how could any man forego living with you?"

She turned her face to me again. I came back to the situation.

"What I want, please, Garda," she went on crisply, "is a new law: divorce on demand, as they have it in France. Have you any political pull, anywhere? I should be willing to pay. Tony, that is, ought to be willing to run to a fat sum in his own interests."

Her irony hurt like a rusty knife. It didn't leave a clean wound. "I'm afraid if you want a divorce there will have to be collusion. Tony will have to help you out."

"Precisely what he won't do. And when you come to think of it, it's a grim and sordid thing to ask any man to go in for. So you think we shall have to wait?"

"I can see nothing else."

"You lack imagination, Garda. But I have liked to talk to you. It's a little hard to talk to Tony. He aches so with the strain of not giving himself away! But it's odd, isn't it, that there should be no divorce for decent people in our easy-going land? Somebody simply has to be a horror, somewhere. Why don't you write a book about it, Garda? You used always to be scribbling."

"Stop girding at me, Joan, and say what you really have to say."

She beat her hands softly together, and moaned. "Oh, don't you see? There's bound to be another woman some time. Tony can't live forever tied to a cold caricature of a wife. And I want her to be the right woman; and my brain tells me that, as things are, there's little or no chance of that. It isn't fair, it isn't fair, that we should be damned in the end just because in the beginning we were a shade too decent to do the things that damn other people!"

"Time is up, I'm afraid, Mrs. Delabere." It was the pale Miss Stanley who said it, cheerfully, after her light tap at the door had been answered. Having given her warning, she closed the door again and walked softly away.

Slowly Joan Delabere drew her veil

over her face again, and arranged it in careful folds about her. It was like a corpse enshrouding itself with its own hands.

I rose and stood beside her. "I haven't a way out for you, Joan. But don't you see that it's just the chance of such bad luck as yours that makes the magnificence of the whole contract? I don't think I ever realized before"—I used my words deliberately—"what a splendid sporting proposition marriage is. I shall never blame either you or Tony for anything you do. But if you don't do anything, I shall consider you the best losers I've ever known."

She lay with shut eyes, and I put my hand on her forehead. I could not kiss that terrible veil. Finally she spoke, very quietly. "You were the last cartridge I had left, and you've missed fire. I'll never believe—never—in anything men do needlessly for other men's pain. I'll mock at us forever for being squeamish—only to come Heaven knows what cropper in the end. Perhaps the only way out my brain will succeed in devising is for it deliberately to run itself off the track. I fancy that *would* make it easier for Tony. But it's a little rough of you to tell me I'm not a sport. Who would let me in on any game, now? Is it *my* fault that I'm disqualified?"

"Joan, Joan!" I cried, bending to her, "didn't I say you were magnificent?"

She took my hand in hers, and stroked it gently for good-by. "You said so many things I was glad to hear! I have liked talking to you, my dear. I hoped you could help, but I might have known there was no help. I've spent a long time on it, myself." She raised my hand to her lips. "Good-by, dear. Thank you a hundred times for coming." Her voice was very low and sweet. "You always were a bit of a prig, Garda." She turned her face from me as the nurse and two servants entered the room.

Before I drove off I gave a long look at the stately lines of the façade. My mind recurred to the symbol of disaster. In the thickening twilight I seemed to perceive the squat form seated on the threshold; but the shadows were too heavy along the eastern front of Tony Delabere's house for me to make out the jewel.



# The Mystery of the Yucatan Ruins

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THE diversions of a chewing-gum camp are not numerous, especially in the dense forests of Quintana Roo, near the center of the peninsula of Yucatan. Signor Miguelo, our considerate host at Esmeralda, named them over: a visit to a lake among the hills, a bit of hunting with the dogs, a look at a cut stone in the forest, a ride through the savanna or reedy plain bordering Lake Chichankanab, and the cutting of a bee-tree. He saw that although I was interested in them all, the cut stone appealed to me most; and as my time was limited he thoughtfully offered to send and fetch it. That, however, was far from my desire; we would ride out the first thing next morning and see the stone where it lay. In the full light of a tropical morning, with the dew still on the leaves, we rode through the unfelt air of the even-tempered, shady forest. When the machetes of the Mexicans had cleared the dead limbs and lianas from the narrow trail for a mile or so, we reached the top of a small ridge overlooking Lake Chichankanab. There lay the stone, a little, insignificant piece of limestone only a foot in diameter, but carefully smoothed and squared by human hands. After a glance at it I went to the mound close by, from which it had clearly fallen, but which Signor Miguelo had failed to mention. He seemed surprised at my interest in it, but volunteered the information that there were hundreds of such mounds in the forest. Where? Oh, everywhere; he saw them on every hunting trip.

When one of our attendants had chopped away the vines, I found that the mound measured about sixty-five feet by thirty-five. Clearly there once stood here a solid structure in the usual style of ancient Yucatan, a series of

rooms roofed with pointed arches, ending in flat capstones instead of keystones. The stones of both the inner and outer sides of the walls were carefully smoothed and fitted, and those on the corners were neatly rounded. Twenty feet away lay a similar mound, ninety feet by fifty-five, and others were located all around. Signor Miguelo conducted us to the end of this particular group of ruins. We followed a winding forest trail made by *chicleros*, or gum-gatherers, on their way to find zapote-trees. In spite of underbrush so dense that small mounds are hidden at a distance of twenty or thirty feet, we saw at least twenty-five mounds in the space of a scant mile. Manifestly, if the vegetation were cleared away, hundreds would be in sight. Among those that we saw the great majority were small structures, probably houses; but a few of larger size appear to have been temples and sacrificial pyramids. The ruins closely resemble those in the jungle region farther north, save that here in the forest they are smaller and less magnificent. All this may perhaps seem unimportant, but it raises a great question. To-day, as has been shown in a previous article, the dampness of the forest, its equable temperature, its fevers, and its over-exuberant vegetation prevent its conquest not only by the primitive Indians, but by the Mexicans or the Spaniards. Nowhere under similar conditions has any modern race succeeded in really overcoming more than a few small spots in the tropical forest as distinguished from the tropical jungle. Yet the ancient Yucatecos, one or two thousand years ago, must have cleared and cultivated great areas of what is now dense forest, not only here in central Yucatan, but in regions farther west and south, such as Palenque, with its wonderful carvings, in the State of Chiapas.



A few days after our discovery of the ruins of Esmeralda we returned northward to the railroad. Leaving the train at Tekax (Tekäsh'), we undertook to visit some of the well-known ancient cities of northern Yucatan, famous for their architecture and carving. We meant to hire mules or horses for a ride of five days, ending at Uxmal (Ushmäl'), one of the three or four most wonderful ruins in America. From six o'clock in the morning, until nearly noon, Felipe, the interpreter, hunted for animals, but succeeded in finding only one little horse, and that could be hired merely for a single day. In despair we called on the *jefe politico*, or mayor, but all he had to say was: "This matter is most difficult. Why didn't you bring a letter? You ought to have sent word days ago. I will tell the chief of police to make inquiries, but you are in a hurry. What can we do? Why didn't you go to Muna or Ticul, where tourists often go?"

Out on the street once more, we met a squint-eyed youth who agreed to drive us five miles to Chac-multum in a springless, two-wheeled farm-cart, for the sum of \$3.50 Mexican money. Thinking that we might be able to get mules at a plantation on the road, I sent the cart to the railroad station for our baggage. "Don't forget the hammocks," was my last word to Felipe as they started off; and, "Where are the hammocks?" was my greeting on his return. "I forgot them," was the answer, which I had learned to expect, "but remembered them only a block from the station, and this stupid driver wouldn't go back unless I paid fifty cents more." I stood by Felipe as a matter of principle, and the driver stood out for an extra fifty cents. The deadlock lasted for an hour or more, while I wrote several pages of notes, and thirty or forty people talked several volumes. Then, being ready to go, I ordered Felipe to bring up our one little horse, on which I purposed to hunt for the ruins alone. The sight of active preparations for departure so excited the recalcitrant driver that he ran off and summoned two policemen to arrest me for not paying \$3.50 according to agreement. In the heated argument that followed I could not get a hearing at first, and in order to stop the clatter of the

driver I laid a hand on his shoulder—not forcibly, but firmly. A great hubbub at once arose, the driver and his sympathizers calling out to the police that I had been guilty of violence, and the police seizing me by the arms. I told Felipe to tell the police that it was evident from their faces that they were intelligent men, that they could see for themselves that I had not been violent, and they could further see that the driver was an ass. If there was to be any further discussion I would talk only with the police captain and then with the mayor. When I spoke of their intelligence, they at once became aware of it, and drew themselves up with a look of conscious superiority as they went off to see the captain. That was the last that we saw of them. The driver began to fear that he would get neither fifty cents for driving a block nor \$3.50 for driving five miles. He was willing to compromise. He would get the hammocks, but on foot, not in the cart. I told Felipe to go with him, that there might be no mistake. When they came back I found that Felipe, my representative, had walked, the driver had kicked his heels in the shade, and another youth, his representative, had ridden my hired horse and carried the hammocks. I paid \$3.50; nevertheless I am still doubtful as to who came out ahead. This silly little incident delayed us till 3 P.M., but it gave an interesting side-light on the character of the mestizos, or half-breeds, who form the bulk of the townspeople of Yucatan.

A ride of five miles, fearfully rough in the cart, but very pleasant on horseback, brought us to Chac-multum, a splendid ruin hidden in the jungle. I do not intend to describe this ruin, or the others still more wonderful that I saw during the next few days. One finds them everywhere in the jungle-covered portion of Yucatan, and a considerable number are located in the dense forest. Nowhere have I seen ruins which impressed me more strongly with a sense of the ability of the builders, not even in Greece. A colloquial remark inscribed in the visitor's book at Uxmal by a traveler from New York admirably sums up the impression they produce upon any one of intelligence: "I think that, after all, we are not so smart."





ONE OF THE ROUGH ROADS OF YUCATAN

The intricate patterns carved upon scores of temples and palaces vary most interestingly. At one extreme are massive geometrical designs made of rectangular stones jutting out from the face of lofty walls. Another type consists of numerous columns, some small and purely ornamental, and others large enough to form colonnades. A third type of adornment consists of huge stone serpents, strange forms of bird and beast, or distorted human heads set with great teeth. The culmination of the ancient Yucatecan art is reached in carefully modeled busts, like the two heads, lately exhumed, which stand side by side at Kabah. They are genuine portraits in spite of the crudity which impresses one at first sight. The plaited hair of these two men and the high tiaras are not particularly remarkable, although carefully executed, as can be seen in the photograph. The thing which rivets attention is the skilfully modeled features; the hooked noses, Jewish in outline, but with wider, more tropical nostrils; the curved lips, and the sparse, drooping mustaches. Before one has time to analyze the eyes his attention is diverted by the curious chain which in each case encircles the left eye, falls down over the

cheek, and is brought up to the chin. From the statues I turned to our guide, a Maya Indian, and saw the same features repeated in brown, living flesh. Our driver also had the same hooked nose, wide nostrils, and drooping mustache. The chief difference was in a lesser curvature of the mouth. So well did the old masters work a thousand, or, some say, ten thousand, years ago that although we know nothing of the origin or affinities of the race to which they belonged, we can at least affirm that in spite of mixture with foreign elements their blood still flows in Yucatan.

The originality, variety, and delicacy displayed in the carvings are not the only features which make us feel that "we are not so smart." The abundance, size, and solidity of the structures are no less remarkable. At Chichenitza, where within a radius of twenty-five miles on either side there are probably to-day not five thousand people, there once was a vast city. Mr. E. H. Thompson, whose home has for years been directly among the ruins, says that the area of dense urban population was at least six miles square; that is, it comprised no less than thirty-six square miles, while beyond it lay extensive suburbs. Such a city, even



if it had but two families to the acre, would have contained fully 230,000 people; whereas all Yucatan to-day has a population of only a little over 300,000. Chichenitza, however, by no means stands alone. Ninety-two ruins are known, according to Mr. Thompson, and many of them must have been towns of large size. Otherwise they could not possibly have possessed the wealth and surplus labor requisite for the construction of temples such as that of Labna, 375 feet long and three stories high. Yet Labna is only one of a score of notable ruins lying close together within fifteen or twenty miles of Uxmal.

I dwell on these matters in order to emphasize the fact that the ancient Yucatecos were a civilized and prosperous race, blessed with a large amount of surplus wealth which they could use to support the architects, sculptors, painters, and engineers who superintended the building of the temples and evolved the myriads of ideas which were everywhere brought to fruition. There was also wealth to support the thousands upon thousands of workmen who quarried the rock, carried it to the buildings,

hewed it to the exact dimensions demanded by the plans of the masters, or burned the lime with which an army of masons cemented the hewn stones. Elsewhere men were toiling to lay smooth, paved roads from town to town over the rocky, hilly plain; while others must have been building and repairing the innumerable cisterns or reservoirs which alone enabled a large population to dwell in this riverless, springless land of underground drainage. Still larger bodies of men must have been busily tilling the soil. To-day the Indian farmer rarely raises more than enough for his immediate needs, and his wife cannot comprehend the value of grinding to-morrow's corn to-day or yesterday. The present hand-to-mouth methods can scarcely have prevailed in the past, for then there must have been a large surplus supply of food, which by barter or taxation was available as a store to support the non-agricultural artisans and laborers.

At what time these conditions prevailed no man can tell. Various authorities have ascribed to the ruins an age of from one to eleven thousand years. These figures are based on data derived



THE RUINS OF CHAC-MULTUM



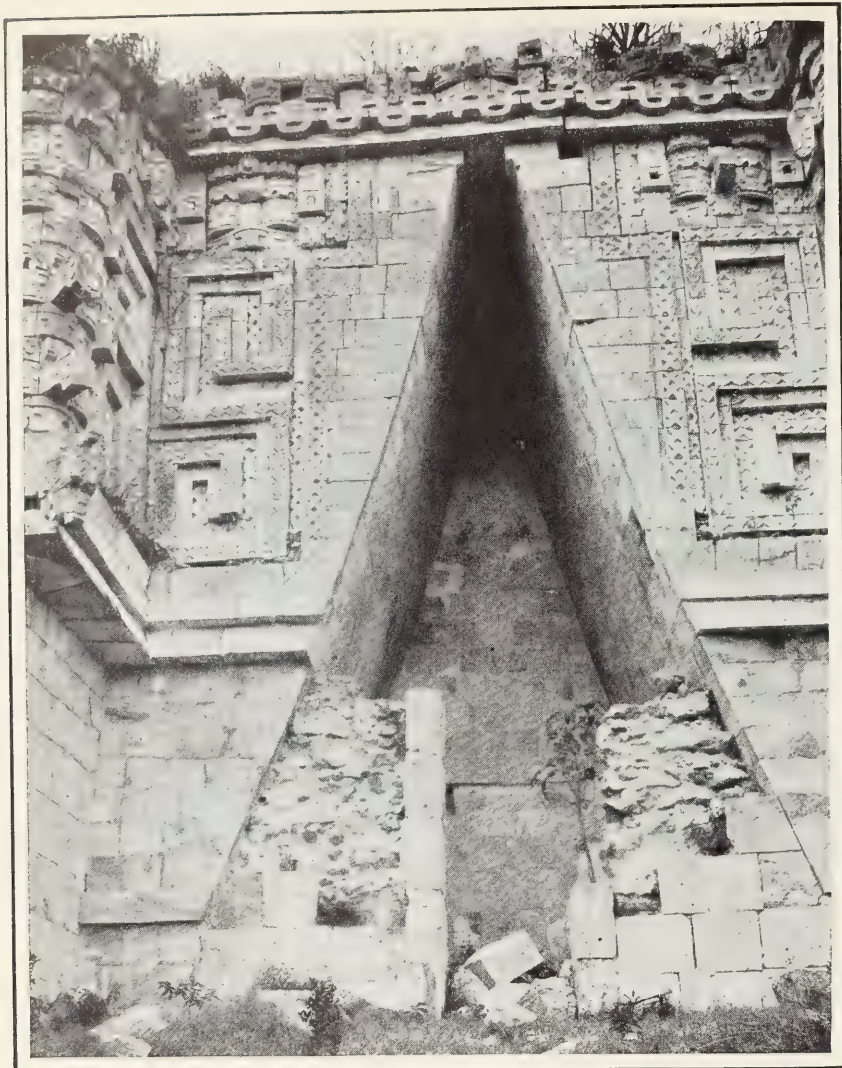


CARVING ON THE WALL OF A TEMPLE AT KABAH

from calendar stones preserved in many places both in Yucatan and in neighboring regions such as Mexico and Guatemala. The stones can be deciphered with considerable accuracy, and exact dates can be assigned to the construction of many buildings. The only trouble is that the dates belong to the various local eras of the different countries, and no one knows when a single one of the eras began. This ignorance affords an ample field for speculation. There are, however, strong reasons for believing that the ruins date back a long time before the coming of the Spaniards. Two of the strongest of these reasons are that when the Spaniards came to Yucatan, early in the sixteenth century, the Mayas, in the first place, were a slow, mild, unprogressive people, utterly different from the wide-awake, progressive race which alone could have built the ruins; and in the second place they made no claim to any knowledge or even any tradition as to the origin of the wonderful structures among which they dwelt. Probably the present Mayas are the descendants of the builders of the ruins, although perhaps largely mixed with

other invading elements from the northwest—that is, from Mexico. By the sixteenth century of our era, however, they had utterly degenerated from the vigor and originality of their ancestors, and were apparently much more different from them than the modern Greeks are from their ancestors in the days of Plato and Phidias. The modern Yucateco does not begin to have the energy and initiative of the modern Greek, but I believe it is no exaggeration to say that his predecessors were the equals of the Greeks or any other race so far as real achievement is concerned. I know that this is a sweeping statement, and I shall return to it later. Here it is enough to point out that the Greeks borrowed much of their culture from their neighbors; the Yucatecos, so far as we can learn, had no one from whom to borrow. The Greeks had at their command the accumulated store of knowledge and of tools from half a dozen great nations; the Yucatecos had only their own culture and their own crude tools to rely on. Each of these two nations was great because it was full of new ideas. We know the ideas of the Greeks not only





ONE OF THE FOUR CHAPELS IN THE HOUSE OF THE GOVERNOR OF UXMAL

Showing the ancient Yucatecan method of constructing arches with a capstone instead of a keystone

from their ruins, but from their books. Those of the Yucatecos are known only from their ruins, and yet those ruins show that in art, architecture, and the allied crafts brilliant ideas must have been numerous.

Let us consider how far the Mayas of the sixteenth century had fallen below the state of their predecessors. In a country such as Yucatan the water-supply is the most vital of all problems. The ancient people were so skilful in conserving water in cisterns and other artificial reservoirs that they built their great cities without reference to the *cenotes*, or caves, the only natural supply. At the time of the Conquest, however, the Spaniards found all the Mayas clustered about the *cenotes* and entirely dependent upon them for water. The

art of conserving water had been lost. Such degeneration in the most vital of human concerns, together with the absence of traditions, seems to imply a long lapse of time since the ruins were in their glory. Nevertheless, the best modern authorities believe that the most modern ruins were built no longer ago than the tenth century, while the earliest fall well within the Christian era. Thus in only a thousand or fifteen hundred years the Mayas have utterly degenerated. In the past they could challenge comparison with the civilizations of ancient Egypt and Assyria or with the Mycenaean Greeks. To-day they are nothing.

Whatever may have been the date of the Yucatecan civilization, there can be no doubt of its greatness. The measure of a nation's greatness is

found by dividing its achievements by its opportunities. We Americans, according to our own opinion, have achieved great things, but in view of our opportunities it may be that we have been no more successful than the ancient Yucatecos. Let us attempt to sum up the achievements of that race. In the first place they developed a system of art and architecture which need not shrink from comparison with that of Egypt, Assyria, China, or any other nation prior to the rise of Greece. Secondly, they appear to have developed a system of roads which made communication much easier than it would be to-day except for the railroads. Then again they had a highly advanced system of water-supply. In the days before the discovery of iron, deep wells



could not be dug, and primitive people, as we have seen, could live nowhere except close to the deep caverns of the *cenotes*. Yet the main ruins have nothing to do with *cenotes*. They are often miles from them, and are located in places where the only modern water-supply comes from wells 150 to 250 feet deep. Another evidence of high achievement is found in the size of the cities. People who could live in such vast numbers and could carry on such great public works must have had a highly organized and effective social and political system; otherwise chaos would have reigned. And finally these old Yucatecos were on the point of taking one of the most momentous steps in human progress. They had developed a genuine system of hieroglyphics, and were beginning to evolve real writing—that is, the use of a definite character to represent a definite sound, instead of a character for each separate word—a step which the Chinese, able as they are, have never taken.

In a word, the ancient Yucatecos were brimful of new ideas; and in the last analysis ideas are the cause of human progress. It is possible, to be sure, that the seeds of some of these ideas, such as hieroglyphic writing, came originally from the eastern hemisphere. As to this we have no positive evidence, but one thing is sure: even if certain ideas did come originally from other sources, they were completely assimilated and worked over into new forms in Yucatan. Before they reached the stage of development recorded in the ruins they had been in Yucatan so long that the style of architecture, the type of art, and many other characteris-

tics had become saturated with features peculiar to that particular part of the world. At the most the people of Yucatan cannot have borrowed from other nations a tithe as much as is borrowed by all modern nations, or even as was borrowed by the Greeks. If any race ever worked out its own salvation it was the ancient Yucatecos.

Let us turn back now to the other factor in the equation of a nation's greatness—the opportunities which serve as the divisor of the achievements. Of the outward helps which we modern nations deem necessary to great accomplishments the Yucatecos had practically none. One good thing they had, as we have seen in a previous article—a country which is capable of raising abundant crops and supporting a large population, but which will not do this without careful and laborious tillage. Of other natural ad-



AN ANCIENT ISOLATED WALL AT SAYI



vantages, at least of those commonly recognized as such, they had almost none. We have already emphasized the fact that Yucatan had no neighbors from whom she could gather suggestions, or who would stimulate her by example or immigration. The nearest approach to any such thing was in the neighboring regions of Central America and Mexico, but none of these places equaled Yucatan, and most of them appear to have been her imitators rather than her examples.

Two other matters are even more important than the relation of Yucatan to her neighbors. These are the complete absence of beasts of burden and of iron tools in pre-Columbian days. Think how the Yucatecos must have toiled in carrying on their backs the stones, mortar, and beams of their buildings! Yet this did not check their work. They had no hesitation in transporting stones eight or ten feet long, although this must have required laborers by the score. Moreover, all the food of the people, not merely that of the farmers, but that of the city people and of the thousands of workmen engaged in building the structures whose ruins we see, had to be brought in on the backs of human animals—a task which only a nation full of energy and resolution would or could accomplish. Yet the absence of beasts of burden, important as it was, was a small matter compared with the absence of iron. We are told sometimes that the ancient Americans had tools of hardened copper, but this is pure theory. We have never found an ounce of such copper, and we do not know how it could be made. The sole reason for assuming its existence is that we do not see how the ancient people could have done such clever work without some such material. We fail, however, to appreciate the fact that tools of obsidian or flint can be made of great delicacy by a people who have sufficient skill, energy, and patience. In these last words we come once more to the crux of the whole matter. These clever people, to whom Providence had given neither an animal fitted for a beast of burden nor yet the happy accident of the discovery of the use of iron, nevertheless took the crude tools at their command, and by the constant application of en-

ergy, and by the steady flow of new and original ideas, were able to arrive at a stage of civilization which was probably higher than that arrived at by any other race with no larger opportunities. Their achievements undoubtedly fall far behind those of Greece, and still more, perhaps, behind those which modern machinery now makes possible; but their opportunities were few. They used the talents that were given them, and the talents were doubled and doubled again.

This brings us face to face with the problem of why this ancient race was blessed with such great activity of mind and energy of body? No one can solve it as yet, for many and diverse factors doubtless contributed to the result. All that I can do here is to suggest a way in which the conditions of life as represented in my own particular branch of study may have been more favorable in early days than at present. Writers on Yucatan sometimes suggest that the country could not formerly have supported so vast a population had not the rainfall and the agricultural possibilities been greater. Others deny this. They say—rightly, I think—that an industrious and energetic people who had the energy and brains to construct wells and reservoirs could now cultivate almost every foot of Yucatan proper except for the numerous spots where the bare rock actually comes to the surface. One can ride for days over plains of the richest soil, deep, soft, and easy to cultivate, but nevertheless abandoned to the jungle and wild beasts. The reason is largely the difficulty of digging wells or building reservoirs for water during the dry season. The rainfall at Merida, in the driest portion of Yucatan, averages about thirty-two inches per year, falling mostly in the months from June to October, which period has twenty-four inches. This is not a large amount, but it is more than the eastern United States gets during the same period, and is sufficient to allow good crops of corn to be raised almost everywhere. Lack of rainfall seems to have nothing to do with the present comparative depopulation of Yucatan, as is evident enough from the fact that the densest population is found in the driest part of the peninsula. In fact, as has been pointed out in our previous





THE FRONT OF THE SECOND STORY OF THE MAIN TEMPLE AT SAYI

discussion of the jungle and the forest, a small rainfall is a distinct advantage, because it prevents the growth of the great tropical forest which so effectively checks human progress.

The only kind of climatic change that would have a favorable effect in stimulating human progress in Yucatan would either be one which would increase the area of jungle at the expense of forest, and would perhaps make agriculture more difficult than now, or one which would cause more frequent cold waves. A change which increased the area of jungle and made agriculture somewhat harder in the regions where it is now practised would obviously act as a stimulant. People would have to work harder and take more forethought in order to get a living, but they would still find no great difficulty, provided they were energetic. The other kind of change might be even more important. Again and again I inquired of all sorts of people as to the kind of weather during which the modern Yucatecos work most vigor-

ously. The universal answer was, on "fresh" days—which means the coolest days that Yucatan ever enjoys. When I put this question to Mr. Thompson, he answered it as every one else did, and then with characteristic energy went out early the next morning to interview some of the wise old men whom he knows among the Indians. They, too, gave the usual answer; and then, thinking it over a little more, they added: "Yes, the Mayas work hardest when there is a fresh spell, but not just when it is raining. The morning after a rain is the time. Then the air is cool and clear, and the women bake the *tortillas* much more quickly than usual, so that we get away to work early." Nothing, as we have said, is ever prepared to-day for to-morrow, and so in the morning the men always have to wait until the women have ground some corn, mixed the batter, and cooked some thin *tortillas* on a flat sheet of iron. Therefore the husbands, not being able to depart until the day's supply of bread is ready, take



especial note of the speed with which it is prepared. Perhaps this may seem a trivial matter to mention in connection with a great problem like that of the cause of the rise and fall of nations; but there is surely much importance in a thing which the people themselves recognize as the greatest of stimulants, with the exception only of hunger.

One of the surprises of my journey to Mexico and Yucatan was the discovery that evidences of climatic changes are as abundant there as in regions farther north. At Mexico City three different kinds of deposits, indicating respectively a dry period, a moist one, and again a dry one, have been excavated by Professor Boas, of Columbia University, and found to contain the remnants of three different types of civilization. Farther south, in the State of Oaxaca, in latitude  $17^{\circ}$  N., great terraces of alluvium seem to indicate changes of climate during recent times. And finally the various ruins found in the dense tropical forest imply either that the ancient Yucatecos were not merely a very clever people, but a people more clever and able than any existing race, or else that climatic conditions were drier, so that in former days jungle predominated in areas now covered by forest. All this seems to indicate that formerly the earth's various zones of climate were pushed southward, and all the winds were strengthened. Thus the stormy belt which now prevails in the northern

United States was pushed toward the Southern States, and the belt of deserts which in general prevails at about latitude  $30^{\circ}$  was pushed down toward the equator. Just how the changes worked we do not yet know, but apparently they caused the jungle of Yucatan to spread into areas now occupied by forest, and at the same time they much increased the number of storms, or "northers," as they are commonly called. Such a double change would be highly advantageous to the development of civilization. In the first place, it would enlarge the area within which agriculture is feasible, and would make agriculture in all parts of the country difficult enough so that those of the primitive inhabitants who were not blessed with energy and the power of assimilating new ideas would find it impossible to get a living. In the second place, it would increase the amount of stimulation which is derived from frequent changes of temperature and other climatic conditions. These two favorable conditions, working together, may well have helped toward making the Yucatecos of long ago a highly inventive, industrious, and progressive race. Other factors were no doubt also involved, and will some day come to light. If we could picture to ourselves the exact conditions under which the ancient people of Yucatan rose to a place among the great races of the world, we should have the key to a momentous question: the cause of the rise and fall of nations.







"I DON'T WANT ANY STEP-LADDER," REPLIED SOPHRONIA

## The Confidential Doll Insurance Co.

BY VALE DOWNIE

**T**HE apple-tree grew on the inside of the hedge; but one great limb extended far out over the boundary. Sophronia Henrietta, who cherished a more or less secret passion for climbing trees, and Katherine Clancy, who was indifferent to such delights, were well out toward the extremity of this bough when the mishap occurred.

Whether or not they were at this moment trespassing upon the grounds of the young man in the wheel-chair is a question for lawyers to decide. The court would probably hold that, if they were engaged in garnering the fruit of the tree—the apples were now about the size of hickory-nuts—they were clearly within their rights. When the young man in the wheel-chair suddenly appeared below, however, Sophronia suffered such a twinge of conscience as to relax her hold on Katherine Clancy, who straightway tumbled to the cement walk

beneath, alighting firmly upon her head, which was shattered into bits. This was trespass, and no mistake. An action would surely lie before any justice in civilization. No interpretation that you can put upon law will exonerate one who deliberately dives into his or her neighbor's stone walk, littering his well-kept preserves with china shards and sawdust.

Sophronia, who appreciated this to the full, was terribly frightened.

"Hello! what's that?" cried the young man, stopping his chariot in time to avoid running over the remains of Katherine Clancy. Then, as he glanced upward, he called, "Hold on tight, girlie, until I get you a step-ladder."

"I don't want any step-ladder," replied Sophronia, tearfully.

"Yes you *do* want a step-ladder," averred the young man. "You want a step-ladder the worst way. You just stick where you are for about one minute. *Hi, Bill!*"

Bill proved to be an elderly man who smoked a corn-cob pipe, wore a cap and



a gray jersey, and carried a rake. He appeared with great deliberation from behind a clump of shrubs and was ordered to go and bring a step-ladder—a high one.

The young man's sympathy was frankly expressed and obviously genuine.

"What a beautiful doll!" (How did he know it?) "It's too bad she got broken. What's her name?"

"Katherine Clancy."

"For relatives, I suppose—an aunt, perhaps?"

"Katherine's my aunt. Clancy's the cook."

"Ah, yes. I understand. They will be all cut up when they hear the news. But never mind. I wouldn't be too sad about it, if I were you, for it's just possible that Kate can be mended. There's a bottle of glue in the library and a box of paints. I'd like to bet that I can fix her up as good as new. We'll see, anyhow, when Bill gets back with that ladder. He has to go around to the stable for it; but it won't take him more than an hour or two and we can talk while he is gone. Wonderful chap, Bill. Marvelously quick and active for a man a hundred and seventeen years old. He used to be a famous baseball-player. Almost always got to first base on a home-run hit."

Sophronia's terror dissolved rapidly, and by the time the gardener got back with the step-ladder she was quite willing to descend upon the alien soil. Bill and the young man held the ladder while she backed down calmly and in good order.

In a secluded corner of the grounds there was a rustic belvedere overlooking a fountain. On one side the steps at the entrance had been replaced by a sloping gangway, which the young man approached at such a furious speed that his chair safely cleared the ascent, coming to rest in the cool shelter of the summer-house. A rustic table in the middle was littered with books and magazines. The young man invited Sophronia to be seated on a bench and sent the gardener for the glue and paints. He then deposited the remains of Katherine Clancy—he had carried the smaller pieces in his cap—on the edge of the table.

"My name is Chalmers Craik," explained the young man, "and my right there is none to dispute. I tell you this, now, so that there may be no questioning any of my decisions later on. When I tell you that the tall, gray-haired lady who lives up in the house sets an excellent example by calling me 'Chal,' you will know better than ever to say 'Mr. Craik.' From the fountain all round to the road I am lord of the fowl and the brute. There aren't any fowls except the robins and the sparrows, and I've never been able to make up my mind whether Bill fits into the brute classification or not; but in any case, I'm lord of him. What's your name?"

Sophronia told her life story. It was explicit enough, except that she failed to mention any brothers. Craik soon learned that she had none. Also that her father, as far as she knew, had never figured prominently in athletics. He had, perhaps, once played baseball in an amateur way. Sophronia herself had never gone in for broad-jumping, hammer or discus throwing, shot-putting, pole-vaulting, or the hurdles. She was enthusiastically sure, however, that she could run.

Craik was vastly pleased. He surveyed Sophronia with an appraising eye—her white stockings, although not in the best of condition, were well filled—and ventured a corroborative dictum. Indeed, he was so keen to put the matter to the test that he organized a field meet, immediately upon the return of Bill with the bottle of glue and the paints, and the rehabilitation of Katherine Clancy had to be deferred for the moment.

They adjourned to a neighboring stretch of greensward, between two oak-trees about one hundred yards apart. The bitter protests of the gardener were disregarded, and he was entered forthwith, under the title of "The Chicago Cannon-Ball," to run a hundred yards against "The Cincinnati Sylph," the odds being three to one on the latter.

Craik, having placed the contestants, rolled off to the terminal mark and pulled a stop-watch out of his pocket.

At the drop of a handkerchief they were off, Sophronia shrieking with glee, her curls flying behind. She skimmed light as a shadow over the grass, follow-



ed by the eager eyes of Chalmers Craik, who bit his lip and smiled wistfully.

As to the "Chicago Cannon-Ball," he, having failed to observe a protruding root of one of the oak-trees, came to utter grief. He picked himself up and went off, grumbling over the second-place prize—a dollar—generously awarded by the master of ceremonies.

"Seventeen and two-fifths seconds," said Craik. "That's very good, Sophie; I

never made it in less than ten and a half, myself, and I used to be something of a runner until I fell off a horse about three months ago and hurt my leg. Let me tell you, by the way, that legs are a great institution. You never realize it until you happen to get one put out of commission."

Craik and Sophronia spent the remainder of the afternoon over the resuscitation of Katherine Clancy. Their labors were in vain. They did manage to reconstruct a part of her face, with the aid of the glue; but there were so many cracks that she looked like a railroad map when they got through. Worst of all, some of her pieces were lost and a good deal of sawdust had been effused.

"I'm afraid it's no go," sighed Craik.

Sophronia looked distressed.

"I mean she'll always be more or less of an invalid," explained the young man,

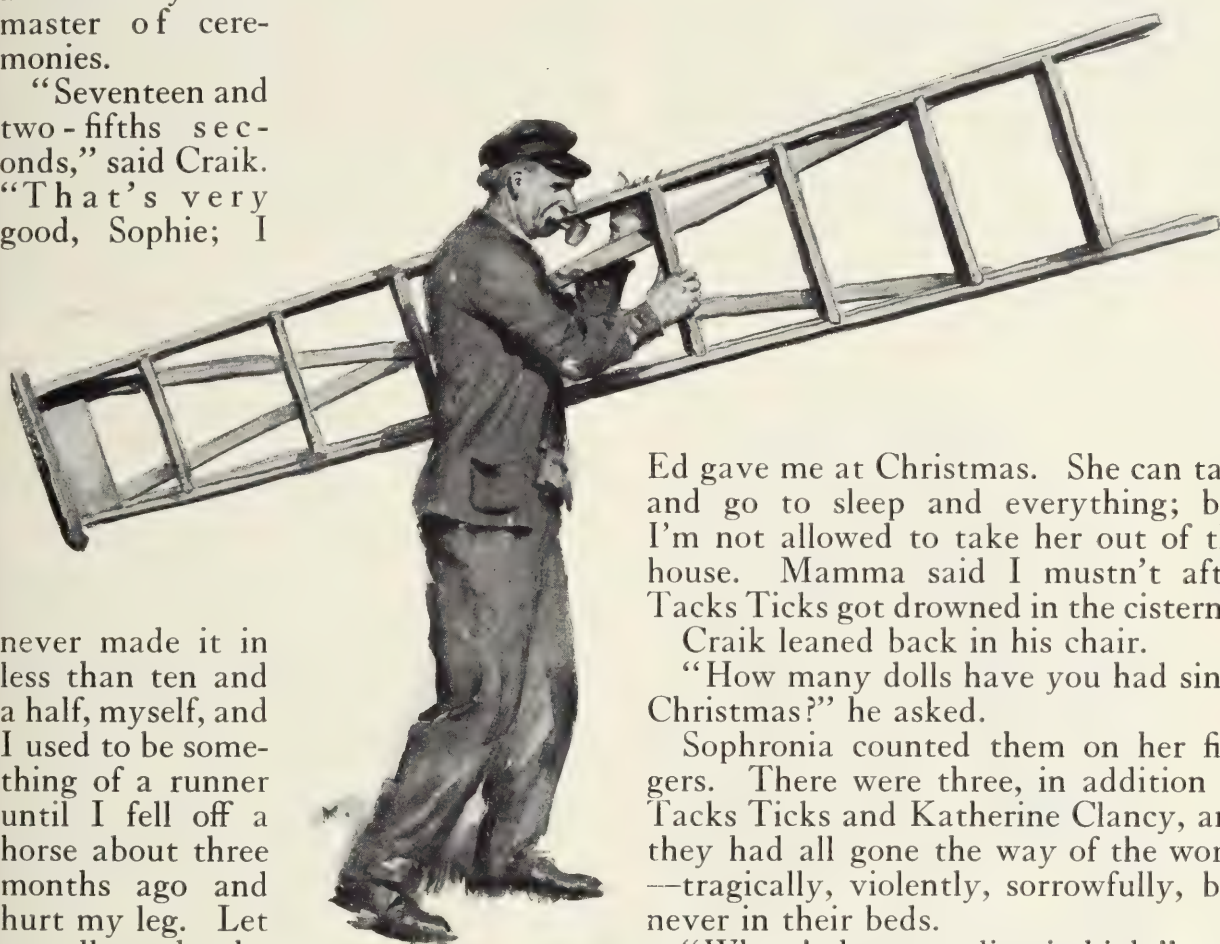
desirous of softening his harsh verdict. "She ought to spend about six months in a bureau drawer."

Sophronia brushed away a tear.

"I'm not allowed to play with Annabel Lee," she said.

"Who is Annabel Lee?"

"She's my other doll—the one Uncle



BILL WAS MARVELOUSLY  
QUICK AND ACTIVE FOR  
HIS YEARS

Ed gave me at Christmas. She can talk and go to sleep and everything; but I'm not allowed to take her out of the house. Mamma said I mustn't after Tacks Ticks got drowned in the cistern."

Craik leaned back in his chair.

"How many dolls have you had since Christmas?" he asked.

Sophronia counted them on her fingers. There were three, in addition to Tacks Ticks and Katherine Clancy, and they had all gone the way of the world—tragically, violently, sorrowfully, but never in their beds.

"Whew! the mortality is high," said the young man. He had once spent a school vacation in his father's insurance office. "I should think a doll made of cloth, or gutta-percha—"

"I don't like rag dolls."

"Of course you've got to take children as you find them."

"I love Annabel Lee best of any doll I ever had."

"Ah, yes! And to have her wrested from your arms by a cruel grandparent, that is too much. But why don't you insure her against accident?—then your mother would certainly let you take her out."

Sophronia was plainly puzzled.

"Did you never hear about the Confidential Doll Insurance Company? But, no, of course you haven't, for it was only organized very recently. Well, I'm its



president. It means a lot to be president of a company of that kind at nineteen, let me tell you; for this isn't any ordinary concern. It's a fire, accident, and life insurance company, all in one."

"I don't believe I quite understand," said Sophronia, wistfully.

"Simple as A B C," said Craik. "You pay a premium of, say, one cent a day to the Confidential Doll Insurance Company—that's me—and if anything happens to Annabel Lee the company buys you a new doll just as beautiful as the deceased. It's a fine, philanthropic institution, don't you think so?"

"But I couldn't pay every day," wailed Sophie, "for lots and lots of days

I haven't any pennies, even to buy candy with."

The president of the Confidential Doll Insurance Company knitted his youthful brow in thought.

"Pie would be better, anyhow," he said, at length. "If you could steal—I mean obtain from the cook, every day, a nice piece of pie or cake with thick, thick icing on it, that would do."

"But we don't have pie or cake every day. And Clancy's cross as a bear when she catches me taking things out of the pantry. Isn't there some other way you could insure my dolly?"

"Of course you've got to pay *something*."

Sophie was very thoughtful.

"I might give you a sugar-plum-sticker," she ventured, gravely hesitant.

"It sounds good. What is it?"

"Don't you know?"

"I never saw one in my life."

"Daddy always gives me one for bringing him his slippers."

"Keeps them always in his pockets, does he?"

"No-o. Aren't you funny! You couldn't put them in your pocket. Shut your eyes."

A ray of comprehension illumined the darkened intellect of Mr. Craik. He began to suspect that he knew what a sugar-plum-sticker was, and he flushed slightly, for the youth of nineteen is not commonly fond of kissing girls of nine, whatever his feelings may be toward those of his own age or older. Nevertheless, he shut his eyes gamely and waited. Sophie, maintaining a portentous silence, climbed up on the bench and leaned over the arm of the chair. The next moment her warm lips were pressed tightly against his own.



HE SHUT HIS EYES GAMELY AND WAITED



He caught her in his arms, as he opened his eyes, to keep her from knocking against his hurt leg, laughing wryly. He wondered whether the youngster would notice his blushes.

"So that's a sugar-plum-sticker, is it?"

"Yes. Don't you like them?"

"Sure. They're fine."

"I thought you'd like them. Daddy does. So does mamma. And I'm to pay you one every day so my dolly won't get broken?"

"Well, not necessarily every day; say once or twice a week."

"But I can pay every day just as well as not. You see sugar-plum-stickers just keep making all the time and you might as well give them away. It's no trouble at all, and much easier than the pie or pennies."

The Confidential Doll Insurance Company could see no reason for declining this generous offer on the part of its first patron, and the bargain was so concluded.

The next morning Craik, clad in white flannels and a golf cap, took his morning spin about the grounds and wound up in the belvedere. Bill fetched him an armful of books and magazines, which he had hardly glanced at before Sophronia arrived, bearing in her arms the precious form of Annabel Lee. Her mother had obviously been impressed with the strength and responsibility of the Confidential Doll Insurance Company. Sophronia was angelically clean, save for a flake of honied toast on her left cheek. Her curls were under excellent control and her frock was stiff and spotless.

"Ah," said Mr. Craik, "the cruel grandmother has relented! What did you tell her?"

"I told mamma we were going to insure Annabel Lee so nothing couldn't happen to her."

"What did she say to that?"

"Mamma said 'Fiddlesticks,' and my papa just laughed."

"Oh, indeed," commented Mr. Craik, raising his brows. "They said 'Fiddlesticks,' did they?"

"Yes. Then I whispered to mamma that you wanted to see my dolly and she said I might bring her, but to be very, very careful."

"Your mamma is very kind," said the young man, his good humor quite restored. "It simply means that she doesn't understand the value of protection in the Confidential Doll Insurance Company. Some time we'll explain. Meanwhile let us proceed to execute the policy at once. Not a moment is to be lost. Who can tell what may happen in an hour? Annabel might fall into the fountain, to be devoured by the ferocious gold-fish. She might catch a chill, or tumble out of a tree. Also, that crumb might get knocked off."

Craik squared himself up to the rustic table and assumed a grave and judicial attitude. He motioned Sophronia to a chair opposite. Then he wrote something on a pad before him with a fountain-pen, and began asking questions.

How old was Annabel? Had she ever had measles? Scarletina? Mumps? Whooping-cough? Was she naturally a good-tempered child? Was she fond of climbing trees? Any leaning toward looking into cisterns?

These and numerous queries being answered in a satisfactory manner, the document was signed, sealed, and delivered by the president of the company to Sophronia, with the recommendation that she file it, for safe keeping, in the interior of a hollow tree near at hand.

One sugar-plum-sticker and the flake of toast were now formally transferred to the president of the company, who exhibited slightly less embarrassment than on the day before.

From that hour Annabel Lee seemed to bear a charmed life. She fell from trees and lit unharmed on the soft, green turf. She took part in field meets and never got so much as a sprained ankle. She dropped into the fountain and alighted neatly on a dry lily-pad. The gold-fish came and examined one dainty slipper, which hung down in the water, but made no attempt to do her any harm.

Sophie became a firm believer in the value of accident insurance, without understanding in the least what it meant. It was, to her, a thing entirely supernatural, and her faith was implicit. She came, at length, to believe that no harm could possibly befall Annabel Lee, and she paid the stipulated premium





CRAIK SWAM TO THE FLOATING WEEDS

with the utmost promptness and regularity. If a daily payment was missed Craik received two sugar-plum-stickers next day, and in the interim Sophie remained in cold terror for her darling. Craik explained, with care, that an occasional lapse of this kind would not vitiate the force of the policy.

One day the president of the Confidential Doll Insurance Company got out of his chair and walked across the belvedere. Soon he was able to take his morning rounds on foot, with the aid of a cane, and Sophie to lean upon when he went up or down stairs. This happy state of affairs having arrived, he lost no time in calling on the grandmother and grandfather of Annabel Lee and the late lamented Katherine Clancy. He liked

them and they liked him. It turned out that Sophie's father—his name was Hollins—had, after all, once played half-back on a college football team and he was vastly interested in the world of sport. Craik promised to enter him for the "440" against the Chicago Cannon-Ball at their next meet.

In August the Hollins family went to a lake in Canada for a vacation. They asked Craik to come along, and, having nothing to do but let his leg get stronger, he accepted. They had a cottage on the shore of the lake, a couple of canoes and skiffs, and a little sailboat. Hollins was fond of sailing. So, for the matter of that, were Craik, Sophie, and Annabel Lee. Mrs. Hollins and the baby preferred to stay on dry land.

It will be divined that there is a painful passage to be gotten over here, and as little

time as possible ought to be spent in giving the distressing facts. Annabel Lee was lying on the deck of the *Swallow* one day when skipper Hollins went suddenly about. The boat heeled far over to the reverse tack and the ill-starred Annabel rolled into the lake. It may have been that she was stuffed with a non-buoyant variety of sawdust, or perhaps the mechanism that opened and shut her eyes was fatally heavy. Whatever the explanation, the fact was that she sank.

Sophie screamed and rushed to the gunwale. Craik let go the jib and caught her in time to prevent her following over the side. Then he slipped off his shoes and coat and dropped into the water, disregarding Hollins's objurgations.



"The water isn't over eight or ten feet deep," he sang out. "I can easily find it. Where would you say she dropped it?"

"Just this side that bunch of weeds. Sophie, stop your blubbering and get hold of that jib."

Craik swam to the floating weeds, lifted himself suddenly a foot out of the water, and then sank from sight. He came up about a minute later, red-faced and dripping.

"Didn't get her that time," he called, and went down again. He was gone longer than before, but came up empty-handed. Craik swam toward the boat and Hollins gave him a hand over the side.

"Got a sort of cramp in my game leg," he said, "or I'd have another whirl at it. Don't cry, kid. We'll get you another one prettier than An-nabel, I promise."

Sophie sniffed and, turning her back, regarded the horizon over the port bow.

"You'll be lucky if you don't catch a cold," grumbled the skipper. "Better slip into that coat-sweater and we'll tack over to the landing so you can change your clothes. Sophie, stop that noise!"

When they reached the landing Sophie disappeared. She did not come in for lunch and she was not visible at dinner-time. Next morning, when Craik cornered her and tried to get her out for a canoe ride, she burst into tears and fled. The president of the Confidential Doll Insurance Company, anxious as he was to pay all losses in full, was nonplussed. Hollins was angry. Mrs. Hol-

lins advised them both to let Sophie alone for a day or two.

"But I've got to make it up with her right now; for, you know, I've got to leave to-morrow and I may not see her again before Christmas," protested Craik. "She seems to blame me, in some way, for the accident, and I can't understand it. Won't you try to get her to forgive me for whatever it is I've done? I think she will when you tell her I've got to go home in the morning."

"I'll try," said Mrs. Hollins. "I confess I don't understand the child myself. She seemed inordinately fond of that doll, and that's the only explanation I can think of."

She was as good as her word; but gentle persuasion, calm reasoning, stern



"I HATE IT," SHE SAID, "AND I'M NEVER GOING TO HAVE ANY MORE DOLLS"



command were alike useless. Sophie retired to her pine-walled boudoir and steadfastly denied the light of her countenance to the melancholy Craik, who at length departed to the railroad station, on a motor-boat, sadly puzzled.

It had occurred to nobody, apparently, to consider that a very serious and jarring experience had come to Sophie. She had, of a sudden, been totally deprived of her faith in mankind. Craik, whom she idolized, had deceived her. He had insured her dolly, the dolly had, nevertheless, been drowned.

When he reached Toronto the discredited Craik bought the finest doll he could find and despatched it by post to the lake. It was received two days later by Sophie's mother, who took it out of the box and delivered it to the girl.

The erstwhile fond mother of Annabel Lee, Katherine Clancy, and Tacks Ticks lifted her pretty chin in the air and turned away with quivering lip.

"I hate it," she said. "And I hate him. And I'm never going to have any more dolls."

It is aphoristic that time softens resentment. The vacation of Sophie's father lasted two weeks longer, and there is no case on record of a normal, healthy girl of nine cherishing anger in her heart for more than two days. Sophie was a very normal and healthy girl. Hence by the time skipper Hollins and mother and the baby were turning homeward she had secretly made up her mind to forgive Chal for deceiving her. The wound was not exactly healed; but most of the inflammation was gone.

No sooner, therefore, were the Hollins family once more established among familiar scenes than Sophie slipped through a hole in the hedge to look for the president of the defunct and discredited Confidential Doll Insurance Company. He was not visible about the grounds, and Sophie went into the house. She presently came across the gray-haired lady, his mother, who told her that Chal was not at home. He had gone to New Haven, Connecticut, to college, and would be gone several months.

Sophie looked so woebegone that the lady kissed her and asked her if she wouldn't like a piece of devil's cake.

The girl dried her eyes and said she would.

Six weeks later Mr. Hollins received an advantageous offer from a concern in Los Angeles, which he could not well refuse. He immediately decided to remove thither with his family, and that is how Sophie and Chalmers Craik were lost out of each other's lives for ten rather busy and more or less uneventful years.

A bronzed mining-engineer, just back from two years' work in the Ural Mountains, paused in New York one August day to decide whether he should go on home or go swimming. He had a slight limp—his left leg was a trifle stiff—but he was an expert swimmer and fond of the sport. Furthermore, the weather was hot and the Atlantic very inviting. On the other hand, there was small inducement to go back to the big stone house in the Middle-Western city which had once been his home. The lady, his mother, was no longer there. There was nobody there, in fact, but the gold-fish in the fountain—now probably all dead—and Bill, who would be, let's see, one hundred and twenty-seven years old. In truth, Chalmers Craik came suddenly to the realization that there was nobody anywhere in America who would care two straws—certainly not more than three—if he took the next steamer back to Russia. It was not a pleasant thought.

He decided to go swimming; so he purchased a blue woolen bathing-suit and a white coat-sweater and went down to the seashore. He put up at a good hotel, on the board-walk, and went straight into the water. For a week he excited a good deal of interest on account of the circumstance that his face and arms seemed to have been at the seashore all summer, being thoroughly tanned, while his legs and feet resembled those of the ordinary new arrival at the beach. Inasmuch as he spent most of his time on the sands, this incongruity was quickly removed.

He spent a good deal of time on the beach, reading magazines in a steamer-chair, under a big umbrella, and communing with himself. There was nobody else, of course, to commune with. If he cut his chin while taking his morning shave, he sometimes swore; and he had



to speak to the waiter, of course, when ordering his meals in the restaurant; beyond that he rarely had an opportunity of hearing his own voice.

One day, while sitting in his chair, he noticed a girl, or young woman, in a blue bathing-suit and a red cap. This was out of the ordinary for Craik, since he seldom noticed girls. He would not have remarked this one, if she had not been running a race over the sands with a tow-headed youngster considerably her junior; and there was something about the way she threw back her head and laughed over her shoulder at the boy, as she ran, that stirred the murky depths of recollection. Certainly he had seen that girl before, somewhere. He watched her for half an hour, thinking hard, but could not remember.

Anyhow, she was a remarkably pretty, wholesome-looking girl, and he wished he knew her.

Next day he saw her again with the boy—she was stopping at the next hotel up the walk from his, he discovered—and the impression was even stronger. He racked his brain for a clue to her identity, but found none. He might have gone closer and eavesdropped, when she was talking to the boy, or followed her to the hotel and pumped the clerk, but, somehow, he didn't feel quite willing to do either of these things.

It was nearly a week later—he hadn't seen her again in the mean time—that he was swimming around outside of a float, when an accident occurred. A boy fell out of a skiff. Craik's attention was called to the occurrence by a hubbub on the beach and the sight of a guard jumping down off his high stool and pushing off in a boat. Craik, borne to the crest



THE GUARD RELIEVED HIM OF HIS CHARGE

of a wave, looked seaward and descried an empty skiff not more than fifty yards away. He struck back rapidly and, a moment later, was able to distinguish a sobbing call for help.

The boy could swim a little; but he was panic-stricken, and the big waves breaking over him had almost strangled him. Craik reached the lad just in time to grab a handful of tow hair and prevent the youth beneath it from sinking finally into the cold depths of the Atlantic.

By that time the empty skiff had drifted out of reach; so he twisted his fingers into the collar of the boy's jersey and started for the float, arriving there in due time without mishap. The guard relieved him of his charge and inquired his name. Craik said he couldn't remember just what it was, and couldn't offer him a card because he didn't have



one with him. He got into the guard's boat, however, and was pulled back to shore, where he saw the boy, apparently no worse for his ducking, delivered into the arms of the girl in the blue bathing-suit and red cap. Everybody on the beach came and stared at Craik as he slunk off to his hotel; but he was so busy with a new and curious idea that he did not notice. He knitted his brows and pondered. What connection was there between his pulling the tow-headed youth out of the Atlantic and something that had happened years ago on a lake in Canada? In the present case he had rescued a live and kicking boy; in the other he had failed to rescue an unfortunate doll.

Obviously there was no connection, except that the girl in the blue bathing-suit was unquestionably Sophie Hollins!

Craik dined late that evening. He was just finishing his coffee when the head clerk came to his table.

"You are the gentleman who pulled

a boy out of the water this afternoon, aren't you?" inquired the clerk.

"Confidentially, I am," admitted Craik.

"A lady, the boy's sister, wishes to see you. She's waiting."

Craik got up, buttoned his dinner coat, unbuttoned it again, and followed the clerk.

He would never have recognized the stately damsel who came toward them as Sophie. In truth, a cold wave of doubt now passed over him; but it was instantly relieved by the girl herself.

"My name is Hollins," she said, "and I wanted to thank you for saving Bobby, my brother. The guard did not know your name, but he said you were stopping here, so I came and inquired. I'm a pretty good detective. Don't you think so?" she smiled.

"Both pretty and good," replied Craik, gravely, being now once more sure of his ground. The girl seemed a little startled by this compliment. How-

ever, she had a duty to perform and she proceeded to do it.

"My mother is stopping at the Coldham, just next door, and she also wants to thank you. Bobby's in bed, of course, though he seems perfectly well to me, and she does not wish to leave him. Could you—?"

"Certainly. We'll go right over."

Craik talked affably of many things, but neglected to mention his name.

The Hollins family occupied a suite of three rooms on the fourth floor of the Coldham House. Craik was ushered into the little sitting-room, overlooking the sea, and there Mrs. Hollins presently joined them. She clasped his hands, with tears in her eyes,



BOBBY ASKED HIS PRESERVER IF HE KNEW THE AUSTRALIAN CRAWL



and thanked him, brokenly. She insisted on taking him into the bedroom, where Bobby Hollins, looking as bright and chipper as a boy could well be, sat up and bashfully extended a sun-browned paw. Craik laughingly advised him to stay inside the ropes for the future, and to be careful about sneaking off to sea in an open boat when the surf was running strong.

Bobby promised, and, in turn, asked his preserver if he knew the Australian crawl. Craik said he had a rudimentary knowledge of it and promised to teach the boy all he knew.

Retiring once more to the parlor, he was left alone with Sophie. What a lovely woman she had grown to be!

"I suppose you think that we women are silly creatures," she said.

"Not at all," replied Craik.

"I don't know what we are to do with him."

"Bobby?"

"Yes. He's so venturesome."

Craik affected to consider the problem. "Why don't you insure him?"

"Insure?" Sophie was plainly puzzled.

"Yes. I realize, of course, that not many companies wish to insure boys of his age. But I know of one that does. "It is not very well known. In fact, it has done very little business in the last ten years. I am, as you might guess, its president, and we shall be very glad to insure your brother. The premium is a very small one and is payable daily. The name is the Confidential Doll Insurance Company."

Sophie turned slowly and gazed at Craik. Her blue eyes widened; her face paled, then crimsoned. She was almost the Sophie of long ago—yet *not* the same Sophie, as Craik was made aware by the



WHAT A LOVELY WOMAN SHE HAD GROWN TO BE!

tingling of his veins at the sight of her womanly loveliness.

"*Chal!*" she cried. "Is it? It can't be—*Chalmers Craik!*"

"I wondered if you would remember."

"Oh, Chal! Of course I remembered. Do you think I could ever forget how hateful I was about that doll? I've wondered and wondered where you were and hoped I might meet you again, some day, to try to make amends. Now I'm under greater debt than ever."

It was not long after this that she canceled the obligation in full.



# Writing English

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DEEDS, not words," is a platitude—a flat statement which reduces the facts of the case to an average, and calls that truth. It is absurd to imply, as does this old truism, that we may never judge a man by his words. Words are often the most convenient indices of education, of cultivation, and of intellectual power. And what is more, a man's speech, a man's writing, when properly interpreted, may sometimes measure the potentialities of the mind more thoroughly, more accurately than the deeds which environment, opportunity, luck permit. It is hard enough to take the intellectual measure even of the makers of history by their acts, so rapidly does the apparent value of their accomplishments vary with changing conceptions of what is and what is not worth doing. It is infinitely more difficult to judge in advance of youths just going out into the world by what they do. Their words, which reveal what they are thinking, and how they are thinking, give almost the only vision of their minds; and "by their words ye shall know them" becomes not a perversion, but an adaptation of the old text. Would you judge of a boy just graduated entirely by the acts he had performed in college? If you did, you would make some profound and illuminating mistakes.

This explains, I think, why parents, and teachers, and college presidents, and even undergraduates, are exercised over the study of writing English—which is, after all, just the study of the proper putting together of words. They may believe, all of them, that their concern is merely for the results of the power to write well; the ability to compose a good letter, to speak forcibly on occasion, to offer the amount of literacy required for most "jobs." But I won-

der if the quite surprising keenness of their interest is not due to another cause. I wonder if they do not feel—perhaps unconsciously—that words indicate the man; that the power to write well shows intellect, and measures, if not its profundity, at least the stage of its development. We fasten on the defects of the letters written by undergraduates, on their faltering speeches, on their confused examination papers, as something significant, ominous, worthy even of comment in the press. And we are, I believe, perfectly right. Speech and writing, if you get them in fair samples, indicate the extent and the value of a college education far better than a degree.

It is this conviction which, pressing upon the schools and colleges, has caused such a flood of courses and text-books, such an expenditure of time, energy, and money in the teaching of composition, so many ardent hopes of accomplishment, so much bitter disappointment at relative failure. I do not know how many are directly or indirectly teaching the writing of English in America—perhaps some tens of thousands; the imagination falters at the thought of how many are trying to learn it. Thus the parent, conscious of this enormous endeavor and the convictions which inspire it, is somewhat appalled to hear the critics without the colleges maintaining that we are not teaching good writing, and the critics within protesting that good writing cannot be taught!

It is with the teachers, the administrators, the theorists on education, but most of all the teachers, that the responsibility for the alleged failure of this great project—to endow the college graduate with adequate powers of expression—must be sought. But these guardians of expression are divided, like the German Reichstag, into many groups, of which four are chief.



There is first the great party of the Know-Nothings, who plan and teach with no opinion whatsoever as to the ends of their teaching. Under the conditions of human nature and current financial rewards for the work, this party is inevitably large; but it counts for nothing except inertia. There is next the respectable and efficient cohort of the Do-Nothings, who believe that good writing and speaking are natural emanations from culture, as health from exercise, or clouds from the sea. They would cultivate the mind of the undergraduate, and let expression take care of itself. They do not believe in teaching English Composition. Next are the Formalists, who hold up a dictionary in one hand, the rules of rhetoric in another, and say, learn these, and good writing and good speaking shall be added unto you. The Formalists have weakened in late years. There have been desertions to the Do-Nothings, for the work of grinding rules into unwilling minds is hard, and it is far easier to adopt a policy of *laissez-faire*. But there have been far more desertions into a party which I shall call, for want of a better name, the Optimists. The Optimists believe that in teaching to write and speak the American college is accepting its most significant if not its greatest duty. They believe that we must understand what causes good writing, in order to teach it; and that for the average undergraduate writing must be taught.

The best way to approach this grand battle-ground of educational policies is by the very practical fashion of pretending (if pretense is necessary) that you have a son (or a daughter) ready for college. What does he need, what must he have in a writing way, in a speaking way, when he has passed through all the education you see fit to give him? What should he possess of such ability to satisfy the world and himself? Facts, ideas, and imagination, to put it roughly, make up the substance of expression. Facts he must be able to present clearly and faithfully; ideas he must be able to present clearly and comprehensively; his imagination he will need to express when his nature demands it. And for all these needs he must be able to use knowingly the words which study and

experience will feed to him. He must be able to combine these words effectively in order to express the thoughts of which he is capable. And these thoughts he must work out along lines of logical, reasonable development, so that what he says or writes will have an end and attain it. In addition, if he is imaginative—and who is not—he should know the color and fire of words, the power of rhythm and harmony over the emotions, the qualities of speech whose secret will enable him to mold language to his personality and perhaps achieve a style. This he should know; the other powers he must have, or stop short of his full efficiency.

Alas, we all know that the undergraduate, in the mass, fails often to attain even to the power of logical, accurate statement, whether of facts or ideas. It is true that most of the charges against him are to a greater or less degree irrelevant. Weighty indictments of his powers of expression are based upon bad spelling: a sign, it is true, of slovenliness, an indication of a lack of thoroughness which goes deeper than the misplacing of letters, but not in itself a proof of inability to express. Great writers have often misspelled; and the letters our capable business men write when the stenographer fails to come back after lunch are by no means impeccable. Other accusations refer to a childish vagueness of expression—due to the fact that the American undergraduate is often a child intellectually rather than to any defects in composition *per se*. But it is a waste of time to deny that he writes, if not badly, at least not so clearly, so correctly, so intelligently as we expect. The question is, why?

It would be a comfort to blame it all on the schools; and indeed they must take some blame, not only because they deserve it, but also to enlighten those critics of the college who never consider the kind of grain which comes into our hoppers. The readers of college entrance papers could tell a mournful story of how the candidates for our freshmen classes write. Here, for an instance, is a paragraph intended to prove that the writer had a command of simple English, correct in sentence structure, spelling, capitalization, and punc-



tuation. The subject is "The Value of Organized Athletics in Schools"; not an abstruse one, or too academic:

If fellows are out in the open and take athletics say at a certain time every-day; These fellows are in good health and allert in their lessons. while those who take no exercise are logy and soft. Organized athletics in a school bring the former, while if a school has no athletics every-thing goes more or less slipshod, and the fellows are more liable to get into trouble, because they are nervious from having nothing to do.

This is a little below the average of the papers rejected for entrance to college. It is not a fair sample of what the schools can do; but it is a very fair sample of what they often do not do. It was not written by a foreigner, nor, I judge, by a son of illiterate parents, since it came from an expensive Eastern preparatory school. The reader, marking with some heat a failure for the essay from which this paragraph is extracted, would not complain of the writer's paucity of ideas. His ideas are not below the average of his age. He would keep his wrath for the broken, distorted sentences, the silly spelling, the lack (which would appear in the whole composition) of even a rudimentary construction to carry the thought. Spelling, the fundamentals of punctuation, and the compacting of a sentence must be taught in the schools, or it is too late. It is too late to cure diseases of these members in college. They can be abated; but again and again they will break out. It is the school's business to teach them; and the weary reader sees in this unhappy specimen but a dark and definite manifestation of a widespread slovenliness in secondary education; a lack of thoroughness which appears not only in the failures, but also, though in less measure, among the better writers, whose work is too good in other respects not to be reluctantly passed.

Again, it would be easy to blame much of the slipshod writing of the undergraduate upon the standards set by the grown-ups outside the colleges. Editors can tell of the endless editing which contributions, even from writers supposed to be professional, will sometimes require. And when such a sentence as the following slips through, and

begins an article in a well-known, highly respectable magazine, we can only say, "If gold rust, what will iron do":

Yes the Rot—and with a very big R—in sport: for that, thanks to an overdone and too belauded a Professionalism by a large section of the pandering press, is what it has got to.

Again, any business man could produce from his files a collection of letters full of phrasing so vague and inconsequential that only his business instincts and knowledge of the situation enabled him to interpret it. Any lawyer could give numberless instances where an inability to write clear and simple English has caused litigation without end. Indeed, the bar is largely supported by errors in English composition! And as for conversation conducted—I will not say with pedantical correctness, for that is not an ideal, but with accuracy and transparency of thought—listen to the talk about you!

However, it is the business of the colleges to improve all that; and though it is not easy to develop in youth virtues which are more admired than practised by maturity, let us assume that they should succeed in turning out writers of satisfactory ability, even with these handicaps, and look deeper for the cause of their relative failure.

The chief cause of the prevalent inadequacy of expression among our undergraduates is patent, and its effects are by no means limited to America, as complaints from France and from England prove. The mob—the many-headed, the many-mouthed, figured in the past by poets as dumb, or, at best, an incoherent thing of brutish noises signifying speech—is acquiring education and learning how to express it. Hundreds of thousands whose ancestors never read, and seldom talked except of the simpler needs of life, are doing the talking and the writing which their large share in the transaction of the world's business demands. Indeed, democracy requires not only that the illiterate shall learn to read and write in the narrower sense of the words, but also that the relatively literate must seek with their growing intellectuality a more perfect power of expression. And it is precisely



from the classes only relatively literate—those for whom in the past there has been no opportunity, and no need, to become highly educated—that the bulk of our college students to-day are coming, the bulk of the students in the endowed institutions of the East as well as in the newer State universities of the West. The typical undergraduate is no longer the son of a lawyer or a clergyman, with an intellectual background behind him.

There is plenty of grumbling among college faculties, and in certain newspapers, over this state of affairs. In reality, of course, it is the opportunity of the American colleges. Let the motives be what they may, the simple fact that so many American parents wish to give their children more education than they themselves were blessed with is a condition so favorable for those who believe that in the long run only intelligence can keep our civilization on the path of real progress, that one expects to hear congratulations instead of wails from the college campuses.

Nevertheless, we pay for our opportunity, and we must expect to pay. The thousands of intellectual immigrants, ill-supplied with means of progress, indefinite of aim, unaware of their opportunities, who land every September at the college gates, constitute a weighty burden, a terrible responsibility. And the burden rests upon no one with more crushing weight than upon the unfortunate teacher of composition. That these entering immigrants cannot write well is a symptom of their mental rawness. It is to be expected. But thanks to the methods of slipshod, ambitious America, the schools have passed them on still shaky in the first steps of accurate writing—spelling, punctuation, sentence structure, and the use of words. Thanks to the failure of America to demand thoroughness in anything but athletics and business, they are blind to the need of thoroughness in expression. And thanks to the inescapable difficulty of accurate writing, they resist the attempt to make them thorough, with the youthful mind's instinctive rebellion against work. Nevertheless, whatever the cost, they must learn if they are to become educated in any practical and

efficient sense; the immigrants especially must learn, since they come from environments where accurate expression has not been practised—often has not been needed—and go to a future where it will be required of them. Not even the Do-Nothing school denies the necessity that the undergraduate should learn to write well. But how?

The Know-Nothing school proposes no ultimate solution, and knows none, unless faithfully teaching what they are told to teach, and accepting the sweat and burden of the day, with few of its rewards, be not in its blind way a better solution than to dodge the responsibility altogether.

The Formalists labor over precept and principle—disciplining, commanding, threatening—feeling more grief over one letter lost, or one comma mishandled, than joy over the most spirited of incorrect effusions. They turn out sulky youths who nevertheless have learned something.

The Do-Nothings propose a solution which is engaging, logical—and insufficient. They are the philosophers and the esthetes among teachers, who see, what the Formalists miss, that he who thinks well will in the long run write as he should. Their especial horror is of the compulsory theme, extracted from unwilling and idealess minds. Their remedy for all ills of speech and pen is: teach, not writing and speaking, but thinking; give, not rules and principles, but materials for thought. And above all, do not force college students to study composition. The Do-Nothing school has almost enough truth on its side to be right. It has more truth, in fact, than its principles permit it to make use of.

The umpire in this contest—who is the parent with a son ready for college—should note, however, two pervading fallacies in this *laissez-faire* theory of writing English. The first belongs to the party of the right among the Do-Nothings—the older teachers who come from the generation which sent only picked men to college; the second to the party of the left—the younger men who are distressed by the toil, the waste, the stupidity which accompany so much work in composition.



The older men attack the attempt to teach boys to make literature. Their hatred of the cheap, the banal, and the false in literature which has been machine-made by men who have learned to express finely what is not worth expressing at all, leads them to distrust the teaching of English composition. They condemn, however, a method of teaching which long since withered under their scorn. The aim of the college course in composition to-day is not the making of literature, but writing; not the production of imaginative masterpieces, but the orderly arrangement of thought in words. Through no foresight of our own, but thanks to the pressure of our immigrants upon us, we have ceased teaching "eloquence" and "rhetoric," and have taken upon ourselves the humbler task of helping the thinking mind to find words and a form of expression as quickly, as easily, above all as simply, as possible. The old teacher of rhetoric aspired to make Burkes, Popes, or De Quinceys. We are content if our students become the masters rather than the servants of their prose.

The party of the left presents a more frontal attack upon the teaching of the writing of English. Show the undergraduate how to think, they say; fill his mind with knowledge, and his pen will find the way. Ah, but there is the fallacy! Why not help him to find the way—as in Latin, or surveying, or English literature. The way in composition can be taught, as in these other subjects. Writing, like skating, or sailing a ship, has its especial methods, its especial technique, even as it has its especial medium, words, and the larger unities of expression. The laws which govern it are simple. They are always in intimate connection with the thought behind, and worthless without it, but they can be taught. Ask any effective teacher of composition to show you what he has done time and again for the freshmen whose sprawling thought he has helped to form into coherent and unified expression. And do not be deceived by analogies drawn from our colleges of the mid-nineteenth century, where composition was not taught, and men wrote well; or from the English universities, where the same conditions are said (with

dissenting voices) to exist. In the first place, they had no immigrant problem in the mid-century, nor have in Oxford and Cambridge. In the second, the rigorous translation back and forward between the classics and the mother-tongue, now obsolete in America, but still a requisite for an English university training, provides a drill in accuracy of language whose efficiency is not to be despised.

The student must express his intellectual gains even as he absorbs them, or the crystallization of knowledge into personal thought will be checked at the beginning. The boy must be able to say what he knows, or write what he knows, or he does not know it. And it is as important to help him express as to help him absorb. The teachers in other departments must aid in this task or we fail; but where the whole duty of making expression keep pace with thought and with life is given to them, they will be forced either to overload, or to neglect all but the little arcs which bound their subjects. And since they are specialists in other fields, and so neglect that technique of writing which in itself is a special study, their task when they accept it, is hard, and their labor, when it is forced upon them, too often ineffective. Composition must be taught where college education proceeds—that is the truth of the matter; and if not taught directly, then indirectly, with pain and with waste.

The school of the Optimists approaches this question of writing English with self-criticism and with a full realization of the difficulties, and of the tentative nature of the methods now in use, but with confidence as to the possibility of ultimate success. In order to be an Optimist in composition you must have some stirrings of democracy in your veins. You must be interested in the need of the average man to shape his writing into a useful tool which will serve his purposes, whether in the ministry or the soap business. This is the utilitarian end of writing English. And you must be interested in developing his powers of self-expression, even when convinced that no great soul is longing for utterance, but only a commonplace human mind—like your own—which



will be eased by powers of writing and of speech. It is here that composition is of service to the imagination, and incidentally to culture; and I should speak more largely of this service if there were space in this essay to bring forward all the aspects of college composition. It is the personal end of writing English. If the average man turns out to be a superman with mighty purposes ahead, or he *has* a great soul seeking utterance, he will have far less need of your assistance; but you can aid him, nevertheless, and your aid will count as never before, and will be your greatest personal reward, though no greater service to the community than the countless hours spent upon the minds of the multitude.

In order to be an Optimist it is still more important for you to understand that writing English well depends first upon intellectual grasp, and second upon technical skill, and always upon both. As for the first, your boy, if you are the parent of an undergraduate, is undergoing a curious experience in college. Against his head a dozen teachers are discharging round after round of information. Sometimes they miss; sometimes the shots glance off; sometimes the charge sinks in. And his brain is undergoing less obvious assaults. He is like the core of soft iron in an electromagnet upon which invisible influences are constantly beating. His teachers are harassing his mind with methods of thinking: the historical method; the experimental method of science; the interpretative method of literature. Unfortunately, the charges of information too often lodge higgledy-piggledy, like bird-shot in a sign-board; and the waves of influences make an impression which is too often incoherent and confused. If the historians really taught the youth to think historically from the beginning, and the scientists really taught him to think scientifically from the beginning, and he could apply his new methods of thought to the expression of his own emotions, experiences, life, then the teacher of composition might confine himself to the second of his duties, and teach only that technique which makes writing to uncoil itself as easily and as vividly as a necklace of matched and

harmonious stones. In the University of Utopia we shall leave the organization of thought to the other departments, and have plenty left to do; but we are not yet in Utopia.

At present, the teacher of composition stands like a sentry at the gates of knowledge, challenging all who come out speaking random words and thoughts; asking, "Have you thought it out?" "Have you thought it out clearly?" "Can you put your conclusions into adequate words?" And if the answers are unsatisfactory, he must proceed to teach that orderly, logical development of thought from cause to effect which underlies all provinces of knowledge, and reaches well into the unmapped territories of the imagination. But even in Utopia composition must remain the testing-ground of education, though we shall hope for more satisfactory answers to our challenges. And even in Utopia, where the undergraduate perfects his thinking while acquiring his facts, it will be the duty of the teacher of writing to help him to apply his intellectual powers to his experiences, his emotions, his imagination, in short, to self-expression. And there will still remain the technique of writing.

Theoretically, when the undergraduate has assembled his thoughts he is ready and competent to write them, but practically he is neither entirely ready nor usually entirely competent. It is one thing to assemble an automobile; it is another thing to run it. The technique of writing is not nearly so interesting as the subject and the thought of writing; just as the method of riding a horse is not nearly so interesting as the ride itself. And yet when you consider it as a means to an end, as a subtle, elastic, and infinitely useful craft, the method of writing is not uninteresting even to those who have to learn and not to teach it. The technique of composition has to do with words. We are most of us inapt with words; even when ideas begin to come plentifully they too often remain vague, shapeless, ineffective for want of words to name them. And words can be taught; not merely the words themselves, but their power, their suggestiveness, their rightness or wrongness for the meanings sought. The



technique of writing has to do with sentences. Good thinking makes good sentences, but the sentence must be flexible if it is to ease the thought. We can learn its elasticity, we can practise the flow of clauses, until the wooden declaration which leaves half unexpressed gives place to a fluent and accurate transcript of the mind, form fitting substance as the vase the water within it. This technique has to do with paragraphs. The critic knows how few even among our professional writers master their paragraphs. It is not a dead, fixed form that is to be sought. It is rather a flexible development, which grows beneath the reader's eye until the thought is opened with vigor and with truth. It is interesting to search in the paragraph of an ineffective editorial, or article, or theme, for the sentence which embodies the thought; to find it dropped like a turkey's egg where the first opportunity offers, or hidden by the rank growth of comment and reflection about it. Such research is illuminating for those who do not believe in the teaching of composition; and if it begins at home, so much the better. And finally, the technique of writing has to do with the whole, whether sonnet, or business letter, or report to a board of directors. How to lead one thought into another; how to exclude the irrelevant; how to weigh upon that which is important; how to hold together the whole structure so that the subject, all the subject, and nothing but the subject, shall be laid before the reader: this requires good thinking, but good thinking without technical skill is like a strong arm in tennis without facility in the strokes.

The programme I have outlined is simpler in theory than in practice. In practice, it is easier to discover the disorder than the thought which it confuses; in practice, technical skill must be forced upon undergraduates unaccustomed to thoroughness, in a country that in no department of life, except perhaps business, has hitherto been compelled to value technique. Even the optimist grows pessimistic sometimes in teaching composition.

And yet in the teaching of English the results are perhaps more evident than elsewhere in the whole range of

college work. It is wonderful to see what can be accomplished by an enthusiast in the sport of transmuting brain into words. When the teacher seeks for his material in the active interests of the student—whether athletics or engineering or literature or catching trout—when he stirs on the finer interests, drawing off, as it were, the cream into words, the results are convincing. Writing is one of the most fascinating, most engaging of pursuits for the man with a craving to grasp the reality about him and name it in words. And even for the undergraduate, whose imagination is just developing, and whose brain protests against logical thought, it can be made as interesting as it is useful.

The teaching of English Composition in this country is a vast industry in which thousands of workmen are employed, and in which a million or so young minds are invested. I do not wish to take it too seriously. There are many accomplishments more important for the welfare of the race. And yet, if it be true that maturity of intellect is never attained without that clearness and accuracy of thinking which can be made to show itself in good writing, then the failure of the undergraduate to write well is serious, and the struggle to make him write better worthy of the attention of those who have children to be educated. I do not think that success in this struggle will come through the policy of *laissez-faire*. All undergraduates profit by organized help in their writing; many require it. I do not think that success will come by a pedantic insistence upon correctness in form without regard to the sense. Squeezing unwilling words from indifferent minds may be discipline; it certainly is not teaching. I think that success will come only to the teacher who is a middleman between thought and expression, valuing both. When we succeed in making the bulk of our undergraduates really think; when we can inspire them with a modicum of that passion for truth in words which is the moving force of the good writer; when the schools help us and the outside world demands and supports efficiency in diction; then we shall carry through the programme of the Optimists.



# The Crosbys' Rest Cure

BY ELIZABETH JORDAN



"WHAT you need," announced Dr. Hackett with severe conviction, "is to get away from all this."

He waved his hand as he spoke, including in the wide arc it described his patient's home, her family, even the little town whose fairest residence street could be seen through the windows of the Crosbys' living-room. Mrs. Jack Crosby regarded him with tired eyes, in which a faint gleam of humor flickered for an instant and then died out.

"That's the way Jack talks," she murmured, wearily. "One would think, to listen to you both, that I had only to stroll through the gate and away to some haven of peace. Whereas—"

"Whereas!" interrupted the doctor, rudely. "Oh, I know all about your 'whereas.' You're thinking of your confounded clubs and your confounded visitors and your confounded engagements—"

"And my confounded husband and home," suggested Mrs. Crosby, with helpful intent.

"And your confounded husband and home," ended the doctor with entire seriousness. "And you're forgetting that if you let your present nervous condition continue the time will come when you won't be able to do anything for any of them, whether you're here or not. I tell you frankly, Mrs. Crosby, you have a nervous system that you can't afford to tamper with. A few weeks of absolute change, absolute rest, absolute freedom from strain of any kind, will make you over. Then you can come back here and wear yourself out again if you want to. But if you go on a little longer as you are—well, I won't answer for the consequences."

His patient was impressed, and showed it. She was normally a superbly healthy

woman, athletic, of unusual mental and physical activity, bearing easily on her splendid shoulders the countless burdens her friends and townspeople laid there. Few, except her husband and her physician, realized how great had been the strain of the constant demands upon her, and she had not admitted, even to them, the sick fear she was experiencing now, when, for the first time in her life, she found her strength and nervous force failing her. Something of the confession, however, was in her eyes and voice as she spoke.

"I'm going to be very careful," she promised, "but I don't want to go away. If you will let me stay at home I'll get a trained nurse, go to bed, and remain there till you say I may get up. That's all you ask, isn't it?"

The doctor shook his head.

"Won't do," he said, tersely. "And you know exactly why. The whole town would be on the door-step inquiring for you every morning, the telephone bell would ring all day long, and you would be thinking of a thousand things you ought to get up and do."

Mrs. Crosby closed her eyes. "I wouldn't if I could help it," she murmured. "That's the one thing I can't bear. The mere thought of anything I ought to do makes me want to shriek."

"Aha!" The doctor leaped upon the admission like a cat upon a mouse, caught it, and shook it before her. "You see!" he exclaimed. "That's the beginning. It's nature's signal to get off the track before the engine runs you down."

"Yet you're suggesting the most radical act of all," Mrs. Crosby told him, plaintively. "To get up and go away—why, it's an appalling thing to do! It would take me weeks to get ready—and think of the work! That makes me want to shriek right now."

She had tried to speak lightly, but her voice came with a sharp edge between



her set teeth. She closed her eyes again and turned restlessly on the divan where she lay, keeping her face to the wall, as if to shut from her physical and mental vision the images that crowded upon them.

Dr. Hackett nodded to himself as he looked at her, but for a moment he said nothing, giving her time to pull herself together. Casually, during the interval, his eyes took in the mass of mail, opened and unopened, that lay on the table beside her: the card-catalogue, the eloquent engagement-book, the note-pads and pencils ready for action—all the accessories which furnish the desk of a busy and systematic worker. When he spoke again his voice had changed from the brisk professional tone of a few moments before to one of friendly sympathy.

"I know," he said; "I know all about it. And there are just two wise courses open to you. One is to go to a good sanatorium—"

"Never!" interjected Mrs. Crosby, with decision.

"The other," continued the doctor, ignoring the interruption, "is to get on board some slow ship and go to Europe."

Mrs. Crosby opened one eye.

"Take Jack with you," added Dr. Hackett. "It's almost the end of June. He ought to be able to get away now, and he needs a rest cure almost as much as you do."

Mrs. Crosby opened the other eye. "Do you know, that isn't a bad idea," she said, slowly.

"It's the best idea life could offer you at this moment," announced the doctor. "Noticed anything unusual about Jack lately?" he added, portentously.

Mrs. Crosby rose on one elbow. "No," she said quickly. "Do you mean that he's ill?"

The doctor, his effect secured, hastened to reassure her.

"Not ill, *yet*," he told her, "but ready to be. Nervous, almost irritable, quite unlike himself. Left alone, he'd be where you are in the fall."

His patient sat up and planted firmly on the floor two well-shod feet.

"We'll go," she said, with characteristic decision. "When do you think we'd better start?"

"To-morrow," he told her, promptly. Mrs. Crosby gasped, then laughed.

"Why not this afternoon?" she asked. She had already taken from the table a pad and pencil which lay there. Tapping the pencil against her teeth, she mused, her eyes on space, her brain busy with details.

"I can close the house and send Bridget and Katie home for a vacation," she reflected aloud. "Mrs. Tyrrell can take my work on the library board, and there won't be another meeting of the Lady Managers of the Mizpah Home till October, so I needn't think of that. Agnes Jackson might take my Bird Club—"

"Of course." Dr. Hackett ruthlessly interrupted these practical meditations. "The main thing I want to impress on you is that you and Crosby must not try to do a whole summer's work before you go away. That's the danger. The town will try to make you, and you're both capable of putting on double pressure to clear the decks. Don't you do it. Can you sail in a week?"

Mrs. Crosby thought they could. She spoke absently, her mind still occupied with the preliminaries of the voyage. The doctor picked up a copy of a New York newspaper that lay on the table, and ran intent eyes down the shipping news.

"There's a line that goes from New York to the head of the Adriatic," he explained. "Takes two weeks to do it. A patient of mine tried it last spring and was made over by it. The steamer puts her hands in her jacket pockets, as it were, and loaf across the sea, stopping at Algiers and Naples, and other Mediterranean ports. Sailing by the southern route, the voyage is pretty sure to be smooth, and at this season you're not likely to have more than fifty or sixty first-cabin passengers. The next good boat goes—let me see—yes, here it is—a week from to-morrow. I'll drop into Crosby's office and tell him to get tickets."

He left Mrs. Crosby prostrate before her engagement-book, and sought her husband in his down-town office. Mr. Crosby was working under his usual high pressure, but he promptly dropped everything to hear the report of his wife's





'WHAT YOU NEED,' ANNOUNCED DR. HACKETT, 'IS TO GET AWAY FROM ALL THIS'

condition. The doctor gave it to him fully, ending with a terse outline of his European plan, and throwing in a few of the arguments he had found so effectual with his patient.

"It's a long voyage for her, or a breakdown," he said. "And she won't go without you."

Jack Crosby, like his wife, was a person of prompt decision.

"All right," he said; "that settles it. We'll go."

He took a quick turn around his office, his hands deep in his pockets, his brow corrugated, then abruptly decided to unbosom himself to this sympathetic friend.

"It's this damned town that has got on her nerves," he began, irritably, "and the people in it. Why, Hackett, I don't believe a woman in Warrensville buys a hat without asking my wife's advice. She's in at all their births, deaths, and marriages; she tells them how to furnish their homes and how to cultivate their

minds; she helps them in their spiritual crises, and is the life of their dinner-parties. They think because she hasn't any children she can mother the whole city, but they're killing her among them, confound them, and it's got to be stopped."

"Oh, well"—the doctor, having gained his ends, was philosophical—"they're as hard on you as on her. It's the price you both have to pay for being the most popular citizens in Warrensville. They work you to death—but deep in your heart, old man, you like it. When you come right down to it, there's nothing much finer for a man and woman to do than to be the moving forces of their community."

Crosby frowned. He was tired and nervous, and very sure he didn't like it at all.

"The town's all right," he conceded. "And of course the people in it don't realize that they're on our shoulders morning, noon, and night. Lord! but it



will be good to get away from them for a bit! I feel rested by the mere thought of it."

He shook his big shoulders and laughed as if he felt a weight drop off them. "It will make Helen over," he added, "to feel that for a few weeks, at least, she won't have to see a Warrensville face. I can't stay away long, though," he ended, guardedly.

"Six weeks will do it," the doctor told him. "Go and come back on the same line. That will give you four weeks on shipboard. Spend a fortnight on the other side in some quiet place that Mrs. Crosby loves. She'll come back a different woman."

"Don't want her a different woman," insisted her husband, loyally. "But I'll wire to the line to-day."

The news that the Crosbys were going to Europe was discussed at every table in Warrensville that night. It was not exactly startling; the Crosbys had gone to Europe several times before. But Warrensville always felt lost without the popular and splendidly executive couple, and dozens of Warrensville's devoted citizens called Mrs. Crosby on the telephone to tell her so. She spent the greater part of that evening and the next morning at the receiver listening to such assurances. To these most of her friends added the usual and conventional aspiration, "I wish we were going with you," to which Mrs. Crosby mechanically made the inevitable reply, "I wish you *were*!"

At dinner the following evening Mrs. Herbert Tyrrell, an associate of Mrs. Crosby on the board of Warrensville's public library, addressed her husband with the light of determination in her eye.

"Bert," she began, "the Crosbys are going to Europe next week, and they want us to go with them. Don't you think we can?"

Mr. Tyrrell reflected. He was a man whose mind moved slowly.

"Why, I don't know," he said. "When did it come up? I lunched with Crosby to-day, and *he* didn't say anything about wanting us."

"Helen and I arranged that," his wife told him. "When I called her on the telephone, she said she wished we could

go too. Can't we? It ought to be easy for you to get away as late as this. And you know you need the change."

Mr. Tyrrell promised to think about it. He liked the Crosbys. The prospect of a European jaunt in their company was rather exhilarating. By breakfast-time the following morning he had promised to go, and five minutes after that decision Mrs. Tyrrell was giving Mrs. Crosby the joyful tidings over the telephone. The receiver fell from the latter's lax hand as she listened, but ten years of social experience in a most exacting town did not go for nothing. Despite the mental chaos of the moment, she succeeded in making the conventionally delighted responses. Suddenly another voice, young, sharp, excited, cut into the conversation.

"Mrs. Crosby," it called. "Central, please, *please*, clear the wire. Is this Mrs. Crosby? Oh, Mrs. Crosby, just think! Papa says I may go to Europe with you and Mr. Crosby, since you're good enough to ask me. I told him what you said yesterday, about wishing I could go, and he says I can stay in Vienna for the winter and study music, if you'll look after me till we get there. Isn't it glorious?"

Mrs. Crosby faintly assured Agnes Jackson that it was indeed glorious.

"I can't hear you!" cried Agnes. "There's something wrong with the wire."

Mrs. Crosby rallied and spoke in firmer tones. She had been counting on Agnes to take her Bird Class while she was away, but that dream was over now. She dropped on a chair, took her head in her hands, and tried to think of some way out of her predicament—for it was a predicament, real and serious. Both Agnes and the Tyrrells were charming neighbors, and she was really fond of them, but she had had enough of neighbors for the time. It seemed to her that her one wish in life was to get away from neighbors. While she sat silent, facing her problem, her tortured mind seeking and rejecting various solutions of it, the bell rang and her friend Mrs. Caspar Bradley was ushered into the room. One look at her beaming face made Mrs. Crosby's heart sink.

"My dear," gurgled Mrs. Bradley, "I can go!"



"Go? Where?" Mrs. Crosby permitted herself the question, though she knew the answer all too well.

"Why, to Europe, of course, with you and Jack," cried Mrs. Bradley. "Caspar can't leave, but he urged me to go, and I simply leaped at the chance. I won't be the least trouble," she added hurriedly, observing, even in her joyful excitement, a certain unresponse in her hostess's manner.

Again the intrepid soul of Helen Crosby rallied to her need.

"How delightful!" she said. "I had no idea you were thinking of going over this summer."

"Oh yes, we were. But we didn't speak of it because we weren't sure."

Mrs. Bradley's response was rather thoughtful. Possibly, after all, she was reflecting, the Crosbys preferred a sentimental pilgrimage by themselves.

"We were looking forward to it all winter," she went on, "but when the Hendrick case came up Caspar realized that he couldn't get away. He doesn't like to have me travel alone, and I don't enjoy it myself; but when I knew you were going—and you said—"

Mrs. Bradley hesitated, her fine face

delicately flushed, a hurt look in her brown eyes. Mrs. Crosby's tired heart yearned over her. Jessica Bradley was of the salt of the earth.

"Indeed, my dear," she said, sincerely, "there's no one in the world I'd rather have travel with us. And Jack will be charmed. You can share a state-room with Agnes Jackson. She's going, too—as far as Vienna."

Mrs. Bradley beamed, immediately reassured. If Agnes was going, the Crosbys evidently did not object to companionship. She decided that she had misinterpreted that seeming dismay in her friend's eye. She plunged animatedly into a discussion of clothes and steamer outfits, which, when she left, had reduced her hostess to solitude and a darkened room for the rest of the day. Friends who telephoned were told that Mrs. Crosby had "gone to bed with a sick headache and could not be disturbed," but no

such kindly visitation protected her husband. He, in his turn, was realizing some of the disadvantages connected with community life in a small town. That day he lunched with a fellow-lawyer, Mr. James Kershaw, whose tele-



SHE HAD BEEN COUNTING ON AGNES TO TAKE HER CLASS



phone invitation he had received with surprise half an hour before noon, and accepted with some reluctance. He neither liked nor admired Kershaw, whose sense of professional ethics left much to be desired. The two men were constantly thrown together, however, in their field of work, and Crosby tolerantly made the best of the enforced association. But he was not prepared for the surprise Kershaw gave him over the coffee-cups.

"Hear you're going to Europe," that gentleman remarked, as he held a light for his guest's cigar.

Crosby nodded.

"Next week," he replied. "Dr. Hackett says my wife needs the voyage."

Kershaw lit his own cigar, and puffed at it for a moment in silence.

"We're going, too," he announced then. "Mrs. Kershaw and I."

Mr. Kershaw always gave his wife her full title when he spoke of her, and he usually seemed to be deeply impressed by its importance.

"I heard you were," replied Crosby. "Sailing on the *Olympia*, aren't you?" he added, unsuspectingly.

"We were."

Kershaw took his cigar out of his mouth and looked at the firm ash at the end of it. He seemed oddly unlike himself. His usual assertive self-confidence was wholly lacking. Afterward Mr. Crosby remembered that he had noticed something singular in the other's manner, and reproached himself for not having realized what it indicated. At the moment, however, he smoked on, in unruffled peace of mind. The luncheon had been good, the cigar was good, the prospect of a month of leisurely sailing under foreign skies was best of all. He had hardly heard what Kershaw was saying, but his host's continued silence suddenly suggested that some intelligent comment from his guest was expected. "*Were?*" he repeated, absently. "Given it up?"

Kershaw hesitated. "No," he answered, "not exactly." With a perceptible effort he reassumed his normal manner, and leaned forward with the air of one about to bestow a deserved confidence.

"To tell you the truth, old man," he added, "it's our first trip and—well, I've been dreading it like the devil."

Crosby smiled. He could imagine why. The picture of Kershaw face to face with the art treasures of Europe suddenly loomed grotesquely before him.

Kershaw hurried on. "You see," he explained, "I'm only going on Mrs. Kershaw's account. She ain't been well, and the doctor thinks the voyage will set her up. She's mighty keen on it, too. Been wanting to go for years, but wouldn't go without me, so now I kind of feel that if she really needs it I've got to stand by."

Crosby nodded, wondering what all this was leading up to. Kershaw's redeeming quality, he knew, was devotion to his wife. If "Mrs. Kershaw" needed an ocean voyage she would get it—that was certain. For the rest, it was almost two o'clock, and Crosby's cigar was finished. He was about to rise when his host's next words held him, transfixed, horrified, in his seat.

"When we heard you and Mrs. Crosby were going on the *Kaiser Albert*," Kershaw was saying, "I tell you it made me feel good. I got busy. It took some hustling, but I canceled our passage on the *Olympia* and got a cabin *de luxe* on your ship. Hope you don't mind," he added, as the stricken man before him remained silent. Crosby hauled himself up to the situation.

"Why, not at all," he said. "Good idea, of course. But—are you sure you'll like it, Kershaw? Two weeks on ship-board are apt to be pretty deadly, you know, unless you're fond of the sea. I wouldn't like to have you change your plans on our account and then be bored to extinction."

Kershaw shook his head.

"The longer the better for Mrs. Kershaw," he said. "And I'd rather spend two weeks with folks we know than one week with strangers. Besides, here's what I thought"—he leaned close to his guest, emphasizing his points by patting the other's knee with his fat hand: "You've done it all before. You know the ropes. You'll see us through. They say the *Kaiser Albert* stops at some mighty interesting ports. You and I will let the wives keep each other com-





"I WON'T BE THE LEAST TROUBLE," SHE ADDED, HURRIEDLY

pany while we do the sight-seeing. I hear there's some pretty lively spots in Algiers and Naples. Lead me to 'em." He nudged his guest, grinning. Crosby frowned.

"It's uncertain how much time we'll have in port," he said, stiffly. "It may be only a few hours—time for a drive or an automobile excursion."

Kershaw interrupted him. He was not sensitive, but it was fairly obvious that the prospect of his company was not enchanting to his companion. He descended to shameless bribery. He was a richer man than Crosby, and enjoyed emphasizing the fact.

"When we get to Patras," he added,

hurriedly, "I'll hire a car and a bang-up shower, and we'll take a two weeks' trip. You and Mrs. Crosby will be our guests. See?"

Crosby shook his head, smiling.

"Thanks, but that would be a little too strenuous for my wife," he said. "You see, we're going for her health, too, and she must keep pretty quiet. But you can count on me to do anything I can for you and Mrs. Kershaw on the ship. As you say, I know the ropes. Now I must be off."

When he got back to his office, he shut himself into his private room and sat there moodily, while he tried to think of some plan by which, without offense to



the Kershaws, he could rid himself of their undesired company. While he was revolving the problem, the telephone bell at his desk jingled. He took up the receiver, and the voice of his wife came to his ear. In accents of controlled despair Mrs. Crosby made her report.

"Jack," she said, "Mr. and Mrs. Tyrrell, Agnes Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. Brown, and Mrs. Bradley are going to Europe with us."

There was utter silence at the other end of the wire, but this did not surprise her. "That's all," she ended, feebly. The silence was broken by a groan.

"Oh no, it isn't all," her husband assured her between his clenched teeth. "It's only the beginning. I've got two more names for your list right now."

He waited a second, then gave her the cumulative effect. "Mr. and Mrs. Kershaw," he ended, grimly.

After this, silence fell at each end of the wire. Both husband and wife waited for the other to speak. Then, as the hush remained unbroken, each slowly

hung up the receiver, with a simple eloquence in the gesture which testified to a conjugal understanding whose perfection mere words could not assist.

That night Mr. Crosby went home early. His wife, who had been listening for his step, met him at the door, and as he entered put her hand through his arm. Side by side, with measured tread, as mourners who follow the bier containing their dead hopes, they paced through the hall and into Mr. Crosby's study. There they sat down on facing chairs and looked at each other.

"Oh, Jack," wailed Mrs. Crosby at last, "what are we going to *do* about it?"

Her husband's response was to the point. "Give it up," he told her.

"But, Jack, we *can't*!" Mrs. Crosby's voice broke. "It would hurt their feelings so dreadfully."

"How about *our* feelings?" her husband demanded. "Does anybody seem to be considering them?"

With a gesture which was rapidly becoming a habit Mrs. Crosby took her



"I CANCELED OUR PASSAGE AND GOT A CABIN DE LUXE ON YOUR SHIP"



aching head between her hands and held it there.

"We can't, we can't!" she moaned. "They'd never understand, and they'd never forgive us. It isn't as if we lived in a big city, where we could be independent of individuals. We've got to live among these people all our lives."

Mr. Crosby listened in a silence which was a tribute to the truth of her words.

"Can't you be taken sick?" he suggested at last. "Very sick, you know—trained nurse and all that?"

Mrs. Crosby shook her head. "I thought of it," she confessed, "but it would only defer the evil day. I'd never get well here, and whenever we went away some of them would go, too. I think I'd rather start now and get it over."

"Oh, well, perhaps it won't be so bad." Talking about the thing had deadened the first shock. Her husband began to feel more cheerful. "Tyrrell's a good sort," he added. "I sha'n't mind him."

"And I wouldn't mind Agnes and Mrs. Bradley," his wife mused, "if I didn't feel so nervous. Agnes is such a young, gay thing, though, that she'll be a great responsibility."

"How many are there, all together?" Mr. Crosby wanted to know.

His wife made a swift calculation.

"Eight," she told him, "counting the Kershaws."

Having swung round their dreary circle and returned to the tragic starting-point, they sat still for a moment in sick dismay. Then Mr. Crosby rose and started up-stairs to dress for dinner. At the door of the study he paused, his hand upon the knob, and mentioned to his wife the hope that had found sudden birth in his soul.

"Cheer up," he said. "It's a week off. Perhaps some of them will die. Besides, eight aren't so many. We can lose 'em among fifty cabin passengers. They'll amuse one another, too."

Eight persons were not so many, but the Crosbys forgot that this slender band of recruits had been acquired within forty-eight hours, and that the remaining week held other possibilities than those of death. Three days later Agnes Jackson informed Mrs. Crosby that two

of her girl friends from Chicago were going to Vienna with her—their parents having leaped with rapture at the opportunity afforded by such desirable chaperonage. Miss Stella and Miss Marie Mathews, neighbors and close friends of the Tyrrells, decided to join "the party," as they gaily put it, to be with the Tyrrells; and a group of Warrensville's young professional men, learning that the Crosbys, Kershaws, and Tyrrells were sailing for Europe with a band of friends that included several of the town's prettiest girls, promptly decided that they needed a vacation, too, and bought passage on the *Kaiser Albert*. Thus the rolling snowball grew. For a short time Mrs. Crosby remained mercifully unaware of its increasing bulk. Then she began to receive reports. Two days before the *Kaiser Albert* cast off her moorings the proportions the "little party" was assuming was indicated by a telephone message to the invalid from the pastor of her church, the Rev. Henry Fullerton. The Reverend Henry was a meek and gentle soul, hard-working, self-sacrificing, but without those qualities which make for social popularity. The Crosbys were among the few who valued him at his worth, and even in the anguished hours of the final packing Mrs. Crosby was glad to hear his meek and patient voice.

"Mrs. Crosby?" he asked. "Is it Mrs. Crosby? Ah, dear lady, I did not recognize your voice. It seems slightly strained and hoarse. I trust you have not caught cold."

Mrs. Crosby reassured him. She was tired, she said, and not quite well, but she was sailing—

"Ah," said the clergyman—"ah, yes; it was of that I wished to speak. My wife has persuaded me to ask if your little party for Europe is quite complete."

Listening to the voice that replied to him, the Reverend Henry's ascetic countenance reflected the surprise he experienced. It was strangely unlike that of his favorite parishioner—this high-pitched, almost hysterical speech that came to his ear. What it said, however, was reassuring, as he promptly told her. There was no party, then—no pre-arranged and exclusive excursion, lim-



ited to a certain number? No, Mrs. Crosby was quite definite on this point. There seemed no limit at all to the number, she said. Indeed, she was now uncertain how many Warrensville citizens were sailing Saturday on the *Kaiser Albert*. The list seemed to grow very rapidly; she was constantly hearing of recruits; now she believed there were eighteen or twenty.

"Ah, good!" exclaimed Mr. Fullerton, almost gaily. "Then you won't mind if Mrs. Fullerton and I join you, also? Perhaps it's a case of the more the merrier. The line is, I am informed, a relatively inexpensive one," he went on, his last sally having been received in silence. "My brother left me a little legacy in March, for just such a purpose—a restful vacation trip for my wife and myself. This seems an opportunity to make it with congenial friends. We are both quite enthusiastic."

Mrs. Crosby gave him the information he wished about cabins, prices, and the like. She thought he and Mrs. Fullerton

would enjoy the voyage. He would find, she added, "most of his flock on board."

"Her voice broke strangely at the end," the Reverend Henry told his wife. "She was either laughing or crying—I could not quite make out which. She seemed," he added, solemnly, "rather nervous."

The news that the Reverend Henry was to be with the "little party" evoked an acid smile from Jack Crosby when he heard it at dinner that night.

"I'll send him on the shore excursions with Kershaw," he announced, promptly. This decision so cheered him that he bore with fortitude the news that Mrs. Henry Tyrrell's Western brother was joining her for the voyage, and that the Browns were to bring a young nephew.

The Western brother of Mrs. Tyrrell reached New York the day the ship sailed, and, following his sister's epistolary instructions, went directly on board. It was very easy to find the deck-chairs he was seeking.



THE GENTLEMAN FROM THE WEST REGARDED THE ILL-ASSORTED COUPLE WITH A COMPREHENDING GRIN



"The Warrensville party?" exclaimed the chief deck steward, his face lighting up with rare intelligence. "Oh yes, sir; this way, sir. The Warrensville party are all together on the north side of the ship." He led the way to the promenadedeck, where an impressive row of chairs stretched from end to end of the big liner.

"Here they are, sir," he added. "Tyrrell, did you say? Their chairs are empty. I dare say they're below. But they've arranged about the dining-places, sir. The Warrensville party are all together at one big table."

Unheeding him, Mrs. Tyrrell's brother regarded the row of deck-chairs with bulging eyes.

"All *those*?" he gasped. "Did they charter the ship?"

"They might almost have done so, sir," smiled the deck steward. "There's almost thirty of them, including a few friends they picked up in New York at the last minute. There are two of the gentlemen now," he added, indicating a couple standing together at the deck-rail. One of them was the Rev. Henry Fullerton; the other was Mr. James Kershaw. The gentleman from the West regarded the ill-assorted pair with a large and comprehending grin.

"We're going to have *variety* on this trip, anyway," he muttered; and with this enigmatic utterance he went below to find his sister.

Only three events of special interest distinguished the outward voyage of the *Kaiser Albert*. One was the vaudeville performance organized by the first-cabin passengers under the direction of Mr. James Kershaw, of Warrensville, during which the assisting artists, all from Warrensville, performed a number of "skits" hitting off the idiosyncrasies of the passengers, who, as it happened, were mainly from Warrensville. The second was the publication of the Warrensville *Mid-ocean News*, under the able direction of Herbert Tyrrell as editor-in-chief, in which the ship gossip concerning the Warrensville "party" was reported with vivid detail. The third and most start-

ling incident of all was the disappearance of the *Kaiser Albert's* most popular passengers, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Crosby, of Warrensville, who, having left the ship at Algiers for a sight-seeing expedition, tragically failed to return to her in time to sail for Naples. In a letter mailed from Naples to a friend, Miss Agnes Jackson gave Warrensville the sad details of this unfortunate affair:

"They hadn't as much as an extra pocket-handkerchief between them," she wrote, "though fortunately Mr. Crosby had *all* his money with him, in express checks. It was strange for them to get left, for they were such *experienced* travelers, and the captain had a notice right at the head of the gang-way stating that the ship would sail *promptly* at eleven that night. We were all *together*, all evening, and we had dinner at the most fascinating restaurant, out on the sea-front, with the most *adorable* bare-legged Arabs going by. Then the Crosbys went back to a shop to get some Moorish jewelry Mrs. Crosby wanted, and that's the *last* we saw of them. Every one thought they were with some one *else*. You see, our party was pretty large—twenty-eight.

"We should have been *dreadfully* worried, but Mr. Tyrrell got a wireless from Mr. Crosby before breakfast the next morning, explaining how they had got left. They couldn't get another ship for a *week*, and as they have so short a time on land, anyway, Mr. Crosby said they had decided to go to Palermo for a fortnight. He explained everything very *fully*, so we wouldn't worry, and he put Mabel and Kittie and me in charge of the Tyrrells.

"We miss them dreadfully, though—*strictly between ourselves*—they weren't quite like themselves during the voyage. They both seemed almost *bored*; nothing *amused* them; and Mrs. Crosby stayed in her cabin a great deal of the time. It seemed a pity, when we had all counted on her to make our voyage *pleasant*. You know, it was really *she* who persuaded us *all* to *come*!"





## EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

IT is now May of the year that is past and everybody is beginning to go to Europe, and in the apt disguise of a steamer-chair, got from the deck steward for a dollar, the Easy Chair is beginning to go too. There may be a topic over there, but it is doubtful if the Easy Chair has any motive so distinct.

The last time before the last time it said to itself, when it felt that disgusting tremor of the ship's screws under its feet, "Now this shall be the last time! America is good enough for me. Let others go to Europe if they will or must. After this I shall make nothing but homeward voyages." Yet here it was again, with the sea widening round it, and the steamer spurning the water into foam, behind the scarcely heaving cabins and promenades of the second-class passengers. Above the restless coming and going of some of these, and the restless motionlessness of others, a line of first-class passengers hung upon the rail which they could pass, but the second-class passengers could not, and stared down upon them with the sense of moral inferiority which a sense of social superiority brings. In order to recognize the difference which the price of a second-class and first-class ticket creates between men who are born equal the Easy Chair invisibly insinuated itself between two fellow-passengers of its own order and joined them in looking into the sort of very wide comfortable bay where the prisoners of poverty roamed or reposed. It perceived then that it had on one hand an Old Man and on the other an Elderly Man. The two seemed to be saying something interesting, and the Easy Chair began listening with all its might. The Elderly Man said: "I suppose you've been over a good many times," and he lifted his voice a little in a way that the Old Man perhaps resented. He answered as with umbrage, "Oh no; not many; ten or a dozen." "Then you don't come every year?" "Not at all.

I hear of people who do. Perhaps you do?" "No, this is my first time." "Yes? How have you escaped so long?" "I don't know; by wanting to come so long, I suppose. At this time of year we shall have a good passage, sha'n't we?" "I've crossed at every time of year, and out of twenty crossings I've not had four bad ones. I think the sea has been maligned; it's like life—most lives are agreeable enough, but we judge all life by the exceptionally rocky ones. Are you seasick?" "I don't know yet. Are you?" "I was," the Old Man said, "when I was young, but I had it out with the sea fifty years ago. At that time I was life-sick, too; but I had it out with life then, and I have never been seasick or lifesick since." "Then you don't believe in taking anything for it?" the Elderly Man asked. "Which?" the Old Man returned. The Elderly Man laughed: "I see you are an optimist. I wish I could promise myself to be as cheerful at your age." "Yes; what is your own age now?" "I'm fifty-eight." "Well, I merely reverse your figures; I'm eighty-five." "You don't tell me!" the Elderly Man exclaimed; "I should have said not more than sixty-eight. But there is everything in feeling young." The Old Man turned his dim eyes on the smiling face at his shoulder, the affectionate face, "I'm afraid I shall disappoint you now—I don't feel young. I've heard of old people who do; but I suspect they don't remember what feeling young is like. I do. It's one of the few things I do remember. I sometimes go about in an evening haze shot with sunset, but I never mistake it for the glow of morning."

"Oh, here you are, grandfather!" a gay young voice behind them called, severely. "You mustn't run off like this, you know. I've had my heart in my mouth over the whole ship, looking for you," and the girl put her hand through his arm and propelled him away, without



letting him express the hope that he and the Elderly Man would meet again; he did not seem to think of it, to tell the truth; but the Elderly Man looked wistfully after him, so that we felt authorized in assuming a conversable visibility.

"He's rather interesting," we suggested.

"Yes, isn't he?" the Elderly Man agreed.

"He seemed so much younger than his granddaughter," we suggested further. "But perhaps she has aged with the care of him!"

"There may be something in that," the Elderly Man assented, with a laugh.

We liked his laugh so much that we resolved not to part with him during the brief stay we had promised ourselves in England, and we thought we could not do better than to consort with the Old Man at the same time, and his granddaughter, if she would let us; she might be temperamentally gay, but she might be spiritually severe, as we had already noted, though it would be for the common good. We now quickly found that we were convertible, by lightning changes of emotion, with the Old Man and the Elderly Man, and she herded us together through the Liverpool examinations which feebly emulate the New York customs. Then by favor of the strict young guard at the door of the dining-car, she got us a compartment in the next carriage, after we had been told there were no places in that section of the boat-train, and that we must wait for the next. We slipped the guard a shilling, and he thanked us so generously that we instinctively knew we ought to have made it half-a-crown; and while we toyed with our regret, and vowed from that on to overpay everybody on the spot and not wait for future chances, there was a sudden flick in our experiences, as at the moving-picture shows, when a new film has been substituted. We were running through the amiable English country, out past the suburbs with the dense black-green trees leaning from the hedgerows over the meadows where the new-cut grass lay in windrows that covered the ground almost as densely as the standing stems. The dim air kept its secret, so that we did not know whether the day was shady or

sunny; and in fact it made no difference. Neat villages, cosy farms, stately country-seats, cattle grazing, sheep nibbling: they were all there again; and then there was another flick, and we were seated in the dining-car at that *table d'hôte* lunch which is served you personally *hot* in England, by appointment, instead of the lukewarm gorge collectively supplied you on our own trains after you have earned it by watching for the places of the people who somehow always know how to be first. Then, such is the stealthy speed of the English trains, there was another flick, and the passengers were picking out their baggage on the platform of Euston station, each one only too glad not to claim another's. Flick again, and now you see us smoothly racing in our taxis with our trunks above us and about us through streets, each a Fifth Avenue for density of traffic, all against a background of phantom four-wheelers and hansoms, now perished from the London pave, but jolting spectrally over it with the extinct pony-carts and horse-omnibuses, equally diaphanous. Then for the last time, flick, and we are sitting at afternoon tea in the drawing-room of our lodging, as if we had been there our whole lives, with that sodden bread and sweet butter, and that round loaf of sobered cake.

In the unjaded consciousness of the Elderly Man we were for our first time in London, which long, long ago resolved itself into a sort of stained-glass effect of dull red winter sunset prevailing through the short, cold, but not too cold day. In that time Dickens was still in the air, and there was besides the day-long sunset a sense of holly and misletoe and poultry and game; but nothing definite. This quickly passed and only the red glow in our consciousness remained, the cold, stained-glass glow of that far first time in London. With the capricious volatility characteristic of us, we turned our back on it, and invited the company to walk with us through Curzon Street to the Park, where in the more recent and complex experience of the Old Man we were well aware that we should no longer see the fashionable hordes of high-born ladies sitting in the penny chairs, and the tall, frock-coated, top-hatted gentlemen drooping before or



over them, or hanging upon the doors of their carriages, closely ranked beside the walks, with the army of promenaders pacing up and down, to look and to be looked at. The Old Man knew that the motor-car had ended all that, and that this splendid blossom of the season had dropped its petals never to resume them. But his granddaughter hoped against his knowledge that there might yet be caught some glimpse of the little-or-nothing of the fearless fashions of our time, which would be new to her eager American eyes. She ran these eyes over the thousands and thousands of penny chairs and the sward fenced in by low iron barriers, and sighed deeply, "None! None!" while the penny-chair man came up and collected a sole penny from us, thriftily including in our own the personalities of the others. We explained from that of the Old Man to that of the Elderly Man that the chairs were formerly put there for a world now locally as extinct as the hansoms, but in the practice of that fine English constancy would be put there till the Earth was as cold as some English summers.

Then we took our composite way back across Park Lane, carefully reversing our law of the road from right to left so as not to be run over by the taxis in our American endeavor to avoid them. Then we found ourselves in face of that fine old Chesterfield house where we made our companions observe that the blacks of ages had only added to the ineffaceable beauty of its marble forms. We draped it with the gardens which we ourselves had never seen there, but made haste to lead our other selves round to the rear, or to the other front, where the memory of those gardens lingers about the foot of the stairway branching from the long windows. There with the Old Man's eyes we saw angels ascending and descending, as on Jacob's ladder, their tilting hoops of the eighteen-sixties striking on its rungs, their hair shining smooth, and the balloon-like circumference of their tulle expanding pink or white over the terrace. The Old Man smiled compassionately at the illusion; but the Elderly Man who remembered hoops in their compression, could only smile and vainly try to grasp the fancy by means of tie-backs. It seemed to

him that the tie-back had made no more secret of the female frame than the slit skirts and diaphanous tissues of the present day; he recalled newspaper jokes of that far time about the single trouser-leg which ladies were said to wear, and he thought the jokes very like the jokes about the little-or-nothing which now supplied an effect of twin trouser-legs in the costumes of the two tall girls coming up a Mayfair street. The granddaughter fetched a great sigh of satisfaction as if here, now, was what she had come for, and made envious note of the flaming cherry of the silk in one case, and of the faint soft pink in the other, reflecting that in her native air she could not wear either.

After all, the Easy Chair made its reflection, the world is always young and innocent when it is not old and virtuous, and it takes more than one fashion to corrupt it. When flicked in the next day's films into Piccadilly it did not find so many splendid young giants as there once were in frock-coats or cutaways, with their back-sloping top-hats resting on their ears, and striding toward Rotten Row and the ranks of chairs beside it. There were some top-hats and some cutaways, but no frock-coats, though their return is predicted and the brief moment of braiding was past for any form of coat. Jackets would never have been braided, and they prevailed now, sometimes almost sardonically with a top-hat. With such changes wrought by the motor and the week-end the Easy Chair felt that England might be well on the way to a Chinese republic; but it did not insist; that would have been as indecent as saying nasty things of the royal family, which is notoriously unable to retort a jibe. There was to be a suffragist meeting in the Park that afternoon, but the Easy Chair was not in the film of that, though it was flicked with its companionship into the audience which saw, with English constancy, the Russian dancers dancing as like mad as two years before; and again, with another flick, it was harrowing itself with the just sufferings of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." It made the Old Man observe that both the play and the playing appeared to have aged since he saw them first, whether in London or New York; though



they were both very good, they were not of a supreme actuality; one heard and saw how Mr. Pinero's excellent work was put together in places, and how the truest effects were artficed.

It was not a very play-going companionship, and the drama of the streets sufficed it, though this was not very vivid, either for tragedy or comedy. A block in Piccadilly seemed not what it was in the days of hansoms, four-wheelers, horse-omnibuses, bicycles, family chariots, dog-carts and pony-carts; the nervous and mercurial taxi-cab prevailed enormously over every other vehicle, and found its way promptly out of a block, however dense. The policemen showed no signs of exhaustion from their heroic struggles with the suffragettes; it seemed as if they were a little more prepotent than they used to look, and this put us all in mind of the tall Irish tyrants who rule our New York thoroughfares. Otherwise the united search of our company found few evidences of the American invasion which Americans once so fondly believed in. We were ourselves almost the only Americans we recognized; to be sure, it was getting very near the end of the season, and our compatriots had probably all been asked down to the houses of the nobility who still love them so much, but perhaps do not marry them so often as once.

All this time the films have been jerkily changing, and our little movie-show has had a variety of subjects which our record would endeavor vainly to follow. You cannot come every other year to London and hope to find it as fresh as the first time. To be sure, it was the first time with the Elderly Man; but feeling round in our complex consciousness for his impressions, we perceived that he had somehow eliminated himself. No doubt he had taken his shadowy Baedeker under his arm and gone in pursuit of those objects of interest which our experience spurned. We followed him without envy in our conjecture, through the perspective of long-past years, and enjoyed his pleasure in seeing the Tower and Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's and the Parliament Buildings, and Whitehall and

Buckingham Palace, and all the dear old ugly public monuments; we even rode with him on an omnibus top under Temple Bar. We wondered if he knew how precious this first time was, or if he knew how beyond price it was to have a footman come out of that big stony palace, so unlike London, in a Mayfair street, and approach on his quivering silken calves and under his powdered hair to say anything to the chauffeur of a waiting automobile. No, no! He could not value aright that beautiful allegory of the Past and Present kissing each other in this spectacle; but the granddaughter somehow could, and she gladdened in it as an effect possible to the magic of an American girl who had married a duke and had flung down in the heart of Mayfair that ponderous and marble palace as if it had been her little glove for a gage of battle to all the architecture of tradition. If it had been the only incongruity we elders might all have borne it better, but there was another in that Mayfair street, a brand-new temple to the latest American religion.

There were other things that partly consoled. The motor-cars, indeed, coursed and honked through the street where once the hansoms gaily glanced and the four-wheelers gloomed; but there was the same sad-hearted woman's voice pealing to the sky from the roadway where she swayed with her baby on her hips; there was the lavender boy singing his herb; there was the blind violinist at the curb, as they had been ever since the Conqueror's time. Within, the lodgings are electric-lit and less moldy than they used to smell; there is (we must own it) a bath-room, though but one tub for the whole house; and the cooking is almost apologetically improved; it is better than we could get in France for the money. The toast is almost warm, and, yes, there is a difference in the cut of the bacon; it is almost American in cut, woe is us! The waiter brings it crisped, as if to flatter our national indigestion. Crisped bacon! He will be offering us Oolong tea the next thing. It is surely time to take passage home. After all, one must suffer to be of the greatest nation.





A NOTABLE feature of current literature is the absence of controversy, of which there is indeed very little in ordinary conversation. The very great difference in this respect between the oral and written expression of to-day and that of two generations ago, among thoughtful people, indicates a significant change in the general mental disposition.

What we here call "the general mental disposition" is not "mental" as we apply that term to abstract conceptions or logical propositions, but in the generic sense, as in Wordsworth's phrase, "the mind of man," meaning Reason rather than reasoning, or Will with Reason in it—else we could not make it an attribute of disposition. The fact that this disposition of the mind of man changes from age to age—we might now say, from decade to decade—and especially as to the most essential things it is given the mind of man to consider, is significant of its character as psychical, as a motion of the soul interpenetrating and lifting man's elemental nature into a firmament of light and reasonableness, ever more and more a realization of dominant sympathy and a release from fixed forms and arbitrary authority as affecting psychical activity.

The laws of the physical world and of mechanics do not change, nor the forms of logic; but human activities, physical and mental, affected by these laws and forms, are not purely psychical. The material and mental progress due to the application of new discoveries and inventions—whatever psychical activities these may themselves engage—and to the improved social adjustments dictated by formal justice, is not itself an evolutionary procedure, though promotive of it and in turn receiving from it new life and inspiration.

On the other hand, when Religion, Art, and Creative Reason fall from their purely psychical firmament into formal

systems—as to some extent they must if they are to have any earth-dwelling, any organic vitality—there is danger to these systems of losing their creative principle, surrendering it for traditional and static permanence, and sinking into a changeless induration. The creative principle is itself safe, finding its way in the world through systems which accept death for renewal and ceaseless transformation.

Creative transformations disclose ever more and more clearly, beyond the limitations of a visible environment, material and social, the realm of purely psychical dynamics, intuitional glimpses of the kingdom of the soul. Neither the realization nor the vision of the essential Reality can ever be perfect; nor can we reasonably delight in the hope of such perfection, of so utterly blank disillusionment in the white light of Reason.

But, however imperfect the psychical realization and vision may be, they tend to extinguish contention and controversy. They assure us that even while we are earth-dwellers the soul which rises with us lifts us into a harmony that has elsewhere its central and dominant note. The earth is not excluded, nor are our elemental nature and our earthly social order—rather all these in the procession of the ages come more fully under its domination.

It is not difficult, following the historical perspective in any field of humanism, to see through what changes so large and so leading a portion of civilized mankind has reached its present attitude toward the essential truths of life. This is especially apparent in matters of faith. Religion swayed the hearts of men and such minds as they had before there was any development of science and the arts; and it was then that it was most closely bound to an earth-center and most intimately associated with the elemental human nature. Before there was enough institutional development to incite eco-



conomic strifes or class rivalry, religious contests arose, of the fiercest character; and the later alliance, of religions with political institutions, down to a comparatively recent period and involving Christian nations, was the most prolific cause of violence and warfare. During the same period the victims of persecution for merely dogmatic differences of belief were innumerable.

Such strifes could not survive the illumination of Faith by Reason, nor could the alliances from which they sprang. The new attitude of the human mind does not indicate unanimity of religious opinion, or merely an agreement to differ, or indifference, but the prevalence of a positive, dynamic, working principle of sympathy. The prevalence, we say, for it is not a new principle, since for what it is in itself it has been the leaven of Faith from the beginning. But the leaven has wrought, until it has become a world-faculty and a world-sense. Though the world and elemental human nature were refractory to it, yet without these it would have been practically of no effect, it could have had no earthly human significance or embodiment. Buddhism gave it a voice—a passive voice—but no living body with world voracity and expansion; it extinguished Desire as an active principle. Christianity, on the other hand, was of a Judaism which had politically become Roman. Notwithstanding its Oriental injunctions of non-resistance, which Tolstoy has made so much of, it was in its very essence creative, crescent, and expansive; ready to go out into the world, while Judaism was waiting for the world to come to it. The event, as we are permitted to see it, proves the conservation of the creative principle under all the disguises which Western civilization has put upon it. Better that struggling, though errant civilization than that of the East, with all its negative excellences and unrealized gospels. The soul has impelled the swift and eager feet of Christendom, even when astray; they were never feet of clay.

All struggles are raging strifes until the ways of men are illuminated by the light of the soul; and even then the struggling does not cease, though its elemental violence is abated and far on the

way toward elimination. The attitude of reasonableness which we have reached is not unmilitant and never can be till we yield to Nirvana.

The more we cherish Faith, the more Religion will seem a different thing from what it has seemed in the past, not in its essential reality, but in those phases which the professionally "religious" have deemed most important, most worth fighting for, most provocative of contention. The Real is always operative, but never ostensibly apparent; our intuition of it, while it may depend upon the quickness of life in us and upon the openness of our vision—these constituting our readiness for it—has no definite outline and is beyond all symbols. We cannot anticipate realization—what the Real is becoming—in this creative evolution. We have only to recognize clearly the limitations of our conscious intelligence in order to see that the "problems" which have engaged the human mind for centuries, and even, according to Milton, in Paradise, are not pertinent to any essential reality—that they are like the questions the Sadducees put to Jesus, having no basis save in fanciful conjecture.

Creative Reason may give Faith such intuitions of Reality that we shall cease to discuss immortality as a question. The intuitive comprehension of death as itself positive and dynamic, an act of the soul, would expose the futility and unreality of all other evidence of immortality. The possibilities of the human soul are likely to engage our consideration more than any problem as to its future state, and to be more really suggestive of its eternity. The calmness of the consideration is that of the mightiest of psychical tensions—one released in activities which shall so transform human will, sensibility, and experience that we may well forego all questioning for this quest.

Why, in the face of such a miracle as this renewal of the human heart, or, indeed, confronting the miracle of life itself and of every natural operation—the wonder of these real miracles increasing with our fuller knowledge of physics and psychology—should any Christian be disturbed by "questions" concerning miracles, apart from their spiritual meanings? With any comprehension of



nature, any intuition of its hidden ascensions, of what use to him is the term "supernatural"?

Collateral with these are those questions which have disturbed the minds of philosophers, concerning terms which in a clearer vision are seen to be shibboleths. The philosopher taking the attitude of the scientific investigator—that of seeing, with the passionate desire and endeavor to see more clearly—will at length behold the shibboleths disappear, and with them the vexing problems his own mind has made or adopted from the minds of others.

Just as, in the light of Reason, the old dualistic fancy which divided the universe between God and the Devil has disappeared from theology, so, in the same light, the schism between matter and spirit must vanish. To the eye, even aided by the microscope, so wonderful a bit of matter as a cell seems insignificant and shows nothing of its power or any promise of what it shall become, betraying not so much as to what organic species it belongs. Yet the latent power in the ungerminant seed, thus clothed with insignificance, is mightier than that disclosed to us in its patent development, though, in our ignorance, we count it waste that so few seeds come to birth. An atom in Sir Joseph Thomson's laboratory is made to give up its secret and suggests the electrical constitution of matter. Henceforth any so-called mechanical theory of life has lost its sting.

What terrors can Determinism have to the advocate of Free Will, when he comprehends that in the realm of the purely creative there can be no arbitrary selection, therefore no alternative such as occurs in the field of formal ethics, artifice, or experiment. On the other hand, the Determinist must, in any rational view of our earthly specialization, see how large, how important, and how distinctive of human intelligence and endeavor this field of choice is, covering all that lies between the close immediacy of instinct and the open immediacy of intuition in the soul's creative realm; must see also that it is the way from the one to the other through an errant

course, from which neither is wholly absent. Without this freedom of the will through choice which implies an alternative—even if we count it one among the many illusions of our present fragmentary estate—we could not think of ourselves as individuals at all, could have no progress, individually or collectively, through slowly acquired knowledge and increasingly efficient effort. It is a field of accumulating perils—of solitudes, hopes, fears, rewards, and penalties—all of which in darker ages cast their shadows over the unseen world.

In this field of strifes and competitions questions must for ever arise that must be answered. But in an age so progressive as ours, they are always new questions, though, like those of the past, they are the tests of administrative government, of civilization itself. We are called upon to consider foundations.

In the evolution of humanity this earthly specialization is creative, whether we consider its source or its issue. Its course is obscured by conflicts incidental to the arbitrary volitions of individuals and classes. But the stream clears itself from its source because of the indwelling soul, which transforms artifice into art and then more fully informs the art; lifts formal justice into righteousness and sympathy, and becomes dominantly eminent as creative Reason in all human affairs—the high court of authority and appeal.

Nevertheless, the Soul is jealous of the White Light. It seeks incarnation, denies a colorless investment, and in the very act of withdrawal from one illusory drama is rehearsing another. Presumably it enjoys the sequestered scene, and especially the ever-shifting spectacle and masquerade—all play, indeed, even that of prismatic intellection. As we are unaware of the swiftest motions in which we scientifically know we are participant, so we are carefully guarded from the absolute—that which is most intimate and essential made to seem negligible, lest it weaken the emphasis of time or disturb that perspective of values in which only the relatively important is registered.



## EDITOR'S DRAWER

# The Suit-case

BY ALAN SULLIVAN

I HAD decided to go to New York. The reason for my going is nobody's business but my own, but it was really because I had written a book. I took it to my Canadian bookseller and he looked at it admiringly. Then he said, "That is a nice book to send out of the country." So I decided to take it.

I discussed the trip with my wife. She had read the book and also approved of my taking it. In fact, she had already suggested it. There was no opposition at home. It was good to know that these two were so anxious that other people should see my book.

We discussed my clothes. My wife said, "Those trousers won't do." I was injured—so were the trousers. Furthermore, I was attached to them, and they to me.

"Those trousers," I said, firmly, "are the last word in pants—the knee plus ultra." That's what it means to have a classical education.

"They are," she said, acidly.

We discussed suit-cases. She said I had none.

"I have," I said, doggedly. "My brother-in-law's."

My brother-in-law is wealthy, and has many suit-cases. This one he left behind when staying with us. I had reminded him of it, but he didn't seem to care. What was a suit-case more or less to him? It was black. It had at one time been a good suit-case, but latterly developed a tendency to open up when full. I brought it down.

My wife looked at it. "And where are you going to stay with that?"

"At the Rich-Tarleton," I said.

"What!" she said.

"Yes," I replied, "the Rich-Tarleton. They have dukes and marquises there to

carry things about, and I don't suppose they ever had a chance to carry a suit-case anything like this before."

"You're perfectly right," she said. "Good-by."

I got into the car (street-car) and put my foot on the suit-case. It was helpless. We reached the station and I boarded the sleeping-car. "Lower Five," I said to the porter, and handed him the suit-case.

It opened up.

I had packed the suit-case myself—and put into it a few necessities. They were things needed by every author. There was also a copy of my book. I began to collect them. The train started. A large woman from Chicopee Falls tripped lightly down the aisle. She was short in the waist and long in the tooth. She ran into me—I don't mind such things, because I always have my book to fall back on.

I fell.

Later we approached the boundary-line. The custom's officer entered. It is his custom. He approached me.

"Have you anything to declare?" he said, casually.

"Nothing," I said.

I thought I heard a click. His face changed, but it was not his face that clicked.

"I assess you seven dollars and forty-three



SHE RAN INTO ME





THE HOUSE OF LORDS MOVED FORWARD

cents on two bottles—one of hair-tonic—and one hundred cigars,” he said, pleasantly, plus an equal sum in penalty. “Please step forward.”

I looked at the suit-case. It had opened up.

We reached New York next morning. The porter brushed two firkins of dust off the lady from Chicopee Falls. She was at one end. He worked down the car toward me, driving the dust steadily ahead.

He waved his brush in the air and held out his other hand—

“Don’t touch me. Get out. Have a cigar?” I said.

“No, thank you; don’t smoke, sah—”

That man was a black-hearted liar—I know it.

I walked through the Grand Central Station with the suitcase under my arm and ran into a pirate with a blue suit, a projecting jaw, and a policeman’s whistle.

“Taxi, sir?”

“No,” I said, and got in.

The harbor-master put his head down the companion: “Where to?”

“The Rich-Tarleton,” I answered.

We skidded round the corner and stopped.

“One dollar,” said the chief engineer, making a Swedish movement over the indicator.

I looked out. We had indeed at last—actually arrived. The pavement was lined with baronets. They were leaning lazuli against the lapis. They were simply but richly attired in knee-breeches and powder. All were over eight cubits high and had the caste of Vere de Vere.

One of them moved forward.

I got out and stepped on his foot.

He guessed who I was at once, and after some natural hesitation took my suit-case from the engineer. I glanced at it in supplication. It was unmoved—untouched.

It was like my brother-in-law.

We proceeded into the Rich-Tarleton. The steps were solid marble. I know, because I slipped on them.

We advanced through battalions of dukes, earls, and marquises—their noble figures were ranged amid the fronds of

the *Palmas prodigiosas* that lined the hall. Everything gradually led up to the clerk’s desk where they take the money.

I approached him.

“Have you a room?” I said.

It was a fool question. He had three hundred and twenty-seven rooms.

He looked at me, then his eye fell on the baronet with the suit-case—my brother-in-law’s. “No,” he said, absently, locking his desk, “we have no rooms.”

He knew I was an author. He must have known it. No ordinarily sensible man could think I was anything else—and yet—

“I am sorry,” he said, “we have no rooms—” Then he gave the low sign to the baronet. It meant: “Take it away—lose it.”



I looked at him. He was another black-hearted liar. But I was not in a position to prove it—and he knew it.

I was filled with a sudden revolt. "Give me the suit-case," I said to the baronet.

Nothing ever happened so quickly before. I had it in an instant. Then I had an idea.

"I am having letters forwarded here," I said to the confidence man at the desk. I put down the suit-case and felt for a card. I know I had one because it took me a long time to clean it before I started.

The confidence man was smiling—a cold, wintry smile. The baronet had started, too. I looked toward the door, and all down the line thousands of aristocrats were smiling. I thanked Heaven—the old families had seen a joke. But what was the joke?

I looked at my suit-case. It had opened up.

The confidence man signaled again and the House of Lords moved forward. They all seemed anxious to help me out.

A sudden defiance seized me. "Leave it alone," I ordered. I sat on the desecrated floor and began to collect my things. I secured ninety-five cigars, two shirts—one slightly soiled—the two bottles, one-half suit pajamas, one razor, one general-purpose undershirt, and two packs of cards.

I rose. The House of Lords was looking at the ceiling. What they had seen was almost too poignant—too intimate. It reminded them too much of home.

I reached the door. A viscount ordered a taxi. That is, I suppose he ordered it. The Rich-Tarleton has a patented call. When you step on the lower marble step you automatically call a taxi and it is automatically



IT HAD STUCK FAST

charged to you. No fuss or feathers. It charges down and then is charged up. It is known as the Gotham double-entry system. If you don't come back it is charged to the next man.

"For me?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, and reached for the suit-case.

I put it on the pavement between my legs. "Young man," I said, firmly, "there will be no moaning at the bar for you if you touch that suit-case. If you feel you need that taxi, keep it. Gimme a match."

He gave it me with a gesture of surprise.

"Now," I said, "I'm going to have a smoke. I need it."

I stooped over the suit-case to get a cigar, and touched the spring. It would not work. I shook it, but to no purpose. I kicked it savagely, with no result.

It had stuck fast.

#### Rebuffed

"I'M from Chicago," boasted the commercial traveler.

"Dew tell," said the inlander. "Well, who's running the hotel up there now?"

#### Both

"DO you believe, sir, that on Election Day the women should be at the polls?"

"Yes, sir," the crusty bachelor unexpectedly replied—"at both of 'em—north and south."





## Getting Acquainted

# The Cult of the Guest-room

BY SARAH REDINGTON

*Before the guest arrives, the perfect hostess (who has taken a Correspondence Course in Hospitality) inspects her guest-room, and soliloquizes thus:*

"I'VE remembered, I've remembered  
The new embroidered spread,  
The towels cross-stitched in designs  
Of navy blue and red.  
It always seems so much too small,  
The 'guest towel' of to-day—  
Perhaps that's why the modern guest  
Won't make a longer stay.

"I've remembered, I've remembered  
The nosegay, stiff and tight,  
The reading-lamp with cretonne shade  
That throws a ghastly light.  
The 'Kind Words' calendar I've hung,  
And by the hand-glass set  
Some Bargain Sale cologne . . . oh dear!  
The price mark's on it yet!

"I've remembered, I've remembered  
Pink sealing-wax to bring,  
Removed a *cache* of spoons from 'twixt  
The mattress and the spring.  
'Sleep Sweet Within This Quiet Room'  
I've had reframed; I've bought  
For bedside books, *Jane Eyre*, *Lucille*,  
And *Gems of Modern Thought*.

"I've remembered, I've remembered  
A lot of details small  
That I am very sure no guest  
Would ever want at all.  
But 'twould be shocking ignorance  
Of Fashion Journals' chat  
To aim for Solid Comfort here,  
And let it go at that."



## Misunderstood

HENRY, aged four, goes to a kindergarten class. During the recent holidays some visitors came to see the school, and the teacher was anxious to have her little pupils tell how much they knew of the significance of Christmas. She had just been telling them how Joseph and Mary went to Jerusalem to pay taxes.

"Which of you can tell these ladies why Joseph and Mary went to Jerusalem?" said she.

"I know," said little Henry; "they went to pay their taxi-cab bill!"

## No Tax on This

"WHO can make a sentence and use the word 'income' correctly?" asked the teacher of the second grade.

"You may tell us, Johnny," indicating a little boy whose hand was waving violently.

"In come a rat," was the triumphant response.

## A Solution

TWO Philadelphia children were playing in the space before Marie's house. Marie remembered the teaching of her parents, but she wished to play a certain game and her companion, Henry, wished to play another.

"See here, Marie," said Henry, "you ought to play my game, you know. I am your visitor, and you ought to do what I want to do."

While she quite realized the truth of what Henry said, Marie was reluctant to give him his way. After a moment's reflection she said:

"Let's go over to your house, Henry."

## Unexpected

AUNTIE felt called upon to chide Annie for getting wet so often. One day mother and auntie were sitting by the dining-table talking of Annie's still being out when it was beginning to rain.

Just then they heard the kitchen door open softly.

"There she is now," said mother.

"Who has wet feet now?" called auntie.

An ominous stillness for the space of three seconds, then a gruff voice replied:

"The ice man."

## Reversing the Code

"WHAT do you mane by writing me that my Jimmie can't pass into the next grade?" stormed an irate female, bursting into the principal's room. "An' after him doin' such grand work all the year."

"Why, Mrs. Flaherty," replied the teacher, "you must know better than that. I've sent you his report-cards every month and you know that his marks have been nearly all 'D's.'"

"Indade they hov, and yit you say he can't pass. I don't understand it, mum."

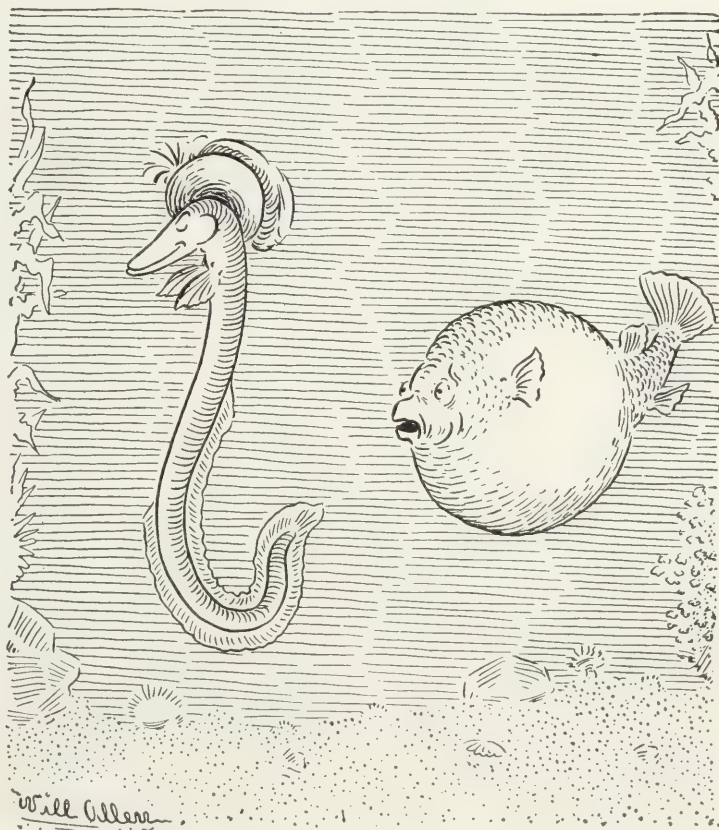
"I am afraid you don't understand our system of marking. D means deficient, you know."

"Sure I don't know phat that may be, mum, but Jimmie told me all about the letters. Sure 'D' is dandy, 'C' is corking, 'B' is bum, an' 'A' is awful—an' he's got 'C's' an' 'D's' ivery month."

## Something New

THE new minister was asked to dine at the home of one of his parishioners, and, of course, responded to the request to say grace. In the little pause which succeeded the "amen" the small daughter of the family exclaimed, naively:

"Well, my papa don't know that piece!"



"Oh, how I envy that woman her figure!"





### Cause for an Investigation

(From behind the can.) "Say, I ain't knockin' nobody, but that's the fift waffle dat guy's bought, an' if I had a job in a bank like he's got, I wouldn't be seen blowin' so much money on women."

### College Style

**H**AROLD, aged six, was taken by his father to see his first football game, and was very much impressed. The feature that caught his greatest approval, however, did not become evident until he said his prayers that night.

As he knelt at his mother's knee, to the terror of his parents Harold prayed, with true football vim:

"God bless father,  
God bless mother,  
God bless Harold—  
Boom! Rah! Rah!"

### Fletcherism at the Zoo

**A** LITTLE Boston girl, who had frequently been admonished by her parents as to the evils resulting from hurried mastication of food, was, on a recent visit to New York, taken by an uncle to the Zoo in the Bronx.

Among the beasts that particularly claimed her attention were the camels. She watched them long and earnestly as they munched huge bunches of grass, and then turned to her uncle.

"Uncle," said she, "what a treat it would be for father and mother and Professor Fletcher to see those camels chewing all day!"

### Association of Ideas

**A** MOTHER took her four-year-old son to a restaurant for his first luncheon outside of the nursery at home. He behaved with perfect propriety, and watched the elaborate service with keen interest. When the finger-bowls were placed on the table, he noticed the square white mint on the plate at the side of the bowl, and exclaimed:

"Oh, mother, look at the cunning little cakes of soap she brought us!"

### Regret

**I** USED to feel sad,  
When I sat down to sup,  
To think of the creatures  
We'd all eaten up.  
But now I am sadder  
Than ever before  
To find every day  
The poor creatures cost more.

'Twas cruel to eat them.  
It's crueller still  
To feel that you cannot,  
Because of the bill.

RALPH BERGENGREN.



## Not Waterproof

LITTLE Ethel had been invited by a playmate to spend a few weeks at the latter's summer home at the beach, and the invitation was thankfully accepted. As bathing was the principal feature of the place, Ethel's mother made her a fine new bathing-suit, of which the little miss was very proud. Her mother accompanied her to her friend's house, where she was to spend the week-end, and the following morning the entire party proceeded to the beach. Ethel was extremely timid about going into the water until she saw the others were perfectly safe. Then she ventured in. The water suddenly grew deeper and rose over her waist, much to the surprise of the little girl, who cried to her mother in anguish:

"Oh, mother, my bathing-suit leaks."

## The Same Source

A TEACHER engaged in social settlement work was chatting at the Social Center one afternoon with a number of her small Polish and Hebrew charges when one youngster proudly announced:

"We gotta new brudder to our house today!"

"You have!" exclaimed the teacher. "Where did you get him?"

"Oh, Dr. Goldberg fetched him," asserted the youth, with a knowing look on his face.

At this juncture a Polish lad (one of a family of ten) eagerly broke into the conversation. "Teacher!" he cried, "we take of him, too!"

## He Had Suffered

IZRI JACOBS boarded an East Side car with his son. The youth was tall and ungainly. He looked at least twelve years old, but when the conductor called for the fares the father slowly counted out five pennies.

"Look here," said the conductor, "where's the fare for the boy?"

"Vy, he ain't five—"

"Five!" growled the conductor. "Go on! he's fourteen if he's a day."

"Och, no," pleaded Izri, in true Yiddish fashion. "He can't be five. He—"

"Well, he looks a good deal older," the conductor insisted.

"Certainly," said the older Jacobs. "Certainly. Vy shouldn't he? He's had a lot of trouble!"

## The Pot Hunter

NOTHING is quite so much beneath a true sportsman as shooting fowl before giving them a fighting chance on the wing.

A hunter of this type was in the field with another man who was out for his first hunt. Soon a quail was discovered running in the road ahead of them.

"Don't shoot it on the run!" the sportsman called, rather harshly, when he saw the other raise his gun.

"I won't. I'll wait till it stops."

## Too Much for Him

A METHODIST bishop in the Northwest tells of a conversation he once had with a Wyoming man touching certain difficulties of the latter's religious tenets.

"Bishop," said this naïve Westerner, "I do not refuse to believe the story of the ark. I can accept the ark's great size, its odd shape, and the vast number of animals it contained; but when I am asked to believe that the children of Israel carried this unwieldy thing for forty years in the wilderness I must confess that my faith breaks down."



*"My! but it's lonesome. I wonder when master's coming back"*





(Tommy in church for the first time.) "Mother, why don't they wear pajamas?"

## Who's Who in the Nursery?

BY CHARLOTTE WILSON

Who's Who—  
Little Boo-Hoo?

Why, bless you, his daddy thought every  
one knew  
The person 'round here to whom homage  
is due—  
Who keeps April weather the whole year  
through,  
With dazzle of sunshine, then storm from  
the blue—

Little Boo-Hoo.  
Just *two*!

Here, you,  
Little Boo-Hoo!

Can't dad even *squeeze* you, but trouble  
must brew?  
And mother despairs, "One would think  
that you *knew*,  
By *this* time, how *little* he is!" And I view  
The havoc I've wrought, and I mutter,  
"It's true

He's just two,  
Little Boo-Hoo!"

What a stew,  
Little Boo-Hoo!

Can't your bow-wow remark, or your big  
kitty mew,  
But the tears tumble out of those twin  
heavens blue,  
And that panic-sound echoes the whole  
shack through,  
And brings every soul rushing madly to  
*you*,

Little Boo-Hoo,  
Just two?

You're a few,  
Little Boo-Hoo!

Why, the dimples are dancing again! Like  
a crew  
Of love-imps—and, bless me! they actu'lly  
*grew*  
While the April clouds hid them from casual  
view!  
Never mind: sing or sob, cry or crow—  
you'll *do*,

At just two,  
Little Boo-Hoo!









*Painting by N. C. Wyeth*

Illustration for "The Tobacco Famine at Tamarac"

LOOKING LONGINGLY INTO THE GRAY EYES OF PEACHY THE UNATTAINABLE



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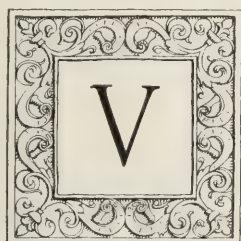
MAY, 1914

No. DCCLXVIII



## Across the Venezuelan Llanos

BY CHARLES WELLINGTON FURLONG, F.R.G.S.



VOICES awoke me, the engine had ceased to throb, and a dog's yelp presaged the end of a long river journey. We lay warped along the south bank of the Apuré River at little San Fernando, founded by Spanish monks in 1798; but even to-day town and river lie hidden from the world by the wide barrier of the *llanos* (plains). For six hundred miles we had steamed against the slushy, pea-soup current of the mighty Orinoco before the steady-blowing "Trades."

My cabin window overlooked a river-bank, crowned with hides, salt-bags, and a clutter of cargo, amid which peons and half-castes idled. Little one-storied adobe houses, white-walled and red-tiled, backed from the Apuré to a pretty plaza; into a muddy lagoon to the right the river seeped—likewise refuse from several meat-dealers' sheds, where great flakes of livid meat (*tasajo*) hung sun-drying.

The Apuré is probably the Capuri, which Sir Walter Raleigh named from natives' hearsay, when his little caravel slushed a few leagues up the Orinoco. Its tributaries were scarcely known to Europe, even by name, until the last of the eighteenth century.

After reaching San Fernando by the Orinoco, my plan was to work north

through central Venezuela in the saddle. But—"quien sabe!" the rainy season had begun and the water was already flooding over the *llanos*, incurring risk of drowning or, at best, being marooned for months; so each terrific downpour increased my apprehension. At San Fernando I presented my letter to Señor Felix Fernandez, the company's agent, who rendered me much kindly assistance, but advised me to return the way I had come.

A long, snake-like thread wormed its way across the Apuré.

"Where are those cattle going?" I questioned.

"They are on the drive north."

"Then what is to stop me?"

"The floods are rising, the *llaneros* (cowboys) are engaged with cattle, and good horses are hard to get. When do you want to start?"

"To-morrow!"

"*Caramba!* You need a week at least."

Inquiries brought numerous ill-conditioned mules and horses, each "very beautiful, very strong"—at prices equally strong! Finally, a bay stallion and a roan horse, secured for me at forty pesos (about twenty dollars), appeared dripping from the lagoon ford.

My quarters were in the only "hotel," a one-storied house so unspeakably filthy that my *muchacho* (boy) was set to work with scouring-brush and buckets. For-



unately travelers carry their own hammocks and netting, for which wall hooks are provided. Considering the unsanitary arrangements and fetid pools of the sloughy streets, it was not strange that during the three previous months six hundred of San Fernando's four thousand population paid penance to malarial fever and typhoid, not to mention "yellow jack" and beri-beri, the latter being so prevalent that on some maps this region is recorded as "the beri-beri country."

Revolutionary conditions required strangers in Venezuela to be carefully watched, and from the time the railway guard registered me on that beautiful ride up from La Guayra I was aware of constant surveillance. Custom required me to notify the state *presidentes* or the town *alcaldes* of my arrival and departure. At San Fernando, after being challenged by one of the Presidente's irregular guard of sandaled soldiers, His Excellency formally received me.

The creech of unoiled blocks and the vociferations of the peons ceased, and siesta, when nature as well as man pauses in labor, hung in heated silence. Faint staccato cries pulsed slowly nearer—"Oy!—oy! Ha'h!—ha'h!—ha'h!"

—like the calls of the Venezuelan stevedore crew when we ran down to French Guiana with Orinoco steers aboard. My surmise of a big drive led me beyond the town to the *manga*, a long, narrow corral through which cattle are driven into the river. Soon, under a palm-thatched *rancho*, I was seated among a dark-visaged, mud-begrimed group of *llaneros* just in from the drive. Locally, *llanero* means cowboy or herder, but coast Venezuelans apply it to any inhabitant of the *llanos*. Cattle or steers are known as *gañado* (pronounced in the vernacular *gañow*); *toro*, bull; *vaca*, cow; while *ternera* means fatted calf, a special delicacy, fit—as one Fernandoan remarked—"to eat in a garden party." The herd was to rest for a few hours before the exhausting swim across the Apuré, perhaps the longest stretch in the world where cattle are swum.

"Señor, have a care for the steers if you return on foot," we were warned. Mid-afternoon found me perched, camera in hand, on a fence-post of the *manga*. "Oy!—oy!—oy!" Slowly the animals rose from their resting and were gently "rounded up" by the *llaneros*, some of whom are known as *garrocheros*, as they carry *garrochas*, lance-like picks used to turn a stampede or encourage laggards.



DRIVING CATTLE DOWN RUNWAY AND SWIMMING THEM ACROSS THE APURÉ — ONE OF THE LONGEST DISTANCES CATTLE ARE SWUM





A POSADA AT WHICH WE STAYED. HAMMOCKS ARE SLUNG UNDER OPEN STRUCTURES

"Ha'h!—ha'h!—ha'h!" they coaxed. "Hup—ah! Aye-e!" they growled, as the leaders, head and ears alert, sniffed suspiciously. I slid to the ground outside, but too late: the whole herd turned tail and stampeded. Those who have ridden the range know what slight strangenesses of sight, smell, or sound may stampede a herd; and when they reappeared I stood behind the manga, motionless, not risking a single camera click as the living mass of sweating bodies, steaming from the stampede, undulated by. Upon it bobbed a sea of horns, while an occasional pair lunged viciously at me, splintering the fencing.

Ahead, a sun-tanned, half-naked horseman rode bareback — Pedro Tavera, a *cabestero*. He acted as a leader, with a few trained steers as decoys, toward which the llaneros gently worked the mobile, sensitive herd which hesitatingly entered the broad mouth of the artificial lane.

Plunge! splash! With froth-dripping mouths, and eyes aglare, the bellowing cattle took the water in a wild rush, whipping it into a frothing maelstrom. Canoes ranged out to head off any stampede back to land. The canoemen, now soothingly, now sharply, echoed the calls and whistles of the llaneros, who

watched keenly from the bank, their swarthy countenances softened by broad-brimmed sombreros, while blue and scarlet *cobijas* hung gracefully across the silver horns of their beautifully wrought saddles. The river swept by in persistent effort to break through this living, counter-opposing stream.

The courageous cabestero, still leading the herd, his head a mere pin-point behind that of his swimming horse, risked not only drowning, but the *caribe* (caree-bee) and *cayman*. The *caribes* (voracious little fishes) attack in myriads, biting with such drill-like rapidity that they can soon strip a victim's body to the bone. The dreaded cayman is the alligator or crocodile (*Crocodilus acutus*), indented-legged, enormous saurians, often over twenty-two feet in length. With repellent, obtuse snout, gruesome hummocky eye, and snaky tail barely showing above water, it watches stealthily. Without warning, one may look down the great "V" of the open maw of one of these crafty, green-backed, white-bellied devils, or feel the powerful fatal snap of his ivory-spiked jaws. One Uritucu Indian girl, thus seized, thrust out the eyes of the creature with her fingers, secured her release, and swam ashore with one hand gone.



Crocodiles seldom attack horses or cattle in herds, but have dragged men from horseback, and a year rarely passes that these dreaded man-eaters do not drag to their death some of the inhabitants of San Fernando or vicinity. Men there told me of seeing these creatures seize their prey, swim under water, and reappear at another part of the river to devour it undisturbed.

Across the Apuré other llaneros awaited the cattle to round them up for a rest before the long trek north. Occasionally one sees these descendants of freedmen and slaves, naked to the waist, riding over the savannas, rounding up cattle, equally skilful with garrocha and knife, their only weapons. Their white cotton costume, with shirt outside short trousers, is similar to that of the Arabs. In saddles, cut-leather designs, architecture and arabesques, Arabic influence, introduced indirectly through the Spaniard or directly through Moorish followers of the *conquistadores*, may be observed throughout Venezuela.

Venezuela's vast plains and river valleys offer unlimited ranges and excellent pasturage. About 1548 Cristobal Rodriguez sent the first horned cattle into the llanos, where they have increased to possibly two million head. Lack of proper government support and

initiative prevents ten times as many cattle occupying the vast llanos.

If one observe the piles of hides, dried or dry-salted, crowning the river-bank of San Fernando, and, scanning the vast plains of this region, watch the great herds swim the wide reach of its river, he will understand why the State of Apuré is the greatest breeding-ground for cattle and the reason for San Fernando being its capital.

Many of the great herds have gone to provide, literally, sinews of war—gobbled up by revolutionary bands; in peace, cattle-owners suffer from marauders and an “extract of beef” governmental policy. Almost every important industry is under a military government monopoly. “Here,” said one Venezuelan, “the government is a store”; and beef is not least among its profitable wares. In San Fernando, beef is sold on the hoof at slightly over three and a half cents a pound to the government, at eight cents a pound to the butchers.

Morning brought a torrential down-pour, also my guide, Blanco by name, dark by complexion, of Spanish-Indian-Negroid infusion, who stood in the hotel *patio* with his mule, Hero Dolce. At the moment of our departure an officer in soiled linen suit, “near”-panama, sandals, and half-drawn sword,



LLANEROS WAITING IN RUNWAY READY TO PREVENT SWIMMING CATTLE FROM STAMPEDING BACK



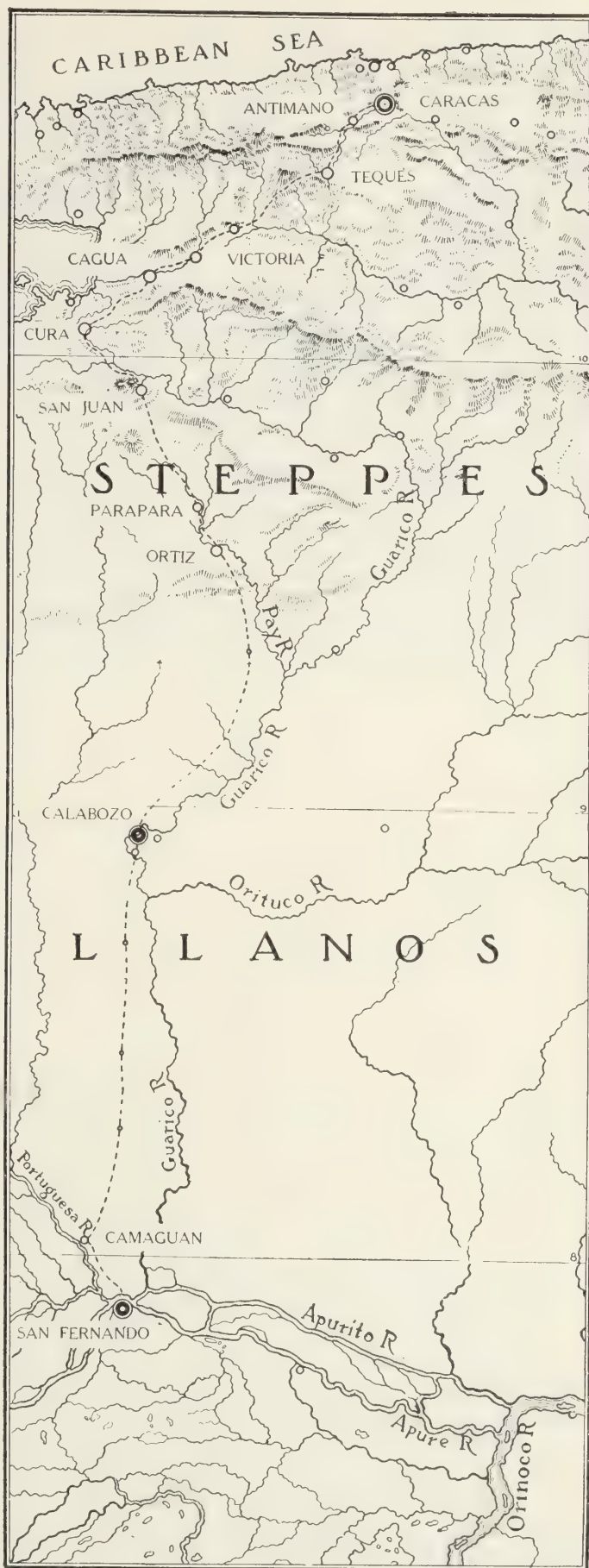
sought to prohibit me from leaving, but he was despatched to his chief with my respects.

We embarked with animals and outfit on a pontoon of canoes aboard which the fractious stallion nearly capsized us. Though propelled with heavy sweeps and helped by the sail of a *curiare* (dug-out) lashed alongside, the current swept us nearly down to the steep banks, where landing would have been impossible.

Fermine Blanco on his mule, leading the pack-horse, and I on the bay stallion, soon reached a low, wet country called *estero*, covered with a tall, rush-like *carex*, now lying flooded between us and the nearest settlement of Camaguan, perhaps eight *leguas* (leagues) journey—the *legua* being the Venezuelan standard of distance. Fermine stated that his mule could travel steadily from six to six, going twenty-four *leguas* a day—which are each a quarter longer than the regular league. Mules are faster walkers and surer-footed than horses, consequently more expensive.

We floundered through muddy water and tall grass; the latter, frequently above our heads, shut us completely in, as hour by hour we soused and splashed. Cloud-bursts drenched us, and with growing uneasiness Fermine urged on the animals and pointed to the insidious waters rising now above their knee-joints.

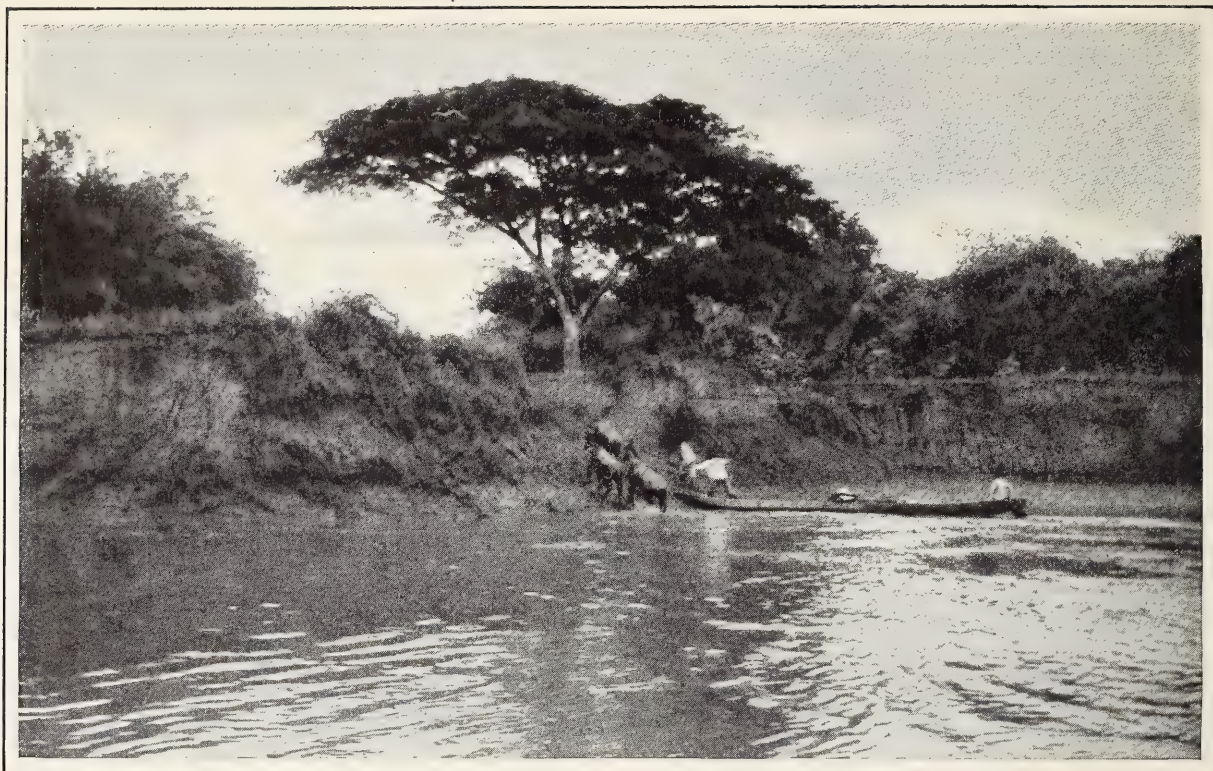
"*Muy malo venga el inundacion.*" ("This is very bad; the inundation is coming.") Our animals were our best barometers, wonderful at sensing danger. The *caños* (small river cañons) were the worst places, and meant swimming—saddles, clothes, and all—into the uncanny, soupy flood. With one hand I hung on to the mane, and with the other, well out of water, gripped my revolver and my water-proof bag, containing camera films and other perishable supplies.



SKETCH MAP SHOWING THE AUTHOR'S ROUTE THROUGH CENTRAL VENEZUELA

Large circles indicate villages, smaller circles *hatos* (farms) or *posadas* (inns)





SWIMMING THE HORSES ACROSS A CAÑO

Should the pack-horse turn turtle by the shifting of the packs, the chances were that we would leave him, heels up, a prey to the cayman, which follow overland with the floods; and I never lost an opportunity to plant a bullet in the soft part of a crocodile's neck, whereupon the big creature would gyrate through the air, snap back his tail almost to his snout, lash the water in a turmoil of white and crimson foam, then disappear.

Fermine plunged ahead through dangerous places, circumventing others by clever détours. We passed through and around islands of woods, where, even on the highest land, the flood-water mark left by mud on tree-trunks was three feet from the ground, while over lower levels and depressions the water was often fifteen feet deep. In these tropics, Nature, without warning, turns her faucets loose and as abruptly shuts them off, sometimes in less than three seconds. Fermine threw down his horn drinking-cup, tied to a string, and drank the opaque water as we took a last look over the undulating estero. "One more day," he remarked, "and it is too late."

Darkness and a half-clouded sky shut in as we jogged steadily at a little gait

they call *poco poco* (little by little). While in the grasses of the llanos we kept a watchful eye for the venomous *casabel* (a viper); and now and again through wood copses we knew, by the animals' actions, that a *tigre* (jaguar) was on our trail.

"*Rancho!*" Fermine sniffed, scenting the smell of cattle-corral.

"*Tiene leche?*" ("Have you any milk?") he inquired of the *ranchero* as we rode up.

"*No hay*" ("We have not") was the response.

"*Tiene carotas negros?*" ("Have you black beans?")

"*No hay.*"

"*Tiene algunas cosas?*" ("Have you anything?") By this time a large family had flocked to the door.

"*No hay nada*" ("We have nothing"), emphatically shaking upraised thumb and forefinger overhead to the accompaniment of "*Nada, absolutamente nada.*" Across savannas, through woods and swarms of mosquitoes, we journeyed until a grateful light at last glimmered on the outskirts of Camaguan. Wet, tired, and hungry, we rapped at the only hostelry in the little town and rode into



the square inclosure, surrounded by the stable and the adobe quarters of the owner, who insisted that we could not stay—it was only a rancho, not a *posada* (inn), and two *caballeros* (gentlemen) were occupying the only available quarters.

“Would you have us sleep on the savannas?” I inquired. “Take off the cargo, Fermine, and find a place for our hammocks.” After taking my name, as required by the government, the *rancho* placed some casava bread, black beans, *pichero* (fermented milk), and rice upon a rough-hewn table in the barnyard. The whole table-top around the single candle was at once hidden by a swarm of little black beetles, called *coco*. Some tried to squirm up under my hat; dozens worked up my sleeves and crawled down my neck. It was impossible to keep them from my plate, while in size and color they so closely resembled the black beans that it was only through their hardness that I was able to eliminate them, like cherry-pits, from my mouth.

It was slip, slide, and slush through mud, water, holes, and caños. Often the animals stumbled and occasionally fell. After the Venezuelan custom, Fermine tied the leading-rope of the pack-horse

to the mule's tail by a unique knot. At one slippery turn, the *cargado* (pack-horse) jammed against a palm trunk, brought up short, slewed and landed back with a splash into the trail—then something broke—the pack-horse was free. I looked to see a tailless mule, but it was the rope that parted.

Now came greater reaches of open savannas covered mainly with Paya and Guinea grass, seared by deep-cut rivers and caños, and broken up with copses of trees, and sprinkled with single and strikingly evenly spaced palms spread out like a vast park.

The cultivated mountain valleys and plateau lands of the fertile north form the agricultural zone; the pastures of the llanos, the pastoral zone; the *bosque* or wooded lands from the Orinoco south, the forest zone. The central zone, the llanos, stretches probably 120,000 square miles east and west almost the entire length of Venezuela, from the Meta in Colombia to the delta of the Orinoco; and from near the coast (10° N.) to the Rio Guaviare within two and a half degrees of the equator.

In summer the heated “Trades” spread some relief over the feverish earth-cracked llanos, but during the greater part of the winter vast floods



HARD TRAVELING THROUGH THE FLOODED LLANOS



render extensive regions impassable. Thus the llanos have ever been a great barrier to communication, a sequesterer of their scattered inhabitants, and an obstacle to the union of the political provinces they separate, and they will for a long time be an important factor in the military and political events of Venezuela. The western llanos are hottest, and even at the time of our passing, the beginning of the rains, the sun beat down relentlessly. This, with changes of temperature produced by rain and wind, caused my lips to swell and crack and fever-blister to break out. It was not difficult to picture the sufferings of the caravans of the valiant Felipe de Urre and other *conquistadores* crossing for the first time those sun-scorched reaches over this very trail, in quest of the legendary city of El Dorado, somewhere beyond the Apuré.

Steadily our faithful animals jogged along, sometimes for hours at a time plashing through water under the brilliant yellow-green *mariche*-palms (*mauritia*), among *ceiba*-trees or groves of *chaparra*; on drier ground their unshod hoofs fell softly, wending through waving grasses, small mimosa-bushes, primrose-like flowers, white lilies, and diminutive irises. Then the smell of mint, and we reached from our saddles and pressed handfuls to our nostrils. Dragon-flies sowed their iridescent ways, and butterflies flitted hither and thither. Now here, now there, the wide-spreading *ceiba* had wound its spiral growth completely about a palm-trunk, leaving only its feathered top strangely protruding. Fermine substantiated my experience of never having seen a mata palo growing alone from a palm.

Over these grassy plains the little armadillo ferrets its way, and graceful Venezuelan deer abound. The jaguar ventures a short distance from the wood edges, where may be heard the dismal noise of the *araguatos* (howling monkeys). But nature uses these savannas mainly for a vast aviary. Flocks of parrots flew screeching over our heads, there were cuckoos galore, and daily we saw on these feeding-grounds innumerable herons, aigrettes, cranes, flamingos, plovers, finches, hawks, wrens, and numerous gorgeous water and marsh birds of

many varieties, which piped, sang, whistled, and trumpeted. Numerous carcasses eaten by the *zamuros* (the vulture ibises of South America) indicated that hundreds of horses succumb to the floods, while scars on the flanks of many live ones bore evidence of pursuit by crocodiles.

The sun shone like a bowl of brass through a dark, murky sky, brushed the cloud-edges golden, and fine-streaked the innumerable trunks of the palmettos which were mirrored in the muddy waters through which our little caravan splashed, shattering myriads of glistening showers, and leaving a diverging, ever-widening wake of gold and purple wavelets which were lost amid the blue-violet palm shadows.

The scattered ranchos and posadas of mud, poles of palm, and thatch of palm-leaves or llano-grass are generally at a wood edge, hidden behind a fence of *pitahaya*—a high, cactus-like bush—or among a patch of banana-trees, plantain, or casava. The family, perchance, occupy a single room. The stranger usually slings his hammock between the poles of an open shelter similar to the Carib dwellings, after which they are patterned. Pigs and chickens sometimes defiantly rooted under the table, and fought and scratched about our feet, and once a sow and litter ensconced themselves at night beneath my hammock.

Dwellings are scarce, and the llano inn is often but a mud rancho, appointed with horse or alligator skulls for seats; and, at some, a few commodities, brought long journeys from Caracas, Ciudad, Bolivar, or San Fernando, can be obtained. Most families occupying the little *hatos* (farms) were pitiably destitute, and disregarded the most commonplace principles of health, wealth, or marriage. There was little incentive to industry and a lack of permanency of homes and ideals built up through associations. Despite revolutions due to a bureaucracy and ambitious leaders, the Venezuelan common people impressed me as naturally peace-loving and intelligent and having great possibilities within the power of the government to develop.

Wherever I have followed the cattle-





CATTLE ON THE DRIVE TRAVELING OVER FLOODED LLANOS AMONG THE PALMS

drive, whether on the Patagonian pampas with the *gaucho*, in the Moroccan valleys of the Atlas with Riffian tribesmen, through the cañons of our own Rockies with cowboys, or on the great llanos of Venezuela, the life was always strikingly similar and insidiously gripping in its fascination. Here man is in one of his most elemental callings, often as wild and untamed as the long-horned steers he drives.

Mysteriously echoing from every wood copse and across each broad savanna we heard the resonant, far-off cries of the llaneros—"H'oh! h'ah! H'oh! h'ah!"—as illusive as the llano mirage, and finally caught up with the herd, slushing at will under palms through the yellow mush. "Oy! oy! Ah-hee!" the llaneros urged on the laggards, when we too lent a hand, for often we were with cattle all day or took hours to work through a big herd, which usually traveled five to six leagues a day, from six to six.

The *llanero*, like the *gaucho*, tells time and direction by his shadow, and the hours to sunset by holding the arm outstretched, bending the open hand inward, holding it so that its lower edge coincides with the horizon. The number of hands, one over the other, to the sun,

indicates the hours to sunset, allowance of a half hand to a hand being made for the rapid declination of the sun during the last two and three hours.

Each *llanero* carried his meager requisites—a cup of horn, or a calabash, and a chunk of sun-dried beef, not forgetting the *cigarillos*, smoked on the drive and always during the daily half-dozen stops for rest and feed. At night, when the *llanero's* fire rises against the dark recess of a wood copse, one sees him more intimately, as, contemplative or loquacious, he lounges in the illusive lights of the flaring, sputtering *tasajo*.

The *llanero* is affected by the isolated conditions of his environment; romantic, ingenious, he sings stories of llano life to the accompaniment of the guitar, often adeptly improvising. The flames lick up the dripping fat; quick, shifty eyes glitter and long knives gleam silver as their owners slash the red meat and seize it between glistening teeth, grazing their nose-tips as indifferently as, under due provocation, they would sever an enemy's terrestrial associations. So expert are they with the knife that with a single thrust back of the center of the horns of a wild steer they will, at break-neck speed, drop it dead in its tracks,



Fermine's accuracy in counting a moving herd was wonderful.

"Señor," he would remark, "how many cattle?"

"Three hundred and fifty," I might venture.

"Ah, señor," he would say, laughingly, "you would make no profit: there are three hundred and seventy-three." Fermine as a guide and companion left nothing wanting; he was a good packer, a born naturalist, systematic in his work, and had that much-prized quality for an arduous journey—a sense of humor.

It was pitiable to see a steer dying of the pest with noxious, black vultures sitting contemplatively within a yard of its head—waiting. Farther north, herds of mares and foals fed on the broad savannas. Fermine edged more into the shadow of the chaparra as a small group of horsemen passed.

"*Revolucionarios, maluco!*" he grunted. Possibly he feared being impressed—or, as great a calamity, impressing Hero Dolce, to whom he frequently talked, encouraging, cajoling, or even reproaching in terms as earnest as they were naïve. "*Que, mula!*" ("What, mule!") he would exclaim, "friends all these years

and you lag like this!" and perhaps the next moment he would tell proudly of his comrade's traveling qualities.

The Marquis del Toro, in 1800, spent 15,000 piastres to import fifteen camels in Spanish caravels from the Mediterranean. These were brought to Valencia to traverse the burning plains of Casuare, as an Apuré-Calabozo caravan transport.

On these llanos no archæological records of any established civilization have been found, except west in the vicinity of Barinas and Canagua. There, the five leagues between those towns are spanned by a well-constructed, ancient road, fifteen feet higher than the plain it crosses—a highway during the yearly inundations. The builders are unknown, but Humboldt assumes that they were probably mountain Indians of Truxillo and Merido.

Even in June we found the steppes of Guarico State in parts still hot and sun-baked, where, awakened by the first rains, the crocodiles were just breaking from their summer's hibernating. A few palms shimmering on the withered desert about a feculent pool vividly recalled oases whose shelter I had sought in the Tripolitan Sahara. In the fetid



A LEADING STORE AND RESIDENCE OF A SAN FERNANDO MERCHANT, SHOWING WOODEN RETAINING WALLS TO KEEP FLOODS FROM WASHING IT AWAY



lagoons and turbid streams where the thick-nosed tapir (*Cavia capybara*) wallows, lurks the python and the dreaded *tembladores*, heavy electric eels (*gymnoti*), sometimes nearly six feet in length, abounding in the Amazon and Orinoco systems. They are said to kill by their electric shock and have so stunned horses as to drown them. A captured one, with which I experimented, emanated severe electric discharges varying according to the creature's condition.

Water at times was all about, but thick with odorous mud, through which innumerable cattle had passed, yet so aggravated was our thirst by the parching winds and our increasingly sore and swollen lips, that we gladly drank collected rain-water from their tracks. Only the decorative palmettos, chaparras, and ceibas relieved the sky-line until the two lone peaks of Los Morros were sighted, clear and blue just above the horizon one hundred and fifty kilometers northward—to be lost again in a veil of clouds. We often overtook many herds grazing about an occasional ranch, few of which carry over two thousand head.

One late afternoon we came to a little rancho named, after its patron saint, San Pedro, a fresco of whom decorated the whitewashed adobe wall over the door. Here, as elsewhere, I had the water boiled and obtained fresh milk, my principal beverage. In the dining-room, which also served as a bedroom, a sign in Spanish notified occupants that "It is prohibited to put beasts [hoofed animals] in this room," and equally humorous were the realistic mural decorations: in continued striking realism, scenes and objects were depicted in kaleidoscopic effect and with almost cubist indecency of color.

After supper I wandered alone through the delicate grasses into the big openness. The golden orb of noonday had changed to brass, brushing with saffron the edges of the slaty clouds, which slowly drifted below the horizon, leaving the great red lantern suspended in the ephemeral purple dusk-light of the tropics. Then Nature transposed her key, flowed a silver-blue over lagoon, sky, and plain, etched delicately an arc of silver, and touched in the stars of night, until the heavens swarmed with myriads

of diamond chalices, and set the savannas alive with the fireflies' golden light. A vampire fluttered noiselessly by, in a wood copse there glowed green a weird flare of swamp gas—an uncanny will-o'-the-wisp—the spirit wraith, perhaps, of the cruel Lopez de Aguirre, whose bloody deeds and adventures are among the most dramatic episodes of Venezuelan history. The people of the llanos will tell you that the soul of "The Tyrant" still wanders in the savannas like a flame that flies at the approach of men. A bird trilled a belated vesper, a cicada sized in reminder of the heated day, frogs peeped and insects hummed a soft refrain. Such are the Venezuelan llanos when sunset turns to night.

Suddenly there broke upon this field-orchestra the angry, trombone bellow of a bull off to the right, then another to the left, both between me and the posada. Flat in the long grass I lay motionless and listened to challenge after challenge; heard the vicious thudding as they pawed the turf, their nostrils blowing heavy breaths as they nosed the ground. Two dark shapes humped against the sky and like muttering thunder-clouds drew together—a roar, and the ground shook as they met with deadening thud of bone and crack of horn. Again and again they drew off, crashed, and with locked horns struggled for supremacy. Stealthily, with a sharp lookout for other cattle, I crawled flat to the posada inclosure. Morning showed, by the torn-up ground, how terrific a struggle had taken place—many such being fatal.

Gradually one ridge of foothills after another crept up over the horizon and beyond the cordilleras of the Andes. We often rode in drenching torrents, during which storks and cattle stood weirdly humped and motionless. The twisting Guarico crossed and recrossed our trail, its floods rising in some places forty feet, making its fords among the most dangerous of the llanos. Sometimes we ferried across, swimming the animals beside a canoe.

In a rancho patio the temperature registered 89° at 9 P.M. and 78° just before sunrise. Eating and drinking with my swollen lips became an ordeal; Fermine suffered from varicocoele on a leg (the



result of a caribe bite when a lad), while the animals, unused to the harder ground, had developed swellings at the hocks. Consequently, we looked forward eagerly to reaching Calabozo, the capital of the State of Guárico and residence of the Presidente, General Gimón.

The scattered population of the llanos accumulates in little outlying villages about the few towns. At last, beyond the little villages of Los Angeles and Trinidad, the Cathedral dome and San Carmen's tower rose above the trees screening Calabozo. Many of the *ganaderos* (cattle-owners) and *llaneros* have their homes in these villages, for Calabozo's wealth depends on the herds which pasture on the neighboring savannas.

When passing by the old Spanish *cuartel*, or jail, to see the Presidente, a guard motioned vigorously behind me to the edge of the brick-tile sidewalk. That I was suspected of being a *revolucionario* and was being ordered to *détour* in the muddy street in passing the portal dawned suddenly upon me when the guard started to run me through with his bayonet, and an officer, drawing his sword, sprang from the entrance.

"Señor, where is the Presidente?" I inquired, displaying an official letter. The officer lifted his cap and replied; the guard saluted and I passed on. Under

the shadow of La Mercie, whose bell had deep-toned its notes for two hundred years, I found the home of the registrar, Señor Luiz Dias. From him I learned much about this old llano city, settled over three hundred years ago, but whose early records had been burned during the war of independence. Despite Calabozo's isolation, Humboldt found here, over a century ago, a stereopticon in which views of the leading capitals of Europe were exhibited, and he tells of a Señor Pozo who had invented an electrical machine through reading treatises by Franklin and Lafond.

Evening found me in the old Spanish mansion of General Gimón, with its lapping fountain in the pretty patio and lighted candelabra reflecting from the walls the mellow gold, Morocco red, and green of marvelous tooled leather of Castilian days. Calabozo was left with pleasant memories and with animals newly shod, and we were soon ambling by the little pueblo of Rastro. Here, as in San Fernando and in the mountains south of the Apuré, bulls are used for riding and leather-shod *cargodons* (cargo bullocks) wend their steady way on long journeys, their hoofs being kept from spreading on the rocky trails by leather straps.

We passed over a hill, left the llanos behind, and entered the fertile zone of the higher table-lands and valleys. Much could be written of that thickly wooded mountain country south of the Andes, with its residuous soil and bed-rock cropping through; of its stony trails and mountain torrents, tucked-away mountain pueblos, and poor, sequestered people.

Beyond this mountain country, with its occasional plantations, rose the bluer northern ranges of the Andes, at whose base lay Cagua, which we reached at dusk. The trains of a little German-



FERMINE BLANCO, MY LLANERO, AND HIS MULE, "HERO DOLCE"



built railroad puff their way at intervals through the wild Andean fastnesses between Cagua and Caracas. Cagua being a horse-trading town, I expected to sell my animals and take train to Caracas. Early next morning some ganaderos and horse-traders awaited me, contemplating sagely the thinned out animals and offering fabulously low prices.

"Señor, your train, it goes soon," one remarked; "you will get less if you leave them to be sold for you."

"They'll be ridden to Caracas."

"*Que, hombre!* the mountains are dangerous; you may meet *atorantes* (bandits), and you take two, three days to Caracas; perhaps not at all." As Fermine saddled up, the mercury rapidly rose in the forenoon heat, so did the offers. Fermine had stipulated, for reasons of his own, that Cagua should be his farthest point, but accompanied me to the next hamlet, and in the early morning twilight at a lonely spot where the Andes frowned above us I bade *Adios pues!* to my faithful vaqueano, who turned Hero Dolce back to the great llanos from which they came.

The hard ride winding higher and higher across the Andes led through a supreme wonderland. Below, a little plantation snuggled in the green lap of the valley; across it another range was seared with many ravines—places where rivers began. Despite the horse-traders' contention, I determined to make Caracas that night, as steamer connections at La Guayra had to be considered.

Over the divide in thundering storm-clouds, then down the long decline, harder than the up-pull, we trailed beneath the shade of yuccas—the maguey, from whose fibers the natives make cords, one of which sustained the Caracas cathedral clock—a weight of three hundred and fifty pounds—for fifteen years. The saffron sunlight suffused the thickly wooded slopes, the *rosa-del-monte* spread gaudily its thyrsi of purple flowers from among pines and gigantic fig-trees, whose dark, serpentine limbs were often bound in festoons of moss and climbing vines. Overhead mangoes, like Hesperidean apples, hung on delicate silver threads among the red jasmine-trees and huge clusters of arborescent

ferns—all in strange and fascinating contrast to the heat-soaked llanos.

Through Los Teques, where Losada defeated the Teques Indians, favoring, urging on the tired, vampire-bitten horses, I jogged along the Rio Guayre down the long reach of lonely wooded valley, beneath the dense foliage of which few beams of the new moon leaked.

Thud!—scrape! Thud!—scrape! hoofed the tired horses. Thump! thump! clumped my heavy boots, as often beside them mile after mile was wearily, monotonously sliced off. A halt to tighten cinch and hitch-rope—when only the lispig purl of the Guayre broke the stillness of the darkness. The drooped heads suddenly flung high, and with nostrils dilated and snorts of fear the horses crowded me against the steep mountain wall, and in the saddle they were controlled with difficulty. Even had my ears failed to catch a long, low, half-laughing cry, I would have surmised that they had scented a jaguar on the night breeze. For miles the creature followed us, skulking along the road edges and through the woods, where occasionally its two orbs glowed from between the bushes, but just before we passed through the little Caracan suburb of Antimano it disappeared.

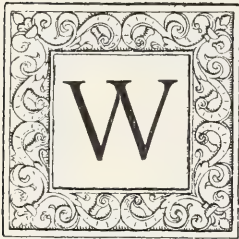
The last two miles into the city, sunburned and mud-begrimed, I finally led the spent steeds slowly afoot. The journey from the Apuré had been a hard one on the horses, and that last day they had brought me over sixty miles of mountain travel. The valley widened, so did the starlit reach above; the half-moon crept from behind the mountain setting and far ahead in the vale of San Francisco glimmered the lights of beautiful Caracas, into which I led the worn-out animals.

People lingered late in the plaza below. Far southward, nature was drenching the earth, floods were creeping over the vast lowlands, and soft breezes were fanning the undulating, grassy plains; Fermine and Hero Dolce were steadily jogging along, the cattle were still on the drive. "*H'oh!—h'ah! H'oh!—h'ah!*" the echoes increased to a terrific homily—it was only the intermittent, feverish clanging of the bells from the near-by bullet-pitted tower of the Cathedral.



# The Tobacco Famine at Tamarac

BY FORREST CRISSEY



WITH one exception, the entire male population of Tamarac was gathered about the glowing box-stove in Bim's general store, discussing the sudden and unprecedented isolation of that metropolis of the jack-pines.

The exception was Tip Banning, retired lumber-cruiser, who was sitting in the kitchen of Tamarac's best boarding-house, looking longingly across the table into the gray eyes of Peachey the Unattainable. He had put in enough time at that pursuit, since he had quit the woods and published his intention of settling down, to have mastered all the mysteries of a modern cooking-school. But he hadn't mastered anything—at least not in that kitchen! His failure was chafing him.

"Look here, Peachey," he suddenly blurted out, "what's the matter with me, anyhow? *Why* won't you marry me? Ain't I your kind? What makes you keep stringin' me 'long like this? There ain't a thing on earth I wouldn't do for you, and you know it." Why, I'd—I'd get down on my hands and knees and let you use my shoulders for a scouring-board—I would—if you'd only. . . ."

Peachey made a quick dab at Tip's face with her scouring-cloth. "Yes, you would!" she retorted. "That's what you *tell* me." Then more seriously she added: "But, Tip Banning, I've got myself and the kid brother t' look out for, and it's goin' to take something besides conversation to put me out of the boarding-house business. I like you, all right. Do I let anybody else hold down a chair in my kitchen seven nights a week? But I've got to have some proof—something solid to go on—before—I—"

"Name it!" Tip shouted. "Name it!

Ain't I offered my back for a scouring-board? Any other feller ever go that far for you? And, Peachey, if I hadn't been tied to the water-wagon from birth with an unnatural hesitation in my drinkin' appetite, I'd sacrifice my thirst on the altar of affection—an' I guess that 'd make some hit with you! That's what comes of havin' virtue that's too almighty previous—you can't play it off against anything!"

Then Peachey trained her teasing eyes on this sacrificially disposed suitor and mildly inquired, "Smoke, don't you?"

"I got you, Peachey! I got you!" yelled Tip, joyously, and he leaped to his feet and started around the table in a way that made the girl lift a warning hand and cry: "Steady, Tip! Don't get reckless!"

At which the admonished timber-cruiser seated himself again, drew from his pocket a fat "combination" plug, and gravely deposited it in the center of the table, along with his pipe.

"You're right, Peachey," he observed, without raising his eyes from the rectangle of Sweet Heather, "it's a solemn thing when a man that has found solace in the filthy weed for twenty years shoves it across the table and says good-by. Bein' a woman, you can't possibly understand what you're demandin'. It ain't a thing for a woman to know except by intuition. But I know. I was out of it for three days when I was lost in the woods. My whole interest in feelin' my way out to a settlement centered in what I've just put on the table. Couldn't think of anything else. Starvation wasn't a tickle compared to it.

"Now I make this 'ere deposit with you on condition that so long as I don't use the weed I'm to be treated fair as your promised an' intended, with the rights and privileges thereunto pertainin'; but when I use tobacco again—(if



I do)—it's all off between us, and I make a clean default on my claim."

While he spoke he had not taken his eyes from the plug that his forefinger had been twirling on the table; now he glanced up with a smile of challenging audacity as he pushed the black object across the table and waited almost breathlessly to see if she accepted it—and the terms!

Her cheeks were a shade whiter than peachey as she reached for the plug, walked to the mantel-shelf, and dropped it and the pipe softly into the old clock that her father had brought from Connecticut. She tossed her head a bit as she observed:

"Somehow I don't feel the chains of any new responsibilities weighin' me down. Now go 'long down to the store and get that boy. He ought to be in bed instead of stickin' around with a bunch of old loafers."

"I realize that it's up to me," he remarked as he buttoned his mackinaw, "to show you from time to time that I'm in the strait-and-narrow, an' I'll be right there with the goods, Peachey, at close range."

"Oh, I've got smellers," retorted the girl; "you couldn't fool me across the table. Now hurry!"

As Tip moved toward the door he laughed back. "I ain't goin' to fool you. Not me! I'm goin' to invite the most searchin' investigation, with tests every time I catch you behind the pantry door."

He turned around and came back slowly. "I got a blame good notion to make the first test right now," he said, grimly.

But Peachey made a threatening stroke at him with her scouring-rag, and he retreated through the door. She could hear him whistling "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

Just before the happy cruiser reached the store, the most sensational happening in the history of Tamarac had descended upon it as quietly as the dove of peace. Old Spence Martin had been saying that the big snowfall had shut Tamarac off from the rest of the world as completely as if its inhabitants had been cast up on Robinson Crusoe's

island, and that it would be a fortnight—perhaps two of them—before any engine could possibly fight its way over the spur that ran up from Star City, seventy-five miles below. Then his hand had moved mechanically to his pocket, withdrawn itself empty, and he had remarked to Bim, "Gimme a slab o' Blackstrap."

Bim potted and fumbled about the ledge behind the counter while Tip Banning made his way into the circle about the stove and Uncle Ira Shattuck started in to tell of the big snow back in Maine when he was a boy. Bim was derisively known as Captain Spry, and even his most irritable and impatient customers never expected to be served with anything approaching promptness. However, the patience of Spencer Martin finally gave out and he exclaimed:

"Ain't you ever goin' t' bring that t'baccar? This here store reminds me of the succotash that mother used to make—s'many things misplaced in it—"

Something in the baffled vacancy of the storekeeper's face, spotlighted by the tallow candle that flared and flickered with each step, cut short the tart comments of the caustic Spence. Instantly his keen old eyes took note of the fact that Bim's lean left hand, held before the candle flame as a wind-shield, was empty, and that evidently he had failed to locate the stock of tobacco and was going to continue his search in the storeroom—which was known to the inhabitants of Tamarac as Bim's Museum. The suggestion of an awful possibility suddenly dawned upon Spence, and for once he held his tongue long enough to hear the stooped old storekeeper mutter:

"Queer I can't find that box of plug."

There was a suspicious and unfamiliar mildness in the tone of the transplanted Connecticut Yankee as he took the candle out of Bim's shaking hand and quietly suggested:

"Lemme help you look for it, Si. Let's go back to the storeroom."

Once the door was closed between them and the group about the stove, Spence snarled:

"If you don't dig up some t'baccar, Cap'n Spry, this here God-forsaken hole in the no'th snows is goin' to see the damndest time in all its history. An' it'll be the hottest place for Silas Bim



mentioned in the whole Bible. Why—you scatter-brained old fool!—it hain't occurred to you that Tamarac is cut off from the world for mebbe a month to come, and that if you don't dig up some t'baccers here we'll all be hangin' out our tongues fer a taste of the weed? Hain't thought o' that, have you?"

Placing the candle on the head of a cracker-barrel, he drew out a wallet, unwound its wrappings, and extracted two dollars, which he thrust into the storekeeper's shaking hand as he continued:

"Now they's just one thing fer you to remember: and that is that Spencer Martin has paid fer two dolla's wuth o' Blackstrap—an' paid fer it cash in advance. I guess I cut my teeth on a plug; leastways I can't scursely remember when I learned to chew. An' I ain't spent a wakin' hour since 'thout it. Lord! Just to think of bein' without makes me . . ."

But the prospective sufferings of Spence Martin in the tortures of a tobacco famine were left undescribed, for at that moment the storeroom door was flung open and the awakened tobacco-consumers of Tamarac were pushing through like a spring flood.

"You don't mean t' tell me," shouted Uncle Ira Shattuck, "that you've run out of tobacco, and not a pound of goods comin' in till spring, mebbys? Why, a storekeeper that 'd put a town in such a fix oughter be tarred an' feathered!"

"Ee t'ink 'e better find de tobac'," grimly suggested Big Nels, the cross-eyed Swede, who had been the terror of the vanished logging-camp.

"Easy, easy," said Tip, in his quietest tones. "Let's go back to the stove an' talk it over. We've got to see that everybody has a square deal. Come along, boys." And Tip led the way back to the council-fire.

Spence Martin, however, fell behind and lingered in the storeroom until the exit of the candle left the place in total darkness. Then he joined the group about the stove just as Tip seated himself on the edge of the counter and remarked:

"Looks like it was up to me to call this here meetin' t' order. All I want t' say is that we'd ought t' pervide for fair play all round. And the time to do

that's right at the start. I been without tobacco once, out in the woods, an' I got so much bad blood in forty-eight hours that I wanted to fight myself with a cant-hook. Now . . ."

"Oh, I see what you're up to," cut in Spencer Martin, leaning above the barrel of salt fish and shaking his finger under the nose of the retired timber-cruiser. "You just happen to be out of t'baccers yourself. Now ain't that so? Ain't it?"

"Y-e-s," confessed Tip, "but . . ."

"An' you're about to propose—in the interest o' fair play, o' course!—that we make a common pot an' divide up, even, all round. Ain't that so, too?"

"Y-e-s."

"Uh-ha! Just what I thought. D'ye think the men of Tamarac that's got a little plug stowed away in their pockets are goin' to let you work that game on 'em, young man? Not that anybody knows of! Not till the frost's out o' the ground in the spring. Now I happen to be out of t'baccers myself—but I ain't got the gall to propose anything like that t' m' neighbors. You heard me call fer t'baccers fore anybody suspected that this crazy old loon here had let the Porcupine Lake gang get away with the last pound in his stock. If any is found in this store, I've got the first call—"

"Oh, you shet up! Let's hear from Tip," interrupted the sawyer.

"Go ahead. You got the floor. Speak up, Tip," came from several members of the semicircle about the stove.

"Well," answered Tip, "just as Spence says, I ain't got enough tobacco to make a chew for an undersized grasshopper, an' I'm goin' to propose that every man here shell out what he's got an' dump it into a jack-pot, along with everything in the store that smells like smokin', chewin', or snuff. But just to show that I ain't lookin' for anything to pack my own pipe, I'll agree, before this here cloud o' witnesses, not to use the filthy weed till the next train pulls into Tamarac. An' I also propose that this whole business be put into the hands of a committee of three that 'll make a search o' the store an' put into the pot all the tobacco they can dig up—to be parceled out with the other, share an' share alike, all kinds, to all the men in Tamarac 'ceptin' myself."



"I'll agree to that," said Uncle Ira Shattuck, slowly drawing a mutilated plug from his pocket and handing it to the chairman, "provided that Silas Bim is shut out from the pool 'thout a smell for his part. A wool-gatherin' old wooden-head that would put an innocent and trustin' community into such a hole as this ain't goin' to be let off 'thout punishment if I can help it."

This motion carried by common consent, and Tip Banning suddenly found himself in command of Tamarac's Committee of Safety, with Big Nels and Uncle Ira as associates. The search was then officially begun. Its thoroughness was so appalling that the proprietor was moved to protest:

"You ain't goin' to paw over everything in this whole place, be you? I won't be able to find a thing . . ."

"You hain't now and never was!" snapped Uncle Ira. "You got goods here that you hain't seen since you opened up."

"I guess we'll have to charge you something for cleanin' house, Bim," Tip laughed. "Anyhow, your store's in the hands of the committee—an' we're goin' to make a clean job of it. We're goin' t' find every ounce o' the weed in this shop. Tamarac's goin' to need some of the filthy during the next fortnight, and need it mighty bad, too!"

Fifteen men watched the progress of that search, as it moved from shelf to shelf, with all the hungry intensity that ever shone in the faces of searchers for lost jewels, seekers after buried treasure, or desert strays looking for water. As Tip chanced to glance over his shoulder and caught the wolfishness with which every movement of the committee was being watched, he laughed.

"Say, you're a solemn-lookin' bunch."

"They ain't no tobacco goin' to go astray here an' get slid into a committee-man's pocket or be pushed away where it can be pulled out later," retorted Jared Bolles, the blacksmith.

"You just crowd up close," urged Tip, "so's you can be sure the committee ain't gettin' away with any. We invite inspection, as the auctioneer says. An' I'm goin' to lock the door so that everybody 'll be obliged to stick around and see this thing through. Besides, it 'll

give you married men an excuse that will square you at home."

About one o'clock the latch of the front door wiggled timidly. Tip turned the key and admitted willowy Mrs. Martin, whose thin old face, framed in coils of a white "fascinator," looked an age-yellowed medallion of woe.

"Oh, Spencer," she wailed, "what *has* happened? I never thought . . ."

Tip, placed a chair by the stove and explained to Mrs. Martin the distinguished predicament in which Tamarac found itself. Then an inspiration came to him. Why not keep the women, too? Perhaps Peachey would come with the others, if she thought enough of him. He was King for a Night, and if she came and was compelled to remain with the rest of the populace, she would have a chance to see with her own eyes how he could hold down a kingly job. So he added: "I guess you'll have to stay till the search is over, Mrs. Martin. It's the rule that nobody is to go out that door to-night till this thing is all cleaned up."

The faded eyes of Mrs. Martin suddenly brightened. There had not been such excitement in Tamarac since its foundation.

Half an hour later there was a sudden stamping outside, followed by a lusty rattle of the latch and a whack upon the door that made its panes jingle. Uncle Ira jumped nervously.

Again Tip did the honors. He was brushed aside by a masculine frame in skirts.

"Shattuck," shouted a voice that would have made militant suffrage in Merrie England instantly triumphant, "do you know what time it is? The idee of the first professin' Christian in Tamarac skylarkin' around at this hour! You come home with me. I got something to say to you. I'll . . ."

"Now, Betsey, be calm," meekly fended Uncle Ira.

"I'll Betsey you!" shouted his stalwart wife. "You shet y'r mouth an' march right along with me."

Tip strove with an incorrigible grin. "Just a minute," he broke in, as Mrs. Shattuck started after her husband and he looked about for a hole through which to escape. "We've kept your husband



here, and we're goin' to keep you. Take a seat and I'll tell you about it. Let me lock the door first."

But he did not turn the key, for his alert eye caught sight of two figures floundering through the snow toward the store. There was no mistake about it—Peachey had cared enough about him to come out, like a married woman looking after her man! That was going some for Peachey the Unattainable! What if she did appear to be piloting the blacksmith's wife through the drifts? Didn't he know that Mrs. Bolles had never thought of routing out anybody for company on such an errand? She had been on too many Saturday-night relief expeditions for that.

As they entered the circle Tip saw Peachey nudge her companion, who promptly remarked: "I made Peachey come along for company." Then Mrs. Bolles waited a moment and added, "Thank goodness, she's got no man to look after—the wise little piece!"

Before Tip could fully explain the extraordinary situation to the latest arrivals, the watchful eye of Big Nels had detected the sly hand of Spence Martin reaching back of his chair into a pail that was half-hidden by a cask of herring and a keg of nails.

As the triumphant Nels closed on the offending arm with a grip that brought out a groan, that part of the assemblage that had stood in his path claimed attention. The weeping wife of the victim of the assault was found seated in the box cuspidor—still sobbing—while the prostrate blacksmith was trying to untangle his own legs from those of the stove.

"Ee caught 'im," exclaimed the grinning Nels, holding out the hand of old Spence with a spray of fine-cut dripping from his guilty fingers and from his pocket.

A full-grown riot has swept many a lumber-camp on far less provocation than the sudden and forcible seating of a cherished wife in a sawdust cuspidor, the overturning of a husky blacksmith, and the capture, red-handed, of an offender against the peace and comfort of the community. Tip saw that the serenity of his kingship was at stake and he acted quickly.

The explosive blacksmith was settled

in his chair as suddenly as he had been ejected from it. The frantic and infuriated Martin, clawing like a cat hauled by the tail, was silenced by a shake that made his three teeth chatter, and Big Nels was pushed behind the counter with a force that no man had before dared to apply to his mighty person.

"Keep still an' sit tight, everybody," ordered the king-for-a-night as he lifted the pail of fine-cut that the sly Spence had discovered before the committee had reached the floor in its search. "We've got ladies present and there ain't goin' to be any mix-ups. Don't anybody try t' start anything, either! It won't go. You've picked me to boss this thing an' I'm goin' t' do it! There's goin' t' be fair play all 'round. Spence Martin has been caught tryin' t' sneak fine-cut, an' so he forfeits his share. He's gettin' off easy at that."

In the small hours of the morning the committee finished its search. The net results collected on the counter looked like a week's nicotine supply for a college athlete in training. It was apportioned by weight among the watchful men. Had the stuff in the scale-pan been cut diamonds Tip could not have done the weighing with more scrupulous exactness. When Ira Shattuck was handed his portion he looked at it sadly and remarked:

"Lord! Just think of it! Back in Connecticut I've put more'n that weight o' good tobacco under one settin' hen."

"Shet up," snarled Spence Martin. "I don't want t' hear any o' thet kind o' talk." Then he leaned closer and whispered, "I've got money that'll talk, Ira, an' I'll give you . . ."

"You hain't got money enough t' take an ounce o' that away from me—not an ounce," came the quick answer, "an' don't you waste time tryin' t' tempt me, neither. There hain't a speck o' difference betwixt one dollar an' twenty when it comes t' buyin' this."

Tip and Peachey were the last to leave the store. They paused a moment and looked out over the snow-locked scene. With a sweep of his hand Tip indicated the lights that gleamed from the windows of the village.

A week later the tobacco madness had Tamarac in its grip. All other topics



were forgotten. Whenever two men met the famine was the only thought in mind.

Mrs. Bolles sat by Peachey's stove, the morning of the seventh famine day, and issued the latest bulletin on its ravages:

"This town is tobacco crazy. There hain't a man in it that gives a minute's thought to anything else. Jared's share was gone the third day. He don't eat nor sleep—just prowls through the house an' barn hunting up cast-off clothes an' searchin' the pockets for crumbs o' the stuff. He's chewin' his pockets now. Ain't it disgustin'! I dun'no' but it makes bigger fools of 'em than liquor. Why, they's been so much talk about it that when Big Nels's wife found a scrap of it in his overalls pocket she tried it herself. Said she was just possessed to see what was so great about it as to set all the men crazy. I found out about it because she was so sick she had to take to bed and send for me to look after the baby."

Suddenly Tip entered. "This whole town is crazy," he announced. Tamarac's got more loony men in it for the total population this minute than any asylum in th' state. It would be safer for a man t' be caught red-handed in murder in this famine town than t' be found with a hunk o' tobacco in his hip pocket. If this thing don't let up or the relief train get through from Star City before long, there's goin' t' be the biggest bunch o' fool trouble break loose that Tamarac ever saw."

"Yes," assented Mrs. Bolles; "an' from what I hear talked, you're goin' t' be as near the center of it as a hub in a wheel. Spence Martin's been throwin' out remarks that you seem to be bearin' up under the strain mighty well. He's called attention to the fact that you seem t' be powerful cheerful for a man sufferin' the tortures of privation an' famine. An' he used all them big words an' some more in tellin' it, too. Says that a man who could be as cocky as you are an' crack jokes at your sufferin' neighbors after you've used tobacco from boyhood must have some secret source of consolation that's denied the rest. An' he hints that you ain't leanin' on th' consolations of religion, either. It sure is mighty queer how this craze works. Why, if I do say it to your face, there

wasn't a better liked or more trusted man in town than you, Tip, when this started. I've heard Jared say Tip Banning could have about anything in Tamarac, he was that pop'lar. Now, Tip, there ain't a man here that don't suspect you of holdin' out—an' they're after you—the whole pack of 'em."

"Shucks!" exclaimed Tip. "I hain't got an ounce o' tobacco an' I hain't used any since the hour when this thing broke loose in Bim's store. I'd swear that on a stack of Bibles if it would help any. But I know I'm bein' watched, all right. This morning the snow under every window of this house was trampled down as if a herd o' deer had found a fresh salt-lick there. But so long's I've got a clear conscience I guess I c'n handle the crazy bunch, all right."

Peachey's eyes sparkled with ill-concealed pride at this statement. She had to check herself sharply to keep from saying: "Tip's the only real man in this whole town. He quit before he ever knew there was a famine—quit of his own accord, and just because he wanted to prove he'd give up anything for me."

Tip would stand the test—she knew that! And when she saw the madness to which unsatisfied cravings for the weed drove every other man in Tamarac, and knew that the head on Tip's broad, square shoulders was steady—even with a solid block of temptation right within reach at the bottom of the old clock—she felt that there was more manhood inside of Tip Banning's mackinaw than in all the rest of the jack-pine country. If old Spence Martin and the other men that suspected Tip of "secret consolation" could only know the truth about the whole thing!

The serpent of suspicion entered Peachey's soul so insidiously that she would have denied its presence to her own thorough-going Scotch conscience. When the impulse came to her to take a look at the sacrificial plug in the bottom of the clock there was not a ghost of expectation that she would fail to find it there—at least no more than a very thin, shadowy ghost. She was momentarily ashamed of the impulse. Then she reasoned, "I know it's there—so why not look!"



Facing things was the foundation stone of Peachey's philosophy. All her life she had resolutely demanded "something solid to go on"—and stern necessity had done its share to develop this trait.

So when she faced the old clock and its new problem she brushed sentiment aside and thrust her hand inside for a reassuring touch of the plug that would give her substantial proof of Tip's loyalty. Then she would smile at all the suspicions that the half-crazed minds of Tamarac could invent.

As her fingers searched the bottom of the clock and touched only the key her face went whiter than the hour-dial before her. The plug was not there. Tip was not only as weak a slave to tobacco as the rest of the men, but he was a sneak in the bargain! He had stolen the very thing that he had given as a pledge and proof of his affection. He had violated the token of their betrothal.

Although Peachey seldom allowed herself the luxury of tears, she would undoubtedly have availed herself of a full order if Tip had not entered the kitchen at the instant she discovered his perfidy.

"You sneak!" she flared at him. "Don't you dare speak! And you keep out of this kitchen, too. If you knew how I hate you, you'd melt with shame!"

"Look here, Peachey—" he attempted to reason in the quiet and conciliatory tone that he had developed under his new official responsibilities.

"Get out!" she flamed—and the dipper that struck the door as it closed behind him was wrecked beyond the restorative powers of a tinsmith.

It took almost superhuman power for him to apply the brakes before his tongue broke loose in riot. But the miracle of restraint was achieved and he reasoned:

"I'll wait—till she cools off. They've all been at her and swept her off her feet. When she's had a chance t' work it out of her system a bit I'll get at her an' then she'll come back t' common sense an' cry on my shoulder—mebbey!"

But after a week of unflinching hostility had passed and Peachey still denied him so much as a momentary parley, his confidence in himself suffered a sad relapse.

That night when he had blessed the renounced weed and laughed joyously in the teeth of the famine seemed an age ago. His days were spent in check-mating the morbid, barbaric schemes and outbreaks of the unsoothed devotees of nicotine, and his nights passed in bitter speculations upon the strange and fickle tangent upon which the steadfast and sensible Peachey had departed from her natural orbit. The whole world seemed to him to have achieved a sudden madness that urged him to despise the human race. When Peachey's level little head bounded from its steady course, what was there left to count on as stable? If the North Star had suddenly leaped across the heavens and all the constellations joined in a general rough-house, it would hardly have surprised Tip that morning of the seventh day of his exile from the kitchen.

As usual, he went to Bim's store to keep his hand on the community pulse and reap the harvest of scheme, taunts, and threats that his neighbors had devised during the night. But this seventh morning he was so numbed and deadened by his sleepless broodings that he hardly heard the caustic greetings of old Spence and the hostile mutterings of the other members of his rebellious kingdom. Perhaps because the "Fiend" belonged to Peachey, Tip's vagrant attention fastened upon the boy standing at the counter. What was he buying? A whole box of licorice? A pound of stick-candy? And a box of thirty-thirty cartridges? Had the boy gone crazy? Why, he was blowing more money in on one purchase than he had ever been known to spend in the most reckless month of his life. Had the young rascal reached the point of stealing from Peachey?

Tip's lips opened to call a halt in the transaction and to start an investigation. Then he suddenly checked himself. He wouldn't cut into Peachey's affairs—not in public, anyhow. Besides, when the crafty little Fiend caught one's attention it was worth while to pause and reflect. There was always a reason why. And when the boy was spending money like a drunken sailor on shore leave, it was a certainty that Peachey had no knowledge of it.

Tip went out into the snowy open to



consider this problem that gave him a passing rest from the troubles that had pursued him. What did the Fiend want of thirty-thirty cartridges? Peachey, he knew, had an acute fear of a gun in the hands of the youngster. Thirty-thirty! Why, the only rifle now in Tamarac that took a thirty-thirty belonged to Spence Martin.

Abruptly Tip turned his steps in the direction of the boarding-house. As he was entering, Peachey came out the door and passed him without a word—but not without a thought. Tip had not seemed to notice her; his eyes held a far-away look and he was almost smiling. This certainly gave sufficient reason for thought!

Tip went straight up the stairs to the boy's room and, after a glance into the closet, lifted the mattress from the bed. There was Spence Martin's rifle. It was carefully replaced and Tip then descended to the forbidden kitchen. He quickly opened the door of the clock and felt for the plug. Again he smiled—but it would not have impressed the Fiend as an agreeable smile. Next Tip went to the barn, and placed the horsewhip inside the empty granary. As he went out he left the door open but slipped the padlock and key into his pocket.

Tip had taken heart again—but he did his best to conceal it. The men of Tamarac, however, were too busy to watch his moods. Ira Shattuck had suddenly thought of the possibility that some careless and profligate lumber-jack might have left a remnant of tobacco in the deserted bunk-house two miles away in the cut-over timber. And possibilities of that sort, no matter how remote, were not to be neglected. His effort to sneak away from town unnoticed was a foregone failure. He would have stood a better chance of passing unchallenged through an army's sentry line. His steps were promptly dogged by every male inhabitant of Tamarac save three: Spence Martin, Tip Banning, and the Fiend. Spence declared that his rheumatism was hurting him so that it would lay him out for good to fight his way through the drifts to the old camp, and the Fiend suddenly remembered—so he said—that Peachey had told him to kill two chickens. Tip appeared too preoc-

cupied to hear the crafty explanations that had been offered for his benefit.

"He's as worried," remarked Spence to the boy, "as an escaped jailbird. I'll bet he'll leave town when this thing's over. Why, he hain't got a friend in Tamarac."

"Hain't anybody," retorted the grinning Fiend, "but I c'n make out all right so long's I got all the money I want. Tip's all hunky; I seen him fight six men once." The boy slowly drew out a slender, squirmy strand of licorice from his pocket, and started to place it in his mouth when he paused to voice the after-thought, "An' I guess I won't get out of money yet awhile."

"I'd certainly enjoy chokin' you to death with a rope made of that stuff you're suckin'. It would be slow work, but . . ."

"I'm holdin' the rope," retorted the Fiend.

As the freckled, licorice-stained Fiend was struggling with a chicken that refused to lay its head on the doorsill of the barn in position to receive the ax, the boy suddenly felt a hand shutting off his wind. He was whisked inside the granary and backed to a corner before those fingers relaxed.

"You let out a single squeak," he heard Tip say, "an' I'll take that whip down there an' tan you like a balky mule. Now you go ahead an' tell me the Lord's truth about that tobacco in the clock, an' tell it quick!"

The Fiend complied with his request with a quickness and a fulness of detail that brought a smile to Tip's lips. When the confession was finished, Tip remarked: "I'm goin' to lock you in here for a little while. If you know what's healthy for you you'll keep so quiet that the rats 'll play tag over you."

As he expected, Tip found old Spence back at the store, waiting for the others to return. Tip turned on the astonished Spence and said:

"You're goin' t' get my fist in your face if you don't walk along in front of me to Peachey's barn. The boy's waitin' for you there—wants to have a little confab with you. Don't get it into your head that you can break away or raise the women-folks by yelling. You wouldn't be able to tell 'em



your name if you started anything. Now march!"

When Spence was safely locked in the granary, Tip entered the kitchen. Peachey was paring potatoes and started to remind the intruder that he was on forbidden ground.

"Come here," he commanded. "I've got a nice pair out in the barn waitin' to tell you something. They're in a hurry—an' so'm I. Come on!"

Peachey might have made the mistake of her life by another untimely explosion. But she happened to glance at Tip's eyes. Then she suddenly decided that she'd wait until she heard the story. There was something decidedly compelling in the manner in which the rejected timber-cruiser hustled her down the tunnel through the snow-drifts to the barn.

Tip unlocked the granary, motioned Peachey to enter, and then placed an inverted nail-keg for her to sit upon.

"Now you can cut loose," he said to Spence, "an' tell the whole story. An' just because it happens to involve Peachey's darling little brother you needn't mince matters. Here's where everybody gets what's comin' to 'em without any sugar in it. You're so polite and considerate to women-folks an' you love little Brucie so much, I thought I ought to caution you against sparin' th' feelin's of those present."

Spence wasted no time in hesitation. There was a cold ring in Tip's voice and a savage gleam in his eye that told the shrewd culprit that his only safety lay in full and prompt confession.

"I'd been down to the red willows along the creek to get bark for smoking—everybody's piecin' out their smokes that way now—and was comin' back when I saw this here angel child settin' on a log, his face whiter'n his soul 'll ever be. He was the sickest-lookin' thing that ever escaped death. Of course in these here famine days a man never takes his eyes off the snow for long at a time; he's keener on the hunt for tobacco signs than a man out after bear. So I just naturally took a look at the snow. Signs? I should say. He'd squirted tobacco juice in every direction. I wanted the tobacco—and by the looks of his face I had an idea that he wouldn't

need any more himself—not for a while! I told him if he didn't fork over his supply I'd take him by the collar and march him back to Peachey. He drew out a nice fat plug that made my mouth water, and was just goin' to hand it out when he give a sudden jump and got out of my reach.

"That boy 'll never be so sick that he won't be able to think of more devilment than all the rest of Tamarac. He grinned a white, sickly grin—the very sight of the plug made him sicker every minute—and ast me what I'd give for it. I was crazy t' set my teeth into that square o' Sweet Heather and he knew it. So I started to bid—at two bits. He laughed an' told me that I could have it for ten dolla's an' not a cent less. An' he stuck to it, too. He said that there wasn't a man in Tamarac that wouldn't pay ten on sight for it. I knew it. I never was no spendthrift—but I had to have that plug, quick. It made me faint t' see it danglin' there 'fore my eyes. So I counted out ten dollars—which was all I had with me exceptin' thety cents—and laid it down on the end of the log. But before I left it and stepped aside, I picked up a big limb that I could throw in case he tried any tricks. He gathered up the money, left th' tobacco, an' started off. But he hadn't gone a rod 'fore he thought of something.

"Well," he says, 'the men must be back from th' camp by this time, Uncle Spence. I'm goin' down t' tell 'em you've beat 'em out.'

"I begged him an' threatened him, but 'twan't no use. He knew he had me. He didn't need a lawyer t' tell him that if the men knew I had a plug o' Heather there'd be a riot an' mebbby a hangin'. I tell you they're a desprit set—an' there's no tellin' where they'd stop! I was thinkin' 'bout all that, an' I never wanted t' enjoy life more'n I did just then. So when th' boy ast if I still had that rifle, I weakened. I let him blackmail me out of that gun on the promise that he wouldn't say a word. He's held me up for my watch since—an' I guess he'd 'a' stripped me 'fore he got through if he hadn't been such a fool in blowin' his money . . . "

"That's enough," interrupted Tip. "Now, Bruce, you tell what happened





*Drawn by N. C. Wyeth*

*Engraved by F. A. Pettit*

"HE WAS THE SICKEST-LOOKIN' THING THAT EVER ESCAPED DEATH"







before all this," and Tip glanced at the horsewhip as he made the suggestion.

"That night," glumly related the Fiend, "I come back from the store before you started out an' peeked in at the window to see what you an' Peachey was doin'. Then I saw you push something across the table to her, and she started toward the shelf. But a cat yawled behind me just then and I jumped back from the window. After that there was so much excitement in town that I forgot all about it. But one day I happened to think about it again and got to wonderin' what you'd handed t' Peachey. Once I found a letter from that dude life-insurance agent in the clock an' she give me a nickel's worth o' candy t' keep still about it. So I thought the clock was a good place t' look.

"When I first found the plug, I was goin' to sell it t' Uncle Ira Shattuck on the sly . . ."

"Now what d'ye think o' that?" drawled Spence, smiling.

"But I got t' thinkin'," resumed the boy, "that if every man in town would sell his clothes for th' stuff, it must be too good to sell an' I'd start in myself. An' I did. Ol' Spence's told the rest."

As the boy unfolded his tale, a look of cunning satisfaction, of confident and daring craftiness, overspread the sharp old features of Spence. The boy saw it and understood. And Peachey read the message published by each countenance.

"Now," said Tip to the elder culprit, "you go 'n' get . . ."

"Yes," assented old Spence, "I guess I'll be goin'. Of course I'm too much of a gentleman to bring a lady into this muss. It wouldn't look well. It would take a lot of explainin' to make that pack o' hungry wolves get the right view of all the circumstances—which I don't pretend to understand myself. Some of 'em are mean enough to think that Peachey was helpin' you to work a mighty clever holdout, an' others . . ."

"Get out!" gruffly ordered Tip, after a glance at the anxious, beseeching face of the girl on the nail-keg.

And so Spence passed into the open, secure in the possession of his plug. At the door he flung back at Peachey:

"Of course I ain't takin' no responsi-

bility as to what that bright little brother o' yours 'll do about it. He's got his holt on both of you now an' he knows it. From th' best of my knowledge an' belief he'll hang on till he sucks th' last drop o' blood from you. Just give him half a chanct an' he'll make th' grandest blackmailer that ever saw hush-money."

A look of sharp pain showed itself in Peachey's eyes for an instant. Then the old brave look that resolutely faced the worst came back again. With a hint of a smile and a promise of tears she pointed to the horsewhip.

"You might as well begin being a father to him now, Tip," she said; "he's beyond me. He needs a man."

With one hand Tip lifted the whip and with the other he drew the girl to him and shamelessly kissed her before the disgusted Fiend.

Tip eyed the boy till they heard the house door close behind Peachey. Suddenly he flung the whip to the floor, put out his hand, and exclaimed: "Oh, hell! I can't whale you fer what I'd 'a' done myself at your age. But you got t' trot square with Peachey an' me after this. Goin' to?"

"Yep," came the quick answer, as the boy awkwardly gripped Tip's hand.

• When the famine was finally broken by a January thaw that smashed all records and brought in the train from Star City, Tip was at the station as eager-eyed as the hungriest tobacco starveling—and carmine-cheeked Peachey stood beside him. As the county clerk—who had come up to capitalize the famine by a free distribution of cigars and tobacco—appeared on the platform, Tip scattered aside a group of tobacco-grabbers and whispered something into the official ear.

"Sure, Tip," came the prompt answer loud enough for the crowd to hear; "I'll officiate as soon's the distribution's over. I always carry a blank license or two in my pocket for emergencies.

And as Peachey and Tip turned toward the boarding-house the soothed and almost sane crowd of neighbors sent up a jack-pine yell that brought a smile to Tip's lips.

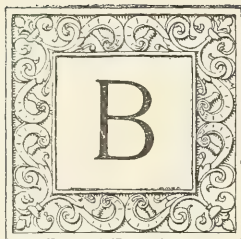
"They ain't so bad, after all," he conceded—"not when they're themselves."



# The Real Dry-Farmer

BY J. RUSSELL SMITH

Professor of Industry, University of Pennsylvania



BACK in the eighties my friend Simpson and two of his Iowa neighbors took a vacation, traveling in a wagon for some weeks in the Great Plains to the westward.

They went beyond the farms and villages, on across the open, unowned expanse. The Indian had gone and the white man had not come—except the surveyor. The plain was empty but beautiful, and the weather was inviting. If the sun shone warm, there was a breeze to comfort, and the clouds that brought the June showers were soon replaced by more gladdening sunshine. Day after day they drove and camped, and camped and drove, in this same endless sea of grass. Here and there deer and antelope browsed in the deep pasture that was so surprisingly set with flowers. The spell of the plains grew upon Simpson until it finally overpowered him. It was a little way beyond the ninety-ninth meridian (for the saving of feelings the latitude shall be nameless). They came upon a group of small lakes with water-fowl swimming on their clear blue surfaces, and fringes of willows on their margins. It seemed to Simpson that the grass was deeper and the flowers more beautiful here than at any other place he had seen, and he was a man who appreciated beauty. The almost universal desire to own land got the better of him. He took the camp ax, cut a willow stake, and drove it in the ground beside one of the lakes, exclaiming, "Well, boys, this is my quarter-section, and I'm going to build my soddy [sod house] right here by this beautiful little lake."

And this he did. His two friends also joined him in the venture and settled near by. The men had been following along a few miles to the north of a railroad survey, and the line was

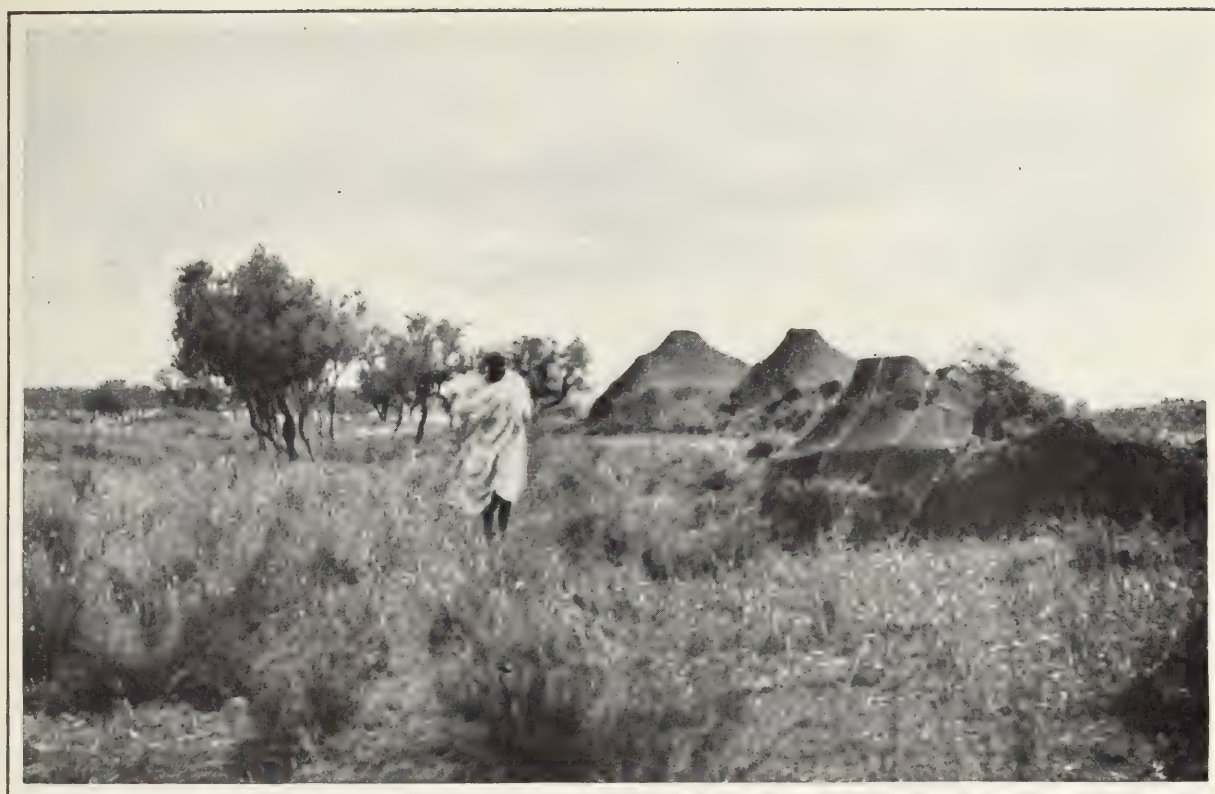
completed as far as the lakes by the time they had got their claims properly entered, their Iowa affairs settled up, and their pioneer outfits completed. When they moved settlement was in rapid progress, and quarter-sections (to be had for the taking) were going like the proverbial hot cakes. It was during this decade that states in this longitude increased two hundred, three hundred, and four hundred per cent. in population.

The founding of the home was simple. The new plow turned over a strip of prairie sod four inches thick, the spade cut it into chunks easy to handle, and these were piled one upon the other to make the walls and roof of the soddy, which is one of the warmest houses man ever put together. This one room was to shelter the three Simpsons until they got a good crop or two and could build an Iowa house. Little did they think that it was to be their last as well as their first house.

Early and late the Iowa horses and the new plow worked at turning the primeval sod. But the first harvest was a disappointment. The season was a bit dry, and the yield was far less than the fine soil seemed capable of producing. However, there was enough to pay expenses (the farmer rarely credits himself with wages), and the wheat area was doubled the next year. But the rain? Well, the doubled acreage gave a crop only half as large as the one of the preceding year. This was bad, but every locality has a dry year occasionally, so Simpson planned to be ready when the rains did come, and he planted four times as many acres of wheat the third year as he had the first year.

Late in the second autumn the lake by which the soddy had been placed went entirely dry, and during the ensuing winter the starving jack-rabbits from the dry plain came down to it by





BEDOUIIN AND HIS TENT NEAR SFAX

In the background are fruitful olive-trees that are supposed to have survived thirteen centuries of neglect since the Arabs with their flocks drove out the Roman farmers

the score and dug up the snow to get the last bits of aquatic vegetation that remained in the lake bed. Simpson had all the rabbit he wanted to eat, but somehow he did not feel comfortable seeing his lake put to such uses.

The third season was also dry, drier than the one before, and although the acreage had been doubled, the harvest was only half what it had been the second year. Simpson was through. The lake by which he had settled was gone, and the crops for which he had settled had never come. No one in the neighborhood could buy him out, for they were all in the same plight. But by a little quiet search he traded his reaper for a heifer, his plow for a hog, and so turned all his farming equipment into live stock and chartered a car for the East.

His neighbors discovered then what a fine thing he had done, and tried to do the same. They would gladly have run away from their farms, too, but there was no more property to be had by swapping, so they had to stay. If you wear old clothes sent by your folks

back East, eat boiled wheat (which is a balanced ration), live in a one-room soddy, and burn manure to keep from freezing, it doesn't take much to live. Indeed, you can live easier than you can run away, as Simpson did.

Simpson was greatly astonished at the freight rates. The railroad had brought his furniture out for almost nothing, but when he took it back—well, he found that the railroad was not encouraging emigration *to the East*. When he got back to his wife's people in Iowa, and settled up, he found that he had just enough property to pay his debts. His three years of work on the ninety-ninth meridian had netted him less than nothing—far less than nothing. All his capital was gone, and, worse than that, he returned a defeated man. He had been beaten, and he had obtained nothing from the experience. He was in a far worse condition for the battle of life than if he had met a hold-up man three years before and had been robbed at the point of a pistol of every cent he possessed. That would have saved him three years of time and



would have left him with his hope undiminished by the long-drawn anguish of a three years' defeat. I have known of cases where the woman of such a household as Simpson's has actually worn the floor out pacing back and forth in her little prison while the dry winds ate up the family hopes.

Simpson's story—which is literally true—is not an isolated tale. It is typical. Large areas of country between the ninety-eighth meridian and the Rocky Mountains have been settled twice (in periods of good rain) and abandoned twice (in periods of drought). I have seen one estimate to the effect that in one of these periods of drought a quarter of a million of people were driven out of western Kansas alone. That is why it has been said with truth that "from the ninety-eighth meridian west to the Rocky Mountains there is a stretch of country whose history is filled with more tragedy and whose future is pregnant with greater promise than perhaps any other equal expanse of territory within the confines of the Western Hemisphere."

"The Great American Desert" of the old geographies has really been playing hide-and-seek with the American people. Sometimes it hides, as it did in Simpson's case, beneath green grass and

bright flowers, and sometimes it hides behind the settlers' good crops. Then it comes back and blows a hot and withering breath that shrivels up the puny efforts of mere man as morning sun dries up the dew, leaving a little to escape here and there in sheltered nooks.

The Great Plains, and the Great Basin, and the Pacific slope, are like most other places in that the weather takes a long time to display all its varieties, and when this is once done it generally refuses to be systematic about doing it again. This can be conclusively seen by examining almost any weather record—such, for example, as the rainfall records here shown.

These Western regions of low rainfall are tempting because of their great fertility. Their very aridity gives them a fertility of which the humid East knows little. In the East, plant food, as it becomes available by the process of rock decay, is absorbed by the heavy rain, which soaks down through the soil, runs out in springs and streams, and carries the plant food away. In the semi-arid regions this leaching is almost entirely absent. Over areas greater than the entire crop area of the United States to-day the rain wets the earth for a few feet, and then the water



A TUNISIAN OLIVE-ORCHARD SIXTY YEARS OLD





ONE HUNDRED MILES OF OLIVE-TREES—A TWO-THOUSAND-ACRE PLANTATION IN TUNIS

comes back to the surface and evaporates, leaving behind in the earth the plant food which in the East is carried fruitlessly off to sea. These soils thus become veritable mines of fertility. Grant them moisture, and the great and boasted crops of the West are explained.

When the dry-farming boom came a man here and there said that a crop could be had with little rain, if you would use his method, and that last year's rain would do. They would save it by the aid of the subsoil packer, which kept water from going down, and by the dust mulch, which broke up the capillaries by which it reached the surface to be evaporated. It has since been learned that at least one of the American inventors of this wonderful system tried it out innocently enough in a place where there was a natural seepage of ground water beneath his farm. He was virtually on a natural irrigation system, and his reasoning was no more valid than that naïve theory about planting in the phases of the moon. Nevertheless, his findings gained currency. The magazines bristled with dry farming. The whole American press was full of it. The news of it went round the world. Dry-farming congresses were held and the most extravagant claims were made. Some of

these claims were made innocently, and some (alas!) were not.

As a matter of fact, no one really knew. The facts of annual rainfall were scarcely known, and its seasonal and monthly variations and the exact demands of crops were matters of surprising unconcern to the followers of the most scientific calling in the world—farming. It is now generally admitted that the period following 1900 was one of unusually heavy rainfall in the Western country. Into this setting came the dry-farming propaganda, pushed on by high prices of produce and by every kind of land speculator and machinery seller. Accompanying it was the widespread belief that settlement and plowing increased the rainfall. "Rain follows the plow," the farmers said. They believed it. They staked their fortunes and their futures on their faith.

Thus the third settlement of the twice-abandoned country was greater than the second. Undoubtedly there is merit in the methods known as dry farming. They are centuries old. No one knows when the Chinese began it, and the Arab of Tunis had it reduced to a system while the Indians were still undisturbedly chasing buffaloes over the American range. But the merits of dry farming for grain crops have been much over-



stated, and many a poor settler, like Simpson, has seized an untenable perch.

In 1910 one Western state reported, according to the United States Department of Agriculture year-book, an average of five bushels of wheat to the acre, and a part of the state is not in the arid belt. In many regions the failure was absolute—which suffices to explain the taking up of subscriptions in Iowa churches for the drought-stricken brethren farther on. There is merit in dry-farming methods, but in 1910 lots of spring wheat that should have been harvested in August and September lay idly in the dusty earth all summer, and sprouted in September after the first rains of the season. Realizing the great need of light, the government now has eleven experiment farms in the Great Plains area alone, so that the studious farmer need no longer be without collated experience. One of the things already shown is that crops—especially the crops now grown there—are exceedingly dependent upon rainfall, and that in some seasons no human device but irrigation will bring a crop, and irrigation at best can reach scarce more than a twentieth of the land.

As a result of much study of data by government experts we are getting some

definite knowledge and advice. The limits of dry farming are shown by the statement that in this country "it is usually considered to be confined to those regions in which the annual rainfall is less than twenty and more than ten inches. The method of alternate cropping and summer tillage is generally recognized as the most highly developed dry-farming method, because it gives better returns with a lower annual rainfall than other methods. There are considerable areas in central Utah that are cultivated in this way, the annual rainfall not exceeding thirteen inches. It must be remembered, however, that this is a region of winter rainfall, and the method of alternate cropping and summer tillage is particularly adapted to such regions." It should be noted that this successful dry-farming method required one year to prepare the ground and one year to grow the crop.

Another expert qualified by a huge fund of knowledge concerning the regions of which he writes makes these recommendations: "The size of the farm necessary to support a family in the eastern part of the Plains, where the rainfall averages nearly twenty inches, should be about one-half a square mile, or 320 acres. In the West, where the



A TUNISIAN CAMEL PASTURE, WITH THE ANIMALS BROWSING ON THORN-BUSHES



rainfall is less than sixteen inches (a few stations report as low as twelve), the family needs from two to four square miles, 1280-2560 acres." In all cases this authority recommends that 150-200 acres be plowed up and put to crop and the rest used as pasture. This is practically a cattle-ranch with a fodder patch. Dr. Warren's next advice shows even more clearly the limiting conditions of dry farming in that region. Every farmer should keep cows and sell cream or butter, and he should also keep a lot of hens. These are the invariable marks of the small farmer. The United States has not yet attained to the rank of an exporter of dairy products or eggs. They are the products of such countries as Holland and Denmark. But the dry-farming family on from 300 to 2,500 acres must get right down to the practices of the Dutchman with his patch. And even more, it is urged that "in seasons of good crops the farmer must stack feed to tide him through dry years." There should be many Josephs in that land.

One of the greatest and most triumphant agricultural booms in the world is to be found in Africa—the dry-land farming of central Tunis, where the rainfall is less than ten inches. This success is astonishing in the face of the uncertainty, dread, and failure that harass our own as yet unadjusted dry-land agriculture. As an evidence of local failure I would cite the observations of an agricultural scientist on a recent ninety-mile journey in the southern part of the Great Plains, where the rainfall averages twenty inches. In the ninety miles traversed there was but one surviving settler and not even a cattle-ranch. The dry farmers had pushed out the cattlemen, and the recent droughts had pushed out the dry farmers—all but one—in a strip as long as from New York to Philadelphia. Our uncertainties arise under a rainfall of ten to twenty inches. The African's complacency is assured by less than ten inches. Subscriptions have recently been taken up for people living in an average rainfall of sixteen to eighteen inches. Where Simpson failed the average is seventeen inches. Yet the complacent success of Tunis is in the vicinity

of Sfax, where in seven consecutive years the total rainfall amounted to forty-one inches—five and eight-tenths per year.

The Tunisian rain is a winter rain, which is the best kind for dry farming, but beyond that there are not many extenuating circumstances in the climate. It is so near the Sahara that it is a thorny camel-pasture, and the frequent siroccos of the summer season are fearful driers. There are no permanent streams. The Tunisian success depends upon the fact that the Arabs long ago worked out to a finish the dust-mulch practice (which we recently "discovered" with such a hurrah), and, further, they and their French copyists have applied it to a crop that suits the environment: olives—a *tree crop*.

The Sfax dry-farming boom is an olive boom.

I rode out of Sfax in three directions, —twelve miles, seventeen miles, and eighteen miles, respectively, and always in olive-orchards. They lined the road on both sides. Near the town they were from forty to eighty years old. Farther out the trees were younger, and the new plantations are still spreading. I rode one hundred miles to the south, and at the end of the journey the gray-green of the olive-trees was still to be seen. Although most of the intervening distance was bare of them, there were enough plantations *en route* to show that it was all olive ground. I passed groups of tenting Arabs on their camels, saw their camps set back a safe distance from the good French road, and their invaluable "ships of the desert" browsing on the scattering thorn-bushes. Here was the life that had for ages prevailed on the edge of the Old World deserts. The nomad in his tents of camel's hair pauses awhile where the browsing is good, then, packing his chattels, his children, and his wives on the camels, he follows his flock where fancy (and browsing) dictate. Passing these ancient scenes, it was almost uncanny to come suddenly upon a two-thousand-acre plantation of healthy young olive-trees stretching away across the well-tilled plain as far as the eye could see.

In one direction, I was told, the



plantings extend almost solidly for one hundred miles. The seven years with the combined rainfall of forty-one inches seem to have had no bad effect on the boom or on the trees. The plantings would be much more extensive than they are if it were not for the fact that the government fears that plantings will exceed labor supplies, and will not, at present, release any more of the camel-range for olive-planting. The government is actually going out and destroying young olive-plantations of the Arabs. This happens because the lands in question were set apart by treaty for the tribal use of the tenting Arab. His use consists in tenting where he pleases, pasturing where he

pleases, and planting a patch of barley where he pleases. If he can plant barley, he reasons that he can also plant olives, even if the trees will live a thousand years with care. But the government thinks differently, tears up his trees, and restores the land to the primeval uses prescribed by treaty. This desire of the tenting Arab to settle down where he can be secure (the French give security) is interesting, and the willingness of this hundred-generation nomad to plant trees and wait fifteen years for profits is surprising.

It is the universal practice in this region to water the young tree three times a summer for three summers, and to plant barley in the young orchard for

about six winters. Then comes clean culture—the dry-farming dust mulch. The tree begins to bear at six and seven years, but the income is not expected to meet expenses until the trees are fifteen or twenty years old. "The man who plants the olive does not get the profit," they say in Tunis; but it is astonishing how widely they plant them, nevertheless. Here, as elsewhere, the olive has a habit of bearing a big crop one year and a light crop the next, in which it greatly resembles the fallow-year-wheat-year combination of American dry-farming.

This land has almost no value as pasture, and when the government releases it it is virtually given away; but at twenty-five years of age the seven or ten olive-trees that are on an acre increase its value to \$100 or \$150. If well cared for, the average yield is from 800 to 1,100 pounds of olives, worth, at the present price, from fourteen to twenty dollars to the grower. The gathering of the crop requires from four to six days—Arab days' work—per acre. The oil yield is thirty or thirty-three per cent. of the weight of the olives.



AGRICULTURE IN NORTHERN ALGERIA

The five-foot wild olive-bush behind the blanket has an eight-foot exposure of a root nearly an inch thick





AN ARAB AND HIS DRY-FARMING APPARATUS

The plow cuts the roots of all plants just below the surface

Among intelligent Tunisians there is no discussion as to which is more certain, a tree crop or a grain crop. They *know* that they cannot depend on grain. It is authoritatively stated that in one locality even more arid than Sfax the barley gives in ten years two good crops, three mediocre crops, and five failures, while the olive gives in three years one good crop, one mediocre crop, and one failure—a sixty-per-cent. crop advantage in favor of the olive, with less work. This is on the very edge of the Sahara, where the natives have been growing olives for unknown centuries—probably for two thousand years, and it may be longer than that.

Why does the tree crop beat the grain crop in the great fight for scanty water? There are many reasons, and good ones. If, as Napoleon said, victory goes to the army with the heaviest artillery, the water will certainly go to the plant with the longest roots.

The sensation of a dry-farming congress at Colorado Springs was a wheat plant with a root system six feet long, carefully washed out of the earth in which it had grown. Mr. E. C. Chilcott, in charge of dry-land farming investigations for the United States Department of Agriculture, affirms, in a rather ven-

turesome way, that this is the average length of wheat roots. Dr. Warren shows that the soils of Nebraska are mostly clear of rocks as far down as the water-level, which is commonly from one to two hundred feet, occasionally more on the high plains. Here is a vast open soil mass with precious water at the bottom of it, and we are trifling around the top six feet with wheat roots. Monsieur Tra-but, Government Botanist of Algeria, in speaking of the deep-rooting habits of trees, has told me that in a newly dug well he had seen the roots of a carob-tree sixty feet below the surface. The carob fed John the Baptist, the Prodigal Son, and the Scriptural swine. Its nutritive value is undiminished. From that day to this the carob bean has been a regular crop in the drier Mediterranean lands, because it is an avid searcher after water, and one of the best crops for arid, unirrigable lands. In Portugal, Spain, North Africa, and many other Mediterranean lands it is still feeding the pig, the donkey, the horse, the man, and it is surprising to find how many Americans have eaten St. John's bread in our Eastern cities, where it is often to be had on fruit-stands.

It is the general opinion in Sfax that



the olive there is a shallow rooter. Studies of the olive-trees of the Colorado Desert, California, conclusively show that this is the case there. It would be a foolish tree that would send its roots into a bone-dry subsoil such as exists beneath many deserts. The desert tree, particularly the olive-tree, adjusts itself to this environment by developing surface roots that spread over a great area with a network of feeding rootlets ready to seize and hold the slightest shower that moistens the dust. Twenty-year-old olive-trees in the Colorado Desert showed root areas seven to nine times as great as the areas covered by the spread of the branches.

Along with this the olive, like other desert plants, has developed an almost marvelous power of water storage, so that last year's rain is really the important thing for this year's crop.

A plantation of crop-yielding trees is like a standing army. Call this army to duty, and it can come. Give the trees the duty call of a shower of rain to catch and use, and they are ready for it with outspreading and deep-reaching roots to suck it up and store it. The grains are like a volunteer force. Call the volunteers. They are brave enough, but they must spend some months in drilling before they are of any value,

and then the need may be over. Call the grain crops to duty and they spend some months making straw. Then if there is enough water left they will make grain. But the dry farmer often finds that there is no water left, and crop failure follows.

The grains, short-lived and fast-growing, must rear their structure and then make fruit, but the tree once reared is in a position to use its resources for crop production. This is a great advantage. The passing whims of the weather have far less influence on trees than on grain. The making of a corn crop resembles a toboggan slide. The plant gets itself ready, and then at a critical moment in July it shoots upward so fast that you can at times literally hear it grow. If there happens to be no good moisture supply on hand when this rush is due, there isn't any rush, and is there any harvest? It is the July rain that makes the corn crop, for the plant has a quick, short, crisis when it requires water. Other grains resemble it in their dependence upon the conditions of a short critical period, and a rainfall whose figures total up very respectably may make crop failures by six-week droughts. These short spasms of drought are far less destructive to the tree crop than to the grain.



A CAROB ORCHARD IN VALENCIA, SPAIN



crop. The tree breaks into flower with the bud formed last year, sends up from its roots the energy stored last year, and when a six weeks' drought comes it is searching for water far down in the subsoil twenty or thirty feet below the wheat roots, or it is drawing nutriment from the storehouse of its roots, which often have several times the volume of the top.

One great factor of especial interest to the believers in dry farming yet remains to be considered; that is the absolute perfection with which the tree crop fits into the theory and practice of dry farming. The heart of the system is the moisture-saving earth mulch, made by keeping the ground cultivated. This is impossible when wheat or other scattered grain covers the ground, but very easy with tree crops, because the cultivator can go right up to the tree trunks at any and all times. The Tunisian Arabs and their pupils, the Tunisian French, practise this to perfection, and it is doubtless one of the main reasons why the tree crop is more certain than the grain crop and has survived a seven-year period of six-inch rainfall with almost tropic heat.

When the earth mulch keeps the water in the ground, the tree crop can be adjusted to the amount that is there. Thus the Sfax Arabs long ago found that seven to ten olive-trees per acre could use all the water there was and make as many olives as fifty trees or one hundred trees.

Those are some of the reasons why the dry farmers of Sfax are contentedly extending their plantings in a region of such aridity that we would omit it from our calculations of usable land. In this country dry farming has failed with disheartening frequency on large areas with greater rainfall than that of Sfax, and yet vaster areas with similar rainfall still remain an unchallenged scanty pasturage as the wastes of Sfax were for a thousand years preceding the recent awakening.

The lesson for the American lands of scanty rainfall seems plain. Develop at once a set of crop-yielding trees, so that every dry farmer can increase his chances by trying at least two of them. I do not venture to say what these tree

crops should be. That is a question for the experiment stations to determine in the light of the ever-varying local conditions. I do, however, feel qualified to indicate a few probabilities.

On the western and southwestern edges of our arid belt we have rainfall distribution and temperature conditions resembling those of Sfax. The olive-tree thrives in considerable areas of the Southwest. Thrifty groves are to be found in western Texas, Arizona, and California as far up as San Francisco. It is quite possible that our plant-breeders can improve upon the variety of dry-land olive that the Arabs of Tunis inherited from the Romans, and which the Department of Agriculture has introduced into the United States. Mr. Frank Meyer, plant-explorer of the department, has recently sent cuttings of an olive-tree in Crimea that survived 2° F. when all its companions froze. This suggests the possibility of northward extension of the olive territory. The recent tripling of the price of olive-oil, and the rising price of meat and butter, indicate a field for the development of an olive-oil industry here. The labor of picking and handling the crop would certainly be reduced if we could get a hardy olive as large as one recently reported from South Africa, two or three times as large as those commonly grown. There is good reason to believe that agricultural scientists can develop satisfactory olives that will thrive on now virtually unused land, and that would enable us easily to duplicate the olive crop of the rest of the world—if we set out to do it.

Some astonishing evidence has recently come from our own arid Southwest. About twenty years ago there were some olive-plantations made on irrigated lands in districts that may properly be called desert. After the orchards were established, a failure of the irrigation supply led to abandonment. The cottonwood shade trees and the other fruit trees perished, but the olive has lived and thrived for a number of years on the natural rainfall of 8.11 inches per year at Phoenix and 6.88 inches at Casa Grande, Arizona.

These trees have lived in a veritable flood in comparison with a grove that



was abandoned at Palm Springs, California, in 1900. This place lies in the Colorado Desert to the east of the San Jacinto Mountains. The annual precipitation "is a scant  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches, with a total of only 0.70 inches for 1905, and a maximum of 9.36 inches for 1905." The 0.70-inch rainfall of 1903 fell in March. It was followed by twelve rainless months and preceded by ten months with a total of 1.40 in November and December, making twenty-three months, including two desert summers with a total rainfall of 2.10 inches. "Scant as this rainfall is, nearly all of it occurs in the six months from October to March, inclusive. During the six summer months, when a temperature of 100° F. is reached almost daily, there is scarcely a trace of rain. That any vegetation should be able to pass through this terrible ordeal of heat and drought seems beyond belief to one accustomed to the plant growths of regions having abundant rainfall; yet many species of shrubs and three species of trees are native in these hot sands."

The twenty acres of olives abandoned there have lived and grown somewhat in competition with desert shrubs on their own ground—sandy ground at that. For four consecutive years—from 1901 to 1904—the rainfall was 2.09 inches, 3.50 inches, 2.90 inches, 0.70 inches. Nor could the trees depend on subsoil waters, for the digging of an eighty-foot well found only dry cobblestone and gravel. While these trees had survived and bloomed, they had not fruited, but a very little irrigation produced a crop on others near by. The desert temperature of 120–122° F. seemed not to interfere at all. As all this was done by varieties of olives from regions of twenty-inch rainfall in Europe, there is hope of the results that may be obtained with care from the African varieties.

But the dry farmer, especially in the Great Plains region, should be essentially a live-stock farmer, and crops that fit into this scheme are particularly welcome. The mulberry is one of the most fruitful trees man has yet found, and the delight with which pigs and poultry devour the sugary and nutritious fruit would gladden the heart of

any agriculturist. In Carolina the farmers say that a mulberry-tree will feed a pig for two months and make him fat. Then there is the honey locust. That hardy and thoroughly acclimatized tree belongs botanically and economically with the mesquite, and both of them belong with the carob. The carob bean, as has been pointed out, is an important crop in the Mediterranean countries, and the American and British farmers pay several cents a pound for it in various patent stock-foods. The carob, mesquite, and honey locust are alike in being legumes, bearing crops of large beans in which nitrogenous seeds are packed in sugary pulp. The name "honey locust" did not come by chance. The analyses of these three beans are strikingly alike, and show surprising values in comparison with standard stock-foods. They compare as follows:

|                   | Protein | Nitrogen     | Crude | Fat |
|-------------------|---------|--------------|-------|-----|
|                   |         | free extract | fiber |     |
| Carob.....        | 6.6     | 59.5         | 8.7   | 0.5 |
| Mesquite .....    | 10.3    | 54.7         | 28.9  | 0.7 |
| Honey locust .... | 4.5     | 69.9         | 14.5  | 2.2 |
| Corn meal.....    | 9.2     | 68.7         | 1.9   | 3.8 |
| Wheat bran.....   | 15.4    | 53.9         | 9.0   | 4.0 |

These high analyses make it clear why the Algerian farmers have recently got more than a cent a pound for their carob beans, and why the mesquite meal of Hawaii brings twenty-five dollars per ton as food for dairy cows and cavalry horses.

The mesquite has been an important source of animal food for ages. As a Texas farmer puts it: "I have mesquite in my pastures, and value a crop of beans very highly. A good bean crop means fat stock." Every cattleman of the Southwest recognizes the value of mesquite; but none of them ever planted it, because it grows wild and none of them knows what an acre of it yields because he never took the pains to find out. He probably has no solid acre of the trees, anyway, and to determine just what an acre yields is a scientific task at best—an experiment-station task, in fact, particularly when the product is gathered and eaten by browsing animals. Years ago a New Mexico station botanist of vision pointed out the virtues of mesquite and the need of developing it, but the money for the work has not been forthcoming.



There is no more reason why the American farmers should raise wild scrub mesquite than that they should raise wild scrub apples, and it is probably a great mistake for many of them to be bothering with grain when they have at their disposal such a water-hunting, nitrogenous food-factory, already adjusted by nature for the work.

The mesquite is at home in half a million square miles in the Southwest, and the honey locust will grow on a few hundred thousand square miles to the north of the present mesquite limits, and a million square miles eastward to the Great Lakes and the Atlantic. Accurate information about the fruiting habits of the tree is scarce. No one seems to have considered it worthy of attention. I know that cattle eat the beans greedily, and that farmers in many Eastern localities aver that it bears regularly. I have been specifically and reliably informed that a door-yard tree in Maryland has borne six consecutive heavy crops estimated at twenty bushels each. I had eleven two-bushel sacks filled under a tree that I saw in Virginia in 1912. They weighed three hundred pounds, being very bulky. A farmer in Kansas tells me that he has secured four hundred pounds from one tree. If that is the best tree in Ameri-

ca, it is a marvelous chance. A wild tree—one of the best of timber trees—that will throw down three or four dollars' worth of cow feed is worthy of the most respectful consideration from agriculturists. Thus far it has been neglected, while attention has been bestowed upon its inferiors.

The Arab has worked out his system and won industrial contentment through his tree crop on the edge of the Desert with a rainfall of less than ten inches. May we not, by taking thought, win a similar agricultural stability in our vast areas of low rainfall where we still pray for rain and take up subscriptions for the industrially unadjusted?

I have mentioned three crop trees for the American dry-farm scientists. I mention them to prove a point, not to make a list. The botanic resources of this and other countries, as reported by plant-explorers and plant-breeders, indicate that there are many, possibly dozens, of trees that should at once become the subject of experiment. I submit that the development of tree crops is an urgent matter to which practically every agricultural experiment station in America should devote a part of its energies. This requires appropriations and the labors of patient men.

## The Film of Life

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

ONE April evening, when the stars  
Hung like pale moths within the sky,  
We loitered in an old café,  
And watched the moon come, you and I.

The people passed, as in a dream;  
The hansoms lurched against the light;  
Blue globes were twinkling up the street,  
Heralds of the great city night.

And as the film of Life rolled by,  
Beggar and prince before us there,  
We thought of all Life's ecstasy,  
And all its deep despair.

And in our heaven we forgot  
That we were of the picture too;  
Others, who watched our joy that night,  
Wondered, and never knew.



# Cheap

BY MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL



RANSOME said that you might pick up specimens of all the unprettiest afflictions of body and soul in Herares ten years ago. He also said that when he saw any particularly miserable bit of human wreckage, white or brown, adrift on the languid tides of life about the jetty, he always said without further inquiry, "It's Henkel's house you're looking for. Turn to the left, and keep on turning to the left. And if God knew what went on under these trees, He'd have mercy on you."

The house was the last house on the last road of the town. You don't find it now, for no one would live in it after Henkel; and in a season or two the forest had swamped it as the sea swamps a child's boat on the beach. It was a white house in a garden, and after rain the scent of vanilla and stephanotis rose round it like a fog. The fever rose round it like a fog, too, and that's why Henkel got it so cheap. No fever touched him. He lived there alone with a lot of servants—Indians. And they were all wrecks, Ransome said, broken down from accident or disease—wrecks that no one else would employ. He got them very cheap. When they died he got more.

Henkel was a large, soft, yellowish man. Ransome said, "I don't mind a man being large and yellowish, or even soft in reason; but when he shines, too, I draw the line." Henkel had thick hands with bent fingers, and large brown eyes. He was a Hollander, and in that place he stood apart. For he didn't drink, or gamble, or fight, or even buy rubber. He was just a large, peaceful person who bought things cheap.

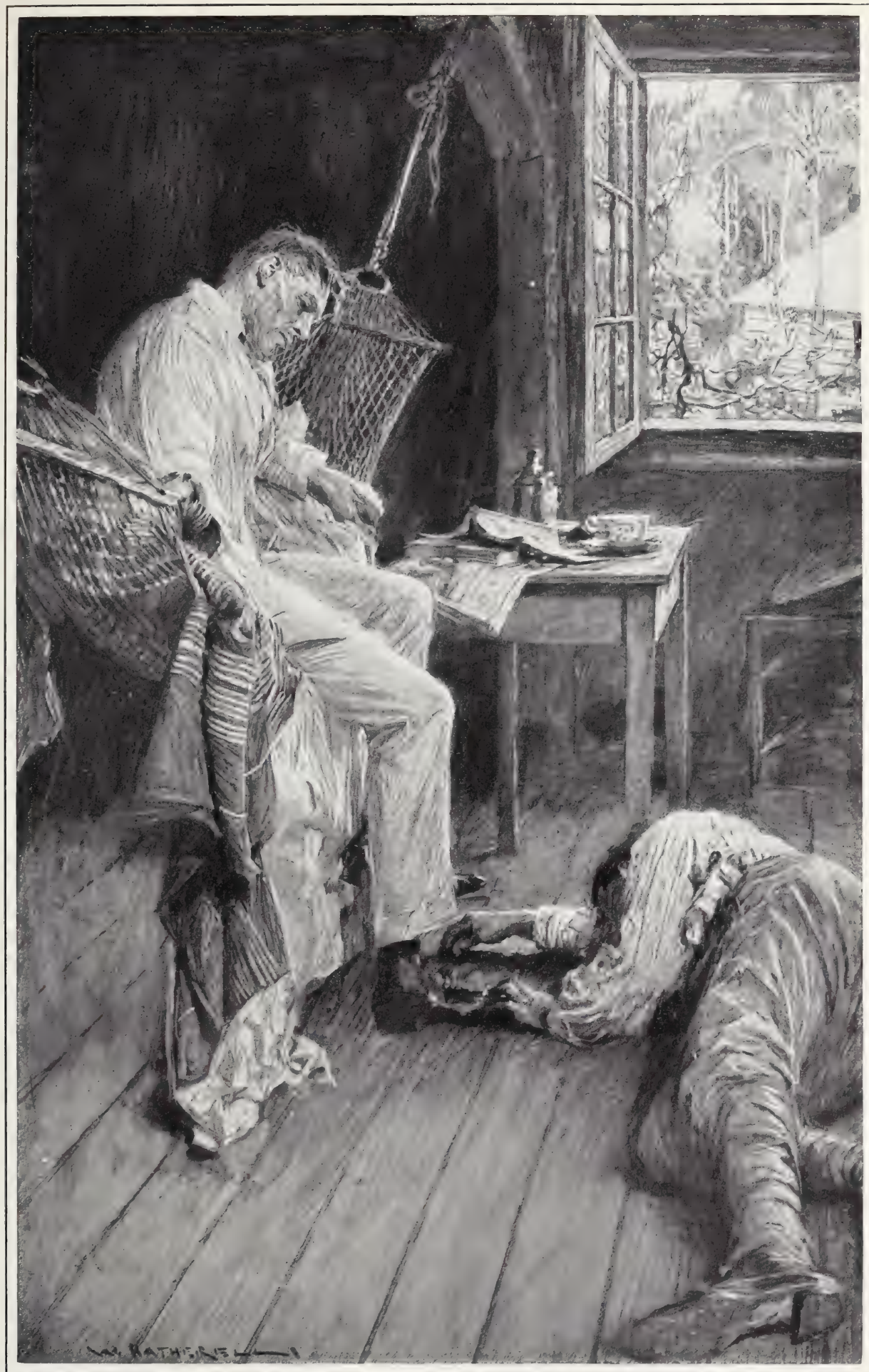
He was very clever. He always knew the precise moment, the outmost low-water mark, of a bargain. His house was full of things he'd bought cheap

from wrecked companies or dying men, from the mahogany logs in the patio to the coils of telegraph wire in the loft. His clothes never fitted him, for they belonged to men whom the fever had met on the way up the Mazzaron, and who had therefore no further use for clothes. The only things for which Henkel ever paid a fair price were butterflies.

"I went to his house once," said Ransome—"had to. A lame Indian in a suit of gaudy red-and-white stripes opened the door. I knew that striped canvas. It was the awnings of the old *Lily Grant*, and I saw along the seams the smoke-marks of the fire that had burnt her innards out. . . . Then the Indian opened the jalousies with a hand like a bundle of brown twigs, and the light shone through green leaves on the walls of the room. From ceiling to floor they flashed as if they were jeweled, only there are no jewels with just that soft bloom of color. They were the cases full of Henkel's butterflies.

"The Indian limped out and Henkel came in. He was limping, too. I looked at his feet and I saw that they were in a pair of some one else's tan shoes. That and a whiff from the servants' quarters made me feel a bit sick. I wanted to say what I had to say and get out as quick as I could. But Henkel would show me his butterflies. Most of us in that place were a little mad on some point. I was, myself. Henkel was mad on the subject of his butterflies. He told me the troubles he'd had getting them from Indians and negroes, and how his men cheated him. He took it very much to heart, and snuffled as he spoke. 'And there's one I haven't got,' he said, 'one I've heard of but can't find, and my lazy hounds of *hombres* can't find it either, it seems. It's one of the clear-wings—transparent. Here's a transparent silver one. But this new one is gold, transparent gold, and the spots are opaque gold.' His mouth fairly watered. 'I tell you, I will





*Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.*

I REALIZED THAT THIS WAS DEREK SCOTT COME BACK







spend anything, pay anything, to get that gold butterfly. And if the natives can't or won't find it for me, my friend, I'll send for some one who can and will.'

"I quite believed him, though I was no friend of his. I didn't know much about butterflies, but I guessed that in Paris or London his collection would be beyond price. But I wasn't prepared, two months later, for Scott and his friend.

"Derek Scott. Ever meet him? A very ordinary kind of young Northerner. He was remarkable only in having everything a little in excess of his type—a little squarer in jaw and shoulder, a little longer in nose and leg, a little keener of eye and slower of tongue. I'd never have looked at him twice, as he landed from the dirty steamer with a lot of tin boxes, if it hadn't been that he was hale and sound, with hope in his eyes. Health and hope, at Herares!

"Then little Daurillac ran up the gangway, laughing. I looked at him—every one did—and wondered. And then, to cap the wonder, the two came up to me with their friendly, confident young faces, and asked for Henkel's house.

"'Turn to the left,' I said. And then I added, 'You'll excuse me, but what does Henkel want of you?'

"Scott didn't answer at first, but looked me over with his considering eyes, and I remembered a collarless shirt and a four days' beard. But Daurillac said, 'He wants butterflies of us, Monsieur. I am an entomologist, and my friend he assists me.' He drew up very straight, but his eyes were laughing at himself. Then we exchanged names and shook hands, and I watched them going along the path to Henkel's.

"Next day Scott came down to the jetty. He sat on a stump and stared at everything. He was ready enough to talk, in his guarded way. Yes, he was new to the tropics; in some ways they were not what he had expected, but he was not disappointed. He was here for the novelty, the experience. But his friend, Louis Daurillac, had been in the Indies, and with some of Meyer's men in Burma after orchids. Louis's father was a great naturalist, and Louis was very clever. Yes, Henkel had got hold

of him through Meyer. He wanted some one to find this butterfly for him—this golden butterfly at the headwaters of the Mazzaron—some one whose name was yet in the making, some one he could get cheap. . . . So Louis had come. He was very keen on it. Henkel was to bear all costs, to supply food, ammunition, trade-goods, etc., and pay them according to the number of the new specimens that they found. 'So you see,' said Scott, with his clean smile, 'Louis and I can't lose by it.'

"We talked a bit more, and then young Scott said to me, suddenly: 'Henkel has everything ready, and we start in the morning. You seem to be the only white man about here. Come and see us off, will you?' I said yes; afterward it struck me as curious that he should not have counted Henkel as a white man. He laughed and apologized for the touch of sentiment. 'It's like plunging head first into a very deep sea,' he explained, 'and one likes to have some one on the shore. You'll be here when we come back?' And I said yes, I'd be either unloading on the jetty or in the new cemetery by the canal. But he didn't smile. His light Northern eyes were gravely considering this land where life was held on a short lease, and he looked at me as if he were sorry for me.

"I saw them off the next day. There were six or eight men of Henkel's, loaded with food and trade-goods, and I saw that two of them were sickening where they stood. I looked in Daurillac's brilliant young face, and I hadn't the courage to say anything but, 'Have you plenty of quinine?' He tapped a big tin case, and I nodded. 'And what are you taking for the Indios?' I asked.

"He fairly bubbled over with laughter. 'You would never guess, Monsieur, but we take clocks, little American clocks. The Indios of the Mazzaron desire nothing but little clocks; they like the tick.'

"Their men had turned down one of the jungle paths. They shook hands with me, and Scott met my eyes with his grave smile. 'Just drawing breath for the plunge,' he said, with a glance at the forest beyond the last white roof. Daurillac slipped his arm through Scott's, and drew him after their slow-going *hombres*.



At the bend of the path they turned and waved to me—Scott with a quick lift of the hand. But little Daurillac swept off his hat and stood half turned for a minute; the sun splashed on his dark head, on his Frenchified belt and puttees, on his white breeches, and on an outrageous pink shirt Henkel seemed to have supplied him with. He looked suddenly brilliant and unsubstantial, a light figure poised on the edge of the dark. . . . One gets curious notions in Herares. The next moment they were gone. The jungle had shut down on them, swallowed them up. They were instantly lost in it as a bubble is lost in the sea.

"Two days before I hadn't known of their existence. But I was there to see them off, and I was there when Scott came back.

"It was well on into the rainy season, and I was down with fever. I was in my house, in my hammock, and the wind was swinging it. It was probably the hammock that did all the swinging, but I thought it was the house, and I had one foot on the floor to try and steady it. But it was no use. The walls lifted and sank all in one rush, like the sides of a ship at sea. Outside I could see a pink roof, a white roof, a tin roof, and then the forest, with the opening of a path like the black mouth of a tunnel. I wanted to watch this tunnel, because I had an idea I'd seen something crawl along it a good while before. But I couldn't manage it; I had to shut my eyes. And then I felt the scratching on my boot.

"I caught hold of the sides of the hammock, but it was some time before I could manage to pull myself up. Then I looked down.

"A man was lying on the floor, face down, just as he had crawled into my hut and fallen. The yellowish fingers of one hand clawed on my boot, and that was the only sign that he was alive. He lay quite still, except for the slow working of his fingers; and I sat still, also, staring down at him with the infinite leisure that follows a temperature of one hundred and five. It was only by slow degrees that I realized that this was Derek Scott come back, and that he was probably dying.

"I got to my feet and bent over him,

but I wasn't strong enough to raise him, of course. I was afraid he'd die before any one came. So I took my revolver and aimed as well as I could at that tin roof beneath which my man Pedro was eating his dinner. The barrel went up and down with the walls of the hut, but I must have hit the roof, for the next thing there was a lot of smoke and noise, and Pedro's face, eyes and mouth open, rushing out of it. There seemed no interval before I found myself sitting in the hammock and saying over and over again, 'But where's the little chap? Where's the little French chap?'

"Scott was still on the floor, but his head was on my man's shoulder, and Pedro was gently feeding him with sips of brandy and condensed milk. He turned and looked at me, and his eyes were clear and considering as ever, though his answer didn't sound quite sane. He said, 'The clocks wouldn't tick.'

"He said it as if it explained everything. Then he unstrapped a tin case from his belt, laid his head on it, and was instantly asleep.

"I cried out, 'Is it the fever, Pedro?' But my man said, 'No, Señor, it is the hunger.' He rolled Scott up very cleverly in a blanket. 'This señor has had the fever, but it is not upon him now. Without doubt he is a little mad from being in the forest so long. But when he wakes he will be stronger.' So much I heard, and no more. Unconsciousness came down on me like a wave. But into the dark heart of that wave I carried the certainty that Pedro knew all about the matter and that he hated Henkel. How or why I was certain of this I don't know. But I was.

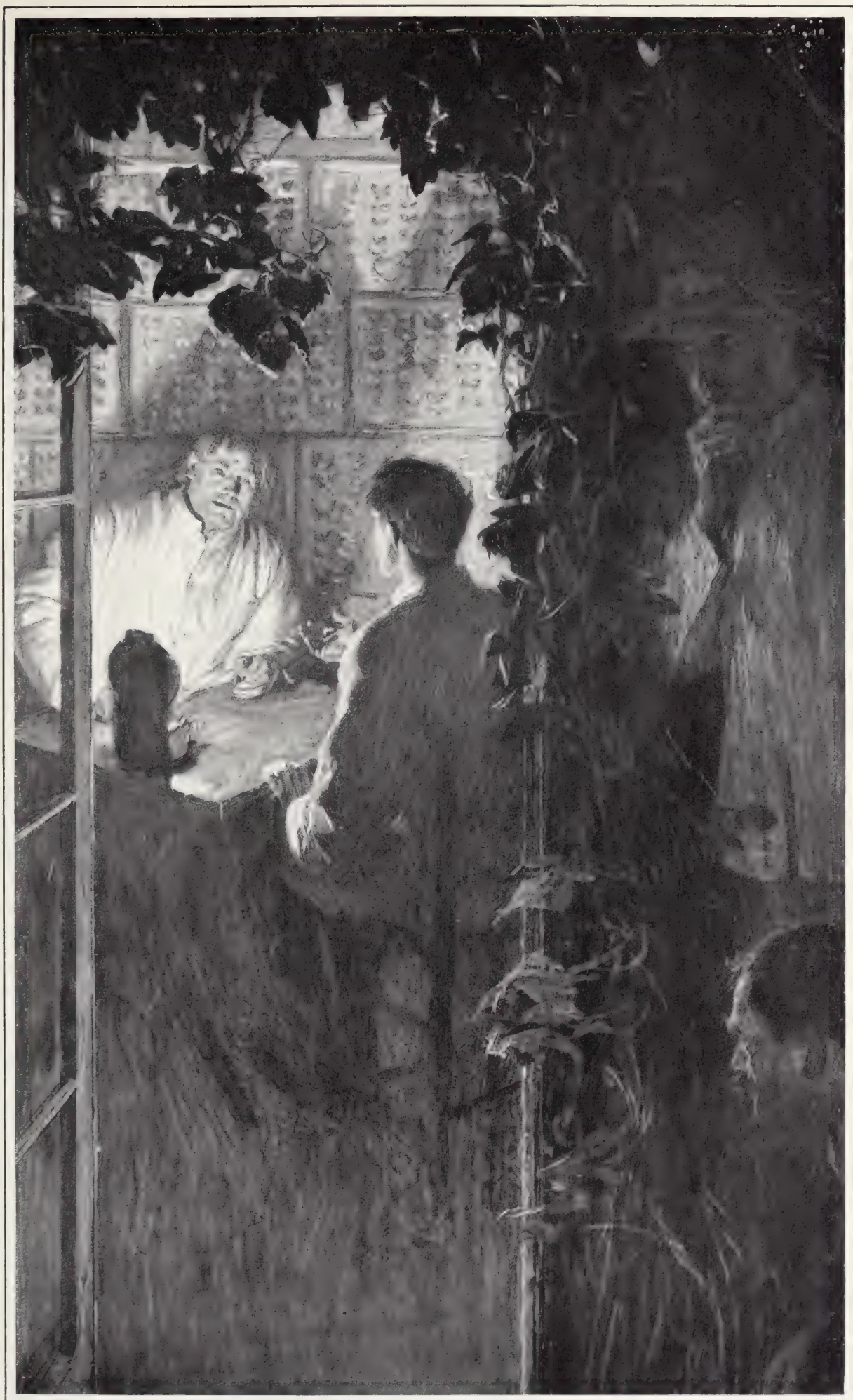
"I woke in the cool of the evening. The fresh wind off the river was like the breath of life, and Pedro's face, thrust close to mine, no longer grew large and small by fits. I noticed that it was quite gray, and that his lips twitched as he muttered, 'Señor, Señor—'

"I said, 'Where is the Señor Scott?'

"He woke a little while ago, and called for water to wash in, and a clean coat, and he used the hair-brush. Then he took the little tin box and went out—went out.'

"I got to my feet, threw an arm over





*Drawn by W. Hatherell, R. I.*

THEY SHOWED LIKE MOVING PICTURES IN A FRAME







Pedro's shoulder, and he ran with me out into the moonlit street. The track to the fountain lay like a ribbon of silver, and the houses were like silver blocks. And every house was shuttered and silent — breathless. Not a man lounged under the shade of the walls, not a girl went late to draw water, not a dog barked. The little place was deserted in the hold of the forest. It lay like a lonely, luminous raft in the midst of a black sea. Only ahead of me a man stumbled slowly in the center of the road, and his shadow staggered beside him. I have said there was no other living thing visible. Yet, as this man stumbled past the shuttered houses the very blades of grass, the very leaves on the wall, seemed to have conscious life and to be aware of him. When the wind moved the trees, every branch seemed to be straining to follow him as Pedro and I followed.

"We followed, but we could not gain on him. It was like the dreams of delirium. Pedro and I seemed to be struggling through the silence of Herares as if it were something heavy and resistant, and Scott reeled from side to side, but always kept the same distance ahead. We were still behind when we turned into Henkel's garden, and the scent of the flowers beat in our faces like heat. At the veranda steps we met the servant who had admitted Scott.

"The man was running away. He was a cripple, and he came down the steps doubled up, bundled past us, and was gone. Somewhere a door clashed open. There was no other sound. But in a moment the garden seemed full of stampeding servants, all maimed, or ill, or aged. They melted silently into the bushes as rats melt into brushwood, and they took no notice of us. I heard Pedro catch his breath quickly. But when a light flared up in one of the rooms it showed no more than Scott talking with Henkel.

"They showed like moving pictures in a frame, and the frame was of dark leaves about the window, which was open. I leaned against the side of it, and Pedro squatted at my feet, his head thrust forward as if he were at a cockfight. I did not know just why I was there. Henkel sat at a table, wagging

his head backward and forward; Scott was sitting opposite him. And he looked as Lazarus might have looked when first he heard the Voice and stirred.

"Henkel was saying; 'Dear me, dear me, but why should this have happened?' And Scott answered as he had answered me, in that strange, patient voice:

"The clocks wouldn't tick.'

"But they were good clocks,' cried Henkel.

"Scott shook his head. 'No, they were not good clocks,' he explained, gently; 'they were too cheap. They would not go at all in the jungle. An Indian of the Mazzaron does not care what time his clock tells, but he likes it to tick. These were no good. And the food was not good. The things in tins were bad when we opened them.'

"Mismanagement, mismanagement,' said Henkel, but Scott went on as if he had not heard:

"We followed the river for two days, and then turned east. In a week after that two of your men were dead. They died of fever. No, the quinine was no good; there was a lot of flour in it. Two days more, and another man died, but he would have died anyhow. It was very hard to see them die and be able to do nothing.

"The men who were left went so slowly that nearly all our food was gone when we reached the country of the Indios. We made our camp and I shot a pig. That gave us strength, but Louis was very bad then with the fever.

"The Indios came down, and we spoke with their head men. They thought we were mad, but the clocks pleased them; and they sat round our tents and shook them to make them tick louder until Louis cried out in his fever that all the world was a great clock that ticked. They gave us leave to hunt in their country for butterflies, and the head men told off six to help us. One was very clever. He used to wear his net on his head, with the stick hanging down behind, and he snared the butterflies with a loop of grass as if they were birds.

"Our tents were of cheap cotton stuff that would not keep the rain out, and the wet came in on Louis and made him worse. But he was young, and I saw to it that he had food, and your men



loved him. I do not think he would have died if the clocks had ticked properly.'

"'I do not understand,' said Henkel, blinking his heavy brown eyes.

"'No? They were so cheap that they broke at the first winding. The Indios brought them back and asked for better ones. I had no better ones.'

"'Still I do not understand,' said Henkel, smoothly, and blinked in the lamplight.

"Scott's tired voice went on. 'The Indios were very angry. They brought us no more butterflies, and no more food. And presently, as we went about the camp, or the paths of the forest, the little arrows began to fall in front of us and behind us, though we never saw those who shot at us.'

"'The little arrows?' asked Henkel, heavily. 'I do not understand. Go on.'

"'There is very little to tell. Only a nightmare of hunger, of wet, of fever, of silence, and the little poisoned arrows quivering everywhere. And one day a little dart flickered through a rent in the cotton tenting and struck Louis. He died in five minutes. Then I and the men who were left broke through and came down the Mazzaron. The Indios followed us, and I am the only one left. It is a pity the clocks wouldn't tick, Mister Henkel.'

"'Ya, ya,' said Henkel, leaning over

the table, 'but the butterfly? The golden butterfly? You have found it?'

"Scott opened the tin case slowly and clumsily, drew out the perfect insect, and laid it on the table. But it is wrong to speak of that wide-winged loveliness of glittering and transparent gold as an 'insect.' Henkel sat staring at it, one big yellowish hand curved on either side of it, too happy to speak. His lips moved, and I fancied he was saying to himself, 'Cheap, cheap.'

"'It is very good,' he said at last, cunningly, 'but I am sorry there is only one. I do not know that it is worth very much. But now I will pay you as I promised. There was no agreement that you should receive the other young man's share, and there is only one insect. But I will pay you.'

"Scott was fumbling in his belt. 'Yes,' he said, 'you will pay me,' and he leaned forward with something in his hand. We saw Henkel's face turn to yellow wax, and he tried to stand up, but he was too stout to lift himself quickly. He had no time to turn before Scott shot him through the heart.

"When I broke through the vines, Scott was moving the butterfly out of the way. He looked up at me with his old, considering look, his old clean smile. 'It was cheap at the price,' he said, touching one golden wing with his finger."

## Fog

BY LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

THE great ghosts of the town  
     Up and down,  
 Each a gray, filmy thing,  
     Go by;  
 Sudden a brief wet sky!—  
 A file of poplars vague with spring.

Drips the old garden there;  
     See, its torn edge about,  
 Sudden, scarlet, and remote  
     Tulips flare  
 The length of one thin note!—  
     And are put out.



# In Tartarin's Country

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE



TARASCON and Beaucaire, as they face each other, at the opposite ends of the long bridge that spans the swift, turbid current of the Rhone, have many other histories, in memory of which the castle of King René on the Tarascon side, and the castle of the Montmorencys on the side of Beaucaire, still frown at each other in stern martial beauty across the broad stream; but for most of us their stories that are nearest to us are those that in a sense are not real at all, but perhaps, for that very reason, the most alive, the dream-wrought stories of that unidentified "old captive" who sang "the fair white feet of Nicolette," and that modern master who, out of the traits of his fellow-countrymen, created, by no means to their liking, a figure so full of humorous satisfaction for the rest of the world, that redoubtable *farceur*, lion-slayer, and climber of Alps, Tartarin of Tarascon.

As in Arles, we had looked, no doubt unreasonably, for beautiful women everywhere, so in Tarascon we expected at any turning of its tortuous, time-worn streets to come face to face with that absurdly ferocious creature. But Tarascon is by no means as proud of its hero as Arles of its Venuses; and, remembering Daudet's half-serious statement that, after the creation of his most famous character, he had never had the courage to show himself in the town he had thus dedicated to laughter, we were cautious in mentioning so sore a subject. When I did venture to speak of the matter to a genial café-keeper, he broke forth in a tirade full of gesture, which recalled no little the lion-slayer himself, the gist of which was that in thus making a butt of the men of Tarascon, Daudet had done little but draw his own character: for what was he but a creature of bombast and *blague* himself! And several others, sipping their wine and their absinthe at near-by tables, flashed their black eyes in agreement,



THE BIRTHPLACE OF MISTRAL AT MAILLANE





THE CASTLE OF KING RENÉ AT TARASCON

shrugged contemptuous shoulders, and spat significantly on the floor. Yet a little book-shop here and there somewhat shamefacedly offered for sale copies of the nefarious libel, and were not above selling postal-cards of the house outside the walls, on the Avignon road, which Daudet had in mind in describing the characteristic domicile of his hero.

What would you? There is capital even in a mocking immortality, and French thrift even in Tarascon was not going to miss even such an opportunity of turning the honest sou. Game-bags, too, and sporting rifles in other stores told one that Daudet's valorous "cap-shooters" were probably far from extinct in the little laughed-at town. Yet it seemed wise to keep one's thoughts to oneself, and to turn the subject to the more cherished memory of "the good King René." And, of course, it was always safe to speak of Mistral. Ah! there was a man of whom his countrymen could indeed be proud.

In Tarascon, as I said, one can buy

copies of *Tartarin*, but we inquired in vain, in several little book-shops of Beaucaire, for a copy of *Aucassin et Nicolette*; and when at length we mounted through the prettily kept terraces of clipped box and flowering shrubs, wind-swept pines, and *fleurs-de-lis* yet sheathing their lilies, which make a pleasance for the townsfolk within the shell of the old castle, I sought in vain even for a daisy which might perhaps recall how much whiter than daisies were the feet of the captive maiden, as she fled that far-off night across the moonlit grass.

The castle walls rise high up above the town, which makes a cluster of the reddest, warmest-looking roofs we had seen in France, and it was very silent up in the broad, grassy courtyard, in the center of which stands an old well, still alive with water. We seemed to have the place to ourselves, till presently there tottered out from the carved doorway of an ancient chapel a pathetically old and gentle man. Was this, perchance, "the



captive grey," who, with immortal fragrance of delicate art, sang

'Tis how two young lovers met,  
Aucassin and Nicolette,  
Of the pains the lovers bore  
And the sorrows he outwore  
For the goodness and the grace  
Of his love, so fair of face.

Sweet the song, the story sweet,  
There is no man harkens it,  
No man living 'neath the sun,  
So outwearied, so foredone,  
Sick and woeful, worn and sad,  
But is healèd, but is glad,  
'Tis so sweet.

But alas! we were doomed once more to disappointment. This old guardian of the ruins was learned in the history of the Counts of Toulouse, the Montmorencys, and other strong fighters of old time, but at the mention of that "Count Bougars of Valence," whose son Aucassin, with the yellow hair and the gray, laughing eyes, had languished somewhere in durance deep down among these moldering walls, because of his un-knightly love for the little Saracen slave-girl Nicolette, the old man shook his head. We had no ears for his other histories, we wanted to be left with the music of that one memory, so we climbed up the winding stone stair of the old tower and watched the Rhone far beneath and listened to the soft spring wind that has always cared more to syllable the names of dead lovers than dead warriors.

As we came down again to the grassy courtyard, he came toward us, and, with the grace of his coun-

trymen, presented to a young maiden who was with us the first rosebud that had bloomed as yet that spring, he said, against the castle wall. His was evidently just the gentle soul to love the old story, and we made a promise to ourselves to send him the first copy of *Aucassin et Nicolette* we could procure. So possibly future pilgrims to Beaucaire will find him pointing out the very dungeon where Aucassin lay, and through the bars of which Nicolette sang to him, while the guards with drawn swords passed by seeking her through the midnight streets. Perhaps, too, he will be able to point to a plot of those very daisies which seemed black beside her moon-white feet.

As we crossed the long bridge again to Tarascon—a bridge that stands where



THE CASTLE WALLS RISE HIGH ABOVE THE TOWN





MISTRAL'S HOME AT MAILLANE, WHERE THE POET LIVED FOR OVER HALF A CENTURY

once was the ford so fateful to shades no less tremendous than those of Hannibal and Marius—the immense square tower of King René's castle, rising sheer from the riverside rock, gloomed before us. It is a stern, impregnable-looking fortress to regard even now, and though France has treated it with but little grace, long having put it to the base uses of a common prison, it is still well preserved and practically intact. On its town side it is surrounded by a broad moat, now dry and overgrown with nettles, and overhung with the clothes-lines of the Tarascon *blanchisseuses*. Its grim door is approached by a causeway, and the ringing of a surly bell and the grinding of great keys prelude the admittance of the visitor. But, after what we had heard of its difficulty of access, we counted ourselves fortunate to be admitted at all. Mr. Cook, in his *Old Provence*, has given an amusing account of the difficulties he encountered, though he was backed by a recommendation from the Paris Minister of Fine Arts; and our guide-book had warned us that nothing but a permit from the prefect of Mar-

seilles could get us in. However, a note from a genial doctor of Tarascon, whose acquaintance we had fortunately made, proved all that seems to be necessary nowadays; and the guard who first opened the stout, iron-bound door for us told us that a change in the *gardien-chef*, his superior, whose pleasure we awaited for some minutes, had thus smoothed the way of the visitor. But he added that only a portion of the castle was shown, the remainder being still used as a prison.

Presently another bell rang somewhere within, and we were ushered out of the little cell-like room where we had waited, to find the *gardien-chef* awaiting us, with a bunch of enormous keys, on the broad steps of a staircase leading up to another causeway crossing a central court. Grim towers and barred windows gloomed high above us, surrounding a circle of far-off sky, and making the impression of a huge stone pit. The *gardien-chef* proved anything but formidable—a thick-set, genial fellow, under whom it seemed to us it might be even something of a pleasure to serve a term in jail. He motioned us across the causeway, and we fol-



lowed him up winding stone staircases, watched him with awe unlock little doors in the wall with his great keys, and, as we walked through rooms with vaulted ceilings, huge chimneys, recessed window-seats, and so forth, he told us that this was King René's bedchamber, this his hall of state, this his queen Jeanne de Laval's boudoir; here were antechambers for the king's pages, and here was his private chapel: matter eloquent to see and to hear and vibrating with romantic suggestion, but not to be attempted in writing save more at large and with more leisurely pen than is here possible. Surely it was a strong and splendid castle, such a castle as we picture when we read the *Morte d'Arthur*, but somehow we could hardly see the gay troubadour king housed within such fortified gloom. King René's castle certainly has no suggestion of a "joyous gard." Yet the most interesting room in it was a place of ancient dole, a small chamber, in the floor of which yawned the square hole of an oubliette. It was the first authenticated oubliette we had seen, and, as we gazed fearfully down into its bottomless

darkness, we supped full of the rich horror of its suggestion. Here men had actually been thrown to moan their lives away, while "the good king," a few rooms off, was holding "courts of love" with *trouvères* and fair ladies. But our emasculated modern minds refused to vitalize the thought. Were "good kings" and gentle ladies really once so? Yet as we questioned, our guide pointed to inscriptions cut in the stone walls, some beautifully carved—the prayers and sighs of vanished prisoners—just as one reads of in Scott or Dumas. One, in Latin, cried out upon God: "I called unto God in my torment, and He heard me and said, 'I will save him.'" Another, again in Latin, recorded, "I die here for a woman." Still another, apparently happier in his love, cried upon the name of his lady, proclaiming himself still her *serviteur*. Among these poignant memoranda were other pictured carvings, crucifixes and anchors, bars of music, and many quite skilfully executed bas-reliefs of ancient ships with lateen sails, such as the eyes of the carvers had been wont to see passing on the Rhone



THE POET MISTRAL—"A TALL, DISTINGUISHED OLD MAN, REMARKABLY ERECT"





A QUAIN CORNER OF MAILLANE

flowing so free and strong there outside their prison.

As we left that veritably haunted room, we wondered whether those poor dead-and-gone fellows had found a jailer as kind-hearted as he who was now locking the door on their still articulate ghosts. That the *gardien-chef* had actually a kind heart we had evidence as, on our way out again across the central court, two young men who seemed to be taking their incarceration with no little lightness of spirit called out from a barred window above as we passed. He made them a laughing answer, saying that they would be having some soup before long. Before that, in another part of the castle, he had hushed his voice and checked our own laughing talk. "*Prisonniers!*" he had said; and we

gathered that he felt too much for the unfortunate fellows to aggravate their sense of confinement by our free visiting voices. Delicacy—surely unparalleled in a jailer—and probably not characteristic of the turnkeys of King René's time.

In Beaucaire and in Tarascon we had made up our minds so far as possible to dwell in memories of poetry and romance, concerning ourselves little with the iron writing of war or the heraldic emblazonings of kings and princes. Through the bewildering maze of general history we would follow only the golden thread of the poets; and that thread was now to guide us out along the road that leads directly from Tarascon to Maillane—to the poet in whose work as in a precious casket are treasured at once all the varied romance of

Provençal story and all the natural beauty of the land he has so passionately loved.

It was a fitting day to make our pilgrimage, for though the official spring was yet some distance away—spring being due in France at five-seventeen precisely on the morning of the twenty-first of March—it was one of those days late in February when Spring steals out a little while from her hiding-place, running gaily ahead of the calendar, to try if the world be yet warm and bright enough for her to stay in, and then runs back again into hiding, with a pretty shiver of chilled falling blossom. There was a sweet, dreamy singing in the air, and the fresh sound of running water through all the fertile plain; for the eight miles or so between Tarascon and Maillane are pros-



perous with farms, cozily sheltered by cypresses, and fields walled in with those fences of tall, plaited rushes, a sort of bamboo, which is one of the prettiest features of Provence. A natural stream ran singing on our left all the way along, floored with glittering watercresses, and from every direction ran gleaming irrigation channels, pollarded willows decoratively lining their banks. Plane-trees made a silver avenue nearly all the way, and immense poplars swayed and whispered in long, stately lines across the landscape. As we sat down to eat our wayfaring luncheon by an old bridge, our green table-cloth was embroidered with violets, and king-cups flashed their gold from the grassy sides of the little stream. Yes! surely it was a day of days on which to pilgrim toward the master into whose songs the honey of innumerable such days had passed.

As we walked along, we talked over once more the inspiring story of the *Félibres*—a story reminding one of the

*Pléiade*—of Ronsard and his friends, of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, and of the Young Ireland movement of our own day. As it has been the dream of Young Ireland to revivify the old Gaelic tongue, so was it the dream of Mistral and his friends, some sixty years ago, to restore Provençal from its fallen estate as a *patois* to its ancient rank as the proudest language of modern literature, the *langue d'oc* of the troubadours, the language that shaped the tongue of Dante and Petrarch. Mistral was already dreaming that dream while still a school-boy at the old monastery of Frigolet, near Avignon; and there, with the good fortune that often befriends such dreams, he was to find a young schoolmaster, a few years his senior, who was dreaming too that very dream, that Joseph Roumanille who from then on became his enthusiastic fellow-worker and life-long, much-loved friend.

Another enthusiast, Anselme Mathieu, was found in the same school at Frigo-



A STREET IN MAILLANE, SHOWING MISTRAL'S VILLA WITHIN ITS WALLED GARDEN





IN THE HOME OF TARTARIN—A STREET SCENE IN TARASCON

let, and soon others joined the little band: Théodore Aubanel, Alphonse Tavan, Paul Giéra, and Jean Brunet.

Now all these poets have statues, for their dream came true even beyond the wont of dreams; thanks mostly, all were glad to acknowledge, to the genius and single-mindedness of Frédéric Mistral. It was he who found the name of *Félibre* for the movement, and he has charmingly told of its discovery and adoption by his *confrères* in his autobiographic volume of *Mémoires et Récits*.

"It was written in heaven," he says, "that one flowering Sunday, the twenty-first of May, 1854, in the full spring-time of life and of the year, seven poets were gathered together in the old château of Font-Ségugne."

Their names were those I have already given, and they were discussing what name they should take as a symbol of their common poetic ideal. The words *troubadour* and *trouvère* were outworn. At last Mistral spoke. He had found, he said, among the peasants of Maillane an old folk story which contained, he believed, the predestined word. In this the Virgin is represented as telling over

to our Lord the seven sorrows she had suffered for him. "The fourth sorrow I suffered for you, O my beloved son," she says, "was when I lost you—when for three days and three nights I could find you nowhere, disputing with the scribes of the law—with the seven *félibres* of the law."

"The seven *félibres* of the law! Why, that is ourselves," cried out the young enthusiasts in unison.

And then Paul Giéra, having filled their seven glasses from a bottle of *château neuf* that had been seven years in the cellar, solemnly lifted his glass and cried: "To the health of the *Félibres*!"

And so the movement—now so real and vital an institution in Provence—had its baptism.

It was early in the afternoon—a Sunday afternoon—when we at length reached Maillane, and the little village, sad with that look of age which the worn stone houses of most Provençal villages give to them, was full of young men and women in their Sunday clothes. The girls, if not individually pretty, gave a composite impression of good looks,



with their quaint costumes—the Arlesian head-dress not being confined to Arles—black, modeled hair, great black eyes, and supple, sturdy figures; but the young men, having no such advantage of costume, being dressed in the usual uncomely garments of “civilization,” looked like Sunday young men of their class anywhere: awkward, and, if the word be allowed, and is not too sacrilegious to use in the connection, unmistakably “tough.” No doubt to the eyes of Mistral they were all beautiful and handsome, and their ungainly jocosity innocent peasant mirth.

Our little knapsacked party made the usual sensation. Walking in France is not usual, save among tramps—“*les nomades*”—against which most villages carry minatory signs; and the sight of two women walking was particularly novel. At once they guessed us to be American or English, and called after us, good-naturedly enough, in mock-English, such as “O vairy well!” or “Thank you vairy much!” When it became known, however, that we were seeking the house of the “master,” we won immediate respect, and we were surrounded with volunteers eager to point out the way. A little knot of these followed us to the modest villa, neither old nor modern, set back a little from the road, in a walled garden, and half hidden with trees, where M. Mistral lived for more than half a century. As we pushed open the iron-work gate and entered the garden, we left them loitering in the road, curiously talking us over.

But the front of the house gave us no response, so we walked around to the back, where spread a flower-garden, fresh with violets and hyacinths and other spring flowers, and here four dogs of various breeds—one shaggy, short-legged, dark-haired fellow of water-spaniel type being the evident leader—gave us a vociferous but quite friendly reception. And then a door opened, and an intelligent, dark-eyed little peasant woman, who seemed to suggest an old servant’s guardianship of her master, heard our pilgrim’s business, and went within, taking with her our credentials—M. Bouquet’s letter and a copy of *Mirèio*, in which Charlon Riéu, the *chansonnier* of Les Baux, had written

some lines in Provençal commending us to his master. In a moment or two she returned and smilingly ushered us into a little hall. Then a door to the right was thrown open, and, in a pleasant room lined from floor to ceiling with books and prints and busts—the typical room of a scholar—we found ourselves beautifully greeted by a very tall, distinguished old man, remarkably erect, with an unusually handsome head, rather sparse white locks but vigorous white goatee and mustache, and keen gray-blue eyes, and those high-bred manners which one associates with the noblemen of old France. By his side, joining in his greeting, stood a tall, very dignified, yet very humanly gracious lady, with strikingly black, brilliant Southern eyes. She was considerably younger than M. Mistral, and we knew that her beauty is celebrated among the *Félibres*. M. Mistral stretched out both his hands to us, and, introducing Madame Mistral, disposed us in comfortable chairs, and began at once to express his interest in our trip in perfect French—which was a comforting surprise to us, for we had feared that, as he makes it a point of honor to write in nothing but Provençal, he might carry this loyalty even into his conversation. At once, too, we were struck by the youthfulness of his deep, rich voice.

But he had hardly begun to speak before we were checked by an interruption which needs a word of explanation, and proved fortunate, as it served to evoke one of M. Mistral’s most characteristic traits. In Marseilles we had been cajoled by a sailor on the quays of the old port to buy from him a particularly engaging fox-terrier pup. This pup had been a spirited companion of our way-faring, and had proved of no little service to us in winning geniality from all and sundry as we walked along, for France is, *par excellence*, the paradise of dogs. His absurd fieriness had won all hearts. “*O le petit chien!*” was his greeting wherever we had gone, and on the only occasion when it seemed as though we were in for some trouble through our lack of passports, the officer of a village *octroi*, asking for our papers, had been at once disarmed—by our producing our puppy. “Here is our passport!” we had said;



and he had laughingly let us go on our way.

Well, as we passed into the study of the master, we had left our little companion out in the hall. But, this desertion not proving to his taste, he began to express himself after his kind. At his first outraged yelping M. Mistral stopped talking and looked inquiringly at us.

"Why, of course, he must come in," he said, when we had explained, rising and going to the door. "After poetry," he added, "I love nothing so much as dogs."

So in came the eager, prancing little creature, to be met with a reception from both M. Mistral and his wife that at once told him that he was among friends.

"What is his name?" both asked, and when we said that his name was "Tarasque," we realized that again he had proved the best of passports; for, as I must explain, "Tarasque" is the name of a mythical monster fabled long ago to have devastated the country around Tarascon. In memory of that Tarasque a fête is held every year in Tarascon, and an enormous pasteboard monster, with fearsome head, and back all covered with spines, is paraded in the streets to the accompaniment of music and dancing. At a loss for a name for our fiery animal, we had paradoxically called him "Tarasque," and our modest joke was one which Mistral, as a Provençal, found much to his mind. He laughed gaily at the fancy, and Madame Mistral found our fiery monster some biscuits on the spot.

Then we turned again to other matters. Mistral seemed particularly interested in America, expressed his pleasure in the appreciation his work had long received over there, and spoke with particular affection of Mr. Thomas A. Janvier, recalling, too, that Mrs. Janvier had translated "The Reds of the Midi," by his old friend Félix Gras.

Among his memories of Englishmen, he recalled with evident vividness a visit paid him some years ago by William Sharp. "He had a magnificent air!" he said.

Of English literature, he confessed, he had read but little, outside of Milton and Shakespeare. Of American he knew

still less, but Fenimore Cooper had been one of the heroes of his boyhood.

Referring to his inability to speak English, he laughingly told how, as a boy, an old French soldier had tried teaching him English with the aid of a stick.

"One—two—three—four," the lesson would go, each word being accentuated with a stroke of the stick. M. Mistral acted the anecdote with much spirit, pronouncing the words with great clearness. To this day, he said, they were the only English words he knew; and he added, with boyish satisfaction, that, in a curious way, the English themselves had revenged him on his strenuous tutor; for the old soldier, subsequently going to the wars, had been captured by the English, and came to spend seven years in an English prison!

Presently he wrote a few words for me in my copy of *Mirèio*, and we noted that he used no eye-glasses, though he was in his eighty-third year.

When at length it was time for us to go, our gracious host and hostess would not suffer us to leave without first drinking a glass of a warm and fragrant but very innocent liqueur, which was made in M. Mistral's own household, and of which he was very proud.

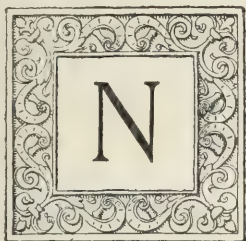
"To America!" he said, as he raised his glass, and I thought of the lines in "Magali," where the saucy girl says to her lover: "If thou changest into a limpid wave, I will turn into a cloud, and sail away to America, far, far away."

As we stood in the hall making our adieux, M. Mistral took a slouched hat from the rack—such as he wears in his statue on the Place de Forum in Arles—saying that he would put us on our way to Avignon, and then, with stately kindness, accompanied us some yards up the road, pointing out to us the direction we were to take. Little knots of villagers saluted him respectfully as we passed along, a respect in which we wayfarers, thus honored by the master, had now our reflected share. When at last we had shaken hands and said good-by, we turned once again to look back. That noble, gracious figure still stood in the road watching us, and he waved his hand to us in final friendly farewell.



# An April Night's Mischief

BY GERTRUDE M. WINTER



IGHT'S darkness was touching moorland, copse, and pasture, equalizing all; Winter, as April hustled him off the land, raised a last chill, windy complaint.

A tired man, leading a lame horse, tramped northward along the road to Havre, watching eagerly for the lights of Aume village. He was learning every moment more thoroughly the heaviness of the road, yet he had breath enough to chant gay little songs, and heart enough to tell his poor beast cheerily that all was well, or at least not so bad as it looked.

He plodded on to the tune of a string of ballads, sweet and lusty, English, every note of them. He came from the South, where there had been heavy fighting in which his own Hal of England had much interest, and he had helped joyfully to put down a bunch of princelings whose ideas about the "mine and thine" between themselves and their liege lords were rather feverish.

He had looked dull enough when surrender came, for he was a soldier, body and soul, as good as any and better than no few. Ten years he had served his king and loved his life, with only a little wearying now and then in the slack times, when she whom he called "Madam, my mother," rose in his mind a clear and coaxing picture. Then he would ask for holiday, and would hasten home to the beautiful old lady; he would walk Devon lanes with Geoffrey, his brother, and tell adventurous tales to his sister Joan; then back he would go to the feet of his mistress Bellona, and Devon would fade away to the sweetness of a dream.

Nigh on a year he had been in France when news came which asked for a hasty journey home. First he learned sadly how his brother Geoffrey had whispered, "Lord, I come," to One who

calls, expecting no other answer. Then he learned how pretty sister Joan was looked on rather hungrily by a certain Sir William Strang, at whose name sorrow gave place to anger.

"Aye," cried he. "Looks on her as a pretty enough flower on broad farm-lands should t'other brother get a sword-thrust. I must home and speak to this Sir William!"

Now was he glad of the peace he had grumbled at. Speedily he gained permission of his prince, and that very night rode away, not troubling to stay and scheme for costly trinkets, French lands, or damsels with heavy dowries. He had his own views of wealth and love: of the one he desired as much plenty as brought no trouble with it, and of the other none at all. Both these portions being as he wished, he gave thanks and forgot them, keeping his mind on his sword and Sir William.

Then, not half a day's journey from Havre, his horse suddenly went so lame that there was naught to do but struggle on foot to Aume, letting all thoughts of leaving France sleep till next morning. So we find him.

As the road dipped and curved, extricating itself from a tangle of gorse and bracken to enter graciously into pretty woodland, he saw lights and gave vent to a cry of thanks for hopes realized; but quickly he followed on with an oath and a fierce frown, for the lights turned out to belong, not to out-lying hamlets, but to a great bare block of architecture, gaunt, gloomy, and alone.

He stopped and gazed at the grim, high-walled edifice, and back came his smile and out rang his song again—this time a Venus song, with the devil's own style in it. His voice rose to a roar, like indeed to make tingle every ear in the convent—for convent it was, and now the wayfarer knew he was close to Aume, and the merry mischief rose in him and



bade him shout to the pretty ones imprisoned within that a jolly world still wagged without.

How hazy were his visions of these maidens, how little he expected any reply to his cheerful messages, was proved by the startled oath that rattled from him when out of the dark of the convent wall echoed a sighing of the lilt of his tune. His eyes rounded, his mouth gaped, and he searched, with something like fear, for the flutter of somber garments, when from the blackness a laugh came which was nothing if not a man's laugh, and straightway his hand was on his sword-hilt.

But following the laugh there ran out of the dark a person with outstretched arms, and a voice he knew cried: "Richard Fayne! Is't not Dick himself?—no other voice than Dick's, I'll wager. 'Tis Frank Cartarette who knows thee."

"Cartarette!" cried the astonished soldier, gladly. "Of all souls, Frank—and I took thee for a nun!"

Cartarette laughed. "What imp brought thee here, Dick—and thus?"

"A knave imp who lamed my horse, or I should be nearer England now. And thou, Frank? Some pretty, pious saint?"

"'Tis so," answered Cartarette. "An imp hath sent Richard, but a saint hath drawn Frank. But curse not thine imp, Dick; 'tis a dear imp, though rough, for of all in France thou'rt the man for me to-night, I swear."

"And my sword?"

"May be, but not surely."

"Hm . . ." grumbled Dick. "I have little but my sword, and to-morrow—"

"To-morrow matters not. If 'tis to England thou wouldst, I have a ship at Havre ready for the morning's tide."

"What then's the work on this April night?"

"Nothing till midnight, so come now on to Aume. I'll tell thee as we go. I have other horses for thy work, and thine own shall be safe with a trusty man."

He passed his arm through Dick's, and thus they set off. They were tall and finely built, these two, and neither was a man one would look at without respect, and perhaps, if one loved company, a wish to strike acquaintance.

"My Richard," began Cartarette at once, "I am confronted, not a yard from everlasting bliss, with a trouble that, but for thee, might have been exceedingly damnable."

"Poor fool!" scoffed Dick. "I said a maid."

"The same as of old, thou art," laughed Frank. "Never hit yet?"

"Not I," boasted Dick. "Nor will be, even by thy pretty nun."

"No nun."

"A school-maid?"

"If thou wilt by that name. But she is a woman, and can love; and—God be praised!—'tis me she loves, and trusts, too—Heaven bless her!—for she comes with me to-night to England."

"Ah! and so—" murmured Dick, softly.

"Priest, and even smug duenna, have I at Havre, ready with the ship," said Cartarette, rather fiercely.

"Well, well," Dick soothed him, "then where's the trouble?"

"'Tis such a fool's tangle," ruefully replied Cartarette. "List! I had all arranged secure—a flitting perfect in preparation. But my heart bade me steal out from my inn fire a moment in the dusk to be near her—such is love, my ignoramus. I came, and, coming, what do I find? That two doors answer to her one description! Exact was that description; but two cursed wooden rogues stand there, one east, one west, each like to her picture as to one another. Indeed, a pretty scheme for a midnight flitting—think'st thou not so?"

"Troth," answered Dick, "'tis vexing. You seek your mistress west: she stands shivering to the dawn. You hasten then to sunrise, as she flies—"

"But not now, not now," interrupted Cartarette, gaily. "Not with a friend found to whom I could trust even my sweet Alizaine."

"Oh, 'tis watch-dog, then, I am to be, and perchance squire o' dames to follow," said Dick, disdainfully.

"Oh, Dick, say not—"

"Tush! Stay thy pretty words to plead for kisses. I will surely shiver to an ague for thee, and might spit a stout old monk in the moonlight, who knows!"

Cartarette laughed. "Thou art per-



chance," he said, "to find as good a fortune as I to-night; and faith, thou shalt have as good a supper—the best that Aume can give us. And yonder lies our inn, so be cheerful."

"Good that we sup soon," answered Dick, heartily. "And I will promise thee to be cheerful at least till trysting-time."

Hard upon midnight Richard Fayne was waiting, wrapped in a gloom he would have named patience had one questioned him, by the gate that so unfortunately resembled its brother. The night was dark, and there was little difference between open road and dusk of convent wall.

"Plague!" groaned Richard. "If she come east, God give she knows well her road, for 'tis more than poor Dick can do to find the sea in such a blackness. Not yet midnight! It seemeth nearer cockcrow. Ah!"

This last, half relief, half surprise, was occasioned by the unexpected sounding of the soft-struck convent bell. At last! Its dozen long-drawn notes sounded so like a mystic bidding that he drew back, almost expecting the door to open immediately.

Nothing, however, happened. Moments passed and the watcher fell to thinking of his own journey, and smiled to fancy himself sailing with a love-romance. One might hope for a fair crossing, for the wind sighed less, he thought; the clouds were fading and melting, a star glanced out; rough night at the enchanted hour seemed to change to sweet morning. The bells would soon toll again, and then to the sea, to Devon—

Hark! Surely now something creaked, something breathed. Stillness. After all, it was nothing. But that was another creak! Surely it was somebody! The door was opening slowly; a form stood—came sliding half out—then wholly out.

"'Tis she," breathed Richard to himself, stirred to some excitement. To the approaching dim form he whispered, "Mademoiselle d'Ephème!"

A little startled cry was the answer, and the form turned back to its door.

"Don't fear. I am his friend—Car-

tarette's friend. Courage! Have no fear."

"No-o-o," breathed fear itself, and then the form stepped a little forward again.

"Do not fear. I will explain quickly. Cartarette waits at the other door. There are two doors—he was not sure which you meant, and sent me here. Do you understand? Will you trust me—come with me?"

"I understand. But your name, if it please you, monsieur?"

"I am called Richard Fayne—an Englishman, at your service, mademoiselle."

A shadow in the shadow swept a courtesy. Dick bowed, grumbling inwardly at the trouble of manners at such a time; he wanted to be away.

"Come," he said. "Do not fear." He made a movement. She flew to the door; touched it too soon; sharply it swung, and it closed with a snap.

"Oh!" Long-drawn and shivering was the cry she gave, but it was hardly a cry of terror. It was followed with a laugh. Then a voice, quivering with exultation, whispered triumphantly, "I cannot go back now!"

"No," answered Dick, "but fear not."

"You twice tell me not to fear," she said, sharply. "I am not afraid at all."

Surprised at her warmth, he stammered a plea for pardon. He thought all maids feared the night and that her voice betrayed such feelings a moment since. At his babbling excuses she only laughed, and she came gliding forward.

"Have you horses then, sir?" she asked.

Answering with a nod, he showed her where they were, and in a second she was with them. He hurried to help her, and quickly swung her up. She breathed her thanks, but gave all her kindness to her horse, and for that he liked her none the worse. He had feared rather that she would commence to chatter of Cartarette.

"He said we should go straight on," he told her. "To the cross-roads is straight forward, and then he said you knew the way—but most likely he will be with us ere then. He said we must not wait to look about for him, for he



might go by the woods in case of an alarm. Shall we go, then?"

"He said straight on," she repeated, musingly. The convent bell tolled the half-hour; he sighed impatiently. She laughed.

"Let us then go straight on! Who knows?" she said, and there was something in her voice that made him curiously peer at her, and wonder if she loved adventure perhaps even as much as he did. Her face was toward the great pile, and she gave it a saucy nod. "Good-by, prison," she murmured, and then she turned to Dick. "Think of it!" she whispered in a sudden wild ecstasy. "They sleep and toss in their stifling holes, or they nurse their misery for piety's sake, and groan in the closed-in dark. And I—I am out in the wonderful night! I breathe the clear, clean air! Will the moon show? 'Twill be soon day! Oh, let us ride into the day!"

Before he could well take in this heartfelt ode to freedom she was off; he looked once for a sign of Cartarette, and then he was after her, swinging through the dark with a thrill of pleasure, for there was always the hope of a play of his sword ere he was through with it. He heard her sigh happily, but till they slowed down at the hill he doubted it was just at the thought that she neared her lover; then she turned to him, and her eyes sought his in the dark, asking for sympathy with present joy. She was very sweet in her pleasure.

"The road goes down again merrily seaward, comrade," said he, "and then for another ride such as this?"

"Surely," she answered. "Ah, this is soul's delight! Soul's delight!"

"'Tis life," said he.

"Life!" She caught at the word as at a gem he had let fall. "Then a maid may venture a little—much—for it?"

"More than for love at least, and they venture much for that," he answered bluntly, and then cursed his tongue. For his comfort she laughed—such an honest, brave laugh, too, that his heart went out to her. "Pity thou art a maid only," mused he, and so deep he meant it that his lips gave out his thought, and a second time he cursed his tongue, fearing her wrath. But again he need

not have trembled, though certainly he had set her talking; a torrent of words flowed wildly, and a rage in her was loosed wilfully, but the tempest was not against him; rather, he made out, she was of his way of thinking.

"Pity!" she was saying. "Pity! 'Tis more. A thousand times a cruel shame it is. And, yes, oh yes, 'tis surely pitiful."

"Now will come tears," thought Richard, sadly, and he began, gently, "Mistress, do not weep—"

"Weep! I? Pardieu, you know little of trouble or of me an you fancy such trifles call tears."

"But a maid—" he would have protested.

"Your maids!" she cried. "'Tis always a maid will this—will that! Would I were a man to send fools who think so of maids to their God to learn better!"

He thought that all the stars had come down to make that flash in her eyes. "Lady," he answered, hastily, "your tongue has slain the fool in me. He is dead, and what is left of me hath profited of your wisdom and knows well that a maid doth never weep. Who saith 'tis not so shall eat his words."

Merry her laugh rang, his a chorus. "A maid shrieks at a mouse and cries at a cut finger," she allowed, "but I—I am different."

"Nay," he said. "I will judge all maids by your words—by your words and your smiles and your laughter." Then he stopped suddenly, questioning when before he had thought to be so gallant; his conscience speedily gave him back a "Never," and mirrored him first for a fool, as she had marked him, and second for—God help him!—how much of a friend, with such thoughts as were becoming his stealing into his heart!

For a time they rode silently, he watching her sideways, and as he watched he fell to wondering, recalling Frank's words as he had dreamed aloud of her. Frank had pictured her love as deep because her fear was great, and so her deed, her flight, the greater proof of it. Well, Frank knew women and he himself was ignorant, but he would have sworn this girl beside him might play such a trick for the very sport of it.



They came to the cross-roads, the path still trailing upward, but nearing the crest of the hill. South lay Richard's road of yesterday, and west and north were roads for their choice, but which it was led home for him and to freedom for her he could not tell.

"I know no more," he said. "Now will you that we tarry for Cartarette, or will you be guide?"

She turned her horse, and she sat gazing down the road they had come; he saw her face was a little wistful—now surely she looked for her lover and would begin to whimper and to dawdle for him—but no.

"By your leave we will not wait," she said, and then she whispered to herself, "For such as this, one may surely risk much."

He took no heed of her whispering, and said, bluntly, "I will follow you."

Without a word more she turned her horse westward again and set off. To Dick it seemed that the sea should more likely be north, but he did not know the coast, so, as was his wont, he said nothing and quietly followed his leader. His thoughts ran back from geography to his friend, with whom, however, they would not stay, but came sneaking to the girl at his side. She was a silent maid, it seemed; on his friend's account he thanked God for that. She was also a comely maid; he glanced at her again and could not look away—she sat her horse so well, he told himself. She was proud, she was free—and now she was humming his Venus song!

"An it please you, fair mistress, whence have you that Cupid's ditty?" he asked, smiling.

"Is't Cupid's?" she questioned. "Then was the rogue surely in our yew-trees not long since, for his song blew in at my window. Think you he was courting me?—for a friend, perchance—or for a friend's friend?"

He whistled a bar of it: she caught the air, and entreated for the words.

"Nay," said Dick, "weave me some new words, rather. Cupid's are stale and worn for a spring dawn."

"A camp song?" she questioned, eyes and lips saucy, and then she fell to asking this and that of everything that

befell a soldier, and the manner of her asking drew out his words as light draws out the night-moth; there was he, telling her of camp and battle, of siege and sortie, of the long nights and the gray mornings, and no little of my lord Death as a companion.

Then suddenly he came, in one of his adventures, on his friend Cartarette, and the story stuck on his lips, and like a blow he felt it that Cartarette had entered into his thoughts as a stranger might enter into his house—unexpected, and truly unwelcome. His friend, and his friend's trust, where had they been hiding? Why, anywhere but in the thoughts of Richard Fayne.

"And why do you not on with your tale?" asked the lady.

He answered her with another question. "Can you hark to my tales?" demanded he. "Would you not be thinking of Frank? Why is he not here? Long while we have gone slowly and he comes not."

She reddened as he looked at her. "I—I would have your tales that I might not weary you with my sighing," she answered him.

It was his turn to flush. His heart smote him that he had doubted her, but, plague take it, he was hurt that she had cared so little for his adventures. A second time he saw himself in her eyes and he did not like it: well, he would keep quit of maids, especially of Frank's maid; that would be true wisdom and also becoming in a friend.

Still, in another moment there he was asking awkwardly for pardon, and she crimsoning deeper and pleading he had never offended, till almost the tears she scorned so came glittering and he was nigh in a mortal fright again; then suddenly she was crying she was hungry and thirsty.

Now he had a wallet stocked well, but he had thought to have eyed the sea before he broke fast, and so he said to her; but he hastily added as her glance met his, that what she wished he would do, for, "We get little supper at the convent," whispered she.

Dawn was coming now more boldly, and Dick noted a stream near by. He swung off his horse, and, showing



her the pretty brook, asked if she would break her fast by the side of it. Her answer came swiftly, and he put out his arms to help her from her horse. She leaned to him and gave herself; for a moment he held her, and then she was down, running to the brook and humming his song. He stood still in the remembrance of her touch, and his song, as he moved slowly about the horses, was spoken but in his heart: "God send speedily my friend—speedily my friend," was the burden in tune.

To breakfast in the open, on an April morn, of a goodly pasty and bread, fruit and wine, is something in itself, and Dick loved it for the clean pleasure of it. That he sat with a maid beside him was an affair the gods, or the devil, but certainly not himself, had brought about. What was to be the end of it? It was a little thing, he might protest—but *was* it such a little thing? There were her laughter, her dainty beauty, her eyes as she listened, and there was she herself with her enchanting, radiant youth. Should he call it a little thing?

The full delight of spring was on them. They turned from jesting to grave mood, then almost to silence. It was to save his soul that Dick broke the quiet harmony and began with the big themes, plodding on through honor and duty, friendship and loyalty—all the splendid virtues, till his words grew scant and halting and trailed away to another silence, for she was saying but little. Then he began to mutter of Cartarette, and he went away to the road to search along it with his eyes, his heart still murmuring, "God send speedily my friend."

The friend did not come: no Cartarette came riding in hot haste; the sigh of the trees, the scent of the flowers, the new green freshness in the dell, seemed to wrap the two kindly from the world, and the sun's thin rays touched sparkling chains about them. The girl sat still, with clenched hands and eyes misty, but that he would not see; only when she rose and began to pluck the few early flowers about her did he look round. Then he remembered how in Devon the flowers grew just so, and he began to tell her of Devon.

His tongue, thankful for a theme again, was loosed and went nimbly. She sank down and began to wreath a tiny garland, and till he came to the story of Sir William and of his present journey she seemed content. Then, as his tale unwound, he saw her eyes round with dismay. With a cry she was up quickly and away went the pretty flowers.

"Oh," she cried, "get up quickly and go! Your place is in this Devon; 'tis there they need you. Need you! And I keep you loitering. Go to the sea, and make sure of your tide. Oh, oh," she breathed to herself, "I would not have risked that!"

"Risk? Go?" he questioned, astounded. "Go, and leave thee alone? What of Cartarette?"

"He is nothing, and I am nothing. I pray you go," she urged. "If I have wasted a day, think kindly, if you can, how short the hours—and go quickly."

"I do not understand," he said. "Leave—my trust?"

She shook her head miserably. "No," she said, "you will not leave your trust. I—I am not she whom you think."

He looked at her stupidly. "Pardieu! are you not then Mademoiselle d'Ephème?"

"No," she said. "I—I am only a masquerade. I was a friend to her because she was somewhat weak and timid. I helped her. She hesitated—I would not let her hesitate. And at last when it was too late to tell *him*, we remembered this other door. It is so little used that we forgot it was there. They shun it, for they say that it is haunted; for that I did not care, but she was frightened, and that is why I came to it. Well, it was you, not Cartarette, who waited, and Alizaine was safely off with him. There was no need to send you after them, and I—I had been in prison so long. You had horses. But you will not understand, for you talk of honor, and it was all a lie; I only meant it for a moment's pleasure, but I lost myself, and how could I know you were hastening on an errand home? There—'tis done! Think what you will of me, Richard Fayne! Nothing can alter it."



She moved toward the horses and Richard stood immovable, hardly yet understanding. Then came a flash in her eyes as she received no reply. "I do not want your forgiveness," she said to his silence. "I have yet to tell you that 'tis worse than you think, for I do not know where we are. I took no special road, for I cared not where I went. I do not know if we are for the sea or not. And now I can no more ask forgiveness, can I?" Then she said softly to herself: "Why should I ask forgiveness? I have had something beautiful in my life now, and no one person has so very much of beauty."

Still he stood silent, the dupe of a wilful maid. He did not even look at her, and anger grew in her; passionately she cried out: "Oh, you are hard—hard—hard! Surely you could pardon me a little; surely this Sir William can wait one day? 'Tis only one day!"

Now he looked at her, and it was her turn to wonder and to stand stock-still, for he held her with his look, held her fast, and said, slowly: "No, it is not that. Could you not see it is not that. I am thinking, not of Sir William, but of how much I love you and of how I can tell you. I have never loved before—never thought of loving. I do not know how to speak of it."

Now she was crimson, she was white, she was for a moment as though she

would run to him; her eyes shone, her hands fluttered forward. But, with an effort, she stiffened herself and stood still.

"You know not even my name," she said.

"I know that you are my one maid, my princess, my love," he answered. "An you had no name, 'twere the same to me. Mine is for you, if you will take it with my love, my sword, and me."

"My name is Claire de Montaveuil," said she.

"I knew one Bertram de Montaveuil. He was indeed dear to me."

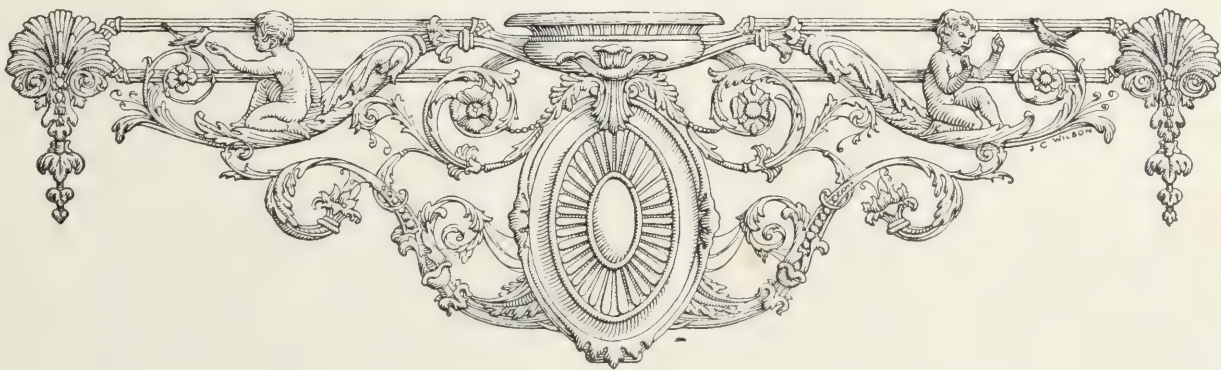
"My brother! Oh, you loved him?"

"As did every man, and much more, I think."

"Ah, when he died, then was I alone! I was sent to this grim convent, and it was bitter desolation. Now that I have tasted life, God knows what it will be!" She buried her face in her flowers. He came toward her.

"In Devon there are many flowers such as these," he said. "Come with me and we will pluck them, and make new rhymes for the Cupid song."

"In Devon," she murmured, and turned to look at their pretty dell, as if to see in it the dream his words painted for her. Then she cried, sharply, "Look! look! what is that? It is the sea, after all! The sea, the sea, the way to Devon!"





## “Christina,” by Cecilia Beaux

MOTHERHOOD is a motif that runs through all art from Renaissance times down, and ever with appealing force; it is the underlying idea of a great number of the pictures which the world has taken to its heart. It is not because the earlier painters, to meet the demands of the Church, gave a religious significance to their groups of Mother and Child that these pictures were held in high esteem, but rather because the painters were able to translate into human terms an elemental human emotion.

In the picture here reproduced (owned by Mrs. Alexander Sedgwick, of Stockbridge, Mass.), Miss Cecilia Beaux has expressed this motif with rare skill and originality. But there is nothing bizarre in her invention; on the contrary, there is delicacy and restraint, combined with an instinctive optimism and tenderness. She shows us the poetry of life, and reveals it by simple means. Her composition carries an air of breeding and spontaneity. Her figures are not on pose, but have come out of the presence-chamber into the sweet simplicity of the home, where they are at ease. There is no precocity, no oddity for the sake of oddity, but a sensitive perception of character, a spiritual charm, which underlies the painter's perception of physical charm. Through long and serious schooling the artist is able to give forth the song that is in her, to hymn the wonder of life, with its hint of sorrow and tears. She is distinctive among women painters in that she catches a mood with quick certainty and awakens a sure response. She looks on the mystery of life with tender eyes, and the image she evokes is haloed with an atmosphere of sentiment, and slips into the soul, making us wiser for its presence, for thus we become conscious of other souls and of the hidden beauty of things.

W. STANTON HOWARD.





"CHRISTINA," BY CECILIA BEAUX

*Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting*

Owned by Mrs. Alexander Sedgwick, of Stockbridge, Mass.



# Tangier Island

BY J. W. CHURCH



Far out in Chesapeake Bay lies Tangier Island, the home of the quaintest and most isolated community in the United States. For more than two centuries the Tangiermen have sailed their heavily laden craft across the bay to the coast villages on the eastern shore of Maryland, during the fishing season, taciturnly marketed their catch of oysters, crabs, and fish, to sail unsmilingly out again to their mysterious island hidden somewhere beyond the western skyline.

All along the mainland shores the oystermen and villagers told us—often with portentous nods and lowered voices—that “them Tangiermen is mighty cur’us folk,” or “there’s queer goin’s-on over yonder on Tangier.” But not a man of them will say he has ever visited the island. Hints of inhospitality, and worse, were frequent, the facts being as elusive as the intimation was definite, and our desire being keenly spurred by the mystery of it all, I presented the letter we bore to a prominent oysterman of Crisfield, who sent us over in one of his oyster-boats. Even he, after dealing with the Tangiermen for twenty years, could tell us little.

“There’s a Captain Peter Crockett who keeps a store out there. Look him up and tell him I sent you. I reckon you gentlemen will get along all right, but be careful. They’re sure a strange lot.”

The big oyster-boat was skippered by Captain Harry, who has sailed the Chesapeake for a score of years. To our questions he responded expansively concerning all things on, beneath, or above the waters, save only that strange community somewhere out ahead of us. Of that he seemed to know no more than any of the others.

“Thar’s yore island,” said he, at the end of an hour, looking up from the

magnificent shad he was cleaning for our noonday dinner. Dead ahead along, a thin line of land lay rim-like along the gray horizon. Captain Harry threw the finished shad to the fisherman who officiated as cook, and climbed into the tiny wheel-house. “Reckon I’d better take ’er,” he said. “We’re in pretty shoal water from now on.”

A moment later our keel bumped over the crown of a sand-bar and we jumped up in alarm. “That’s nothin’,” laughed the skipper. “I take soundin’s that away. It’s easier than heavin’ a lead.”

For two miles he dodged over and around the bars, often scraping the weeded bottom, even though we drew but three feet aft. Steadily the island grew clearer to view; the white spire of a church stood out definitely against the lowering sky, rising above tree masses that half hid a cluster of white cottages. From either end of the village ran far reaches of low marshland, broken in two or three places by small clumps of trees that sheltered a house or two, and at the end were long spits of glistening white sand.

With Tangier still a long mile away, Captain Harry ran his boat firmly aground and stopped the engine. “Best we can do,” he explained, “and nearer than I expected. She’ll be off in an hour with the tide, and it saves droppin’ anchor.” He launched a wobbly, flat-bottomed dingy, and himself undertook our transportation across the last protecting mile of shoals. There was a narrow, twisting channel somewhere thereabouts and twice we crossed it, but only a Tangierman could have followed its tortuous way.

Captain Harry landed us on a sort of point at one end of the obviously picturesque water-front in a pouring rain, and we ran to shelter. But we did not run far. The charm of the place was too instant, too arresting. From the point we rounded a group of weather-beaten



fish-houses that spoke vividly of Volendam, and caught our first near view of Tangier.

"Marken!" exclaimed Ellis, who knows his Holland.

To one side was the shore-line with its fishing-craft of strange sorts; to the other a row of small, fresh-painted cottages, inclosed in whitewashed picket fences. Between the houses one caught glimpses of green meadows that were miraculously dotted with the sharply canted masts of fishing-boats. A later inspection of the meadow revealed the network of small canals, "the horse and buggy of the island," as one of the Tangiermen aptly put it. But we were looking ahead along a broad footpath that fronted the picket fences and lost itself beyond the church in a group of cottages under high cottonwoods. It was all so fresh, so still and wholly inviting, even through the haze of rain, that again we thought of Holland.

We had not gone fifty feet before the empty footpath (which turned out to be the main and only street of the village) began to come to life. From the door-

ways of all the cottages came wide-eyed, silent children to gaze wonderingly at the sight of strangers and to follow us respectfully on our way. Behind them in the doorways were the fisher-folk and their women, equally amazed, curious, and silent.

Determined to win at least their tolerance, if we could, we spoke a greeting to all we met and were answered always gravely, unsmilingly, but without shyness or unfriendliness. Quickly it became plain that they liked it, and later, when they found us inclined to conversation, they came out to the gates on the chance of a word from us. The procession of children, most of the boys wearing blue overalls, and several the cast-off rubber boots of their much more elders, grew as we proceeded, but its respectful silence was unbroken.

The pathway made a sharp turn around the church and we were in the main part of the village. The street, lined on both sides with whitewashed picket fences, was a well-trodden dirt walk about six feet wide that stretched away for half a mile to the other end of



THE WATER-FRONT AT TANGIER ISLAND





THE NARROW TREE-LINED VILLAGE STREET

the village. Overhead the green boughs of the trees arched across the walk, and upon each side were close-set rows of speckless cottages fronted by prim lawns, flower-beds, and occasional fruit-trees. A few of the yards had no lawns, but were level-floored with hard-packed earth and were swept clean. The sweeping is literal, for we saw it done next day. Still other yards were solidly paved with oyster-shells, their insides up, and they glistened dazlingly in the sun that followed the shower.

While we were gaining our first impression of the Tangier fishermen and their homes, on our way to Captain Peter's store under guidance of the children, Ellis pointed over a fence. Directly in front of a cottage were three marble tombstones at the head of graves, covered with cleanly whitewashed cement. I looked ahead and saw that this was no exception. In almost every home the living and the dead shared the little family property. Here was a newly built cottage, over which a broad cotton-

wood threw its protecting shade. At its foot was a single tiny grave, pathetically fresh and new—a sad beginning for the young family. A few steps beyond was a much older house, its yard almost entirely given over by the living to their dead. More than a score of graves were here, some of them weather-beaten by the storms of nearly two centuries.

The rain ceased before we reached Captain Peter's store, and the brilliant afternoon sun burst through the low, scurrying clouds overhead. Its rays sparkled from a myriad raindrops still clinging to the massed, dripping leaves of the great trees lining the tiny street, their interlacing branches forming a wonderful pleached aisle into which the sunlight filtered in vivid splashes. Beneath our feet, the gleaming white of thousands of bits of shell caught a glow of gold from the sunshine, the rain pools dotted along the path, mirroring every image on their clear, trembling surfaces.

"There's Captain Peter's," said a pink-cheeked little girl in gingham and



braids, and dropped back into the crowd of wondering youngsters behind us. She had pointed to a one-story frame house whose broad, low piazza reached to the street line.

Only a few men were inside—for the fishing-boats had not yet come in from the day's work—and these silently, rather questioningly, returned our greetings. Captain Peter, owner of the store and a nabob of the island, referred us briefly to Captain Ed Crockett, who, he said, sometimes took in strangers. Then there had been other visitors. We were not the first discoverers of Tangier, after all. We made diligent inquiry on this point a little later. Oh yes, there was a drummer or two every few months, and once in a while a ministerial visitor to the Methodist parsonage. Artist? No, there had never been an artist, only a lady. We thought with wonder of the sensation a well-dressed city woman would make. As we left the store, a rather ill-kempt man, whose face and physique were in marked contrast to the clean-cut, powerful Tangiermen we had seen, told us he was the doctor; that he boarded at Captain Ed's, and would show us the way. No, he was not a native of the island. It had never, he

believed, produced a professional man. In any case, it didn't need many—just a doctor and a minister. There had never been any lawyers or bankers.

Cap'n Ed Crockett's place was a neat two-story house with an ornate but comfortable veranda. The front hall was bare, except for a small deal table bearing a wash-bowl and pitcher, and the stairs were uncarpeted. We knocked. A door opened and a tall, spare, gray-haired and mustached man, in a reefer and rubber hip-boots, appeared and looked us over. Apparently we did not look like "drummers," and he seemed in some doubt. As persuasively as I could I explained our desire to remain on the island for a day or two, offered literal evidence that I, at least, was soaked to the skin, and craved his hospitality. Would he put us up? After a long, silent inspection he "reckoned he might," and without another word led us above to a bare but cheerful and very clean room, containing chiefly two old-fashioned wooden bedsteads and a stack of crazy-quilts.

An hour later, in clothes dried at the kitchen fire, we had settled ourselves in the sitting-room with its sheet-iron stove, knotty sofa, ancient bureau, and



SOME OF TANGIER ISLAND'S FIVE HUNDRED CROCKETTS





OUR HOSTESS

"Storm off the Coast of Maine" chromos of half a century ago. Then Captain Ed appeared, and we won him. Within the hour he was giving us a much-desired version of the story of Tangier.

"No, sir," he said—and his speech was neither of the North nor the South, but had something in it of both, besides characteristics strange to either—"thar ain't never been no hist'ry story of Tangier ever writ as I knows of, 'cept one my father, Thomas Crockett, writ nigh fifty year ago. He called it "Facts and Fun," and he sent out and had it made into a book by a printer. There was a hull box of 'em clutterin' roun' here for years, but the wimmin-folks said the Fac's might be all right, but the Fun wa'n't, and one day they tore 'em all up. I ain't seen one for years.

"You gentlemen ain't never heard how Tangier got settled? It were by a man from the Eastern Shore settlements, back in 1707—more'n two hundred years ago. The island were the home of a tribe of Indians, and this here man, Post,

got the idee of raisin' stock on it. So he runs over and tells the Indians that the colonists are goin' to come out and massacree them and they'd better get outen the way. That scared the Indians, all right, and they sailed over to the western shore of Virginny. But before they went, Post said, as the island wasn't goin' to be any more use to 'em, he'd buy it off them. The chief agreed, so Post gave him two old overcoats, and the island was his. Then he brung over five families and a passel o' horses and cows." The Captain stopped to relight a cigar from our stock.

"Were the Crocketts in the first lot?" asked Ellis.

"They war, sir. They an' the Dises an' the Pruitts. Then the livestock began to die off fast, and the other two families went back to the mainland. But we stayed on, and in a few years thar was a right smart settlement, mebbe thirty or forty people."

"Have others been coming over since?" I asked, for we seemed face to face with a striking case of inbreeding.

"Wall, a few now and then," said the Captain. "Once in a while one of our boys goes over to the Eastern Shore for a wife, but most generally we Tangier folk kinda like to flock to ourselves.

"Thar's nigh five hundred Crocketts on Tangier to-day," added the Captain, in effective illumination, a note of pride in his voice.

"And—and the other old families?" I ventured. "Have they done as well?"

"Thar ain't as many as there be Crocketts," he said, reflectively, "but—let's see. Thar's fourteen hundred all told on the island, countin' in the children, an' a third of them's Crocketts. The other four families would be nigh six hundred altogether, and that'd leave about three hundred for the rest. Yes, sir, I reckon that's about right."

My thoughts went back to the succession of graves we had passed, and now I wondered if we would not find a densely populated asylum for defectives tucked away somewhere on Tangier.



"You've a remarkably healthy-looking lot of children here, Captain," said Ellis, who was evidently thinking in the same channel. "I don't suppose you have much sickness on the island, or— or insanity, or anything of that sort?"

"Thar never was a doctor here till '89," was the reply. "Most of us lives till we're 'bout ready to blow away. Co'se thar's some ailin' off an' on, but mostly it's old age or child-bearin'." He chuckled. "Thar's always been considerable of the latter hereabouts. At that, it's a poor place for a doctor—with only fourteen hundred of us."

The entrance of Mrs. Crockett, whose sturdy health was declared by every line of her ample figure, with a reminder to the Captain of "them eysters" (the women of Tangier have oddities of accent that the men do not), turned us to exploration. Cameras in hand, we sallied forth, and, as before, were the spectacular center of curious interest. The children had been on the watch for us and they soon collected in droves to discover what we were going to do. Ellis's camera, with its hood and reflecting mirrors, was a source of intense, though silent delight. At his suggestion they formed in a long file, and one by one looked into the camera, seeing for the first time in their lives the familiar

objects about them pictured in miniature on the ground glass. At first we were a bit dubious about taking the villagers, but no one dodged us, and when we began asking them to pose they obeyed eagerly but unsmilingly, and without a word or question. In their own way they enjoyed it, yet the only one of them all who asked the ubiquitous "Mister, take my picture?" was the one negro on the island, evidently a privileged person.

The one street ended in a narrow dike that ran out beyond the cottages and lost itself in an inlet. From here the village lay flat before us, marvelously trim and bright in the evening sunlight. To either side of the dike the little canals cut the meadow into strips and were dotted with fishing-craft, generally hull-down in the rank marsh grass. To the west rose another low ridge with a thinner row of homes, and between ran the narrow dikes with old split bridges over the canals, and at one place a crude but efficient miniature drawbridge that worked by hand. It needed only windmills to be entirely an American Holland. The women wore sun-bonnets instead of caps, when they wore any head covering. There is no modern millinery on Tangier that we could discover.

We found ourselves at the upper end



THE HOME OF JOSHUA THOMAS, THE "PROPHET OF THE ISLES"



of the village, near the place we had landed, and facing a two-story house with rather a larger lawn than the others, and no graves. This aroused our curiosity, and we turned to our faithful bodyguard.

"The minister's house," was the answer. "That's him in the garden."

The minister was busy spading up a flower-bed with the active assistance of a flock of chickens, but he came to the fence at once to greet us. The charge was new to him, he having been here only a few months. He had come from Minnesota for the customary four-years' term enjoined by the Methodist Conference, in whose charge the religious life of the island lies. Certainly he found it pleasant. The church was amazingly strong; its congregation extraordinarily devoted. It was indeed a fertile field, and his chickens were doing remarkably well. On the whole, a very pleasant existence—a little out of the world (they had been frozen in for seven weeks last winter), but what of that? Visitors were few at all times and his people were quite content among themselves. We liked the minister.

The church is the only social center on the island, if one excepts Captain Peter's store, where the Tangiermen gather without their women-folk. Its members and adherents embrace virtually every adult in the settlement, and the Sunday-school is attended by all of the six hundred children and many of their elders. As fishing is the sole industry of the island, so is religion, of the sternest and most uncompromising sort, the only intellectual stimulus or recreation. No alcoholic drinks, playing-cards, dancing, or frivolous amusements are tolerated or apparently desired by the fisher-folk of Tangier. Life is too serious a matter for such things.

Naturally, the minister is a benevolent despot whose word is law. Apropos, a characteristic story was told us and later confirmed:

The Tangiermen seem never to have taken any interest in either state or national politics until after the Civil War. There has never been more than one or two negroes there—the one we saw was preparing to leave for a (to him) less lonely abode, and as the island has

never had any local government of any sort, and had been all but forgotten by Virginia, politics meant nothing to them. When at last the Tangiermen did take to the ballot, they voted solidly Republican in an overwhelmingly Democratic state. The reason, we discovered, was that their ministers had been almost all Northern men of Republican persuasion.

There came a time in later years when a close state election made the Democratic State Committee turn with concern to consideration of the three hundred odd votes to be contributed against them on the island. So, selecting with what must have been rare skill two fluent speakers, they despatched them at the last minute to Tangier. The two arrived on the eve of the election, and their oratory—doubtless the first of its kind ever heard there—so impressed the simple Tangiermen that they went to the polls a unanimous Democracy. Secure in the belief of their victory, the two politicians sailed away before sundown, intent upon gaining the mainland that night.

The minister, visiting a neighboring island, returned later in the day and learned what had transpired. In high wrath, his good Republican soul utterly shocked at the backsliding of his flock, he seized the first available banner (his wife's red-flannel petticoat) and, climbing the steeple of the church, nailed it to the spire. Then grasping the bell-rope, he sent peal after peal of quick alarms ringing across the still marshlands, bringing the entire population to him on a run. From the church steps he poured denunciation upon the recreants, then led the way to the polling-place. The ballot-box was opened, the debasing Democratic votes strewn to the four winds, and replaced with perfectly good Republican ones. These went to the mainland for the official count, and they were counted, too.

As one of the Tangiermen, who would really like to be a Democrat, told me rather mournfully, "Tangier has gone Republican ever since."

The sole representatives of state and county authority on the island are a justice of the peace and a deputy-sheriff. For the latter there is absolutely no official employment, and for the former



little more than an occasional transfer of property to attest. Entirely without any local government for more than two centuries, Tangier is and has always been singularly free from crime or misdemeanor. Twice in its history, it is true—but let Captain Ed tell it as he told it to us around the sheet-iron stove that evening. We turned the subject to law.

"Thar ain't been more'n twice when it was needed that I know of," said the Captain, "an' then we made enough to fit."

"But I hear you have a town constable," I persisted.

"Wall, I reckon we keep him to look after what strangers come ashore," was the reply. When that had been allowed to soak in a little, he told us the real story of the constable.

"A few years ago," he said, "things come to an awful pass here. There got to be a regular spell o' swearin', an' it wa'n't only on the boats, but right on the street within hearin' of the childer. So thirty of us met right here in this room an' formed a Law an' Order League, an' we pledged our sacred lives an' property to put a stop to this wickedness. I told

them that a man could be fined five dollars for swearin' in any state in the Union, an' it ought to be the same here. So that's what we decided to do, an' we told Bud Connerton, the deputy-sheriff, to give every man who swore a fair warning, and the next time to fine him five dollars."

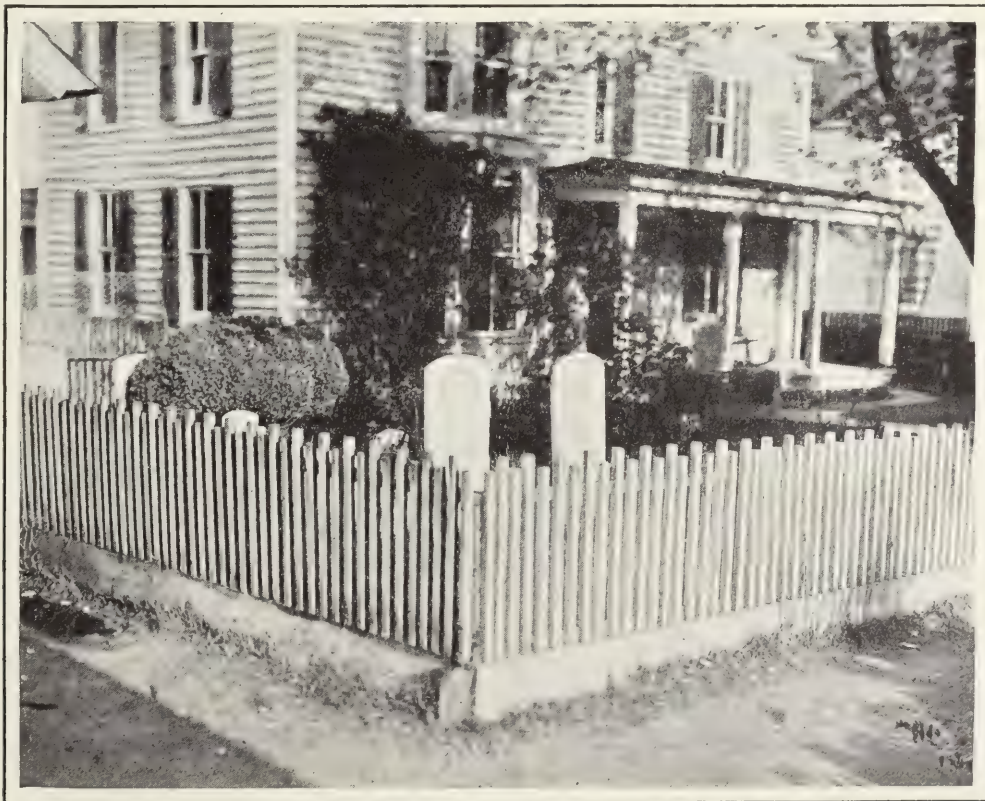
"Did he make any arrests?" encouraged Ellis.

"Forty-three the fust week," said the Captain, "an' none since. The boys soon decided that swearin' was too expensive to be careless about."

"How about strangers?" I asked.

Captain Ed eyed me suspiciously. "We warn them *twice*," he said. "We've only had to fine one. Bud, he's great on doin' his duty."

As every effect must have its cause, we sought the underlying inspiration for the amazing simplicity, rigorous morality, and intense religious devotion so variously apparent among the people of Tangier. The almost absolute isolation of two centuries and the stern influence of the old-time Methodism had obviously been contributing influences, but without something more intimately personal it seemed that either or both of



THE LIVING SHARE THEIR TINY LAWNS WITH THEIR DEAD



those might easily have resulted in what we really expected to find, a community morally and mentally weakened by inbreeding, and made sullen and inhospitable by their self-chosen immolation.

The convincing and conclusive answer was "Joshua Thomas." Without knowing of him one does not know Tangier. He is called "The Prophet of the Isles," and his deeds are a sacred tradition in every island home.

Born on the Eastern Shore in 1776, young Joshua was about five years old when his family moved to Tangier. His father died soon afterward and his mother became the wife of a dissolute member of the Pruitt clan. The stepfather's dissipation brought such depths of sorrow and wretchedness to the family during Joshua's boyhood that there grew in the lad a stern hatred of all forms of self-indulgence. In those days the island was the place of the annual Methodist camp-meeting, and the young fisherman, now intensely devout, felt a call and became an "exhorter" of extraordinary power. He could read only the simplest words in the Bible, but he pored over it nightly and developed a gift of simple, moving speech that lifted him to amazing influence. That he possessed also to a great degree the gift of prophecy is undoubted. Scores of instances were told us, every Tangierman to whom we mentioned Father Thomas reverently adding his favorite story. Absolutely without fear, he dominated the life and thought of the island for half a century and left his imprint indelibly upon his people. His fearlessness is vividly illustrated in one incident that they often tell. It is Captain Ed's favorite.

In 1812, when the British fleet was on its way up the Chesapeake Bay to storm Baltimore, it dropped anchor off Tangier, and several thousand of the troops were sent ashore for field-drill. Landing at one end of the island, they marched upon the village in a body. In the line of their march were the laboriously cultivated cornfields of the islanders, which, besides fish, were their chief food-supply. The terrified natives gathered in the street bewailing the oncoming destruction, but Father Thomas alone went out to meet it. When he faced the army he simply raised his hand—and the army

was halted. He warned them that they must not trample the corn of his people, for it was all that lay between them and want. It was not a plea, but a command, and behind it lay a strangely perfect faith. The word was passed back from company to company, and when those twelve thousand men passed and repassed through the fields, not a hill was found destroyed.

When the British admiral heard of this, he sent word to Father Thomas, asking him to preach to his men, and the following day saw the twelve thousand British soldiers drawn up on the beach, and, facing them, the rude, barefooted preacher standing between officers with drawn swords. Fearless as ever, he preached peace and sought to turn the invaders from their attack upon Baltimore. They were in the wrong, he said, and God would bring destruction upon them. Thereupon he launched into a vivid and detailed prophecy of the British defeat, frankly claiming divine inspiration, and begged them to turn from a purpose that would make widows and orphans of thousands of their wives and children, before it was too late.

He was allowed to make this extraordinary address to the end, and a sense of impending disaster went with many of the men to their ships. A few weeks later the shattered remnant of the defeated British army sailed past the island on its way to the sea, but it stopped long enough to allow a visit to the prophet.

"We kept thinking of your words through it all," was the message, "and somehow we knew that it would be as you said."

There were many stories told of miraculous healings by the prayers of Joshua, and one, an odd parallel to the New Testament story, of his having cleansed the camp-meeting ground of money-getting peddlers and tricksters by exhortation. The parallel, however, seemed to have escaped the islanders.

The ministers sent by the Methodist Conference come, reign for their brief term, and go, but their names and deeds rest lightly in the memories of Tangier compared with those of the prophet, though he died sixty years ago. His body lies on a small neighboring island,





THE BIG STORE OF TANGIER ISLAND

where he rounded out his long mission. His tombstone bears the following epitaph, written by himself:

Come, all my friends, as you pass by,  
Behold the place where I do lie.  
As you are now, so once was I.  
Remember, you are born to die.

After supper, a smoke, and a further illuminating chat with our gruffly genial host, Ellis and I strolled out for a glimpse of the island by moonlight. We longed for a hillock, an elevation of any sort from which we might look down upon the quiet white village, wrapped about by dark waters and bathed in the clear moonlight of a perfect night.

It was only a little after eight o'clock, but the village was almost asleep. Here and there a gleam of mellow lamplight shone through an open window, and twice we passed young couples, seated on or near the white cement graves in the yards in front of their homes. Nowhere was a mother's voice singing or crooning to be heard, though many times during our stay we both verged near to impertinence in our surreptitious attempts to discover even a hymn tune being hummed over a baby or a wash-tub. We were finally forced to the conclusion that the melody of the human voice, as well as instrumental music, must be taboo except at Sabbath worship. As a matter of fact, we did not hear a song sung or a

tune whistled during our stay on Tangier.

We had crossed one of the many little bridges leading from the village to the dikes on the marshland, overlooking the stretch of dark grasses interlaced with strands of ribboned silver where the sheen of the moon glistened on the little canals and gleamed on the white sand beyond. It made us sigh again over the inadequacies of the camera. We recrossed at the upper end of the village, to find ourselves in a narrow footpath, with blossom-laden trees lending their fragrance to the keen salt air. On each side of our path were ancient houses, black and weather-beaten, and strangely contrasting with the almost Dutch-like cleanliness we had found in the village. "Looks almost like Poe," commented Ellis. A few moments later we stopped beneath the low-hanging branches of a tree to look in actual blank amazement at a God's Acre inclosed within a rotting fence. There were fully twoscore white marble headstones gleaming in the moonlight, but all about was neglect and decay. Rank weeds grew everywhere; pieces of driftwood, the odds and ends of rubbish and trash, littered the sacred spot. And silence! Not the peaceful, serene calm of the country churchyard, but just grim silence. We cut short the walk and went back to our rooms, to be



told later that these were graves of those who had had no homes.

We were awakened on the morning of our last day on Tangier by a stiff nor'-wester that rattled and shrieked furiously through the trees. Looking out to westward, we caught glimpses of a distant line of frothing white-caps and a heavy sea breaking on the beach.

"What a bully day to go out with the fishing-fleet!" said Ellis, who is amphibious and water-proof.

But he was to be disappointed. The fishermen were holding back. Then we knew it really was blowing. After Mrs. Crockett's customary breakfast of fried oysters and fish—a combination that formed the mainstay of dinners and suppers as well—we went out to seek excitement and to learn of our chances of getting back to the mainland that day. The air was sharp and crystal clear, and the high, brilliant sun intensified all the fresh, spring colors of the island. One faced the salt wind with infinite relish.

Many of the fishermen were gathered in Captain Peter Crockett's store. Every counter, box, and barrel was occupied, and a score or two were standing motionless except for the slow movement of whittling knives. The whittled sticks always became miniature boat models. There was strangely little talk for a store meeting, and what there was was chiefly in monosyllables. It may have been our presence, for we were still the objects of unfeigned interest and curiosity, and whatever we said was listened to with odd attention. It was remarkable, though, that despite this attitude never once was the question asked of us whence we came or what we were doing, a type of reticence rarely to be found in American villages.

Ellis's best efforts failed to develop anything remotely approaching garrulity, but he acquired a rapt audience in the discussion of picture-taking. He was playing for a picture of the crowd.

"Better take the store," I said aloud.

"Would, if I could get a good crowd on the porch," said Ellis, so as to be heard by every one.

"All hands for'ard," boomed a voice behind me, and with one accord all rose, moved quietly to the door and ranged themselves along the front of the porch. They remained stolidly motionless until Ellis released them with, "All over. Thank you, men." Then they filed back into the store and soon were whittling away in silence.

We walked across to the wind-swept western beach with our usual troop of youngsters at our heels. The boys knew all the wild creatures of the beach and dune; beat Ellis at the standing long jump, and taught him an entirely new game of marbles. He was certainly enjoying that island. It was on this walk that we discovered the only horse on the island, a superannuated creature long past years of usefulness. That same day they were moving the post-office, and they did it in a wheelbarrow.

Back at Captain Ed.'s, three of the Crockett grandchildren had come for a visit. They were roly-poly, pink-and-white babies, from two to four years old, and they had never been photographed, we were told. Of course they were photographed there and then.

"We'll send you some prints, Captain," we promised.

"Be sure to address it to E. L. of T. Crockett," he said.

"E. L. of T.?" we repeated, in bewilderment.

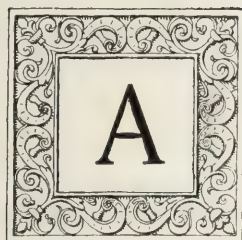
"Of course! There are two E. L.'s. I'm E. L. of Thomas, and the other's E. L. of Joshua Crockett. Thar's lots more has to do the same thing here."

Toward nightfall the nor'-wester had blown itself out, and we bade *au revoir* to the Tangiermen. A quaint and sturdy clan they are, to whom life is serious, and the world beyond their island a vague speculation, and, like all things vague and speculative, to be eyed with distrust. There is much of dignity in their stern attitude toward life; much sweetness in the clean simplicity of their women and their homes, and their island is a treasure trove of rare delight to a lover of the quaint and quiet charms that Tangier may justly claim.



# The Solvent

BY ALGERNON TASSIN



As he came down the long platform, his eyes were searching eagerly the faces behind the iron screen. Passing through the gate, he went with slower step through the aisle of expectant people and looked from side to side. She had seen him twenty yards away, for she had not lost that far vision which had been a marvel to the boy when he was younger. Queerly enough, that was the one memory she had seized distinctly among the thoughts that came surging to her at the first glimpse of him. As they would stand waiting for a street-car he used to say, "Mother, is that ours coming?" It had given her an exquisite pleasure to keep on making believe that he was still dependent upon her. Though he was a grown boy, she could in this one respect, at least, pretend that he had not left his baby days so far behind.

Now, as with a leaping heart she watched him coming nearer, some odd whim seized upon her to make no move. She was ashamed of it, but she did not resist it. He should come to her. It seemed as if he must hear the call of her heart as she stood there waiting.

When he arrived at the end of the aisle of expectant people, he set down his bags and looked around. Of course he would have grown, she thought, and yet in spite of his boyish carriage he looked older than he should. Perhaps it was that shade of sternness on his face, especially now as he looked around darkling. Surprise and disappointment had begun to creep over it. The crowd was thinning. People had met one another, embraced, and in twos and threes gone noisily away. In another moment she was almost alone upon the platform.

She saw awkwardly that she had provided no exit for her little comedy in case it should not turn out to her liking. She felt that she had behaved in a curi-

ous and unnatural manner. As his near-sighted eyes, sweeping the platform once more, rested upon her without recognition, she gave way to a panic. He stooped to take up his bags. She rushed to him fleetly. "Son!" she cried.

He straightened and took her in his arms: "Mother!"

They stood in silence for a moment, closely folded in embrace. She sought to quiet the panting of her heart against his and the quick catching of her breath. She had intended that this first meeting should pass off easily, and now her little inexplicable prank had spoiled it. Even as she yielded herself unrestrainedly to the fierce joy of holding him within her arms once more, she had time to think with humorous chagrin of this miserable end of her high resolves at self-control. Scenes had always upset and distressed him acutely. Even when he went away, that had already become one of his main characteristics. It seemed as if he had been through so many turbulent experiences in childhood that any thrill of emotion in the air disquieted him. It was as if, taking alarm at once, he instinctively felt the need of summoning some defense against an approaching invasion.

"Why, mother!" he repeated, soothingly, as she caught her breath upon his shoulder. He patted her diffidently and clumsily.

She recognized, as of old, the warning hint of discomfort in his voice. Quick to construe it, she stood away and looked at him. "You—you didn't know me," she said, smiling through her tears.

"I thought," he answered, awkwardly, "you would be in black."

"In black?" She searched his face keenly. "Should I have been? Did you want me to be?"

His eyes hardened. "No," he said, quickly; "I should say not. But I was afraid you would be. And—" He clamped his lips firmly together.



She divined his relief as plainly as if he had spoken it. She saw how nervously he had looked forward to this first encounter. He feared that he might be confronted with something which would constantly remind him of his father.

She looked at him yearningly. She longed to say to him: "Dear, you must not be bitter—you must let yourself get well. Through no fault of yours you lost your childhood, but bitterness will react upon all your future." That was what she longed to speak, but instead she said, lightly, "Come, sha'n't we go?"

He picked up the bags and faced her in a way that, she felt, he intended should have meaning for her. "Yes. Let us go—home."

They waited at the corner for the car. He stood silently getting his bearings in the new city which had grown up since he went away.

"It has all changed," said his mother. "And for the better."

"There's where the dentist used to be," he said. "Don't you remember the day I kept you at the steps for an hour coaxing me to come in? What a little coward I was! You shouldn't have been so easy with me."

"No, I suppose not." She smiled bravely, though his speech awoke innumerable poignant memories in her mind.

He laughed grimly. "That isn't the way to treat boy-kids. It just makes it grow on them. That's what the dentist said, too."

Her face was turned from him and he could not see the arrow of pain which stung it. But in a moment she smiled at him tremulously. "Naturally," she laughed, "missing his appointment biased his judgment a little. Poor man! one of his son's went to jail." Her voice had taken a crisp ring of defiance, but she felt a quick contrition for her sorry retaliation, and went on: "Still, he was making the best guess he could, I suppose—like all mothers and fathers."

"Oh," said her son, curtly—"fathers!" He stooped to pick up the bags.

His mother's eyes rested upon him with longing. But she went on, brightly and casually: "Yes, the city has changed everywhere. Tearing down and

building up all over. But I have been more fortunate than most. Little that I really cared for has been swept away."

He took an inquiring step toward the car which was stopping in front of them.

"Not that one, dear," she said; "there is ours at the next corner."

He laughed boyishly. "Mother, I was just going to ask you to use your young eyes and see if our car was coming."

She echoed his youthful laughter with a deeper note of gratitude. The years had rolled back and he seemed to her just thirteen again. "I was waiting for that. Why didn't you?"

"I was afraid," he answered, gaily, "that your eyes might not be as young as they used to be. But they are. And as for you"—he swept her with a saucy glance of frank admiration—"I didn't dream that the mother of a college graduate could be so—so rosebuddy. I thought you were terribly old."

She blushed with pleasure and made a droll face at him as they got on the car. Her heart gave a glad bound. The ice was broken, and they could begin again where they had left off seven years ago.

In his childhood their common unmentioned fear of his father had put them on a curious footing of equality. Piteous as its cause had been, it was this equality which she had most hungrily desired in all her tumultuous eagerness for his return and her anxiety as to what the years had made of him. In spite of the great and secret apprehensions in her heart, her main hope, after all, had been that she and her son could begin their new life together on the basis of that old comradeship.

He had been thirteen when he left. She had bidden him good-by at the station where they had just met after seven years' separation, and had watched him trudge down the platform and out of her life—a helpless pawn, she thought, sacrificed in an ignoble game.

Some men's hands reach back after death, but Lewis Morgan's had molded his world for good or ill before he went into his actual grave. After that scene between them which had proved to be final, she had begged her husband to send the boy away to boarding-school at once, fearing that his nerves were be-



ing shattered for life. The habit of self-repression formed so early and under such unhappy circumstances could not fail to have dangerous results. The father had eagerly consented. Often he had tried to bring her to this decision, though for another reason. But the boy had clung to her mutely and had stolidly refused to go.

"I can't leave you with *him*," he said at last, shuddering, as he clutched his mother convulsively.

The man winced, but he laughed gamely.

"Why, what could you do to protect her, sonny?" he said in the courteous, derisive way which had become second nature to him. His eyes sparkled with the humorous malice which seemed always to be veiling something within their depths. "I'll tell you what, though. Your mother's right for once, even if she has ruined you. I'll make a bargain with you. We'll start to-morrow, you and I. No, don't worry, not together! I'll go West and you go East. You go to boarding-school and to college. Your mother stays here. And we'll none of us meet until you're twenty-one. Then you'll know a thing or two and won't be looking at everything with your mother's eyes. Will you go?"

The mother had turned to ice. And the boy stood stiff and dumb beside her. Morgan's impish eyes sparkled from one to the other.

"Must it be—all that time?" she said, slowly.

"Since you think it necessary to get his little majesty's consent, I am willing to ask for it too. But only upon these conditions." He spoke in the tone of pleasant banter with which he always treated her—except during his wild fits



SHE SAW HIS EYES FALL UPON EACH OBJECT WITH LINGERING RECOGNITION

of anger. "These are my terms. Besides, the longer he is away, my dear, the longer I am. My loss is precisely his gain, so to speak. The Biblical allusion should remind you of your religious duty. For the separation, you must admit, may be the making of both of us."

She gazed at her boy as if she were already bidding him farewell. It seemed the only escape from a situation which had appeared hopeless. She knew that he would hold to his word. The novelty of the situation would continually interest him, and the recollection that he was



keeping the boy from her would sustain him equally in reckless or in dull moments. In better moods his solace would be all too obvious—he would convince himself that it was the boy's only salvation to be untied from his mother's apron strings. For herself, she would have opportunity to rebuild her life again, to win back her self-respect. As for the boy—

Ah, the boy! Stifling her own feelings as well as she could, she gazed upon him in an agony of speculation as he stood there rigid and mute. It had always been his way during these encounters. Every fiber of his body stiffened as if to sustain a blow. When each one was over, his reticence seemed to have increased. Silence and rigidity had now become almost perpetual with him. He must have time to relax and forget, to lie fallow and take air and sun easily. There was no other way, if some lifelong damage to his spiritual nature was to be prevented. Perhaps it was already too late. Besides, her husband might be right in his contention—who knew? It was not unlikely that in this highly charged emotional atmosphere she had failed to see anything clearly; that she was ruining the boy unaware. And he had certainly seen and heard much which is not good for a child to associate with his parents.

Now he was returning her gaze, his eyes staring from his set face.

"Will you go, son?" she said.

He took a deep breath. "If you want me to."

She turned to her husband. "We accept your terms—both of us."

"All right," said Morgan. "I go to-morrow morning and you do not hear of me again for ten years. Lewis goes to-morrow morning and you do not hear for ten years from him. When he finishes boarding-school he will go to any college that suits him. During the vacations he goes where he pleases. If it is not a liberty, I suggest Europe later. But he does not meet you, my dear, by chance or otherwise. You will hear of his plans through old Bradley, who will attend to his allowance, and to whom he has permission to write. My intention is that you do not in any way communicate with each other, and you will

respect that intention. When the ten years are up, he and I will both come back to the roost—like the chickens or the curses, which is it? Perhaps we shall both"—he smiled his pleasantly provoking smile—"be better men, my dear. I'm sure I hope so."

"And what of me?" she said.

"You, too, will be free to do as you please. Short of divorcing me for desertion, of course. That would be unfair after my voluntarily cutting the Gordian knot. It would also be unfair to the experiment. But after we both come back, sonny and I, you can divorce me if you like, or if you have made other plans in the interval. And he, too, will be free to make what choice he will—perhaps he also may have changed his mind. The main point is that ten years of silence may perhaps clear the situation. Is it a bargain?"

"Yes," she said.

"And you, sonny?"

His eyes, dry and astounded, had never left his mother's face. "Do you want me to?" he repeated. She mutely inclined her head. "Yes," he said to his father.

Morgan bowed with his slightly derisive courtesy. "I can trust you both. And now I must go and pack up. You will understand that there are many things to be arranged."

So it had been settled. Morgan had departed the next morning, still as smilingly ironical as if he had disposed of only one day of all their lives instead of ten years. Lewis had taken the next train, still rigid and self-controlled, but moving mechanically as if in response to uninterpreted orders. She had been left alone.

Mr. Bradley had made reports from time to time. The years had gone on. In the seventh year, without warning, Morgan broke the compact. Bradley had news that he had died in the Rockies, had arranged for burial there, and had left everything in perfect order. The estate, moderate but entirely comfortable, was to go to her and the boy. He hoped the boy had chosen his profession. Young Lewis was graduating that week at college. In reply, he had telegraphed that he was on his way.

As they were chatting freely in the



car, Mrs. Morgan kept sharp watch upon her eagerness to master at once all the life that he had lived away from her. One cannot all in a moment, she told herself, leap a chasm of seven years, and least of all in the life of a growing boy. Even if his temperament were otherwise, Lewis had been so entirely accountable to himself alone that he would be quick to resist any intrusion upon his personality. She would be content to go slowly, to allow revelations to come naturally and simply. Their present relation was artificial and self-conscious, and she was acutely alive to the fact that this characteristic might easily become permanent.

Into the empty house they went. The windows were open to a gentle breeze, and there were flowers in the hall. Inside the door he paused and looked around. She saw his eyes fall upon each object with lingering recognition. The door into the parlor stood wide open. His eyes, from where he stood, traveled diagonally through the doorway. She guessed that they were seeking his father's picture, which had hung just beyond the slant of his vision. He took a step forward. She saw the flint-like look come into his face again, and his shoulders stiffened in the way she remembered.

"It is there," he said.

"Yes, dear. Shall we go right up to your room?"

He followed her with the bags. She opened the door for him to go in. He set down the bags in the middle of the floor and took a deep breath.

"It is all the same," he said.

"Yes. Nothing has been moved."

She entered the room. Upon the bureau stood a bowl of white carnations. She leaned over and buried her face in them. "Are they still your favorites?" she asked, lightly.

"Yes," he answered with an effort. She recognized the signal of discomfort in his voice, but he went on speaking—as if he had made up his mind to say something in spite of embarrassment. "Mother, I don't think I have changed any, either," he said, slowly.

"That's good, son," she said, trying to speak with steadiness. "It will be nice to have the same old boy in the same old room."

Ever since she knew he was coming she had debated which was the wiser course. Should she let him make alone his tour of inspection around the house, or should she go with him? How could they most quickly become at ease with each other? The incident in the hall had decided her to relinquish the tender joy she had hoped for. "I must go out now until luncheon," she said. "Good-by."

He stopped her as she passed him, and, drawing her to him, kissed her in silence.

"Welcome home, son," she said, gently.

She went out and shut the door behind her.

The next few days she spent eagerly piecing his life together. She knew he would be too diffident to tell her a consecutive story, nor would she have encouraged one. A formal account could supply her only with dates and outline; it might easily omit everything of value. Indeed, she refrained as far as possible from any direct questioning. She kept checking her eagerness and reminding herself of the need for tact and caution. She hoarded scraps of information and fitted them carefully into the scheme she was making of his unknown life. What had he grown into? What sort of man did he promise to become?

He seemed never at ease except in small talk, of which he had even less than the average boy. Reserved in everything, he was almost inarticulate on personal matters. The protective processes of nature, so often summoned in his boyhood, had now incased him in a shell which shut him from the world. She longed with fierceness to penetrate it, but she knew too well that any open move to do so would not only fail, but would render its inmate more guarded still.

What had he made of the wretched business? Did he blame her for her choice?—for depriving him of home and of love at so critical a time? She smiled bitterly at the familiar phrase. Her own experience had shown her that all times are critical, and that it is not immaturity itself which constitutes the danger. But she knew also from her own experience how much were to be feared those



rash judgments of youth, equipped with second-hand phrases, without perspective, and with only those conventional and sentimental standards with which all their education seems so anxious to supply them.

Seven thoughtful years spent in solitude, amid the ruins of her young life and surrounded by whispering tongues, had changed many of her inherited estimates of good and bad. She had come to learn that she herself, as well as Morgan, was to be forgiven much. She had come to recognize that under the light mockery of his eyes and the banter of his voice had been concealed something which was very different. "Why do we not tell our children the truth?" she asked passionately of the dark, as hour by hour she pondered over what her boy had grown into these seven years when she had not been by. "Why do we lie so? In whose name do we do it? We do not teach them that they must all their lives be making allowances, be leaving a margin. We supply them with hard and fast conceptions about things which we term "morality" and "sentiment," and all our rigid little maxims we find afterward we cannot use because they have no flexibility. Life must reconstruct them out of bitterness and bewilderment of spirit. Oh, the waste and damage of it all! And sometimes the ruin of it all! How has it been with him?" But in the morning she met him smilingly at breakfast. She could smile at herself, indeed, as she sat erect and eager like a little dog alert for crumbs.

For a week she lay in wait to surprise his aims and ambitions. It was only natural, she told herself, that a boy who had kept his own counsel so long should be uncommunicative. At last, however, after much uneasy hesitation she ventured to direct the conversation. But it was with a diffidence almost equal to his.

"What shall you do, son?" she asked. "I mean, have you decided upon your calling yet? We must get started soon—pulling wires, and that sort of thing."

His brief answer did not encourage her. "I am still making up my mind."

"Didn't your studies take you in any particular direction?"

"No," he answered, evasively. "I

tried to make them as all-round as possible."

"I suppose that's the best way. At least that would have been my advice so long as you had no positive bent that insisted on being followed. But it is time now to make up your mind. Your father—I think—meant you to choose your work before we all came together again. Before you were twenty-one. I think—we should follow his wishes—"

It was the first time she had spoken of him and that part of the past. She felt her son stiffen and her words break against a wall. But when he spoke, it was not with the reserve she expected.

"His wishes! What wishes did he have about me? My wish is that we never mention his name again!"

Mrs. Morgan studied the breakfast-table for a few moments. "As I look back upon it now," she said, softly, "I think his wishes about you were many—and constant, and strong."

The boy got up from the table. It was not as if he wished to be peremptory, but the subject seemed intolerable. "A queer way he had of showing it," he cried.

"I think—as I look back upon it now," pursued Mrs. Morgan, painfully, "he thought it was the only way. He thought, as I did, that it was the best solution."

"I can see what you did it for, after he put it to you like that. And I don't blame you. But as for him! Solution of what?"

"He thought—I was ruining you. And that neither you nor I could see his point of view. That we belittled his judgment on account of—of the times when he was not himself. I think we did do so. But whether the thing was right or wrong, I feel he did it for you. It could not have been easy to cut himself out of everything."

"Oh, couldn't it!" retorted Lewis. "That's just what a coward would do. I wish, mother, I might never hear his name again." He left the room.

The revelation had come at last. She saw that she had been hoping the inevitable had not happened. She had fondly tried to persuade herself that his self-repression was only the natural result of the tension of his childhood and





"I WISH, MOTHER, I MIGHT NEVER HEAR HIS NAME AGAIN"

of a boyhood thrown entirely upon its own resources. But he had not relaxed and forgotten, as she had hoped seven years ago. Instead, his bitterness had gone on hardening him all the while. And not only had he been resenting hourly his father's conduct, but he had made an estimate of his father's character by which to measure the motives of his acts. But cowardice? A picture of her husband's pleasant, ironical face as he bid them good-by floated before her. No one who knew him could have said that Lewis Morgan was ever afraid of anything, and she had guessed for a long time that the bravest thing he had ever done was to leave them bantering. How could his son have arrived at so warped and false a notion of his father?

She had been struck by the curious inflection of his voice when he called his

father a coward. Could it be possible that, brooding in the locked chamber of his heart, he had nourished the fear that he should grow to be like his father? Well, she could understand that. It had been her chief fear also, that and the fear that he would blame her for the choice she had made. But how could the boy, even in his most violent mood, have reckoned his father a coward? Could it be that he thought himself one, and, in his fear that he would become like his father, had sought to explain this away as a manifest inheritance, to save the pain of admitting it as one of his own characteristics? And why had he fancied himself a coward? Oh for the key to all these questions! She could not much longer remain inactive, seeing how much was to be done and how great was the need for immediate action. But



if she set to work in the dark, she was risking more than she stood to gain. She must wait for another disclosure. Thus reasoning, she stilled the clamor of her heart.

It was a day or two after this that she picked up a book which her son had been reading. As she dipped into it she became interested. Turning to the title-page, she saw that it was a book on philosophy and that her husband's name

was on the fly-leaf. She was deeply absorbed when Lewis entered the room. Looking up, she recognized her opportunity to discover his real views of life and conduct. She would get the boy to talk about the book. Doubtless he had studied it at Harvard.

"Why have I never heard before," she said, "of the interesting and illuminating theory set forth in this book?"

"Well, it is comparatively new," he answered.

"But I wonder why he never spoke of it. It is just the thing he would want to talk over with me. He loved to riddle my sentimentality."

"He? Who?"

Mrs. Morgan remembered too late that the unlucky speech might cost her her opportunity. But she went on, not wishing to evade: "Your father."

"Oh," said Lewis, and went to the window. In a moment, however, he turned and looked at her curiously.

Mrs. Morgan continued: "Yes, I don't see how your father could have read those ideas and not brought them to me. He had thought a great deal in the same direction."

"Mother!" burst out the boy. "What do you mean? That book came out after he went away."

It was her turn to be amazed. "After? But the book is his."

"No. It's mine." He took it from her quickly.

"But here is his name." She opened it and pointed to the fly-leaf: "Lewis Morgan."

The boy's eyes went wide, first with surprise and then with gathering horror. "Mother," he cried, jerkily, "I wrote that!"



IT WAS HER TURN TO BE AMAZED



"*You?*" She stared at him, slowly comprehending.

"Look at the date of the book. Don't you see it came out afterward? You mean to say you thought it was his writing? You would not have known?"

Mrs. Morgan read the horror in his eyes. She feared what he was reading in her own. She dropped them to the page and sought to steady herself during the instant she pretended to be studying the signature. "Of course, now that I look at it more closely, I see a difference—this is more firm and mature."

The unfortunate words she had caught at in her wildness stung him. He snatched her hands, letting the book fall to the floor. He took a deep breath and seemed to be fighting for self-control, to be catching at something in him which was going to pieces. "But you thought they were the same?"

"For an instant," she parried; "but only for an instant."

"Didn't you think so the second time?" His even voice, broken with quick breathing, had a ring of command which dominated its despairing entreaty. "Tell me, mother."

She did not answer. The tone was frightening her, far more than the recognition she had made just now, and even far more than her fear that he would detect it.

"Tell me!" he cried. His voice had shot up an octave in pitch, but it had not increased its volume. Spoken so, the words had a quiet high tautness of sound that was almost unendurable.

Mrs. Morgan gasped involuntarily. It was her husband's voice, and in Lewis's eyes gleamed the ungovernable fierceness of one of his father's fits of anger.

"Yes." The admission now seemed trifling beside this other one which she feared he was guessing—that in a more terrible way she recognized in him an exact counterpart of her husband! Instinctively she shrank back in terror; but automatically, as years before with her husband, she crushed down her own terror to comfort her boy. She threw open her arms. "Lewis!" she cried.

He came into them like the child of old, rigid and mute. But in a moment he twitched convulsively and broke into

a hard, dry sobbing which seemed to wrench him. Her fear had gone when she opened her arms to him, and she now felt a wild elation surmounting everything else. She had got him back again completely! His reserve had crumbled at last. Perhaps emotion, which had in the past so cruelly wronged them both, might melt forever this icy barrier between them before it had time to form again.

But her reason was busy also. Should she try to take advantage of this resurrection of their old terror-inspired communion and learn more of his hidden life? If she could only induce him to speak—to free himself under this emotion of the burden of his bitterness. Under emotion it was his heart which would speak. Later, if ever he should speak of his own accord, she feared his mind would color and interpret, and that what he would say then would fail to free him or to enlighten her. She felt helpless. Was it not best to prolong this emotion until it had purged him? All these thoughts flashed through her mind as she stood with the boy shuddering in her arms, his body racked with dry sobs. She herself was sobbing.

She made up her mind. "Lewis," she said, gently, "what did you do?"

"When?" he faltered.

"That time you first thought you were a coward?"

He struggled from her weakly, but she held him more closely. "No. Stay here, so, and tell me."

"I can't," he said, brokenly.

"Yes, you can."

"How did you know?" he said.

"Because you got that notion that your father was a coward, and you got it out of yourself."

The boy struggled in her arms. "Let me go, mother!" he cried, menacingly.

She locked her wrists together. "What did you do?" she insisted.

Lewis put his hands upon her shoulders and pushed her back from him. His face was red and distorted, and dabbled with sweat, but she still held him.

"He *was* a coward," he said, "or he wouldn't have treated us—you and me—the way he did. It wasn't that he couldn't help it. He wanted to. You could see that."





John Alvin Williams

"I NEVER KNEW WHAT LOVE FOR YOU MEANT UNTIL THIS MOMENT"

"You are treating me so now," she said, resolutely, "though you are trying not to hurt me, and perhaps your father didn't want to hurt me, either. But you are hurting me, all the same. I will not let you go, son, until you break my hold and throw me off. What was it you did that made you feel yourself a coward?"

The boy, who had stiffened in her arms while she was defending his father, again relaxed. He sank his head upon her shoulder, and once more something in him seemed crumbling. It convinced her of the futility of reasoning with him. She must break down this unseen ob-

stacle, if at all, by surge after surge of emotion. If evil came of it, she must try to mend it later; but now she must go on.

"What did you do?" she whispered to him, tenderly and coaxingly, as to a child.

He would not speak. But his convulsive breathing was becoming more regular. His shoulders had ceased to twitch.

Mrs. Morgan saw that she was facing her whole future with her boy. Unless she could make him speak now, this expenditure of vital feeling had all been useless—worse than useless, for her opportunity would never return again. Under the humiliation of this encounter he would grow daily more sullen and resentful. He must speak. She searched her brain wildly. She had been right thus far in her guesses—it was true that he had thought himself a coward and had attributed his cowardice to his father. Had the boy given her any other weapon she could use against him? What was it he had said to her just now? "Or he would not have treated you and me so." Could this be a clue? She must take the chance.

"Lewis," she said, gently, "when you thought yourself a coward, what weak little thing had you hurt?"

There was a moment of absolute silence. With her arms gripped around her boy, Mrs. Morgan waited tensely. How would it end?

All at once Lewis began to cry. It was not as before, in convulsive shuddering sobs that racked him, but whimperingly, like an exhausted child. Through the whimpering she felt the steady flow of tears. All the resistance in his body had disappeared. By and by he began to speak.

"It was at boarding-school—just after the last Commencement. All the boys were talking about going home, and where their folks were going for the summer. I went to my room and got to



thinking. While I was thinking, a—a cat came in through the door. It wasn't a cat—it was a little kitten that belonged to the housekeeper. I didn't see it until it rubbed up against me. When I looked down and saw it, I caught it up and squeezed it. It cried, and suddenly I squeezed it tighter and tried to hurt it. I wanted to. And then I—I threw the kitten out of the window while it was crying. The top floor. Five stories.

Mrs. Morgan strained him more closely to her heart, but she said nothing. He cried upon her shoulder. For some while he did not attempt to speak. Then he began again.

"And now! I—I must be getting like him in every way. What's the use? It's no good trying any more."

She soothed him as well as she could for the tumult in her mind. "Hush, dear! Hush, dear!"

"But think how brutal it was! It makes me sick. You can't help but hate me for it. Why did I tell you?"

"Hate you!" she said. "When you were a child I imagined you were all I had, and I feared I had ruined you besides. When you were away I had nothing but regret and my love to feed upon. Yet I never knew what love for you meant until this moment."

"But, mother! An odious thing like that. You *must* hate me. You will when you come to think about it. I shall always hate myself."

"Hush, dear!" she said, helplessly. "You were not yourself when you did it. I know all about it. And I have seen your father."

"That's it!" cried the boy. "My father! That was when he was really himself. The other times it didn't come out, or he was hiding it. He was cowardly and cruel by nature. I know what he was because I'm that way!"

Mrs. Morgan closed her eyes. The bodily strain had been almost more than she could bear, but her exaltation of spirit had helped her. She had felt that she was on the right track. Then instinct had told her that the danger-point was passed when his self-repression had been broken down completely. Now she was very tired; yet there was still something to do while he was under the emotion of his confession. But what?

"Dear, you were thirteen years old. Tell me, did you have a true estimate then of anything in the world? Did you have an idea of anything in the world—even of me—that you have not changed since? How, then, can you be so sure that your estimate of your father is trustworthy?"

The boy was silent. She felt that the words had fallen on deaf ears. He was busy elsewhere. With what? How could she reach him? How could she make this unprecedented emotion do the unprecedented thing and straighten his distorted mind? There must be a way, and now was the moment for it, if she could only find it.

"Oh," she cried, throwing out her hands, "I do not want to reason. I do not want to try to get at anything through your mind. You have gone over and over everything so often. That is the trouble. Always in the same groove, extending it further and further each time. And because you have kept going you think you have arrived somewhere. I know all about it, my poor son. What will cure us is not to arrive at anything new, but to get back to the beginning and understand how we went wrong."

"Where is the beginning?" he said, dully.

"I don't know. Away back in your childhood. Possibly it was the first time your father frightened you—when he did something to me."

"Always my father! You've got to get back to him. And I'm like him and I'm getting more like him. You were afraid of it yourself. You know you were."

Mrs. Morgan hesitated. Should she deny it? No, let there be perfect frankness between them. "I was. But I was only afraid that you might be like him—when he was not like himself. I admired and respected your father as much as I loved him. Once I thought that had gone. I found out it hadn't—afterward."

"Oh, mother, don't talk that stuff. Don't try to keep that up any more. It's all over and we are what we are. Father was, and I am. No good can come of making yourself blind!"

"Blind? Dear, it is you who are the blind one. You think that you were



acting out your real nature—when you killed the kitten. Don't you see that was only chance?"

He took her up harshly. "What do you mean? Chance! It might have been even worse."

"Yes, it might have been. That would have been chance, too. But whatever it was, it might have happened to me over and over again. I grant you that you killed a helpless thing in what looked like wanton cruelty, but it was just a chance that it was a kitten. I did the same thing one day. With a brush of your father's."

He came to her excitedly. "How?" he cried as he took a deep breath.

"Some people had been to call. They were talking of their happy home life. When they left I went up to my room and began to think about it. My eyes fell on that brush your father had forgotten when he was packing, and I picked it up, remembering your father and how wistful his eyes were behind that mask of mockery he assumed. Suddenly something happened in my mind. I don't know how it happened. But I found myself staring at the brush in the street below. I had thrown it there with all my force."

"Mother!" he cried.

"Yes. So you see we are alike. I, too, was shocked and humiliated at the violence of my nature. I did not know then what I know now. That brush typified for me at that moment all my love for your father and his for me. And it was in a blind rage at fate that I had thrown it from the window—the fate that, through no fault of his or mine, had spoiled our life together. I did not see that until you told me about the kitten."

"The kitten? Do you think it was so with me?"

"I know it. Listen. The boys were talking of home and their parents' plans. You could not bear to hear them, knowing how you were deprived. You were longing for our love—your father's and mine—when the kitten rubbed against you. You picked it up almost unconsciously, to give it some of your thwarted affection. Suddenly you had the same blind rage at fate that I had. It was not the kitten, it was your wretched life that

you sought to fling away from you. I know all about it. It was because your nature was capable of feeling deeply and finely that it happened. A boy with a smaller nature would never have done such a thing."

He looked at her with shining eyes, and drew a deep breath of freedom. Yet the old habit of his mind was strong. Although his chains had fallen from him, he was still conscious of the sores where they had galled and rubbed. He could not perceive that he was free. "Perhaps you are right, mother. Perhaps it did just happen. But there it is, all the same. Nobody else would have made excuses for me. No one else would talk that way about it but you."

Mrs. Morgan arose solemnly. "Everyone would talk that way about it if they knew. That is, they would if they were honest. Everybody has been through it. We are all just alike. Something goes wrong inside of us and turns the best in us—just because it is the best—to the worst. And the fortunate people who found brushes in their hands—instead of kittens and other living things—are the very ones who should talk that way first. Instead, they are the ones who lie about it most."

She stood before him as one transfigured.

"Mother?" he cried, wonderingly.

She smiled and shook her head, and gazed fixedly in front of her. There, in a flood of light, she was seeing her husband's wistful eyes. "That is it!" her soul whispered to him. "That is the secret of it all. They taught us that evil comes only from evil. But it comes chiefly from good that has gone astray. Oh, Lewis, my poor love! If we could only have found out and put it right again! How blind we were and how wrong is all the world!"

The boy had sat down again and begun to cry softly. "Oh, mother! oh, mother!" he babbled over and over again, like a child who has been frightened and now is holding its mother's hand and crying itself rhythmically to sleep.

Mrs. Morgan made no attempt to stop him. There was no pain in his sobbing, and she knew that his tears were washing away his bitterness.

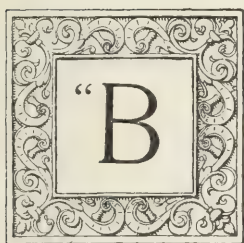


# The Price of Love

## A NOVEL

BY ARNOLD BENNETT

### CHAPTER X—*Continued*



“BUT what does he mean?” demanded Rachel, roused from her heavy mood of self-pity.

“I don’t know.”

“But what can he mean?” she insisted.

“Haven’t a notion.”

“But he must mean something!”

Louis asked: “Well, what should *you* say he means?”

“How very strange!” Rachel murmured, not attempting to answer the question. “And the Three Tuns! Why does he write from the Three Tuns? What’s he doing at the Three Tuns? Isn’t it a very low public-house? And everybody thought he was still in South Africa! . . . I suppose then it *must* have been him that we saw to-night.”

“You may bet it was.”

“Then why didn’t he come straight here? That’s what I want to know. He couldn’t have called before we got here, because if he had Mrs. Tams would have told us.”

Louis nodded.

“Didn’t you think Mr. Batchgrew looked very *queer* when you mentioned Julian to-night?” Rachel continued to express her curiosity and wonder.

“No. I didn’t notice anything particular,” Louis replied, vaguely.

Throughout the conversation his manner was self-conscious. Rachel observed it, while feigning the contrary, and in her turn grew uneasy and even self-conscious also. Further, she had the feeling that Louis was depending upon her for support, and perhaps for initiative. His glance, though furtive, had the appealing quality which rendered him sometimes so exquisitely wistful to her. As he stood over her by the bed, he made a peculiar

compound of the negligent, dominant masculine and the clinging feminine.

“And why didn’t he let anybody know of his return?” Rachel went on.

Louis, veering toward the masculine, clinched the immediate point:

“The question before the meeting is,” he smiled demurely, “what answer am I to send?”

“I suppose you must see him to-night.”

“Nothing else for it, is there? Well, I’ll scribble him a bit of a note.”

“But I sha’n’t see him, Louis.”

“No?”

In an instant Rachel thought to herself: “He doesn’t want me to see him.”

Aloud she said: “I should have to dress myself all over again. Besides, I’m not fit to be seen.”

She was referring, without any apparent sort of shame, to the redness of her eyes.

“Well, I’ll see him by myself, then.”

Louis turned to leave the bedroom. Whereat Rachel was very disconcerted and disappointed. Although the startling note from Julian had alarmed her and excited in her profound apprehensions whose very nature she would scarcely admit to herself, the main occupation of her mind was still her own quarrel with Louis. The quarrel was now over, for they had conversed in quite sincere tones of friendliness, but she had desired and expected an overt tangible proof and symbol of peace. That proof and symbol was a kiss.

Louis was at the door . . . he was beyond the door . . . she was lost.

“Louis!” she cried.

He put his face in at the door.

“Will you just pass me my hand-mirror. It’s on the dressing-table.”

Louis was thrilled by this simple re-



quest. The hand-mirror had arrived in the house as a wedding-present. It was backed with tortoise-shell, and seemingly the one thing that had reconciled Rachel the downright to the possession of a hand-mirror was the fact that the tortoise-shell was real tortoise-shell. She had "made out" that a hand-mirror was too frivolous an object for the dressing-table of a serious Five Towns woman. She had always referred to it as "the" hand-mirror—as though disdaining special ownership. She had derided it once by using it in front of Louis with the mimic foolish graces of an empty-headed doll. And now she was asking for it because she wanted it; and she had said "my" hand-mirror!

This revelation of the odalisque in his Rachel enchanted Louis, and incidentally it also enchanted Rachel. She had employed a desperate remedy, and the result on both of them filled her with a most surprising gladness. Louis judged it to be deliciously right that Rachel should be anxious to know whether her weeping had indeed made her into an object improper for the beholding of the male eye, and Rachel to her astonishment shared his opinion. She was "vain," and they were both well content. In taking it she touched his hand. He bent and kissed her. Each of them was ravaged by formidable fears for the future, tremendously disturbed in secret by the mysterious word from Julian; and yet that kiss stood unique among their kisses, and in their simplicity they knew not why. And as they kissed they hated Julian, and the past, and the whole world, for thus coming between them and deranging their love. They would, had it been possible, have sold all the future for tranquillity in that moment.

Going down-stairs, Louis found Mrs. Tams standing in the back part of the lobby between the parlor door and the kitchen; obviously she had stationed herself there in order to keep watch on the messenger from the Three Tuns. As the master of the house approached with dignity the foot of the stairs, the messenger stirred, and in the classic manner of messengers fingered uneasily his hat. The fingers were dirty. The hat was dirty and shabby. It had been some-

body else's hat before coming into the possession of the messenger. The same applied to his jacket and trousers. The jacket was well cut, but green; the trousers with their ragged, muddy edges yet betrayed a pattern of distinction. Round his neck the messenger wore a thin muffler, and on his feet an exhausted pair of tennis-shoes. These noiseless shoes accentuated and confirmed the stealthy glance of his eyes. Except for an unshaven chin, and the confidence-destroying quality that lurked subtly in his aspect, he was not repulsive to look upon. His features were delicate enough, his restless mouth was even pretty, and his carriage graceful. He had little of the coarseness of industrialism—probably because he was not industrial. His age was about twenty, and he might have sold *Signals* in the street, or run illegal errands for street-bookmakers. At any rate it was certain that he was not above earning a chance copper from a customer of the Three Tuns. His clear destiny was never to inspire respect or trust, nor to live regularly (save conceivably in prison), nor to do any honest daily labor. And if he did not know this, he felt it. All his movements were those of an outcast who both feared and execrated the organism that was rejecting him.

Louis, elegant, self-possessed, and superior, passed into the parlor exactly as if the messenger had been invisible. He was separated from the messenger by an immeasurable social prestige. He was raised to such an altitude above the messenger that he positively could not see the messenger with the naked eye. And yet for one fraction of a second he had the illusion of being so intimately akin to the messenger that a mere nothing might have pushed him into those vile clothes and endowed him with that furtive look and that sinister aspect of a helot. For one infinitesimal instant he was the messenger; and shuddered. Then the illusion as swiftly faded, and—such being Louis' happy temperament—was forgotten. He disappeared into the parlor, took a piece of paper and an envelope from the small writing-table behind Rachel's chair, and wrote a short note to Julian—a note from which facetiousness was not absent—inviting him



to come at once. He rang the bell. Mrs. Tams entered, full of felicity because the great altercation was over and concord established.

"Give this to that chap," said Louis, casually imperative, holding out the note but scarcely glancing at Mrs. Tams.

"Yes, sir," said Mrs. Tams with humble eagerness, content to be a very minor tool in the hidden designs of the exalted.

"And then you can go to bed."

"Oh! It's of no consequence, I'm sure, sir," Mrs. Tams answered.

Louis heard her say importantly and condescendingly to the messenger:

"Here ye are, young man."

She shut the front door as though much relieved to get such a source of peril and infection out of the respectable house.

Immediately afterward, strange things happened to Louis in the parlor. He had intended to return at once to his wife in order to continue the vague, staggered conversation about Julian's thunderbolt. But he discovered that he could not persuade himself to rejoin Rachel. A self-consciousness growing every moment more acute and troublesome prevented him from so doing. He was afraid that he could not discuss the vanished money without blushing, and it happened rarely that he lost control of his features, which indeed he could as a rule mold to the expression of a cherub whenever desirable. So he sat down in a chair, the first chair to hand, any chair, and began to reflect. Of course he was safe. The greatest saint on earth could not have been safer than he was from conviction of a crime. He might be suspected, but nothing could possibly be proved against him. Moreover, despite his self-consciousness, he felt innocent; he really did feel innocent, and even ill-used. The money had forced itself upon him in an inexcusable way; he was convinced that he had never meant to misappropriate it; assuredly he had received not a halfpenny of benefit from it. The fault was entirely the old lady's. Yes, he was innocent and he was safe.

Nevertheless, he did not at all like the resuscitation of the affair. The affair had been buried. How characteristic of the inconvenient Julian to rush in from

South Africa and dig it up! Everybody concerned had decided that the old lady on the night of her attack had not been responsible for her actions. She had annihilated the money—whether by fire, as Batchgrew had lately suggested, or otherwise, did not matter. Or, if she had not annihilated the money, she had "done something" with it—something unknown and unknowable. Such was the acceptable theory, in which Louis heartily concurred. The loss was his—at least half the loss was his—and others had no right to complain. But Julian was without discretion. Within twenty-four hours Julian might well set the whole district talking.

Louis was dimly aware that the district already had talked, but he was not aware to what extent it had talked. Neither he nor anybody else was aware how the secret had escaped out of the house. Mrs. Tams would have died rather than breathe a word. Rachel, naturally, had said naught; nor had Louis. Old Batchgrew had decided that his highest interest also was to say naught, and he had informed none save Julian. Julian might have set the secret free in South Africa, but in a highly distorted form it had been current in certain strata of Five Towns society long before it could have returned from South Africa. The rough, common-sense verdict of those select few who had winded the secret was simply that "there had been some hanky-panky," and that beyond doubt Louis was "at the bottom of it," but that it had little importance, as Mrs. Maldon was dead, poor thing. As for Julian, "a rough customer, though honest as the day," he was reckoned to be capable of protecting his own interests.

And then, amid all his apprehensions, a new hope sprouted in Louis' mind. Perhaps Julian was acquainted with some fact that might lead to the recovery of a part of the money. Had Louis not always held that the pile of notes which had penetrated into his pocket did not represent the whole of the nine hundred and sixty-five pounds? Conceivably it represented about half of the total, in which case a further sum of, say, two hundred and fifty pounds might be coming to Louis. Already he was treating this two hundred and fifty



pounds as a windfall, and wondering in what most pleasant ways he could employ it! . . . But with what kind of fact could Julian be acquainted? . . . Had Julian been dishonest? Louis would have liked to think Julian dishonest, but he could not. Then what . . . ?

He heard movements above. And the front gate creaked. As if a spring had been loosed, he jumped from the chair and ran up-stairs—away from the arriving Julian and toward his wife. Rachel was just getting up.

"Don't trouble," he said. "I'll see him. I'll deal with him. Much better for you to stay in bed."

He perceived that he did not want Rachel to hear what Julian had to say until after he had heard it himself.

Rachel hesitated.

"Do you think so? . . . What have you been doing? I thought you were coming up again at once."

"I had one or two little things—"

A terrific knock resounded on the front door.

"There he is!" Louis muttered, as it were, aghast.

## CHAPTER XI

### JULIAN'S DOCUMENT

JULIAN MALDON faced Louis in the parlor. Louis had conducted him there without the assistance of Mrs. Tams, who had been not merely advised, but commanded, to go to bed. Julian had entered the house like an exasperated enemy—glum, suspicious, and ferocious. His mien seemed to say: "You wanted me to come, and I've come. But mind you don't drive me to extremities." Impossible to guess from his grim face that he had asked permission to come! Nevertheless he had shaken Louis' hand with a ferocious sincerity which Louis felt keenly the next morning. He was the same Julian except that he had grown a brown beard. He had exactly the same short, thick-set figure, and the same defiant stare. South Africa had not changed him. No experience could change him. He would have returned from ten years at the North Pole or at the Equator, with savages or with uncompromising intellectuals, just the same Julian. He was one of those

beings who are violently themselves all the time. By some characteristic social clumsiness he had omitted to remove his overcoat in the lobby. And now, in the parlor, he could not get it off. As a man seated, engaged in conversation by a woman standing, forgets to rise at once and then cannot rise, finding himself glued to the chair, so was Julian with his overcoat; to take it off he would have had to flay himself alive.

"Won't you take off your overcoat?" Louis suggested.

"No."

With his instinctive politeness Louis turned to improve the fire. And as he poked among the coals he said, in the way of amiable conversation:

"How's South Africa?"

"All right," replied Julian, who hated to impart his sensations. If Julian had witnessed Napoleon's retreat from Moscow he would have come to the Five Towns and, if questioned—not otherwise—would have said that it was all right.

Louis, however, suspected that this brevity was due to Julian's resentment of any inquisitiveness concerning his doings in South Africa; and he therefore at once abandoned South Africa as a subject of talk, though he was rather curious to know what, indeed, Julian had been about in South Africa for six mortal months. Nobody in the Five Towns knew for certain what Julian had been about in South Africa. It was understood that he had gone there as commercial traveler for his own wares, when his business was in a highly unsatisfactory condition, and that he had meant to stay for only a month. The excursion had been deemed somewhat mad, but not more mad than sundry other deeds of Julian's. Then Julian's manager, Foulger, had (it appeared) received authority to assume responsible charge of the manufactory until further notice. From that moment the business had prospered: a result at which nobody was surprised, because Foulger was notoriously a "good man" who had hitherto been balked in his ideas by an obstinate young employer.

In a community of stiff-necked employers, Julian already held a high place for the quality of being stiff-necked. Jim



Horrocleave, for example, had a queer, murderous manner with customers and with "hands," but Horrocleave was friendly toward scientific ideas in the earthenware industry, and had even given half a guinea to the fund for encouraging technical education in the district. Whereas Julian Maldon not only terrorized customers and work-people (the latter nevertheless had a sort of liking for him), but was bitingly scornful of "cranky chemists," or "Germans," as he called the scientific educated experts. He was the pure essence of the British manufacturer. He refused to make what the market wanted, unless the market happened to want what he wanted to make. He hated to understand the reasons underlying the processes of manufacture, or to do anything which had not been regularly done for at least fifty years. And he accepted orders like insults. The wonder was, not that he did so little business, but that he did so much. Still, people did respect him. His aunt Maldon, with her skilled habit of finding good points in mankind, had thought that he must be remarkably intelligent because he was so rude.

Beyond a vague rumor that Julian had established a general pottery agency in Cape Town with favorable prospects, no further news of him had reached England. But of course it was admitted that his inheritance had definitely saved the business, and also much improved his situation in the eyes of the community. . . . And now he had achieved a reappearance which in mysteriousness excelled even his absence.

"So you see we're installed here," said Louis, when he had finished with the fire. "Ay!" muttered Julian, dryly, and shut his lips.

Louis tried no more conversational openings. He was afraid. He waited for Julian's initiative as for an earthquake; for he knew now at the roots of his soul that the phrasing of the note was misleading, and that Julian had come to charge him with having misappropriated the sum of nine hundred and sixty-five pounds. He had, in reality, surmised as much on first reading the note, but somehow he had managed to put away the surmise as absurd and incredible.

After a formidable silence Julian said savagely:

"Look here. I've got something to tell you. I've written it all down, and I thought to send it ye by post. But after I'd written it I said to myself I'd tell it ye face to face or I'd die for it. And so here I am."

"Oh!" Louis murmured. He would have liked to be genially facetious, but his mouth was dried up. He could not ask any questions. He waited.

"Where's missis?" Julian demanded.

Louis started, not instantly comprehending.

"Rachel? She's—she's in bed. She'd gone to bed before you sent round."

"Well, I'll thank ye to get her up, then!" Julian pronounced. "She's got to hear this at first hand, not at second." His gaze expressed a frank distrust.

"But—"

At this moment Rachel came into the parlor, apparently fully dressed. Her eyes were red, but her self-control was complete.

Julian glared at Louis as at a trapped liar.

"I thought ye said she was in bed."

"She was," said Louis. He could find nothing to say to his wife.

Rachel nonchalantly held out her hand.

"So you've come," she said.

"Ay!" said Julian, gruffly, and served Rachel's hand as he had served Louis'.

She winced without concealment.

"Was it you we saw going down Moor-thorne Road to-night?" she asked.

"It was," said Julian, looking at the carpet.

"Well, why didn't you come in then?"

"I couldn't make up my mind, if you must know."

"Aren't you going to sit down?"

Julian sat down.

Louis reflected that women were astonishing and incalculable, and the discovery seemed to him original, even profound. Imagine her tackling Julian in this direct fashion, with no preliminaries! She might have seen Julian last only on the previous day! The odalisque had vanished in this chill and matter-of-fact housewife.

"And why were you at the Three Tuns?" she went on.



Julian replied with extraordinary bitterness:

"I was at the Three Tuns because I was at the Three Tuns."

"I see you've grown a beard," said Rachel.

"Happen I have," said Julian. "But what I say is, I've got something to tell you two. I've written it all down and I thought to post it to ye. But after I'd written it I says to myself—I'll tell 'em face to face or I'll die for it."

"Is it about that money?" Rachel inquired.

"Ay!"

"Then Mr. Batchgrew did write and tell you about it. Won't you take that great, thick overcoat off?"

Julian jumped up as if in fury, pulled off the overcoat with violent gestures, and threw it on the Chesterfield. Then he sat down again, and, sticking out his chin, stared inimically at Louis.

Louis' throat was now so tight that he was nervously obliged to make the motion of swallowing. He could look neither at Rachel nor at Julian. He was nonplussed. He knew not what to expect nor what he feared. He could not even be sure that what he feared was an accusation. "I am safe. I am safe," he tried to repeat to himself, deeply convinced, nevertheless, against his reason, that he was not safe. The whole scene, every aspect of it, baffled and inexpressibly dismayed him.

Julian still stared, with mouth open, threatening. Then he slapped his knee.

"Nay!" said he. "I shall read it to ye." And he drew some sheets of foolscap from his pocket. He opened the sheets, and frowned at them, and coughed. "Nay!" said he. "There's nothing else for it. I must smoke."

And he produced a charred pipe which might or might not have been the gift of Mrs. Maldon, filled it, struck a match on his boot, and turbulently puffed outrageous quantities of smoke. Louis, with singular courage, lit a cigarette, which gave him a little ease of demeanor, if not confidence.

And then at length Julian began to read:

"Before I went to South Africa last autumn I found myself in considerable business difficulties. The causes of said

difficulties were bad trade, unfair competition, and price-cutting at home and abroad, especially in Germany, and the modern spirit of unrest among the working-classes making it impossible for an employer to be master on his own works. I was not insolvent, but I needed capital, the life-blood of industry. In justice to myself I ought to explain that my visit to South Africa was very carefully planned and thought out. I had a good reason to believe that a lot of business in door-furniture could be done there, and that I could obtain some capital from a customer in Durban. I point this out merely because trade-rivals have tried to throw ridicule upon me for going out to South Africa when I did. I must ask you to read carefully—you see this was a letter to you," he interjected—"read carefully all that I say. I will now proceed.

"When I came to Aunt Maldon's the night before I left for South Africa I wanted a wash, and I went into the back room—I mean the room behind the parlor—and took off my coat preparatory to going into the scullery to perform my ablutions. While in the back room I noticed that the picture nearest the cupboard opposite the door was hung very crooked. When I came back to put my coat on again after washing, my eye again caught the picture. There was a chair almost underneath it. I got on the chair and put the picture into a horizontal position. While I was standing on the chair I could see on the top of the cupboard, where something white struck my attention. It was behind the cornice of the cupboard, but I could see it. I took it off the top of the cupboard and carefully scrutinized it by the gas, which, as you know, is at that corner of the fireplace, close to the cupboard. It was a roll consisting of Bank of England notes, to the value of four hundred and fifty pounds. I counted them at once, while I was standing on the chair. I then put them in the pocket of my coat which I had already put on. I wish to point out that if the chair had not been under the picture I should in all human probability not have attempted to straighten the picture. Also—"

"But surely, Julian," Louis interrupted him, in a constrained voice, "you



could have reached the picture without standing on the chair?" He interrupted solely from a tremendous desire for speech. It would have been impossible for him to remain silent. He had to speak or perish.

"I couldn't," Julian denied vehemently. "The picture's practically as high as the top of the cupboard—or was."

"And could *you* see onto the top of the cupboard from a chair?" Louis, with a peculiar gaze, was apparently estimating Julian's total height from the ground when raised on a chair.

Julian dashed down his papers.

"Here! Come and look for yourself!" he exclaimed with furious pugnacity. "Come and look." He jumped up and moved toward the door.

Rachel and Louis followed him obediently. In the back room it was he who struck a match and lighted the gas.

"You've shifted the picture!" he cried, as soon as the room was illuminated.

"Yes, we have," Louis admitted.

"But there's where it was!" Julian almost shouted, pointing. "You can't deny it! There's the marks. Are they as high as the top of the cupboard, or aren't they?" Then he dragged along a chair to the cupboard and stood on it, puffing at his pipe. "Can I see onto the top of the cupboard, or can't I?" he demanded. Obviously he could see onto the top of the cupboard.

"I didn't think the top was so low," said Louis.

"Well, you shouldn't contradict," Julian chastised him.

"It's just as your great-aunt said," put in Rachel, in a meditative tone. "I remember she told us she pushed a chair forward with her knee. I dare say in getting onto the chair she knocked her elbow or something against the picture, and no doubt she left the chair more or less where she'd pushed it. That would be it."

"Did she say that to you?" Louis questioned Rachel.

"It doesn't matter much what she said," Julian growled. "That's how it *was*, anyway. I'm telling you. I'm not here to listen to theories."

"Well," said Louis, amiably, "you

put the notes into your pocket. What then?"

Julian removed his pipe from his mouth.

"What then? I walked off with 'em."

"But you don't mean to tell us you meant—to appropriate them, Julian? You don't mean that!" Louis spoke reassuringly, good-naturedly, and with a slight superiority.

"No, I don't. I don't mean I appropriated 'em." Julian's voice rose defiantly. "I mean I stole them. . . . I stole them, and, what's more, I meant to steal them. And so there ye are! But come back to the parlor. I must finish my reading."

He strode away into the parlor, and the other two had no alternative but to follow him. They followed him like guilty things; for the manner of his confession was such as apparently to put his hearers, more than himself, in the wrong. He confessed as one who accuses.

"Sit down," said he, in the parlor.

"But surely," Louis protested, "if you're serious—"

"If I'm serious, man! Do you take me for a bally mountebank? Do you suppose I'm doing this for fun?"

"Well," said Louis, "if you *are* serious, you needn't tell us any more. We know, and that's enough, isn't it?"

Julian replied curtly: "You've got to hear me out."

And picking up his document from the floor, he resumed the perusal.

"Also, if the gas hadn't been where it is, I should not have noticed anything on the top of the cupboard. I took the notes because I was badly in need of money, and also because I was angry at money being left like that on the tops of cupboards. I had no idea Aunt Maldon was such a foolish woman."

Louis interjected, soothingly: "But you only meant to teach the old lady a lesson and give the notes back."

"I didn't," said Julian, again extremely irritated. "Can't ye understand plain English? I say I stole the money, and I meant to steal it. Don't let me have to tell ye that any more. I'll go on: 'The sight of the notes was too sore a temptation for me, and I yielded to it. And all the more shame to me, for I had considered myself an honest man



up to that very hour. I never thought about the consequences to my Aunt Maldon, nor how I was going to get rid of the notes. I wanted money bad, and I took it. As soon as I'd left the house I was stricken with remorse. I could not decide what to do. The fact is I had no time to reflect until I was on the steamer, and it was then too late. Upon arriving at Cape Town I found the cable stating that Aunt Maldon was dead. I draw a veil over my state of mind, which, however, does not concern you. I ought to have returned to England at once, but I could not. I might have sent to Batchgrew and told him to take half of four hundred and fifty pounds off my share of Aunt Maldon's estate and put it into yours. But that would not have helped my conscience. I had it on my conscience, as it might have been on my stomach. I tried religion, but it was no good to me. It was between a prayer-meeting and an experience-meeting at Durban that I used part of the ill-gotten money. I had not touched it till then. But two days later I got back the very note that I'd spent. A prey to remorse, I wandered from town to town, trying to do business—"

Rachel stood up.

"Julian—"

It was the first time in her life that she had called him by his Christian name.

"What?"

"Give me that." As he hesitated, she added, "I want it."

He handed her the written confession.

"I simply can't bear to hear you reading it," said Rachel passionately. "All about a prey to remorse and so on and so on! Why do you want to confess? Why couldn't you have paid back the money and have done with it, instead of all this fuss?"

"I must finish it, now I've begun," Julian insisted, sullenly.

"You'll do no such thing—not in my house."

And, repeating pleurably the phrase "not in *my* house," Rachel stuck the confession into the fire, and feverishly forced it into the red coals with lunges of the poker. When she turned away from the fire, she was flushing scarlet.

Julian stood close by her on the hearth-rug.

"You don't understand," he said, with half-fearful resentment. "I had to punish myself. I doubt I'm not a religious man, but I had to punish myself. There's nobody in the world as I should hate confessing to as much as Louis here, and so I said to myself, I said, I'll confess to Louis. I've been wandering about all the evening trying to bring myself to do it. . . . Well, I've done it."

His voice trembled, and though the vibration in it was almost imperceptible, it was sufficient to nullify the ridiculousness of Julian's demeanor as a wearer of sackcloth, and to bring a sudden lump into Rachel's throat. The comical absurdity of his bellicose pride because he had accomplished something which he had sworn to accomplish was extinguished by the absolutely painful sincerity of his final words, which seemed somehow to damage the reputation of Louis. Rachel could feel her emotion increasing, but she could not have defined what her emotion was. She knew not what to do. She was in the midst of a new and intense experience, which left her helpless. All she was clearly conscious of was an unrepentant voice in her heart repeating the phrase: "I don't care! I'm glad I stuck it in the fire! I don't care! I'm glad I stuck it in the fire." She waited for the next development. They were all waiting, aware that individual forces had been loosed, but unable to divine their resultant, and afraid of that resultant. Rachel glanced furtively at Louis. His face had an uneasy, stiff smile.

With an aggrieved air Julian knocked the ashes out of his pipe.

"Anyhow," said Louis at length, "this accounts for four hundred and fifty out of nine sixty-five. What we have to find out now, all of us, is what happened to the balance."

"I don't care a fig about the balance," said Julian, impetuously. "I've said what I had to say and that's enough for me."

And he did not, in fact, care a fig about the balance. And if the balance had been five thousand odd instead of five hundred odd, he still probably would not have cared. Further, he privately con-



sidered that nobody else ought to care about the balance, either, having regard to the supreme moral importance to himself of the four hundred and fifty.

"Have you said anything to Mr. Batchgrew?" Louis asked, trying to adopt a casual tone, and to keep out of his voice the relief and joy which were gradually taking possession of his soul. The upshot of Julian's visit was so amazingly different from the apprehension of it that he could have danced in his glee.

"Not I!" Julian answered, ferociously. "The old robber has been writing me, wanting me to put money into some cinema swindle or other. I gave him a bit of my mind."

"He was trying the same here," said Rachel. The words popped by themselves out of her mouth, and she instantly regretted them. However, Louis seemed to be unconscious of the implied reproach on a subject presumably still highly delicate.

"But you can tell him, if you've a mind," Julian went on, challengingly.

"We sha'n't do any such thing," said Rachel, words again popping by themselves out of her mouth. But this time she put herself right by adding, "Shall we, Louis?"

"Of course not," Louis agreed, very amiably.

Rachel began to feel sympathetic toward the thief. She thought: "How strange to have some one close to me, and talking quite naturally, who has stolen such a lot of money and might be in prison for it—a convict!" Nevertheless, the thief seemed to be remarkably like ordinary people.

"Oh!" Julian ejaculated. "Well, here's the notes." He drew a lot of notes from a pocket-book and banged them down on the table. "Four hundred and fifty. The identical notes. Count 'em." He glared afresh, and with even increased virulence.

"That's all right," said Louis. "Besides, we only want half of them."

Sundry sheets of the confession, which had not previously caught fire, suddenly blazed up with a roar in the grate, and all looked momentarily at the flare.

"You've got to have it all!" said Julian, flushing.

"My dear fellow," Louis repeated, "we shall only take half. The other half's yours."

"As God sees me," Julian urged, "I'll never take a penny of that money! Here—!"

He snatched up all the notes and dashed wrathfully out of the parlor. Rachel followed quickly. He went to the back room, where the gas had been left burning high, sprang onto a chair in front of the cupboard, and deposited the notes on the top of the cupboard, in the very place from which he had originally taken them.

"There!" he exclaimed, jumping down from the chair.

The symbolism of the action appeared to tranquilize him.

For a moment Rachel, as a newly constituted housewife to whom every square foot of furniture surface had its own peculiar importance, was enraged to see Julian's heavy and dirty boots again on the seat of her unprotected chair. But the sense of hurt passed like a spasm as her eyes caught Julian's. They were alone together in the back room and not far from each other. And in the man's eyes she no longer saw the savage Julian, but an intensely suffering creature, a creature martyred by destiny. She saw the real Julian glancing out in torment at the world through those eyes. The effect of the vibration in Julian's voice a few minutes earlier was redoubled. Her emotion nearly overcame her. She desired very much to succor Julian, and was aware of a more distinct feeling of impatience against Louis.

She thought Julian had been magnificently heroic, and all his faults of demeanor were counted to him for excellences. He had been a thief; but the significance of the word thief was indeed completely altered for her. She had hitherto envisaged thieves as rascals in handcuffs bandied along the streets by policemen at the head of a procession of urchins—dreadful rascals! But now a thief was just a young man like other young men—only he had happened to see some bank-notes lying about and had put them in his pocket and then had felt very sorry for what he had done. There was no crime in what he had done . . .



was there? She pictured Julian's pilgrimage through South Africa, all alone. She pictured his existence at Knype, all alone; and his very ferocity rendered him the more wistful and pathetic in her sight. She was sure that his mother and sisters had never understood him; and she did not think it quite proper on their part to have gone permanently to America, leaving him solitary in England, as they had done. She perceived that she herself was the one person in the world capable of understanding Julian, the one person who could look after him, influence him, keep him straight, civilize him, and impart some charm to his life. And she was glad that she had the status of a married woman, because without that she would have been helpless.

Julian sat down, or sank, onto the chair.

"I'm very sorry I spoke like that to you in the other room—I mean about what you'd written," she said. "I suppose I ought not to have burnt it."

She spoke in this manner because to apologize to him gave her a curious pleasure.

"That's nothing," he answered, with the quietness of fatigue. "I dare say you were right enough. Anyhow, ye'll never see me again."

She exclaimed, kindly protesting:

"Why not, I should like to know."

"You won't want me here as a visitor, after all this." He faintly sneered.

"I shall," she insisted.

"Louis won't."

She replied: "You must come and see me. I shall expect you to. I must tell you," she added, confidentially, in a lower tone, "I think you've been splendid to-night. I'm sure I respect you much more than I did before—and you can take it how you like!"

"Nay! Nay!" he murmured, deprecatingly. All the harshness had melted out of his voice.

Then he stood up.

"I'd better hook it," he said, briefly. "Will ye get me my overcoat, missis?"

She comprehended that he wished to avoid speaking to Louis again that night, and, nodding, went at once to the parlor and brought away the overcoat.

"He's going," she muttered hastily to

Louis, who was standing near the fire. Leaving the parlor, she drew the door to behind her.

She helped Julian with his overcoat and preceded him to the front door. She held out her hand to be tortured afresh, and suffered the grip of the vise with a steady smile.

"Now don't forget," she whispered.

Julian seemed to try to speak and to fail. . . . He was gone. She carefully closed and bolted the door.

Louis had not followed Julian and Rachel into the back room because he felt the force of an instinct to be alone with his secret satisfaction. In those moments it irked him to be observed, and especially to be observed by Rachel, not to mention Julian. He was glad for several reasons, on account of his relief, on account of the windfall of money, and perhaps most of all on account of the discovery that he was not the only thief in the family. The bizarre coincidence which had divided the crime about equally between himself and Julian amused him. His case and Julian's were on a level. Nevertheless, he somewhat despised Julian, patronized him, condescended to him. He could not help thinking that Julian was, after all, a greater sinner than himself. Never again could Julian look him (Louis) in the face as if nothing had happened. The blundering Julian was marked for life, by his own violent, unreasonable hand. Julian was a fool.

Rachel entered rather solemnly.

"Has he really gone?" Louis asked. Rachel did not care for her husband's tone, which was too frivolous for her. She was shocked to find that Louis had not been profoundly impressed by the events of the night.

"Yes," she said.

"What's he done with the money?"

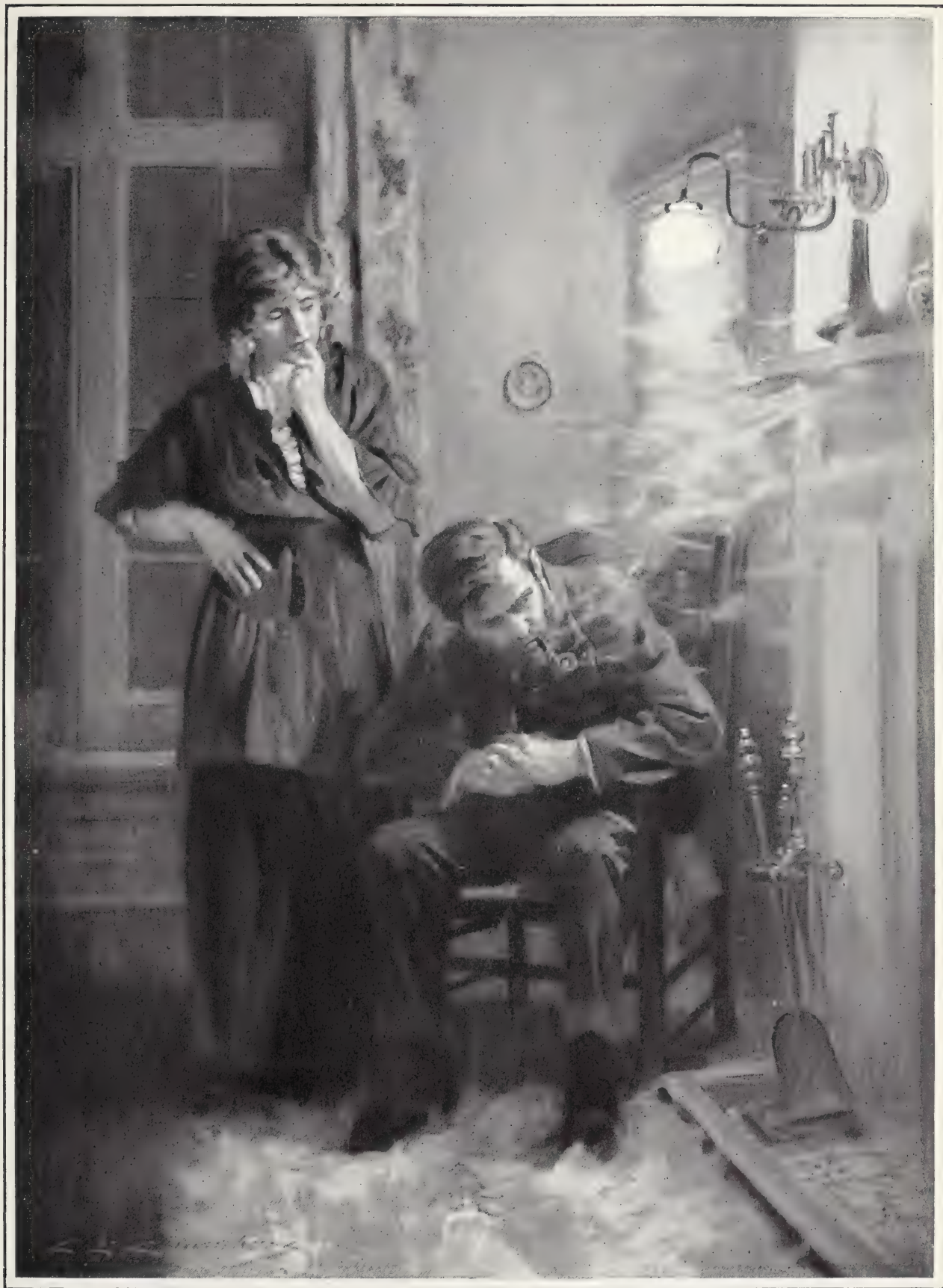
"He's left it in the other room." She would not disclose to Louis that Julian had restored the notes to the top of the cupboard, because she was afraid that he might treat the symbolic act with levity.

"All of it?"

"Yes. I'll bring it you."

She did so. Louis counted the notes and casually put them in his breast pocket.





*Drawn by C. E. Chambers*

SHE PERCEIVED THAT SHE WAS THE ONE PERSON CAPABLE OF UNDERSTANDING JULIAN







"Oddest chap I ever came across!" he observed, smiling.

"But aren't you sorry for him?" Rachel demanded.

"Yes," said Louis, airily. "I shall insist on his taking half, naturally."

"I'm going to bed," said Rachel. "You'll see all the lights out."

She offered her face and kissed him tepidly.

"What's come over the kid?" Louis asked himself, somewhat disconcerted, when she had gone.

He remained smoking, purposeless, in the parlor until all sounds had ceased overhead in the bedroom. Then he extinguished the gas in the parlor, in the back room, in the kitchen, and finally in the lobby, and went up-stairs by the light of the street-lamp. In the bedroom Rachel lay in bed, her eyes closed. She did not stir at his entrance. He locked the bank-notes in a drawer of the dressing-table, undressed with his usual elaborate care, approached Rachel's bed and gazed at her unresponsive form, turned down the gas to a pin-point, and got into bed himself. Not the slightest sound could be heard anywhere, either in or out of the house, save the faint breathing of Rachel. And after a few moments Louis no longer heard even that. In the darkness the mystery of the human being next him began somehow to be disquieting. He was capable of imagining that he lay in the room with an utter stranger. Then he fell asleep.

## CHAPTER XII

### RUNAWAY HORSES

RACHEL, according to her own impression the next morning, had no sleep during that night. The striking of the hall clock could not be heard in the bedroom with the door closed, but it could be felt as a faint, distant concussion; and she had thus noted every hour, except four o'clock, when daylight had come and the street-lamp had been put out. She had deliberately feigned sleep as Louis entered the room, and had maintained the soft, regular breathing of a sleeper until long after he was in bed. She did not wish to talk; she could not have talked with any safety.

Her brain was occupied much by the strange and emotional episode of Julian's confession, but still more by the situation of her husband in the affair. Julian's story had precisely corroborated one part of Mrs. Maldon's account of her actions on the evening when the bank-notes had disappeared. Little by little that recital of Mrs. Maldon's had been discredited, and at length cast aside as no more important than the delirium of a dying creature; it was an inconvenient story, and would only fit in with the alternative theories that money had wings and could fly on its own account, or that there had been thieves in the house. Far easier to assume that Mrs. Maldon in some lapse had unwittingly done away with the notes! But Mrs. Maldon was now suddenly reinstated as a witness. And if one part of her evidence was true, why should not the other part be true? Her story was that she had put the remainder of the bank-notes on the chair on the landing, and then (she thought) in the wardrobe. Rachel recalled clearly all that she had seen and all that she had been told. She remembered once more the warnings that had been addressed to her. She lived the evening and the night of the theft over again, many times, monotonously, and with increasing woe and agitation.

Then with the greenish dawn, that the blinds let into the room, came some refreshment and new health to the brain, but the trend of her ideas was not modified. She lay on her side and watched the unconscious Louis for immense periods, and occasionally tears filled her eyes. The changes in her existence seemed so swift and so tremendous as to transcend belief. Was it conceivable that only twelve hours earlier she had been ecstatically happy? In twelve hours—in six hours—she had aged twenty years, and she now saw the Rachel of the reception and of the bicycle lesson as a young girl, touchingly ingenuous, with no more notion of danger than a baby.

At six o'clock she arose. Already she had formed the habit of arising before Louis, and had reconciled herself to the fact that Louis had to be forced out of bed. Happily, his feet once on the floor, he became immediately manageable. Already she was the conscience and time-



keeper of the house. She could dress herself noiselessly; in a week she had perfected all her little devices for avoiding noise and saving time. She finally left the room neat, prim, with lips set to a thousand responsibilities. She had a peculiar sensation of tight elastic about her eyes, but she felt no fatigue, and she did not yawn. Mrs. Tams, who had just descended, found her taciturn and exacting. She would have every household task performed precisely in her own way, without compromise. And it appeared that the house, which had the air of being in perfect order, was not in order at all, that indeed the processes of organization had, in young Mrs. Fores' opinion, scarcely yet begun. It appeared that there was no smallest part or corner of the house as to which young Mrs. Fores had not got very definite ideas and plans. The individuality of Mrs. Tams was to have scope nowhere. But, after all, this seemed quite natural to Mrs. Tams.

When Rachel went back to the bedroom about seven-thirty, to get Louis by ruthlessness and guile out of bed, she was surprised to discover that he had already gone up to the bath-room. She guessed, with vague alarm, from this symptom that he had a new and very powerful interest in life. He came to breakfast at three minutes to eight, three minutes before it was served. When she entered the parlor in the wake of Mrs. Tams he kissed her with gay fervor. She permitted herself to be kissed. Her unresponsiveness, though not marked, disconcerted him and somewhat dashed his mood. Whereupon Rachel, by the reassurance of her voice, set about to convince him that he had been mistaken in deeming her unresponsive. So that he wavered between two moods.

As she sat behind the tray, amid the exquisite odors of fresh coffee and Ted Malkin's bacon (for she had forgiven Miss Malkin), behaving like a staid wife of old standing, she well knew that she was a mystery for Louis. She was the source of his physical comfort, the origin of the celestial change in his life which had caused him to admit fully that to "live in digs was a rotten game"; but she was also, that morning, a most sinister mystery. Her behavior was fault-

less. He could seize on no definite detail that should properly disturb him; only she had woven a veil between herself and him. Still, his liveliness scarcely abated.

"Do you know what I'm going to do this very day as ever is?" he asked.

"What is it?"

"I'm going to buy you a bike. I've had enough of that old crock I borrowed for you. I shall return it, and come back with a new un. And I know the precise bike that I shall come back with. It's at Bostock's at Hanbridge. They've just opened a new cycle department."

"Oh, Louis!" she protested.

His scheme for spending money on her flattered her. But nevertheless it was a scheme for spending money. Two hundred and twenty-five pounds had dropped into his lap, and he must needs begin instantly to dissipate it. He could not keep it. That was Louis! She refused to see that the purchase of a bicycle was the logical consequence of her lessons. She desired to believe that by some miracle at some future date she could possess a bicycle without a bicycle being bought—and in the meantime was there not the borrowed machine?

Suddenly she yawned.

"Didn't you sleep well?" he demanded.

"Not very."

"Oh!"

She could almost see into the interior of his brain where he was persuading himself that fatigue alone was the explanation of her peculiar demeanor, and rejoicing that the mystery was, after all, neither a mystery nor sinister.

"I say," he began between two puffs of a cigarette after breakfast, "I shall send back half of that money to Julian. I'll send the notes by registered post."

"Shall you?"

"Yes. Don't you think he'll keep them?"

"Supposing I was to take them over to him myself—and insist?" she suggested.

"It's a notion. When?"

"Well, on Saturday afternoon. He'll be at home probably then."

"All right," Louis agreed. "I'll give you the money later on."

Nothing more was said as to the Julian episode. It seemed that husband and



wife were equally determined not to discuss it merely for the sake of discussing it.

Shortly after half-past eight Louis was preparing the borrowed bicycle and his own in the backyard.

"I shall ride mine and tow the crock," said he, looking up at Rachel as he screwed a valve. She had come into the yard in order to show a polite curiosity in his doings.

"Isn't it dangerous?"

"Are you dangerous?" he laughed.

"But when shall you go?"

"Now."

"Sha'n't you be late at the works?"

"Well, if I'm late at the beautiful works I shall be late at the beautiful works. Those who don't like it will have to lump it."

Once more, it was the consciousness of a loose, entirely available two hundred and twenty-five pounds that was making him restive under the yoke of regular employment. For a row of pins, that morning, he would have given Jim Horrocleave a week's notice, or even the amount of a week's wages in lieu of notice! Rachel sighed, but within herself.

In another minute he was elegantly flying down Bycars Lane, guiding his own bicycle with his right hand and the crock with his left hand. The feat appeared miraculous to Rachel, who watched from the bow-window of the parlor. Beyond question he made a fine figure. And it was for her that he was flying to Hanbridge! She turned away to her domesticity.

It seemed to her that he had scarcely been gone ten minutes when one of the glorious taxicabs which had recently usurped the stand of the historic fly under the Town Hall porch drew up at the front door, and Louis got out of it. The sound of his voice was the first intimation to Rachel that it was Louis who was arriving. He shouted at the cabman as he paid the fare. The window of the parlor was open and the curtains pinned up. She ran to the window, and immediately saw that Louis' head was bandaged. Then she ran to the door. He was climbing rather stiffly up the steps.

"All right! All right!" he shouted at her. "A spill. Nothing of the least importance. But both the jiggers are pretty well converted into old iron. I tell you it's all *right*! Shut the door."

He bumped down on the oak chest, and took a long breath.

"But you're frightfully hurt!" she exclaimed. She could not properly see his face for the bandages.

Mrs. Tams appeared. Rachel murmured to her in a flash:

"Go out the back way and fetch Dr. Yardley at once."

She felt herself absolutely calm. What puzzled her was Louis' shouting. Then she understood he was shouting from mere excitement and did not realize that he shouted.

"No need for any doctor! Quite simple!" he called out.

But Rachel gave a word confirming the original order to Mrs. Tams, who disappeared.

"First thing I knew I was the center of an admiring audience and fat Mrs. Heath, in her white apron and the steel hanging by her side, was washing my face with a sponge and a basin of water, and Heath stood by with brandy. It was nearly opposite their shop. People in the tram had a rare view of me."

"But was it the tram-car you ran into?" Rachel asked, eagerly.

He replied with momentary annoyance:

"Tram-car! Of course it wasn't the tram-car. Moreover, I didn't run into anything. Two horses ran into me. I was coming down past the Shambles into Duck Bank — very slowly, because I could hear a tram coming along from the Market-Place—and just as I got past the Shambles and could see along the Market-Place, I saw a lad on a cart-horse and leading another horse. No stirrups, no saddle. He'd no more control over either horse than a baby over an elephant. Not a bit more. Both horses were running away. The horse he was supposed to be leading was galloping first. They were passing the tram at a fine rate."

"But how far were they off you?"

"About ten yards. I said to myself, 'If that chap doesn't look out he'll be all over me in two seconds.' I turned as



sharp as I could away to the left. I could have turned sharper if I'd had your bike in my right hand instead of my left. But it wouldn't have made any difference. The first horse simply made straight for me. There was about a mile of space for him between me and the tram, but he wouldn't look at it. He wanted me, and he had me. They both had me. I never felt the actual shock. Curious, that! I'm told one horse put his foot clean through the back wheel of my bike. Then he was stopped by the front palings of the Conservative Club. Oh! a pretty smash! The other horse and the boy thereon finished half-way up Moorthorne Road. He could stick on, no mistake, that kid could. Midland Railway horses. Whoppers. Either being taken to the vet's or brought from the vet's—I don't know. I forget."

Rachel put her hand on his arm.

"Do come into the parlor and have the easy-chair."

"I'll come—I'll come," he said, with the same annoyance. "Give us a chance." His voice was now a little less noisy.

"But you might have been killed!"

"You bet I might! Eight hoofs all over me! One tap from any of the eight would have settled yours sincerely."

"Louis," she spoke firmly, "you must come into the parlor. Now come along, do, and sit down and let me look at your face." She removed his hat, which was perched rather insecurely on the top of the bandages. "Who was it looked after you?"

"Well," he hesitated, following her into the parlor. "It seems to have been chiefly Mrs. Heath."

"But didn't they take you to a chemist's? Isn't there a chemist's handy?"

"The great Greene had one of his bilious attacks and was in bed, it appears. And the great Greene's assistant is only just out of petticoats, I believe. However, everybody acted for the best, and here I am. And if you ask me, I think I've come out of it rather well."

He dropped heavily onto the Chesterfield. What she could see of his cheeks was very pale.

"Open the window," he murmured.

"It's frightfully stuffy here."

"The window is open," she said. In

fact, a noticeable draught blew through the room. I'll open it a bit more."

Before doing so she lifted his feet onto the Chesterfield.

"That's better. That's better," he breathed.

When, a moment later, she returned to him with a glass of water which she had brought from the kitchen, spilling drops of it along the whole length of the passage, he smiled at her and then winked.

It was the wink that seemed pathetic to her. She had maintained her laudable calm until he winked, and then her throat tightened.

"He may have some dreadful internal injury," she thought. "You never know. I may be a widow soon. And every one will say how young she is to be a widow. It will make me blush. But such things can't happen to me. No, he's all right. He came up here alone. They'd never have let him come up here alone if he hadn't been all right. Besides, he can walk. How silly I am!"

She bent down and kissed him passionately.

"I must have those bandages off, dearest," she whispered. "I suppose tomorrow I'd better return them to Mrs. Heath."

He muttered: "She said she always kept linen for bandages in the shop because they so often cut themselves. Now I used to think in my innocence that butchers never cut themselves."

Very gently and intently Rachel unfastened two safety-pins that were hidden in Louis' untidy hair. Then she began to unwind a long strip of linen. It stuck to a portion of the cheek close to the ear. Louis winced. The inner folds of the linen were discolored. Rachel had a glimpse of a wound. . . .

"Go on!" Louis urged. "Get at it, child."

"No," she said. "I think I shall leave it just as it is for the doctor to deal with. Shall you mind if I leave you for a minute? I must get some warm water and things ready against the doctor comes."

He retorted, facetiously: "Oh! Do what you like! Work your will on me. . . . Doctor! Any one 'u'd think I was badly injured. Why, you cuckoo, it's only skin wounds."





*Painting by C. E. Chambers*

HE WAS CLIMBING RATHER STIFFLY UP THE STEPS







"But doesn't it *hurt*?"

"Depends on what you call 'hurt.' It ain't a picnic."

"I think you're awfully brave," she said, simply.

At the door she stopped and gazed at him, undecided.

"Louis," she said in a motherly tone, "I should like you to go to bed. I really should. You ought to, I'm sure."

"Well, I sha'n't," he replied.

"But please! To please me! You can get up again."

"Oh, go to blazes!" he cried, resentfully. "What in thunder should I go to bed for, I should like to know? Have a little sense, do!" He shut his eyes.

He had never till then spoken to her so roughly.

"Very well," she agreed, with soothing acquiescence. His outburst had not irritated her in the slightest degree.

In the kitchen, as she bent over the kettle and the fire, each object was surrounded by a sort of halo, like the moon in damp weather. She brushed her hand across her eyes, contemptuous of herself. Then she ran lightly up-stairs and searched out an old linen garment and tore the seams of it apart. She crept back to the parlor and peeped in. Louis had not moved on the sofa. His eyes were still closed. After a few seconds, he said, without stirring:

"I've not yet passed away. I can see you."

She responded with a little laugh, somewhat forced.

After an insupportable delay Mrs. Tams reappeared, out of breath. Dr. Yardley had just gone out, but he was expected back very soon and would then be sent down instantly.

Mrs. Tams, quite forgetful of etiquette, followed Rachel, unasked, into the parlor.

"What?" said Louis, loudly. "Two of you! Isn't one enough?"

Mrs. Tams vanished.

"Heath took charge of the bikes," Louis murmured, as if to the ceiling.

Over half an hour elapsed before the gate creaked.

"There he is!" Rachel exclaimed, happily. After having conceived a hundred different tragic sequels to the accident, she was lifted by the mere creak of the

gate into a condition of pure optimism, and she realized what a capacity she had for secretly being a ninny in an unexpected crisis. But she thought with satisfaction: "Anyhow, I don't show it. That's one good thing!" She was now prepared to take oath that she had not for one moment been *really* anxious about Louis. Her demeanor, as she stated the case to the doctor, was a masterpiece of tranquil unconcern.

Dr. Yardley said that he was in a hurry, that in fact he ought to have been quite elsewhere at the time. He was pre-occupied, and showed no sympathy with the innocent cyclist who had escaped the fatal menace of hoofs. When Rachel offered him the torn linen, he silently disdained it, and, opening a small bag which he had brought with him, produced therefrom a roll of cotton-wool in blue paper, and a considerable quantity of sticking-plaster on a brass reel. He accepted, however, Rachel's warm water.

"You might get me some Condyl's Fluid," he said, shortly.

She had none! It was a terrible lapse for a capable housewife.

Dr. Yardley raised his eyebrows: "No Condyl's Fluid in the house!"

She was condemned.

"I do happen to have a couple of tablets of Chinosol," he said, "but I wanted to keep them in reserve for later in the day."

He threw two yellow tablets into the basin of water.

Then he laid Louis flat on the sofa, asked him a few questions, and sounded him in various parts. And at length he slowly, but firmly, drew off Mrs. Heath's bandages, and displayed Louis' head to the light.

"Hm!" he exclaimed.

Rachel restrained herself from any sound. But the spectacle was ghastly. The one particle of comfort in the dreadful matter was that Louis could not see himself.

Thenceforward Dr. Yardley seemed to forget that he ought to have been elsewhere. Working with extraordinary deliberation, he coaxed out of Louis' flesh sundry tiny stones and many fragments of mud, straightened twisted bits of skin,



and he removed other pieces entirely. He murmured, "Hm!" at intervals. He expressed a brief criticism of the performance of Mrs. Heath, as distinguished from her intentions. He also opined that the great Greene might not perhaps have succeeded much better than Mrs. Heath, even if he had not been bilious. When the dressing was finished, the gruesome terror of Louis' appearance seemed to be much increased. The heroic sufferer rose and glanced at himself in the mirror, and gave a faint whistle.

"Oh! So that's what I look like, is it? Well, what price me as a victim of the Inquisition!" he remarked.

"I should advise you not to take exercise just now, young man," said the doctor. "D'you feel pretty well?"

"Pretty well," answered Louis, and sat down.

In the lobby the doctor, once more in a hurry, said to Rachel:

"Better get him quietly to bed. The wounds are not serious, but he's had a very severe shock."

"He's not marked for life, is he?" Rachel asked, anxiously.

"I shouldn't think so," said the doctor, as if the point was a minor one. "Let him have some nourishment. You can begin with hot milk—but put some water to it," he added when he was half-way down the steps.

As Rachel re-entered the parlor she said to herself: "I shall just have to get him to bed somehow, whatever he says! If he's unpleasant he must *be* unpleasant, that's all."

And she hardened her heart. But immediately she saw him again, sitting forlornly in the chair, with the whole of the left side of his face criss-crossed in whitish-gray plaster, she was ready to cry over him and flatter his foolishlest whim. She wanted to take him in her arms, if he would but have allowed her. She felt that she could have borne his weight for hours without moving, had he fallen asleep against her bosom. . . . Still, he must be got to bed. How negligent of the doctor not to have given the order himself!

Then Louis said: "I say! I think I may as well lie down!"

She was about to cry out, "Oh, you must!"

But she forbore. She became as wily as old Batchgrew.

"Do you think so?" she answered, doubtfully.

"I've nothing else particular on hand," he said.

She knew that he wanted to surrender without appearing to surrender.

"Well," she suggested, "will you lie down on the bed for a bit?"

"I think I will."

"And then I'll give you some hot milk."

She dared not help him to mount the stairs, but she walked close behind him.

"I was thinking," he said on the landing, "I'd stroll down and take stock of those bicycles later in the day. But perhaps I'm not fit to be seen."

She thought: "You won't stroll down later in the day—I shall see to that."

"By the way," he said, "you might send Mrs. Tams down to Horrocleave's to explain that I sha'n't give them my valuable assistance to-day. . . . Oh! Mrs. Tams"—the woman was just bustling out of the bedroom, duster in hand—"will you toddle down to the works and tell them I'm not coming?"

"Eh, mester!" breathed Mrs. Tams, looking at him. "It's a mercy it's no worse."

"Yes," Louis teased her, "but you go and look at the basin down-stairs, Mrs. Tams. That 'll give you food for thought."

Shaking her head, she smiled at Rachel, because the master had spirit enough to be humorous with her.

In the bedroom, Louis said: "I might be more comfortable if I took some of my clothes off."

Thereupon he abandoned himself to Rachel. She did as she pleased with him, and he never opposed. Seven bruises could be counted on his left side. He permitted himself to be formally and completely put to bed. He drank half a glass of hot milk, and then said that he could not possibly swallow any more. Everything had been done that ought to be done and that could be done. And Rachel kept assuring herself that there was not the least cause for anxiety. She also told herself that she had been a ninny once that morning, and that once was enough. Nevertheless, she remained



apprehensive, and her apprehensions increased. It was Louis' unnatural managableness that disturbed her.

And when, about three hours later, he murmured, "Old girl, I feel pretty bad," "I knew it," she said to herself.

His complaint was like a sudden thunderclap in her ears, after long faint rumblings of a storm.

Toward tea-time she decided that she must send for the doctor again. Louis indeed demanded the doctor. He said that he was very ill. His bruised limbs and his damaged face caused him a certain amount of pain. It was not, however, the pain that frightened him, but a general and profound sensation of illness. He could describe no symptoms. There were indeed no symptoms save the ebbing of vitality. He said he had never in his life felt as he felt then. His appearance confirmed the statement. The look of his eyes was tragic. His hands were pale. His agonized voice was extremely distressing to listen to. The bandages heightened the whole sinister effect. Dusk shadowed the room. Rachel lit the gas and drew the blinds. But in a few moments Louis complained of the light, and she had to lower the jet.

The sounds of the return of Mrs. Tams could be heard below. Mrs. Tams had received instructions to bring the doctor back with her, but Rachel's ear caught no sign of the doctor. She went out to the head of the stairs. The doctor simply must be there. It was not conceivable that when summoned he should be "out" twice in one day, but so it was. Mrs. Tams, whispering darkly from the dim foot of the stairs, said that Mrs. Yardley hoped that he would be in shortly, but could not be sure.

"What am I to do?" thought Rachel. "This is a crisis. Everything depends on me. What shall I do? Shall I send for another doctor?" She decided to risk the chances and wait. It would be too absurd to have two doctors in the house. What would people say of her and of Louis if the rumor ran that she had lost her head and filled the house with doctors when the case had no real gravity? People would say that she was very young and inexperienced, and a freshly married wife, and so on. And Rachel hated to be thought young or freshly

married. Besides, another doctor might be "out" too. And further, the case could not be truly serious. Of course, if afterward it did prove to be serious, she would never forgive herself.

"He'll be here soon," she said, cheerfully, to Louis in the bedroom.

"If he isn't—" moaned Louis, and stopped.

She gave him some brandy, against his will. Then, taking his wrist to feel it, she felt his fingers close on her wrist, as if for aid. And she sat thus on the bed holding his hand in the gloom of the lowered gas.

His weakness and his dependence on her gave her a feeling of kind superiority. And also her own physical well-being was such that she could not help condescending toward him. She cared for him as she might have cared for a trustful, helpless little dog. She thought a great deal about him; she longed ardently to be of assistance to him; she had an acute sense of her responsibility and her duty. Yet, notwithstanding all that, her brain was perhaps chiefly occupied with herself and her own attitude toward existence. She became mentally and imaginatively active to an intense degree. She marveled at existence as she had never marveled before, and while seeming suddenly to understand it better she was far more than ever baffled by it. Was it credible that the accident of a lad losing control of a horse could have such huge and awful consequences on two persons utterly unconnected with the lad? A few seconds sooner, a few seconds later—and naught would have occurred to Louis, but he must needs be at exactly a certain spot at exactly a certain instant, with the result that now she was in torture! If this, if that, if the other—Louis would have been well and gay at that very moment, instead of a broken organism humiliated on a bed and clinging to her like a despairing child.

The rapidity and variety of events in her life again startled her, and once more she went over them. The disappearance of the bank-notes was surely enough in itself. But on the top of that fell the miracle of her love-affair. Her marriage was like a dream of romance to her,



untrue, incredible. Then there was the terrific episode of Julian on the previous night. One would have supposed that after that the sensationalism of events would cease. But, no! The unforeseeable had now occurred, something which reduced all else to mere triviality.

And yet what had in fact occurred? Acquaintances, in recounting her story, would say that she had married her mistress's nephew, that there had been trouble between Louis and Julian about some bank-notes, and that Louis had had a bicycle accident. Naught more! A most ordinary chronicle! And if he died now, they would say that Louis had died within a month of the wedding and how sad it was! Husbands indubitably do die, young wives indubitably are transformed into widows—a daily event, indeed! . . . She seemed to perceive the deep, hidden meaning of life. There were three Rachels in her—one who pitied Louis, one who pitied herself, and one who looked on and impartially comprehended. The last was scarcely unhappy—only fervently absorbed in the prodigious wonder of the hour.

"Can't you do anything?" Louis murmured.

"If Dr. Yardley doesn't come quick, I shall send for some other doctor," she said, with decision.

He sighed.

"Better send for a lawyer at the same time," he said.

"A lawyer."

"Yes. You know I've not made my will."

"Oh, Louis! Please don't talk like that! I can't bear to hear you."

"You'll have to hear worse things than that," he said, pettishly, loosing her hand. "I've got to have a solicitor here. Later on you'll probably be only too glad that I had enough common-sense to send for a solicitor. Somebody must have a little common-sense. I expect you'd better send for Lawton. . . . Oh! It's Friday afternoon—he'll have left early for his week-end golf, I bet." This last discovery seemed to exhaust his courage.

In another minute the doctor, cheerful and energetic, was actually in the room and the gas brilliant. He gazed at an exanimate Louis, made a few in-

quiries and a few observations of his own, gave some brief instructions, and departed. The day was in truth one of his busy days.

He seemed surprised when Rachel softly called to him on the stairs.

"I suppose everything's all right, Doctor?"

"Yes," said he, casually. "He'll feel mighty queer for a few days. That's all."

"Then there's no danger?"

"Certainly not."

"But he thinks he's dying."

Dr. Yardley smiled carelessly.

"And do you? . . . He's no more dying than I am. That's only the effect of the shock. Didn't I tell you this morning? You probably won't be able to stop him just yet from thinking he's dying—it is a horrid feeling—but you needn't think so yourself, Mrs. Fores." He smiled.

"Oh, Doctor," she burst out, "you don't know how you've relieved me!"

"You'll excuse me if I fly away," said Dr. Yardley, calmly. "There's a crowd of insurance patients waiting for me at the surgery."

In the middle of the night Rachel was awakened by Louis' appeal. She was so profoundly asleep that for a few moments she could not recall what it was that had happened during the previous day to cause her anxiety.

After the visit of the doctor, Louis' moral condition had apparently improved. He had affected to be displeased by the doctor's air of treating his case as though it was deprived of all importance. He had said that the doctor had failed to grasp his case. He had stated broadly that in these days of state health insurance all doctors were too busy and too wealthy to be of assistance to private patients capable of paying their bills in the old gentlemanly fashion. But his remarks had not been without a touch of facetiousness in their wilful disgust. And the mere tone of his voice proved that he felt better. To justify his previous black pessimism he had of course been obliged to behave in a certain manner (well known among patients who have been taking themselves too seriously), and Rachel had understood and



excused. She would have been ready, indeed, to excuse far worse extravagances than any that could have occurred to the fancy of a nature so polite and benevolent as that of Louis; for, in order to atone for her silly schoolgirl-ishness, she had made a compact with herself to be an angel and a serpent simultaneously for the entire remainder of her married life.

Then Mrs. Tams had come in, from errands of marketing, with a copy of the early special of the *Signal*, containing a description of the accident. Mrs. Tams had never before bought such a thing as a newspaper, but an acquaintance of hers who "stood the market" with tripe and chitterlings had told her that Mr. Fores was "in" the *Signal*, and accordingly she had bravely stopped a newsboy in the street and made the purchase. To Rachel she pointed out the paragraph with pride, and, to please her and divert Louis, Rachel had introduced the newspaper into the bedroom. The item was headed "Runaway Horses in Bursley Market-Place. Providential Escape." It spoke of Mr. Louis Fores' remarkable skill and presence of mind in swerving away with two bicycles. It said that Mr. Louis Fores was an accomplished cyclist, and that after a severe shaking Mr. Louis Fores drove home in a taxicab "apparently little the worse, save for facial contusions, for his perilous adventure." Lastly, it said that a representative of the Midland Railway had "assured our representative that the horses were not the property of the Midland Railway." Louis had sardonically repeated the phrase "apparently little the worse," murmuring it with his eyes shut. He had said, "I wish they could see me." Still he had made no further mention of sending for a solicitor. He had taken a little food and a little drink. He had asked Rachel when she meant to go to bed. And at length Rachel, having first arranged food for use in the night, and fixed a sheet of note-paper on the gas-bracket as a screen between the gas and Louis, had undressed and got into bed, and gone off into a heavy slumber with a mind comparatively free.

In response to his confusing summons, she stumbled to her peignoir and slipped it on.

"Yes, dear?" she spoke softly.

"I couldn't bear it any longer," said the voice of Louis. "I just had to waken you."

She raised the gas, and her eyes blinked as she stared at him. His bed-clothes were horribly disarranged.

"Are you in pain?" she asked, smoothing the blankets.

"No. But I'm so ill. I—I don't want to frighten you—"

"The doctor said you'd feel ill. It's the shock, you know."

She stroked his hand. He did indubitably look very ill. His appearance of woe, despair, and dreadful apprehension was pitiable in the highest degree. With a gesture of intense weariness he declined food, nor could she persuade him to take anything whatever.

"You'll be ever so much better tomorrow. I'll sit up with you. You were bound to feel worse in the night."

"It's more than shock that I've got," he muttered. "I say, Rachel, it's all up with me. I *know* I'm done for. You'll have to do the best you can."

The notion shot through her head that possibly, after all, the doctor might have misjudged the case. Suppose Louis were to die in the night? Suppose the morning found her a widow? The world was full of the strangest happenings. . . . Then she was herself again and immovably cheerful in her secret heart. She thought: "I can go through worse nights than this. One night, some time in the future, either he will really be dying or I shall. This night is nothing." And she held his hand, and sat in her old place on his bed. The room was chilly. She decided that in five minutes she would light the gas-stove, and also make some tea with the spirit-lamp. She would have tea whether he still refused or not. His watch on the night-table showed half-past two. In about an hour the dawn would be commencing. She felt that she had reserves of force against any contingency.

Then he said, "I say, Rachel."

He was too ill to call her "Louise."

"I shall make some tea soon," she answered.

He went on: "You remember about that missing money—I mean before auntie died. You remember—"



"Don't talk about that, dear," she interrupted him, eagerly. "Why should you bother about that now?"

In one instant those apparently exhaustless reserves of moral force seemed to have ebbed away. She had imagined herself equal to any contingency, and now there loomed a contingency which made her quail.

"I've got to talk about that," he said in his weak and desperate voice. His bruised head was hollowed into the pillow, and he stared monotonously at the ceiling, upon which the paper screen of the gas threw a great trembling shadow. "That's why I wakened you. You don't know what the inside of my brain's like. . . . Why did you say to them you found the scullery door open that night? You know perfectly well it wasn't open."

She could scarcely speak.

"I—I— Louis, don't talk about that now. You're too ill," she implored.

"I know why you said it."

"Be quiet!" she said, sharply, and her voice broke.

But he continued in the same tone:

"You made up that tale about the scullery door because you guessed I'd collared the money and you wanted to save me from being suspected. Well, I did collar the money! Now I've told you!"

She burst into a sob, and her head dropped onto his body.

"Louis!" she cried, passionately, amid her sobs. "Why ever did you tell me? You've ruined everything now. Everything!"

[TO BE CONTINUED]

## A White Night

BY LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX

LAST night I saw the moon swung high  
 Above a silver lake;  
 The shores leaned close and seemed to sigh  
 For all that beauty's sake.

The little hills were faint and still,  
 They dared not draw a breath,  
 Lest it should be the white moon's will  
 To stab them sheer to death

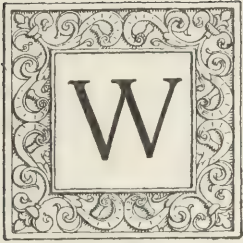
With love. The silence spread so still  
 It circled far and wide,  
 My heart turned sudden old and chill  
 Beneath that flowing tide.

The stars turned pale to see their night  
 Forgetful and untrue;  
 Would Death, Life's piteous Acolyte,  
 Had stooped to stab me too!



# The Girl That Is To Be

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN



WE know what she was, or can find out if we read in the right places. We think we know what she is, though I'm not sure we do. But who knows what she is going to be? Who can forecast the coming woman? Who knows how far the changes now in process will extend, or how different in her relation to life the girl of to-day and to-morrow will be from her mother of yesterday and to-day?

"They have ceased to be women and have not yet become men," said an observer of contemporary women. But that is too sweeping. They have not ceased to be women and will not; they never will be men or the equivalent of men. Women they are; women they will continue to be; more womanly because freer to develop; more various; more efficient; shaping life with a less restricted talent, giving to life out of a more abundant power, but female to the end; not male, nor finally competitors with men, but only competitive to the point of demonstrating the value of their full co-operation in the affairs of life and the validity of their purpose to extend it.

It is plain enough what our modern girls are reaching for. It is freedom. Some of them think they want to vote—want to chiefly because the suffrage looks to them like the gateway to freedom. Others care nothing about suffrage; see no help in it, and many drawbacks. But these, too, and just as much, want freedom; want to be, more than women have been, mistresses of their own destinies, qualified to stand alone if they must, and to mend their fates if they come to need it. The old education trained women to serve, to please, to charm, to comfort, to endure. For the well-to-do it was an education of "accomplishments" imposed upon a foundation of literature, languages, and

housewifery. It was not an education to be rashly disparaged, and it produced its quota of admirable women, the equals at least in power and value of any women we know. It was an education designed to qualify women to sustain an accepted relation to society and to men. It expected them to marry and to be supported by men. It aspired to make them worth their keep, but it did not aim to qualify them for self-maintenance.

The new education for girls has no quarrel with men, but it leaves them to make their own arrangements. It does not undertake to provide wives for them. It bothers with men very little. Its aim is to turn out girls so far developed mentally, and so trained and instructed, that they can make their own choices in the world, can earn their own livings if they wish or if they must, can take a man if one that suits them offers, can turn all men away for as long as they will and still contrive for themselves a life of activity and employment. The new education aims to give to girls such an equipment as will relieve them of the need to marry for a living. That is no more than to start them on the same level with the men, and that is no more than fair. A man that must marry for support is rated as rather a pitiable figure. A young woman who must marry for support is not in so much better a case as we have been used to think. For support that one buys with one's life is dear bought, and should be a good article, and every one knows that famine prices are high, and that who would make good bargains must see to it not to be pinched by need.

Moreover, in marrying it is often an advantage to be able to bide one's time. The best and safest man to marry, all things considered, seems to be one who works for his living, and such are seldom able to marry young. To wait for a man may be a hazardous adven-



ture, but there are men worth waiting for; and to be so little the mistress of one's fate as not to dare to wait for a man of one's heart is to be in a fix at least as hazardous as the other. Every marriage is more or less a woman's experiment with a man to see what she can make of him, and of course there are men whom women, trained in self-help and self-support and self-possession, may fairly take a chance on, whom women more inured to the dependent life should hardly risk. To have in one a trained capacity for self-support is like having a fortune. A girl so qualified can marry more for company and less for maintenance than one completely dependent on a husband's efficiency as a money-getter.

But with getting girls married the modern education has not much to do, and is not good at it. The best one can say for it is that there are some important compensations for its ineptitudes. We do not count on education as a means of getting people married, whether they are men or women. We rely on instinct for that, expecting a sufficient proportion of the people to marry because, as Doctor Watts said, "it is their nature to." At present the rule is, both for men and women, that the more we educate them the less they marry and the fewer children they have. The most favorable years for marrying are those before you know better; and for girls, during those years, the new education butts in with an employment. Still, they can marry when they get ready, if they choose, and if they are satisfied with any of the available men.

But will they choose?

The trained and educated young woman has an alternative to marriage which still in the middle twenties may look very good to her. She has had her freedom. Of course she has liked it. She will not give it up, not any of it, except under strong inducement. For love, if it catches her violently, she will give up anything, at least for the time being, for people in love are seldom nice in weighing costs; but so long as her wits are about her she will look hard at possible marriage, and if its restraints look too formidable, will shoo it away. The modern woman has no mind to

become a property. It is no part of her intention to belong to any man except in so far as she gives herself. The marriage that is attractive to her is the one that spells freedom—that opens doors to her rather than shuts them.

That is natural and as it should be, but it makes one wonder what the coming woman—the woman now in making, and her successors—will make of marriage. The successful marriages are very well as they are, but it seems as though the less successful ones and the failures might be bettered. The remedy for them now is divorce, and goodness knows it is freely applied. But it is a distasteful remedy, and no better regarded than it deserves to be, and it is still looked upon as desperate by most self-respecting people.

Will the terrors and distresses of an unsatisfactory marriage be lessened for the coming woman? Will there be more of life left for the woman whose husband fails her than there is now? There may be, and with no loss to morals and no weakening of marriage. Where a marriage is strong it is strong by internal coherence, not by external compulsions. It may be that if less were expected of wives more would be realized. You can get along with almost any hindrance, handicap, or misfortune if life is only interesting enough. It is when life is dull and idle and unprofitable that the pinch of the shoe becomes intolerable. But the great agent in making life interesting is exertion. To drive hard at something takes one out of oneself and leaves one only spare moments for depression, instead of the solid hours. The man who marries a shrew or a trifler can lose himself in work and perhaps accomplish great things. The woman whose husband is not worth more than a fraction of her thoughts, seldom has adequate outside occupations. If she has children—enough children—that, to be sure, is a great resource, provided she has due means and a fair chance with them, but somehow she is entitled to a fuller life than one whose sole interest is her husband.

There are husbands, to be sure, whose service is perfect freedom, since that is but imperfect freedom which has no duties; but the general run of husbands



are not so nearly of that high quality but that the business of living with them may be profitably diversified by other lawful interests in life. There ought to be some better alternative for a woman whose husband is inadequate than to take up with another man. There *are* better alternatives—lots of them; and one result of the contemporary effort to educate all the girls should be to qualify women to find them. We don't expect every railway train to smash, but some do, and lo! the provision of steel cars. We don't expect every ship to founder, but the law puts life-preservers into every state-room. We don't expect every marriage to fail, but a good many will, and a good many more will only limp along, and ability in a married woman to do for herself and get for herself what her husband cannot do or get for her is a resource against despair and a safeguard of enormous value against disaster.

Let us never forget that the half of life belongs to women; that in a free country freedom and a share in the management of affairs is as much their birthright as it is the birthright of men. Every contract involves some modification of complete freedom of action. The marriage contract, whether for man or woman, involves a very great abridgment of it; but no more for the wife than for the husband should it involve the merging of one individuality into another. The duties of administration and direction that naturally issue from a successful marriage are ample for two, and naturally apportion themselves between the man and the woman. The man who sets himself as the sole fountain of authority in a family and tries to constitute his will as the rule of life creates a cage in which his wife and children must live cramped and baffled except as they can break out of it. They cannot come to their own in such an environment except by heroic effort. And so of the woman who tries to make her own limitations the measure of life for her family: she organizes blight. But the unselfish life of a fairly wise person, lived with courage and gentleness and vigor, regulates and gives some degree of order to all the lives that touch it. It is lives, far more than laws, that order the world.

It is the courses of the stars that give rules to astronomy, not the rules of astronomy that regulate the stars. What one wants for a woman in marriage is a fair chance to live, a clear orbit to move in according to the laws of her nature, and not to be jolting around misfitted into her husband's orbit because that is expected of her.

Of course our desires about marriage are not going to be realized right away, because the general run of us, men and women, are so faulty. We have only a little sense, at best, and are apt to come to most of that rather late in life and after we have duly made our mistakes for the lack of it. But after all, society does not depend entirely for its prosperity upon the sense of its individual members at any given time. It goes a very great deal by tradition and custom. People try to do what is expected of them and will win for them the approval of their fellows. We cannot hope that a very large proportion of marriageable young people will ever be very wise marriers or do as well by one another as they should, or insure to one another all the freedom that is compatible with the successful fulfilment of the marriage contract. But a good deal can be done in modifying the standard of expectation about the obligations of the married, and bringing them up to date, so that they will correspond with practice in the most successful families, and fit, not the conditions of life and the habits of education in Egypt before the flood, or in early Greece, or Rome, or in the Middle Ages, or even in Squire Western's time, but this present day when all the girls go to school, and many go to college, and the click of the typewriter is heard in the land, and more fingers of women play on the cash-register than ever thumped pianos. The education of girls that fits them for independent life widens the scope of their expectations and increases their demands on life. They are harder to satisfy, and that makes against marriage. But they gain increased capacity to win satisfactions for themselves, and that should make for marriage by diminishing its hazards. The object of the new education in its relation to marriage is not to make life so interesting to women that they can



get along without men, but rather to make life so interesting, and to make them so resourceful, that they can get along *with* men. If we can arrange for women that they shall be thoroughly interested in the scheme of creation and heartily involved in making its details work out, we shall have done as much as is compatible with the continued existence of men and the need of limiting women to one man at a time in marriage.

All this sounds too much, perhaps, as though all the married people were eager to break bonds. The fallacy of that assumption must be evident to any one who looks about. Most marriages seem to succeed, and even in our country of easy divorce nine-tenths or more of them still hold.

In France, women seem, in the main, to be pretty well contented and to be fairly in possession of their share of life. Superficial inspection of that country gives the impression that their hold is strong in the direction of the details of life; that they share both the drudgery and the pleasures of life in a closer and fairer association with their men than is usual in most other countries. One sees them working in the fields, but the impression gained is that they are working, not as agricultural drudges, but as farmers. One sees them in the Paris markets, busied even more than their men are about the trading in all sorts of products of farm and garden. One sees them at noon, at breakfast, still with their men, in the open air, on the sidewalks of Paris, and in the late afternoon and in the evening, domesticating the cafés. I have heard that Napoleon, when proceedings grew urgent with him, issued an edict that the young women of France should be taught bookkeeping and the management of business; they must attend, he said, to that part of life. The young men he needed for his wars. From that, I am told, dates the ascendancy of Frenchwomen in a great part of retail business, hotel-keeping, small shopkeeping, marketing, and the like, which is so marked that—as my informant put it—the women are the managers and the men their porters. All that is very significant, and helps one to understand why there are no militant suffragists in France, and why

the whole suffrage movement seems to lag there. If suffrage appeals to women as a means of getting their share of life, it is natural that if they have their share already the appeal of the suffragists should fail to move them.

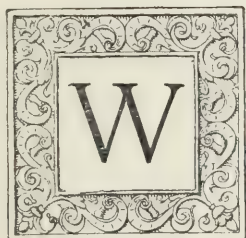
In England the situation is not so good. Millions of Englishwomen live as nearly contented as they hope to be in this world and will not move for any general disturbance. But the proportion of women who are not, and ought not to be, content is too large. There are two million more women than men in England, and that means two million women cheated out of their natural birthright and dominion and left with very little chance to right their condition. Out of that great company of the unmated women and their sympathizers comes the fierce and reasonable demand for a fuller life which makes the disturbance so acute in England. The details of that disturbance may be ever so unreasonable and wrong, but so far as the disturbance is founded on a scarcity of men, it has a basis which no man can afford to disregard. If two million Englishwomen should live hopelessly unhusbanded without complaint, it would argue that man is very much less important a factor in British civilization than folks have been used to think. He is important, and especially to women. Militant suffragism is not the only conspicuous evidence of that, for is not the biggest and most gorgeous monument in London a monument to a good husband? And at the top of it is a tall gold cross, which properly belongs on every good husband's monument, and equally on that of every good wife. For it is not wholly by self-assertion that man and woman live harmoniously together.

Whatever strength the new education develops in woman she will hardly better her state much by using it to browbeat man. Nor is that use of it to be expected. It is the people doubtful of their strength who use it violently, the people doubtful of their place who are jealous in their tenure of it. But with strength goes patience; with freedom tranquility; and out of intelligence, guided but not cramped, comes the unterrified comprehension of life that practises to heal all pain.



# The House With the Tower

BY ALICE BROWN



WHEN Nancy Mills inherited the little old-fashioned house from her uncle in Barlow, she felt very rich indeed. That a sum of money came with it was of less importance. The house stood for all the things she had lacked since her mother died and left her to support herself and build up, if she might, some sort of possible life. Nancy worked in the needle-factory, and had only money enough to board; but on Sunday afternoons she and a mate or two from the factory would go to walk, and she, when she could choose the way, always took the road to the sea. She was half a wild creature, she thought, because she loved the touch of the winds and the salt on her cheeks far more than the other girls loved even the walk through the town where they could comment on gowns and hats. The girls laughed at her for being such a dull little thing as to choose outdoors rather than people, and invariably on the Sunday walk to the sea they laughed the more because she always wanted to stop before the great gray house with the mansard roof and the tower, well out upon the Atlantic road. Nancy never knew why she so loved that house. Perhaps it was because the first time she had seen it was the week she and her mother had come here to work in the needle-factory, her mother very tired and short of breath, and Nancy had insisted on her seeing a doctor before ever she went into the mill at all. The doctor had not said very much on their visit to him, but he had afterward come to see them and found Nancy alone; and then he had told her that her mother must shortly die.

Nancy ran out of the house and left him there, and, not heeding where she went, sped along the road to the sea. She felt she could not meet her mother's eyes until she had got a little used to

what was coming. And as she went along the road, feeling like a stranger to herself, a lost, unhappy creature who was to have no mother, she came to the house with the tower. It was a bright spring day with a tremble of green in the air, and there was a party of people on the lawn. They were dressed in pinks and blues, and children in white were fluttering about like moths, and there was laughter, and once a song sung by the children while some one played a mandolin. Nancy, from the blackness of her grief, stood in the road and stared. It looked to her like Paradise, a scene all beauty inhabited by creatures without care. She felt no envy of them, only a pathetic wonder that happiness like this could be in a world where evil news swoops down so suddenly. And ever after she carried in her memory the picture of the house with the tower; and whenever she looked at it her heart lifted a little because, in one place, at least, was Paradise. It never seemed to her that ill news could shadow that green lawn and touch the fluttering raiment of the happy idlers. Always, in her mind, they were dancing there, and the children were singing, and even if they had to grow up, other children would take their places.

"If I should ever have a house," said Nancy, "I'd have a tower."

And now she had her house, and she was in the train going down to Barlow to live in it. Nancy had made her calculations very carefully. She had enough money, she thought, to last her for at least five years; and she meant to live on it and make cookies and dig in the garden, and after it was all gone she could go back into the needle-factory. The time was again the early spring, something like that day when she had seen the Paradise of dancing children, and she got out at the little station and walked along the green-shaded road and was very happy. It was an unknown



region to her, but she found it beautiful, rich in tillage and fragrant from the upturned soil. There were choirs of birds in every tree, and the robin especially told her he was extravagantly glad to see her. So she went on and swung the gate of her own picket fence and stood before her house. For an instant Nancy was disappointed. She had looked forward to it as a sort of dream house, and to her every dream house had a tower. And this was a one-story house with a broad roof of a lovely slope, and an old-fashioned porch and long shed. There were honeysuckles over the porch, and lilacs at the east, and the perennial garden just sprouting in luxuriant strength at the side, and Nancy could not but see that this was a spot of beauty, mixed of spring glamor over the mellowness of age. "And," she said, as she fitted her key in the door, "I can build a tower."

Inside, the house was in beautiful keeping with its outer promise. The rooms were wainscoted, and there were old fireplaces and blackened beams. Nancy loved all this, but she was impatient to meet her happiness half-way; and after she had made things comfortable for the night and sought out her next-door neighbor, Mrs. Hilliard, who benignantly promised milk and eggs, she set forth along the road, according to direction, to find the carpenter. He was Alvan Sibley, and he lived alone, down Haldon Hill, a mile away. She was too early. Sibley was not yet home from work, and she sat down on the steps of his house, a new one built on Colonial lines, and waited. Then she got up and wandered across the yard and into an old shed; and there she found delightful company. The shed was full of antique furniture, some of it almost hopelessly decrepit, and two or three pieces restored to a wonder of soft luster. Somebody had evidently been working on it, not long ago. There were his tools and the fine wood dust he had made.

Alvan, home from work, found her there and stared at her. It was enough to amaze a man of his lonely habit to come upon a brown-eyed, pink-cheeked young creature in the dingy work-shed. And Nancy stared at him and found him

a personable young man, tanned by wind and weather, his blue eyes and light-gold hair contrasting strangely with his nut-brown face. Being the intruder, she felt called upon to speak.

"How do you do?" she ventured, rather timidly. "I've come to talk about some work."

Alvan set down his box of tools.

"Won't you come in?" he asked. "Into the house?"

No, Nancy thought she could say all she had to say there in the company of the old furniture. But she came toward the door, and Alvan pulled forward a Windsor chair and dusted it with a piece of burlap.

"Thank you," said she. Then, sitting straight in the old chair, she folded her hands in her lap and looked up at him. "I'm living in Uncle Solomon Hartwell's house," she said, "and I want you to help me do it over."

Immediately she knew she had said something mysteriously delightful to him. His grave, rather severe face softened into a charming smile and his eyes lighted so that Nancy felt her heart responding to them with a quickened beat.

"Nothin' would suit me better," said he. "I've lived here a good many years, but I never set eyes on that house, since I grew up and learnt my trade, without wantin' to get hold of it."

Nancy was enchanted at the prospect of such cordial backing.

"You think something could be done to it?" she ventured. The house pleased her, but she did not know how it would commend itself to the builder's eye.

"Why, it's a dream!" said Alvan, in terms he had heard a young city architect use once about a Chippendale sideboard. "I'm as crazy as a loon about old-fashioned things. And that's the oldest house round here—and the best one. I'd have bought it and been glad to, if it had been for sale."

Nancy was looking at him in an open delight. She felt very fortunate indeed, and her eyes glowed with the wonder of it. Alvan, smiling at her in an equal measure of satisfaction over roof and walls, had time to think that he had never seen so frank a glance or cheeks so like the May-flowers in the woods.





*Drawn by Walter Biggs*

"VERY WELL," SAID NANCY, WITH DIGNITY; AND SHE WALKED AWAY







"And I'm going to make it prettier," said Nancy. That, she knew, would please him.

He nodded.

"Wants some paint inside," he said, "and the old windows put back where Uncle Solomon tore 'em out to stick in them big four-paned ones. I told him he might as well tore one o' my arms off as took out them windows. But I bought 'em. I've got 'em here ready to set in."

"What made you buy 'em?" Nancy asked, her eyes larger still with wonder.

He laughed, quite pleased over his own cleverness.

"You don't s'pose I'd let an old window go into hidin' so long as I could save it? Why, I never went by that house without promisin' it I'd see them windows got safe back."

"What else would you do to it?" Nancy asked. It had begun to open out into an enchanted palace.

"Take down the partition in the back where he cut it off to make a milk-room. That's all, I guess. I know where you can get old-fashioned paper."

Nancy saw the moment had come to spring her great surprise. It would give him delight, she knew, as it did her.

"I'll do that," said she. "But I'm going to do something more. It's something you haven't thought of. I'm going to put on a tower." She seemed to have struck him some mysterious blow. His face really whitened. His mouth fell open slightly, and he stood there gaping at her. "A tower," said Nancy, impatiently. She wanted to bid him not to look like that. "Didn't you ever see a house with a tower?"

"A tower?" he repeated. "Why, that house was built in sixteen forty-two!"

"What difference does that make?" said Nancy. "Ain't it strong enough to bear up a tower?"

"Strong enough?" The color had come back into his face and his eyes glared at her. "Them beams would hold up a man-o'-war. But, my soul! you can't put a tower on that house!"

Nancy got out of her chair. Her lips were set in the line they took when she felt fortune was against her and knew she must "down it" or be downed herself.

"Why can't I?" she asked.

"Because it don't call for a tower. It's an old-fashioned house, and it's right just as it is, and if you should put any kind of a new-fangled contraption on it you'd be doin' murder."

"Very well," said Nancy, with dignity, "then if it's murder they can hang me for it." And she walked away.

Her obstinacy enraged him.

"And there's another reason you can't do it," he called after her. "I won't let ye."

To this Nancy did not deign an answer, but as she hurried along the road she was conscious of being angry enough to look very queer. She put her hand to her flaming face. "It must be red as a beet," she said. Then she realized how suffocatingly her heart was pounding, and spoke again. "It would be funny if I dropped dead because a man I never'd seen before told me I couldn't have a house with a tower." She laughed and felt better. But he was a hateful man, she knew, and all his hatefulness could not prevent her from building as she would.

Next morning after breakfast she set out for Mrs. Hilliard's, a slip of paper in her hand, the memorandum of supplies Mr. Hilliard would bring her from the Street. Before her at her gate stood Alvan Sibley. He looked very handsome in the morning light, scrubbed and shaven to a high degree of care, and Nancy felt no longer angry, but triumphant, rather. For she was going to have her way, and it seemed to her he already knew it, he looked so wretched and imploring. It was something almost despicable, she thought, in a man so young and strong to be upset over losing a job.

"Look here," said he, without waiting for her cool "good morning," "you mustn't mind what I said last night."

"Oh no," said Nancy. "I don't mind it—now."

"I hope there's no hard feelin'," he pursued.

"No," said Nancy. "But I sha'n't trouble you. I'm going over to Mrs. Hilliard's now, and she'll tell me where the other carpenter lives."

"You ain't goin' to set Frank Bowers to work on that house?" he cried, so



loudly that involuntarily she glanced at the road to see whether anybody was passing.

"I'm going to have my tower," she announced, deliberately.

"Then for Heaven's sake let me build it," he besought, and now his tone was savage, and Nancy said:

"You needn't swear at me."

"I ain't swearin'," said Alvan, loudly, and again she glanced at the road. "I've asked you, just as civil as I know how, to let me build your tower. I'd rather build a hen-coop on top of that roof than see Frank Bowers let loose on it and you knowin' no more about buildin' than the cat."

This last insult Nancy decided to put into her pocket for future reference, but just now she really did want him to build the tower.

"Very well," said she. "You may build it. When would you like to begin?"

"To-morrow," said Alvan, joyously. "I've got a job o' shinglin', but they'd just as soon put it off till fall. They've got boarders comin'."

Nancy walked away down the road, her back "straight as a ramrod," he admiringly saw, and he followed her. But before they reached the turning to his house he did venture to shake his fist at the triumphant back. If he admired it, the emotion was an unwilling and an angry one.

Early next morning Nancy heard the clatter of boards as they were thrown into her yard, and, peeping between the curtains, she saw Alvan driving away his empty cart. Presently he was back again without the horse, and stood before her quite respectfully, as she sat at breakfast, to take orders.

"I wondered," said he, "whether you wouldn't like one or two things done down here on the first floor before I begun the tower."

"Can you do it to better advantage?" asked Nancy. She was resolved to keep the direction of the work in her own hands.

"Well," said Alvan, "if 'twas *my* job, I should want the first floor got into shape before I touched on the roof. I've got them old windows right here, in case you should want 'em put back. I

guess if you should think it over you'd see that's what the house needs most. You could be kinder gradual gettin' round to the tower."

"Very well," said Nancy. "You may begin with the windows."

She had intended this morning to move the sprigged china from the parlor cupboard into the sitting-room, where she could see it behind glass doors; but the minute Alvan's hammer and saw began she knew she was bewitched beyond the power of china to recall her. The house-building spell was abroad, and she was yielding to it. The robins outside were flying with treasures of hair and string, and here was she, with exactly the same nest fever upon her, staying indoors and trifling over dullard tasks. She set a sprigged cup back in its place. It could stay there until the time when no such fascinating drama was to the fore. She must join Alvan Sibley and see him make her house. The next ten days were full of an unimagined joy. The pleasure of spending money without much deliberation had been afar from her, and she was taking with it the first delicious draught of satisfaction over an old house called to life again. It had been easy to forgive Alvan his revolt against her. He was working whole-heartedly now, having learned, she thought with satisfaction, that there were other ideas in the world than his, and other ways than those he had learned in Barlow.

She was grateful to him, too, and recognized her indebtedness. He had suggested a dozen things she had not thought of for making the house convenient and at the same time bringing it back to its old estate. He had brass jamb-hooks, worth nothing, he said, and these he set by the fireplaces. He conjured shutters out from under the eaves of other more dilapidated houses, and fitted them over mantels for her in an austere beauty of paneled lines. Nancy was so bewitched by this play with possibilities that she forgot all about her tower, and when she did remember it the body of the house had been made wonderful with paint, and with ancient latches to replace the few knobs Uncle Solomon had used for convenience' sake.

It was a night of fiery sunset when she



thought how black and splendid the tower would look against that western sky. Alvan had finished his work and stood with her, saw in hand, watching it.

"Ain't you got 'most round to the tower?" Nancy asked him.

Alvan hesitated a moment. The sunset fire on his face made it "bright as the face of an angel," and Nancy, watching it and really thinking not so much of the tower as of him, thought how handsome he was.

"You wouldn't be willin'," he said at length, "to put it off till fall?"

Nancy forgot the sunset and his shining look. Now, as it removed itself, the tower seemed the one great object of her life, long loved and waited for.

"Why, you said you'd do it," she reminded him.

"I know I did," Alvan assured her. "But there's that shinglin' I put off to come here—"

"They've got boarders. They don't want it done till fall."

"Well," said he, with his kindest smile and looking indulgently at her as if she were a good child who yet must be refused, "I don't know but that's so. But you don't need a tower, neither. Come out here in the road and look at that roof line. Don't you like that better'n if you had a tower?"

Nancy followed him into the road, and together they looked. It was an enchanting house, and, standing there in dignity under the sweeping elm, it made a picture harmonious in every line. But Nancy's eyes, though seeing that, were full of tears. If she gave up the tower she was giving up more than the tower itself—she was giving up a dream. Alvan Sibley, turning to her, saw one tear escape to her soft cheek, and he was lost.

"You cryin'?" he asked her, in an angry incredulity. "What you cryin' for?"

Nancy spoke in a little choked voice that made more inroads on his pity: "I don't know why I can't have my tower!"

"You *can* have it," cried Alvan, as if he hated her. "I'll load up the lumber to-night and run the stagin' up to-morrow. Of course you can have your tower—or anything else, if I can get it for ye," he muttered to himself.

Nancy wiped her eyes and laughed. The mutter, she felt, was an obstinate man's protest because she had got the best of him.

The staging went up, but very slowly. She thought she had never seen Alvan work at such a laggard pace. He was very silent, too, though gentle when she spoke to him, and when the townspeople, driving by, came in to ask what he was building, he gave them only a brief word. Once, Nancy knew, he hid behind the chimney and waited there until the questioner drove on. The city architect, who came down to spend Sunday at Mrs. Hilliard's, appeared one night just as Alvan was leaving work, and stood, hands in his pockets, staring.

"Sibley!" he shouted. "Sibley!" But Alvan seemed not to hear. He stepped down the ladder at the back of the house and lingered there until he had given the architect time to go. But the young man was as obstinate as he, and when Alvan came round the corner it was to hear again:

"Sibley!"

"Well?" said Alvan, sulkily. "What is it?"

"What are you doing up there?" the architect pursued, in a tone as grave, Nancy thought, as if Alvan had been doing wrong.

Alvan quite yelled back at him:

"I don't know what I'm doin'. So there!"

"Don't know?" came the demanding voice. "Come out here. I want to talk to you."

Alvan went, plodding doggedly, and they stood and looked at the staging and talked in low tones until Nancy was beside herself to know what it could mean. Then they walked away together, Alvan with bent head and dejected gaze and the other discoursing hotly. Nancy wondered if he could be telling Alvan the staging wasn't right. She decided to keep a keener eye on things. Nothing could persuade her that Alvan wasn't the cleverest of men; but since he had begun to lag so she had wondered whether his cleverness was serving him.

But the tower did go up, though slowly, and, to her eyes, with less appearance of solidity than she expected.



"Ain't you cut out the roof?" she asked him one day at noon when he had brought his lunch to eat it with her on the side porch and she had made coffee for them both. "I thought the first thing you'd do would be to make a great square hole up through."

"No," said Alvan. He took a bite of pie and looked at her, as he bit, with the apprehensive gaze of a dog that has done wrong. "I ain't cut out the roof."

"Well, when you goin' to?" It seemed to her that as the tower was hers she had a right to know about it.

"Not yet," said Alvan, with the same solemnity.

Nancy began to feel quite "tried" with him.

"Why," said she, "there's got to be a little flight of stairs go up into it! I told you that."

"Yes," said Alvan, "you told me."

"Well, you can't have a flight of stairs unless you cut out the roof."

"No," said Alvan, "I s'pose you can't."

Suspicion whispered to Nancy and made her sick at heart.

"Mr. Sibley," said she, "I don't believe you know how to build a tower."

Alvan looked at her gratefully, as if (she thought afterward) she had told him the best of news.

"No," he said, "I don't believe I do. You let me take the stagin' down and give me till fall to kinder think it over, and maybe then I'll be more equal to it."

"The idea!" said Nancy. "Wait till fall for my tower? No, you can just find out now or I'll put it into other hands."

Alvan looked at her in a wounded way, as if he wondered how she could possibly conceive a deed so cruel.

"All right," said he. "Then I'll build your tower."

After that he seemed to get on rather faster. The outline of the tower began to appear within the staging. Mrs. Hilliard was much impressed. She said she "never saw anything so handsome in all her born days. Nor so roomy, neither." "Why," she told Nancy, "you can have a sewin'-machine up there, an' set an' stitch your shirtwaists an' look out over all the countries of the airth."

Neighbors driving past still stopped their horses to gaze, and always, Nancy thought with pride, in admiration. Only the city architect behaved queerly. He came down again to spend Sunday, and again he stood in the road and talked with Alvan. Nancy, listening behind the blind, thought they were almost quarreling.

"You're a fool," said the architect, and Alvan answered, as angrily:

"Don't you s'pose I know that?"

"Why can't I talk to her?" asked the architect.

"Because you can't," said Alvan. "I don't want folks to meddle nor make."

"Well," said the architect, not angrily now, but as if he had something to be very sorry for, "good-by. I sha'n't come through this road again. When I come down here I shall go the other way."

Nancy wondered what they could be talking about. She thought that if ever she knew Alvan Sibley well enough she would ask him.

She was more and more contented. She loved her house, and all the work to keep it clean and sweet seemed to her no more than a mother's care of a beloved child. Alvan's coming every day made a part of the charm. It was as if they were living there together, and he prized the house as much as she did and was ever thinking of something to make it more cozy and complete. And one late afternoon, when the tower was really boarded in, Nancy, sitting by the living-room window with her hemming, saw that the world was full of rosy light and knew the sun was setting. She heard Alvan in the shed putting down his tools; he would be going in a minute. So she laid away her work and went out to see the sunset, perhaps with him. She called to him, and he came quickly, his hammer in his hand, and for an instant Nancy felt out of patience with him, he looked so grave and troubled. Why couldn't he be altogether pleased, she wondered, when he had nearly finished such a splendid tower? But perhaps he had not seen it from the proper point. He might not know how fine it really was.

"Come here," she called to him. "I want to show you something."





*Drawn by Walter Biggs*

Engraved by Nelson Demarest

NANCY LAID HER HAND UPON HIS ARM TO STAY HIM







He came, though laggingly, and Nancy led him up the road and to the east.

"There," said she. "That's what I've been waiting for. I wanted a good big sunset, so I could see my tower against the sky."

It was a flaming sky, as if the heavens themselves were burning up. Great coppery clouds drifted over it and piled themselves in fiery mountains. Nancy, watching it in an excited silence, was almost afraid, it was so angry and so splendid. At first she had been too awed by it to think why she had come to that particular spot; but now she remembered. Her tower — that was more important than many sunsets. She was to see it against the sky. She looked at it and then she turned, in an impetuous appeal, to Alvan, and found that he too was gazing. His brows were knit, his lips were pressed together. What could there be in a grand new tower to make a man so sad? Nancy turned back again to the tower, and then she knew. The blood came into her face and made it burn. She was savagely angry, and with herself. She had got her wish, she had insisted on it, and this was the result. But Nancy was not one to hide her sins. She broke out stormily.

"I never saw such a sight in all my life. It's awful—awful!"

Alvan started and turned to her.

"I shaped it the best I knew how," he said, doggedly.

"Course you did," said Nancy. "But it never ought to have been built at all."

Alvan was staring at her in a delight incredulous of itself.

"Why," said he, and Nancy hardly knew his voice, it was so full of joyful cheer, "you would have it. Don't you like it, now you got it?"

"Like it!" said Nancy, savagely. "I *hate* it! A great big lump on a little low house like that! Why, anybody ought to be put in jail that would treat an old house so."

"I say so, too." He tossed his hammer up and let it turn a half-dozen somersaults before he deftly caught it. "But some things ye can't undo. Some ye can."

He started on a run toward the house, and Nancy followed him.

"Stop! stop!" she cried. "What you going to do?"

"I'm goin' to knock down the tower," said Alvan. "That's why I built it like a house o' cards. It's no more'n a cob house, nor the stagin', either."

Nancy laid her hand upon his arm, to stay him, and he looked down at it as if it were some wonderful soft bird alighting there.

"Why," said she, "you didn't think, all the time, I'd have it down? Was that why you didn't make the hole in the roof?"

"I dun'no' what I thought," said Alvan, wildly. "I guess I thought anything so bad wouldn't be allowed to be, and I'd stan' ready to knock it down."

"But you can't," said Nancy. She was almost crying now with the mortification of it, and the prospect she foresaw. "Folks have come here and looked at it, and they've praised it and thought I was so terrible clever to think of it. Why, I can't have you knock it down! They'd say I didn't know my own mind. They'd think I was a fool."

"I should ruther be that kind of a fool than t'other," said Alvan, succinctly.

"Why," she said, and now the tears of vexation overflowed her eyes, "I should be a laughing-stock!"

Alvan stood looking, not at the tower, but at the angry sky. Still the clouds were piling up in it, and now they were coppery black.

"I ain't seen such a sunset," said he, "sence the gale that carried away the doctor's corn-house and set it down at my back door. You let me get up there on that roof. I won't knock anything down. No, I promise ye. I'm just goin' to loosen up a little, that's all."

He ran along the path, and presently Nancy saw him going over the roof like a cat, and then she heard the sound of a hammer or an ax on wood. But nothing fell, and presently he was back again, flushed and laughing.

"Now you've got to promise me one thing," said he. "Whatever happens to-night, no matter whether you hear the wind splittin' kindlin' up there on the roof, you ain't to go outdoors."

"Why, no," said Nancy. "But what's going to happen?"



"I don't know's anything will. Only, if anything should, you stay indoors and not get hit. Good - by. I'll be round in the mornin' and we'll talk about the tower."

"Yes," said Nancy, sadly. "We've got to make up our minds what we can do."

Something did happen in the night. The wind came up and lashed the trees and whistled round corners and shrieked down chimneys, and along toward morning Nancy, though with her head under the bedclothes, heard on her roof the clatter of falling wood. And in the morning not only had the staging gone, but the tower itself. The old roof stood there in unmarred simplicity and the yard was strewn with boards; a few of the lightest had even sailed away across the field. Nancy hardly knew how she was to take a misfortune that came so aptly, unless she laughed; and Alvan, appearing an hour earlier than usual, found her staring, and laughed too. It began to seem to Nancy as if she had not truly known him before—at least she had not known how his eyes could almost disappear within their mirth-made crinkles.

"That fetched it, didn't it?" said he.

"What?" asked Nancy.

"What I done last night. I loosened her up a little, and I thought the clerk o' the weather'd do the rest. And now you're safe as a church. Folks'll say Sibley's tower blew down, and you can

tell 'em you're so mad you wouldn't build again if he should pay you for it."

Nancy stared at him, her cheeks hot and her eyes reproachful.

"Tell 'em that?" she said. "Tell 'em it's your fault? Well, I guess I sha'n't."

"I shall, then," said Sibley. "I guess I can stan' up against their thinkin' I don't know how to build a tower."

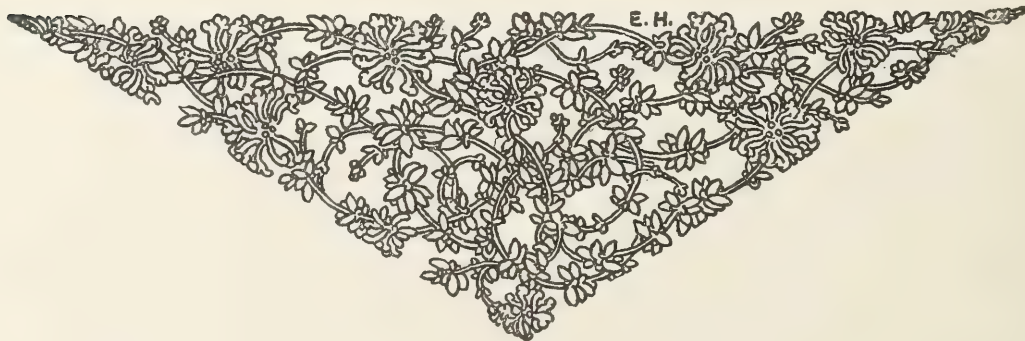
"And have it get into the Barlow Star?" said Nancy, hotly. "It's that other carpenter's sister that sends the items to it. How 'a tower built by Mr. Alvan Sibley blew down in the late gale'? Why," she continued, in a new wonder at him, "I never heard of anybody's setting so much by an old house. You'd rather be a laughing-stock than have me spoil the roof."

She turned to look at him and found he was looking at her in a way that seemed to change him; for some reason it made her shy.

"I'd ruther be a laughin'-stock than have *you* one," said Alvan. "I do prize the house, and I wouldn't have meddled with that roof for a thousand dollars if I hadn't been afraid you'd hired somebody else and I'd lost you somehow."

"Lost me?" Nancy faltered. She wanted to know more and more, but somehow she had to stop just there.

"Yes," said Alvan, "lost you. But seems if—now we've got to know each other pretty well—oh, Nancy, seems if we could be a laughin'-stock together!"

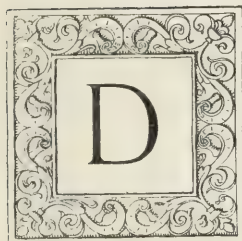




# A Diplomat's Wife at the Italian Court

BY MADAME DE HEGERMANN-LINDENCRONE

ROME, PALAZZO ROSPIGLIOSI,  
December, 1880.



DEAR MOTHER,—We are now almost settled in the Eternal City, after a process which has seemed to me as eternal as the city itself, and I am so far established as to be able to take up the threads of my new life. The first of these will be this letter to you.

We found an apartment in this palace which is large and comfortable. It looks onto the Piazza Quirinale on one side, and on the other into the courtyard, where we see the procession of tourists with red Baedekers under their arms, filing into the Palazetto to admire the famous "Aurora."

Johan had been received by King Umberto before I arrived. The ceremony seems to have been full of splendor and surrounded with etiquette. A magnificent gala coach, drawn by two splendid horses, brought Signor Peruzzi (master of ceremonies), accompanied by an escort of carabineers, to the Hôtel Bristol, where Johan was stopping, attracting a large crowd in the Piazza Barberini—less than this is sufficient to collect gazers-on in Italy, where the natives pass most of their time in gazing at nothing at all.

As the carriage entered the *grande cour* of the palace, the guards presented arms and the military band played. A second master of ceremonies met Johan at the foot of the principal staircase, while the Grand Master of Ceremonies waited for him at the head of it. Accompanied by these gentlemen, Johan passed through the long gallery, which was lined on both sides by the civil and military members of the household. At the extreme end of the gallery stood the prefect of the palace, Signor Visone, who preceded Johan to the

King's apartment, and retired, after having announced him to his Majesty. This seems complicated, but you see it takes all these functionaries to present a Minister to a King.

Johan had prepared his obligatory speech about *les bonnes relations* which had always existed between Italy and Denmark, and so forth, but the King did not give him the opportunity to make any speech at all. He held out his hand and said in a most friendly and cordial manner, "*Je suis bien content de vous voir et j'espère que vous vous plairez parmi nous.*" His Majesty then asked Johan about King Christian, and spoke about the visit he had made to Denmark some years ago. Before the end of the audience Johan succeeded in making the King accept his *lettres de créance*, and presented the greetings of King Christian; but the speech remained unspoken.

The contrast seemed very striking between the ceremonious manner in which he was conducted to the King, and the simple and unconventional manner in which he was received by his Majesty.

Yesterday I asked for an audience with the Queen. The Marquise Villamarina (the *Grande Maîtresse*) wrote that the Queen, though desiring to see me, thought it better to defer the audience until after the reception of the *Corps Diplomatique*, which was to take place in a few days. I am rather glad of the few days of rest before the first of January, as I am completely tired out. The journey from America to Denmark, the visit to Johan's family, and the week at the Danish court, shopping and visiting in Paris, and getting settled here—all during one month—are about enough to wear out the nerves of any one, let alone your loving L.

January, 1881.

DEAR MOTHER,—The great event of the season has just taken place! The



*Corps Diplomatique* has been received by their Majesties at the Quirinale, and I have made my first official appearance and worn my first court train. This splendid ceremony took place at two o'clock in the afternoon, a rather trying time to be *décolletée* and look your best. In my letter from Paris I told you about my dress made by Worth. It really is quite lovely—white brocade, with the tulle front—all embroidered with iridescent beads and pearls. The *manteau de cour* is of white satin, trimmed with Valenciennes lace and ruches of chiffon. I wore my diamond tiara, my pearls on my neck, and everything I owned in the way of jewelry pinned on me somewhere.

Johan was in full gala uniform—the red one—on the back of which was the Chamberlain's key on the blue ribbon.

On arriving at the Quirinale we drove through the *porte-cochère* and stopped at the grand staircase, which was lined all the way up by the tall and handsome guards, dressed in their brilliant uniforms.

We were received in the salon adjoining the throne-room by the Marquise Villamarina and the *Préfet du Palais*. In crossing this salon one lets one's train drag on the floor and proceeds, peacock-like, toward the ball-room. It seems that this is the proper thing to do, as it is expected of you to allow all beholders to admire your train and to verify its length. It must be four and a half yards long. I was told that the train of one of the diplomatic ladies last year was not long enough, and she was officially reproached. She excused herself by saying that she thought it would go "*that once*," but she found that it didn't go, and it was considered very disrespectful of her to disregard the court's regulations.

On entering the ball-room you pick up your train and go to your place—for every lady has her place according to her *ancienneté*. I, being the wife of the newest Minister, was naturally at the very end, and next to me was the newest Minister himself. While waiting for their Majesties you let your train fall and it lies in a heap at your left side.

Behind each lady was a red-velvet *fauteuil*, in which she could rest for a

moment, if her colleagues would screen her from public view by "closing up," according to military language. We did not, fortunately, have long to wait. The doors were opened and their Majesties entered. The ladies courtesied low and the gentlemen bowed reverentially.

I was quite overcome by the Queen's dazzling beauty and regal presence. She wore a beautiful dress of very pale salmon-colored satin, embroidered in the same color. A red-velvet *manteau de cour* covered with heavy embossed silver embroidery hung from her shoulders. Her jewels were handsomer than anything I have ever seen before, even more magnificent than those of the Empress Eugénie. The King and Queen separated. The King turned to the *doyen* of the *Corps Diplomatique*, talked a long time with him, and then passed on, having a word for each gentleman, not overlooking even the youngest secretary.

The Queen went directly toward the Countess Wimphen, the *doyenne*, and, holding out her hand, leaned forward as if to kiss her cheek. The Ambadress sank almost to the ground. Then the Queen talked with all the Ambassadors and to the Ministers' wives. Madame Westenberg, the wife of the Minister from Holland, being the *plus ancienne* of these, stood, full of importance, at the head of her flock. The Queen's ready mind found something of interest to say to every one, and she seemed brimming over with conversation. There were continual glances between their Majesties, as if they were mutually comparing notes, which I fancy were something like this, "You'd better hurry, or I shall finish before you do."

Every time the Queen turned, Marquis Guiccioli (the Queen's chamberlain) bent down to the ground and arranged her train, spreading it out flat on the floor. When the Queen caught sight of me a smile of recognition passed over her face, and when she gave me her hand, she said: "I am so glad to see you again, and so happy to know that we are going to have you in Rome. I've never forgotten your singing. Your voice is still ringing in my ears."

I answered, "I have never forgotten your Majesty's kindness to me when I was here before."



"I remember so well," she said, "how beautifully you and the Marquis Villamarina sang that duet from 'La Favorita.' We shall have some music later, I hope," and she added, "The King was delighted with Monsieur de Hegermann."

I said that Monsieur de Hegermann was very much flattered by the King's gracious manner when the King received him.

On leaving me, the Queen crossed the room, directing her steps toward the *doyen* Ambassador. In the mean while the King came toward the ladies, passing rapidly from one to the other. He made quick work of us, as he did most of the talking himself, hardly ever waiting for an answer.

He said to me, "The Queen tells me that you have been here before."

"I have, your Majesty," I answered; "I was here five years ago and had the honor to be presented to you."

"Really?" said the King. "I don't remember."

"But I've known you longer even than that," I said.

"How so?" asked the King, abruptly.

"When your Majesty was in Paris in 1867."

"That makes us very old friends," he said, smilingly.

Finally, when their Majesties had finished the circle, they met at the end of the ball-room; every one made a *grande révérence*, and they bowed graciously in response and withdrew.

We ladies, in walking out, allowed our *manteaux* to trail behind us. We entered the room where refreshments were served, and crowded around the buffet, which groaned under the weight of all sorts of good things. We drank one another's health and Happy New Year in champagne.

January, 1881.

DEAR MOTHER,—You would never believe that my official duties weigh as heavily on me as they do. I received a letter from the Marquise Villamarina, saying that "her Gracious Sovereign would be pleased to receive me on the seventh at three o'clock." Therefore, dressed in my best, I drove to the Quirinal. It is so near our palace that I had hardly entered the carriage before I had

to get out of it. The gorgeously dressed and long-bearded *concierge* who stood pompously at the entrance of the palace waved the carriage to the other end of the courtyard, and pounded his mace on the pavement in an authoritative manner.

I mounted the broad winding staircase, went through the long gallery lined with lackeys, and reached the salon, where the Marquise Villamarina was waiting to receive me. After the usual greetings, she said, "*Sa Majesté vous attend*," and led me through many salons to the one where the Queen was. I noticed as we walked along that the Marquise removed her right-hand glove. I took this as a hint that I should do the same. The Queen was standing when I entered the room. I made a deep courtesy before going in. She came forward and gave me her ungloved hand, over which I bowed deeply. The Marquise retired, leaving me alone with the Queen, who motioned me to sit beside her on the sofa. She spoke French, and so rapidly that I could hardly follow her. She was kindness itself, as affable and charming as one could possibly be, and put me at my ease immediately.

She had a little diamond ball hanging on a chain in the folds of her dress, the prettiest little watch I ever saw. After a half-hour, which passed like a flash, the Marquise reappeared in the doorway. This was a signal for me to take my leave. The Queen rose, gave me her hand, and said, "Good-by, Madame de Hegermann; I'm so glad to have you here in Rome."

I should have liked to kiss her hand, but I was told that the wife of a foreign minister never kisses the hand of any queen save her own.

I feel now that I am really launched. Let us hope that my barque will ride the waves successfully! In Europe, visits are not as with us in America. Here the residents wait until the stranger makes the first visit; in America it is just the contrary. I must say I like the European way best. It would be very awkward for *me* to receive visitors now, especially when my household is in its present chaotic state. I hope it will be only a question of cards for some time yet.



January 12, 1881.

Last night the Princess Palavicini gave what she intended to be the finest ball of the season, for which no expense was spared. They had sent to Paris for the cotillion favors, to Nice for flowers to decorate the magnificent salons of the Palazzo Rospigliosi, and to Naples for the famous Neapolitan orchestra.

The Princess Palavicini is one of the Queen's ladies of honor, belongs to one of the most aristocratic families in Italy, and claims to have the most select society in Rome. The King and Queen had consented to grace the ball with their presence. That the King had promised to go was a great exception, as he has never been willing to go to any function outside of the Quirinal since the much-talked-of ball at the Duke di Fiano's. I believe that it is only his keen sense of duty that makes him attend his own entertainments.

All the guests were assembled and awaiting the arrival of their Majesties, but they did not come. The reason given was that the present members of the Ministry took exception to the fact that neither they nor their wives had been invited. The Ministers sent word to the King that if their Majesties attended the ball they would give in their resignations *en bloc*. The result was that the ball was a complete failure. All the spirit had gone out of the guests, who moved about aimlessly, talking in groups, and then quietly disappeared. The dancers of the cotillion waited for the supper, which they said was magnificent and sufficient for a hungry army.

ROME, February, 1881.

DEAR —,—The two sons of the King of Sweden (Prince Oscar and Prince Carl) are here for a fortnight's visit, and are seeing Rome thoroughly in the company of two chamberlains, two cicerones, and some friends. The young princes gave a dinner at the Hôtel Quirinal, to which we were invited. They had engaged the Neapolitan singers from Naples, who sang the most delightful and lively songs. We felt like dancing a *saltarello*, and perhaps might have done so if we had been in less princely presences. The Scandinavian Club gave a feast—the finest and greatest in the an-

nals of the club—in honor of the two princes, to welcome the Swedish and Norwegian Minister's bride, and also to welcome us—a great combination—and to celebrate the carnival by a fancy ball.

People were begged to come in costume, which, to be amiable, every one was delighted to do. The costumes were not original. Roman peasants were abundant. This costume needs only a towel folded square and put on the head and a Roman apron, easily obtained at the Campo di Fiore for a song. Flower-girls with hats turned up on the side and baskets of flowers were also popular. The handsome Prince Carl, who is six feet six, needed only a helmet to personify to perfection a youthful god Mars. Prince Oscar merely wore his naval mess-jacket. Herr Ross (the Norwegian artist) was the head and spirit of the ball and directed everything. He was dressed appropriately as a *pierrot*, with a wand in his hand, and pirouetted about to his heart's content.

All was done on the most economical basis, as the club is entirely composed of artists, who, consequently, are poor. The lines were drawn apparently at the food, but in *skaals* (toasts)—the thing dearest the Scandinavian heart—they were extremely liberal and reckless. All six of us were toasted to a crisp brown, and at each separate toast we stood up and listened to the tale of our virtues.

The celebrated Ibsen honored this feast with his presence, and especially honored the Chianti and Genzano wines, which were served copiously, in *fiascos*. When you see Ibsen, with his lion face and tangle of hair, for the first time, you are fascinated by him, knowing what a genius he is, but when you talk with him, and feel his piercing, critical eyes looking at you from under his bushy brows, and see his cruel, satirical smile, you are a little prejudiced against him. We meet him often at our friend Ross's studio at afternoon teas, where there is always a little music. Ibsen sits sullen, silent, and indifferent. He does not like music, and does not disguise his dislike. This is not, as you may imagine, inspiring to the performers. In fact, just to look at



him takes all the life out of you. He is a veritable wet blanket. I have read all his works in the original. I think they lose a great deal in being translated. The Norwegian language is very curt and concise, each word conveying almost the meaning of two in English, which enables the author to paint a whole situation in a few words. I can see the difference, in reading the English translations, and where they fail to convey his real meaning. Strangers who wish to see Ibsen must go to the cheap Italian restaurant, "Falcone," where he sits before a small iron table, eating deviled devil-fish. No wonder that he is morbid and his plays weird!

February, 1881.

DEAR MOTHER,—I know you would like to hear about the first ball at the Quirinal. It was very splendid. Since the last and famous ball at the Tuileries I had seen nothing like it. When we had mounted the guard-lined staircase and passed through innumerable salons, we were received by the *Grande Maîtresse*, surrounded by numerous *dames de palais*, all so beautiful that I wondered if they had been chosen for their beauty alone. I never saw so many handsome women grouped together. Numerous chamberlains preceded us into the ball-room and showed us the benches where the *Corps Diplomatique* have their places. The benches looked inviting enough, with their red-velvet coverings and their gilded legs, but I did not feel as if I should care to sit on them for hours.

Madame Minghetti sat on one of the taborets on one side of the throne, and Madame Cairoli (wife of the Minister of Foreign Affairs) occupied the taboret on the other side. These two ladies are the only ones who have the right to sit on the little square stools that are called taborets.

We waited in our places until we heard the orchestra start the national hymn, then every one stood up as the King and Queen entered arm in arm, followed by splendidly dressed and bejeweled *dames d'honneur* and the numerous suite. Their Majesties went to the throne, stood there a moment, then stepped down and spoke to the two

ladies on the taborets. The *quadrille d'honneur* commenced almost immediately. Count Wimphen approached the Queen, making the deepest of bows, offered her his hand, and led her to her place on the floor. M. de Keudell and the Countess Wimphen took their places opposite the Queen. There were only two other couples. Every one stood while this quadrille was being danced.

The Queen looked exquisite, and seemed to be in the best of spirits. She was the *point de mire* of all eyes. She wore a superb gown of light-blue brocade, the front entirely trimmed with old Venetian lace. Her necklace and tiara were of enormous pearls and diamonds. She was truly a vision of beauty and queenly grace.

After the *quadrille d'honneur* the dancing became general. The Queen first talked to the ambassadresses, then to the wives of the ministers, sitting down on the bench beside the lady she desired to converse with, the one on the other side moving on discreetly to make more room for the Queen.

The King never came anywhere near the ladies, but talked only with the gentlemen, frequently keeping one by his side and addressing him while he talked with another.

The dancing continued until the Queen had returned from a tour of the other salons, where she had been talking with those assembled there. Re-entering the ball-room, preceded as always by her chamberlains and followed by her ladies, she joined the King, and both, bowing graciously as if to say good night, retired.

February, 1881.

DEAR —,—We have given our first dinner—a very mild essay. We invited Mme. Minghetti (her husband could not come) and her brother, Admiral Acton, who is Minister of Marine; the Storys and the Westenbergs; M. van Loo, and M. Paparigopuolo. The Admiral was, of course, *la grosse pièce*. The dinner was not so bad as I feared. The orders, given in my limited Italian vocabulary—which didn't go very far—and Johan's—which didn't go at all—might have been misconstrued. The only incident which marred the serenity of the occasion was when Madame Wes-



tenberg sat down rather heavily (she is what in America we call "portly") on my sofa, which has very weak legs, and down she fell on the floor. Mr. Story, to cover the awkwardness of the moment, said, while Madame was being assisted to a stronger chair: "This is a frequent occurrence in Italy; Italian furniture is, you know, unlike a cow." "What do you mean?" we all inquired; "why 'unlike a cow'?" Mr. Story said, "The cow gives milk, but the furniture gives whey." Every one laughed except Mrs. Story, to whom I imagine this was an old story.

Mrs. Minto Elliot brought Ouida, a rival authoress, to see me on my reception day. Ouida is, I am afraid, a little bit of a *poseuse*, but geniuses have privileges which cannot be endured in ordinary people. She was dressed with a lofty disregard of Roman climate and its possibilities, and in utter defiance of common sense. She wore a dress open at the throat, with short sleeves, and the thinnest of shoes and stockings, which she managed to show more than was quite necessary. She spoke in an affected voice, and looked about her continually as if people were watching her and taking notes.

ROME, January, 1884.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—Aunty writes that you are feeling better. This is the best New Year's present you can make me. I am so happy that I sing a little *Te Deum* all to myself.

The official functions, such as the opening of the Parliament, the reception of the Diplomatic Corps, the first dinner and ball at the Quirinal, were not different from former ones.

There are a few changes in the Embassies. Sir Saville Lumley has succeeded Sir Augustus Paget at the English Embassy. Sir Saville's own paintings now cover Lady Paget's chocolate cherubs—only those above the door and their bulrushes are left to tell the tale. Monsieur Decrais, the new French Ambassador and his wife, who replace the De Noailles in the Farnese palace, are already established. The iciness of Siberia continues to pervade the palace in spite of all efforts to warm those vast salons, enormous in their proportions—I

do not know how many *mètres* they are to the ceiling. The Carracci gallery separates the bedrooms from the salons. Madame Decrais says that they are obliged to dress like Eskimos when they cross it, as they have to twenty times a day.

How the Roman climate must have changed since the time when the Romans went about in togas and sandals and lay on slabs of marble after their bath!

We are delighted to have our dear friend M. de Schlozer here. He is Minister to the Vatican, and is (or ought to be) as black as ink, while we, Quirinalers, are as white as the driven snow; but he has no prejudice as to color, nor have we, so we see one another very often and dine together whenever we can. As soon as his silver was unpacked we were invited straightway to dinner. His rooms, in the Palazzo Capranica (belonging to the family of Madame Ristori's husband) are as bare as those he occupied in Washington—barer, even, for here there are no portières. In the salon he has his beloved Steinway grand, one stiff sofa, four enormous *fauteuils*, destined for his cardinals, a few small gilt *chaises volantes* (as he calls little chairs that are easy to move about), one table on which reposes the last piece of marble picked up while strolling in the Forum, and, as a supreme banality, his niece's Christmas present, a *lamp-mat*, on which stands the lamp in solitary glory.

Schlozer's dinners are of the best, and are most amusing. He superintends everything himself and gives himself no end of trouble. Each course as it is served receives an introductory speech: "*Ce paté, mon cher, est la gloire de ma cuisinière,*" etc.

He says that all *volaille* ought to be carved at the table, therefore he carves the birds and the chickens himself, brandishing the knife with gusto while sharpening it.

And as for the wines! Dear me! After filling his glass, he holds it against the light, tastes the wine, smacks his lips, and says: "*Ce vin de Bordeaux est du '64. Il faut le boire avec recueillement. Je l'ai débouché moi-même.*"

He has a great liking for Lenbach (the famous painter), although they are utterly different in character and ways.



Lenbach is not musical, and is rather rough and gruff in his manners. Even his best friends acknowledge that he does not possess the thing called manners. He is clever and witty in his way, but his way is sarcastic and peevish. Sometimes when he is talking to you he beams and scowls alternately behind his spectacles. You think that he is listening to you, but not at all! He is only thinking out his own thoughts, in which he seems always to be wrapped.

Lenbach occupies the same apartment in the Palazzo Borghese that Pauline Bonaparte lived in. Probably the very couch is still there on which she reclined for her famous statue. You remember what a modest lady friend said to her, "*Cela m'étonne que vous ayez pu poser comme cela!*"—meaning, without clothes; to which the princess replied: "But why do you wonder? Canova had a fire in the room."

Lenbach asked permission to paint Nina. We did not refuse, and expected great things. He photographed her twenty times in different poses, turning her head (physically, not morally) every which way, and painted thirteen pictures of her, but there was only one (a very pretty profile in crayon with a pink ear and a little dash of yellow on the hair) which he thought good enough to give us.

Do not ask me what we have done or whom we have seen. We are out morning, noon, and night. Every day there is a regular "precession of the equinoxes"—luncheons, dinners, and *soirées galore*.

I sing twice a week with the Queen—red-letter days for me. I look forward with joy to passing that hour with her. I never knew any one so full of interest, humor, and intelligence. It is delightful to see her when she is amused. She can laugh so heartily, and no one, when there is occasion for sympathy, is more ready to give it. Her kind eyes can fill with tears as quickly as they can see the fun in a situation.

Nina and I go out every morning from ten to twelve. Johan is then busy with his despatches and shut up in the chancellery. It is the fashion during those hours to drive in a cab in the Corso. It is not considered *chic* to go out in

one's own carriage until the afternoon. I am glad of the excuse of buying even a paper of pins in order to be out in the sunshine.

Another queer fashion is, that on Sundays gentlemen (the highest of the high) who have their own fine equipages, of which on week-days they are so proud, drive to the fashionable places, like Villa Borghese and Villa Doria, in *cabs*. Sometimes you will see the beaux most in vogue squeezed (three or four of them) in a little *botte* (the Italian name for cab), looking very uncomfortable. But as it is the thing to do, they are proud and happy to do it. But on other days!—horrible! Nevertheless, it is on Sundays (*especially* on Sundays) that Principe Massimo causes people to stop and stare because he drives abroad on that day in his high-seated phaeton, his long side-whiskers floating in the wind, his servants in their conspicuous dark-red liveries covered with armorial braid, pale-blue cuffs and collars, sitting behind him. Then it is that the Romans say to themselves, Our aristocracy is not yet dead.

ROME, May 4, 1884.

DEAR MOTHER,—I meant to tell you about the dinner at the Khedive's in my last, but I sent off my letter without putting in what would have interested you, whereas what I did send must have been stupid beyond words. I know that you do not care to hear about picnics, and such frivolous doings as excursions to Hadrian's Villa and lunches *al fresco* at Tivoli. You remember my having met the Khedive in Paris during the Exposition of 1867. Well, we find him here, amiable as before, but fatter by seventeen years. He has a beautiful villa near the Piazza Indipendenza, where he gives Arabian thousand-and-one-nights' dinners. We were invited to one of these last Sunday. I sat next to the Khedive. His principal subject of conversation with me was the Empress Eugénie. He expatiated upon her exquisite beauty, her graceful affability, and wound up by saying that she was the most fascinating and beautiful woman in the world. (Who ought to know, if not he?) Never (if one can believe what he says) since the days of Antony and Cleopatra had one seen such mag-



nificent *fêtes* as those he gave for her on the occasion of the opening of the Suez Canal. I told him that I remembered the Empress's account of her visit and her saying that nothing could have surpassed those days in their wonderful splendor. The Khedive wiped away a tear of tender regret (perhaps for the hundred million francs those *fêtes* had cost him!) and said, with a sigh, "I was only thirty-eight years old then." I sighed in sympathy. He went on to tell me that one hundred cannon saluted the Empress's yacht, *L'Aigle*,<sup>†</sup> when it entered the canal, followed by a long procession of steamers, containing the three thousand guests, and different boats of all nationalities. Among the many invited ones were the Prince of Holland and Count de Lesseps.

"What a splendid sight it must have been!" I remarked.

"Never will the world see the like again!" answered the Khedive, with deep feeling.

I hated to break in on his emotion, and sat silent during the next course; then I mentioned that I had seen the de Lesseps in Washington a few years ago.

"How did she look then?" he asked.

"She was very attractive when they were married; she was only eighteen years old and he was sixty-four."

"That is too great a difference of age. Don't you think so?"

"Well," he reflected, "I do not know. (Of course he didn't.) How many children did they have when you saw them?"

"I can't be positive, but I think about twelve," I replied.

"Oh, that is impossible! They only married in 1869—just after the Canal was opened."

"Then I am wrong. I only repeat what I have been told."

The Khedive became thoughtful—evidently making mental calculations.

"It may be true," he said; "everything is possible in love and war."

"Yes," I said, "everything."

We let the de Lesseps and their family drop. He told me an amusing story about his *ci-devant* Minister, Nubar Pasha: Napoleon III. had given the latter a fine bejeweled watch *en souvenir* of the Empress's visit, which Nubar al-

ways kept on his table when presiding at official meetings. Once when the room was dark (the gas was suddenly turned out) the watch disappeared. The Pasha, aghast, said to his colleagues: "My watch has gone. I hope that the person who took it to look at" (a delicate way of putting it) "will kindly restore it when the room becomes dark again." Well, the room became dark, but no watch was returned. On the contrary, the valuable writing-set Victor Emmanuel had given him followed in the footsteps of the watch. Nubar was furious, and, addressing the gentlemen, said: "I thought I had to do with gentlemen, but I see that you are only a pack of thieves. I give my resignation and wash my hands of you."

"Did he really go?" I asked.

"Yes, I was obliged to accept his resignation. He never returned."

Our amiable host would like to have had some amateur music after dinner, and asked the Marquis Villamarina to sing, but he refused. (I was sorry not to hear his beautiful voice.) He came up to me and whispered: "Please don't sing, because if you do I cannot refuse." So when the Khedive begged me to sing I said I was *desolée mais très enrhumée*, etc.—you know the fibs one tells. It was not the atmosphere for singing. Every one was smoking the Khedive's good cigarettes, and we could see shimmering behind the palms and plants the red coats of the Neapolitan musicians, ready to burst forth in their boisterous music.

If Johan and I are not afflicted with all the maladies that have to do with liver and stomach it is because we must be a food-proof couple, for we can stand more and sit through more feasts than the average diplomat. There is a steady stream of entertainments, and you may fancy me dressing, driving, dining, and dancing. No time for such d's as dawdling or dreaming.

There is a charming English colony in Rome. Those who belong to it rival one another in giving very good dinners. There are Mrs. Bruce, Mrs. Walpole, Lady Eyre, and others. These are the most *en vue* for the moment. All of them are widows whose mites are spent



in giving stately dinners, to which cardinals and minor monsignores are bidden. Cardinal Howard is the most frequent and most distinguished guest at Mrs. Bruce's. All others pale before him. He sits in the center of an admiring circle of ladies. He does not object to showing his neat buckled shoes, and unconsciously pulls up his flowing silk robe, thus displaying his shapely ankle and leg. He is very charming, and he knows that all the ladies are captivated. I sat next to an Anglo-Indian colonel at Mrs. Walpole's yesterday. He thought that I would be interested to hear that he was "ashamed of being an Englishman," but I wasn't a bit. He looked rather crestfallen when I asked *why* he was ashamed, and said I thought it must be very disagreeable to go about without any chauvinism. I asked him if he did not feel like Peter Schlemel, the man who had no shadow. He did not know who Peter Schlemel was, and I was too hungry to tell him; and as he did not amuse me, nor did I know his name, nor anything about him, I can't tell you anything more. Sufficient unto the day...

The Turkish Ambassador on my other side was not much more diverting. He grumbled over the wines; he said that the Bordeaux was icy, that the Mosel wine (which he said was anything but Mosel) was piping hot, and that the champagne was sweet. . . . Some people are so hard to please.

The Queen of Denmark writes so kindly to me. Her letters are full of her children and their daily life. My letters in answer are as stupid as hers are interesting. I try to combine my best handwriting, beautiful grammar, and etiquette, and at the same time try to tell her something which may interest her. Alas! I do not think that I succeed, for she says: "Don't be ceremonious with me. You must write to me as you would to your mother." How can I?—when I am told that I must never say "you" to her; always "your Majesty."

The carnival this year had no "*corsi dei barberi*." The Queen has put a stop to it, and the wild-horse race is a thing of the past. Last year (I wrote to you about it) there was a dreadful calamity; the horses ran into the crowd right un-

der the balcony where the Queen was sitting, killed a woman and a child, and did a great deal of damage to the shop-windows. Now that we shall never see it again we can venture to say that it was a very cruel sport. It ought to have been called "*corsi dei barbari*," which means "barbarians," and not "*barberi*," which means "wild horses."

The King drives every day in his high English phaeton through the crowded streets, not fearing to go among his people unprotected.

When some one remonstrated with him, "Your Majesty ought not to run such risk," he answered, in his abrupt manner, "*Comment donc des risques! Mais cela appartient à notre métier.*" Everybody bows respectfully, and in return he takes off his hat and holds it at right angles keeping the reins in the other hand. Sometimes he does not get the chance to put his hat back on his head the whole length of the Corso. His adjutant sits by his side and a lackey sits behind dressed in black. The King likes simplicity in all things.

The Queen drives in a landau (*à huit ressorts*) accompanied by her lady in waiting; the servants, in their brilliant red liveries can be seen from a long distance. Her Majesty recognizes every one, and smiles and bows right and left. Sometimes she will look back and give a person an extra smile. She says that she can see, while flying by, all the objects exposed in the shop-windows, and often sends the servant back to buy what she has noticed.

When their Majesties meet in the drive in their respective equipages the Queen rises in her seat as if to make a courtesy, and the King responds in the most ceremonious manner.

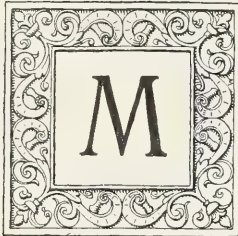
Before Christmas, the Queen goes about in the shops and makes her own purchases (these are then shut to the public). All the ladies of the court receive magnificent gifts, generally in the shape of jewels.

The King always keeps on his writing-table, within touch, a quantity of rare, unset stones. When the occasion comes to give a present, he has the stones arranged in a setting of diamonds.



# An Interlude

BY ELIZABETH JORDAN



MISS JESSICA GIBSON stood at the extreme right end of the veranda that ran the front length of the Gibson home. Mr. "Billy" Van Allen stood at the extreme left end of the same veranda. Between them stretched a gulf of despair, a valley of humiliation, and a mountain of misunderstanding. For they had quarreled. At Billy's feet, tossed with unexpected accuracy of aim, lay the ring he had given Jessica the month before. He spurned it with the toe of his tan shoe, and the diamond in the ring winked at him as if in sardonic understanding. Stiffly, and with the awful dignity of twenty-three, Billy stooped and picked it up.

"Then this is final?" he asked, the chill of an autumn wind in his boyish voice.

"Absolutely."

Jessica thought the word sounded very well as it fell from her lips. She had heard it frequently, for it was a favorite with her mother—a lady of positive expression. Jessica had never expected to hurl it into Billy's ear in an interview like this. But she was glad she had thought of it, for Billy's actions immediately proved he had got its full effect. With his

head very high and lips tightly set, he dropped the ring into his pocket and turned on his heel.

"Then good-by," he said, and walked quickly down the veranda steps and toward the gate.

Jessica regarded him with eyes widened by surprise and pain. Obviously, since they were to part forever, Billy's cue was to go, as hers was to remain. But she had not expected to get this appallingly final effect from the lines of his back and the set of his shoulders, while the very gravel in the path he trod seemed to cry out against the decision of his footsteps. He was half-way to the gate; now he was at the gate; now his hand was on the latch.

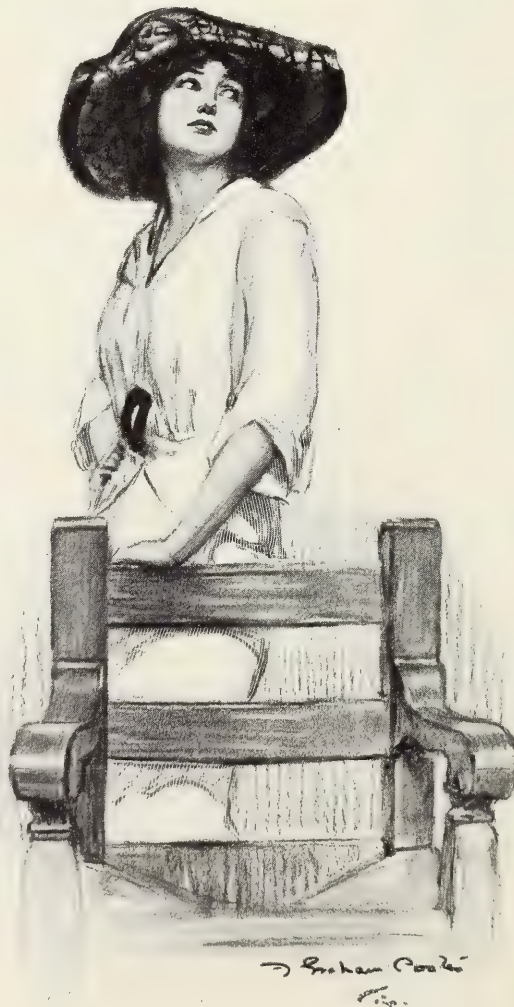
"Billy—"

Jessica's cry of entreaty was smothered almost before it found utterance. She became self-consciously silent. Her mother's decided voice was in her ears, and that stout and majestic lady was just stepping, not without difficulty, over the low ledge of the long French window opening from the living-room to the veranda.

"What's the matter with Billy?" she asked when this manœuver had been safely accomplished and she was at her daughter's side.

"Nothing."

Jessica's tone was that of one



BETWEEN THEM STRETCHED A GULF OF DESPAIR—



deeply injured and unforgiving, but much of this feeling was directed toward her mother, whose inopportune appearance had checked her appeal to Billy. To call to Billy in another's presence, and have Billy ignore the cry, would have been too horrible. Mrs. Gibson favored her daughter with her close attention.

"For a young man who has nothing the matter with him," she remarked, tersely, "he exuded a surprising amount of gloom and resentment. Have you two been quarreling?"

Jessica did not reply. Her mother's eyes traveled from her flushed face to the bare finger which Billy's ring had so recently adorned, and her eyebrows mounted toward her gray pompadour in sudden understanding.

"So it's as bad as that?" she mused, and asked, abruptly, "What did you quarrel about?"

"Pl-please don't ask any questions, mother," begged Jessica. "I don't want to talk about it. I—I can't."

"Don't you think your mother ought to know what has happened?"

Mrs. Gibson was becoming more majestic. She was a frequent speaker before women's clubs, and something of her platform manner occasionally appeared in her home circle when she was facing a domestic crisis. It appeared now, and Jessica, an exquisite, tiny, fragile thing, usually easily swayed, instinctively started to respond. Then, on a sudden reflection, her manner stiffened.

"Please don't ask me to talk

about it, mother," she said, resolutely. And she added, dropping into a chair and burying her face in her hands with a shudder, "It's too dreadful!"

Her mother followed her and looked down on the bent figure, a gleam of tenderness coming into her shrewd eyes.

"Very well, my dear," she said, kindly. "Keep your own counsel. The quarrel probably doesn't amount to much, anyway." Then, because to give advice was a law of her nature, she added: "Write Billy a little note and tell him you're sorry. He will be back in half an hour."

But at this Jessica's spirit flashed up again.

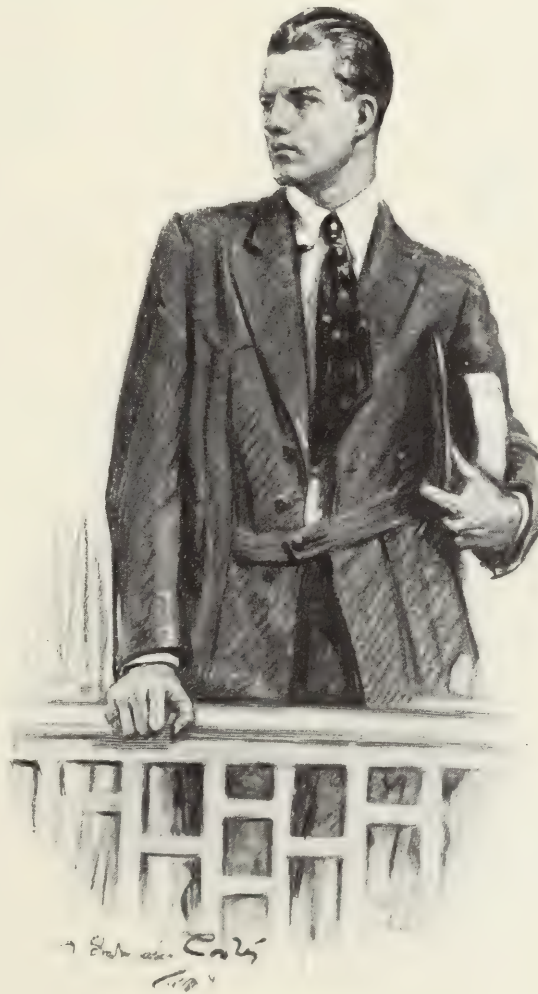
"Write him a note!" she echoed, fiercely. "Well, I guess not. If any notes are written, Billy Van Allen will write them, and I won't forgive him unless he takes back what he said. Why, mother, it was dreadful. I never dreamed Billy was like that." And she

added, solemnly, "It's a matter of principle."

Mrs. Gibson's smile faded. "Of principle?" she asked, severely. "Of what principle?"

"I can't explain, and I wouldn't, anyway," said Jessica. "It hasn't anything to do with any one but Billy and me, but it concerns our whole future. I can't change my convictions for any man," she sobbed; "not even for Billy. And—and no one can help me, because no one can possibly understand."

Mrs. Gibson's somewhat austere features relaxed. That serious



—FOR THEY HAD QUARRELED



thought of any kind was going on in her daughter's head was sufficiently surprising. Others had thought for Jessica ever since her birth, eighteen years before. That an actual conviction had now found lodgment in her soul was a phenomenon almost too startling to contemplate. No wonder it had upset Billy. No wonder it was causing the poor child herself considerable discomfort. But Jessica must be encouraged to endure these psychical growing-pains. Mrs. Gibson had moments of insight, and this was one of them.

"If it's a matter of principle, my dear," she said, gently, "that's quite different. You are right to stand up for

your convictions. I'm sure Billy will realize this when he has had time to think things over. Give him a chance; and meanwhile, don't worry about it."

She went into the house, and Jessica, about to follow her, was checked by the sight of her father, walking slowly up the long path from the gate. She would have preferred not to see him just then, but she had no choice, for he had already seen her. Slowly she went to meet him, and without a word raised her face for his usual kiss. When he had given it he held her head between his hands, looking at her with eyes that held a steady twinkle, softened now by quick concern.

"You've been crying," he exclaimed. "What's up?"

Jessica twisted her face out of the encircling hands, took his arm, and led him slowly toward the house.

"Nothing," she said again. "That is, everything's all right at home. It's nothing to worry you."

Her father turned off the path and toward a rustic bench under his favorite elm. There he made her sit down, and, seating himself beside her, took off his straw hat and fanned his heated face with it. "Whew, it's hot!" he said, and chatted a moment casually, giving the child time to collect herself. Then he returned to the vital topic.

"Anything that worries you worries me," he reminded her, gently; "so let's have it out. About Billy?"

She nodded, speechless.

"Anything he has done?"

She shook her head.



JESSICA'S CRY OF ENTREATY WAS SMOTHERED



"Not exactly anything he has *done*," she admitted. "It's worse than that. It's—it's something he said. It disappointed me horribly. It showed me he isn't the—the boy I thought he was. So our engagement's b-broken o-off!"

The last words came out in a mournful gurgle as she turned suddenly and buried her head in her father's shoulder. He let her cry while he patted her cheek, thinking rapidly. This was the worst, he reflected, of an engagement between a pair of kids like Billy and Jessica. Their little difference might mean nothing at all—the spilling of a few grains of sawdust, perhaps, out of their doll—or it might mean the upsetting of the whole apple-cart.

"Tell father all about it," he invited, guardedly.

A negative shake of the hidden head was his answer.

"But I can't advise you till I know what has happened," he persisted.

Jessica found her voice, wiped her eyes, and brought forth her heavy reserves, remembering their effect on her mother.

"It's a matter of principle," she told him, and went a step further. "Billy's principles are not what I thought they were," she added.

"But how do you know this? How can you be sure?" Her father was patiently groping in the dark.

"He—he—admitted it. He—he—confessed it to me to-day," gurgled Jessica.

Mr. Gibson frowned, then hurriedly smiled, for Jessica's eyes were searching his face.

"I guess it wasn't a very startling confession," he remarked, comfortably, though his heart sank. "What did he say?" If the boy had foolishly sown some wild oats at college, and had confessed it, there was no telling to what lengths Jessica's inexperience might carry her.

"Now come," he said, cheerfully; "I think we can fix this up. I'll have a few words with Billy as man to man, and you'll trust your father's judgment as a court of appeal, won't you?"

He pulled a curl as he spoke, but again Jessica revealed an unexpected obstinacy.

"Father," she said, firmly, "all you and mother can do for me is to leave this matter alone. It's my affair and Billy's, and no one else's. And it would make us both very angry if any one interfered. I want you to promise me not to do a single thing."

Mr. Gibson promised, with inward reservations. He decided, comfortably, that he'd "leave the thing alone for a day or two," giving the children a chance to come to their senses and fix it up themselves. But at the end of a day or two matters had passed far beyond the stage when tact and judicious interference might have saved the situation. For Jessica had admitted to her best girl friend that her engagement was broken. Billy had made a similar confidence to one of his friends, both friends had told others, and the little summer resort was humming with gossip which grew with each tongue that turned it over. No one knew the cause of the quarrel between the lovers, but quite obviously young Van Allen was the person in the wrong. He was almost a stranger in Broxton—this was his first season there—whereas the Gibsons had been residents of the place for the past ten summers, and Jessica was very popular. Within a week after the quarrel half the citizens of Broxton were looking at Billy askance, to that youth's great mystification. Soon several of the rumors which were floating about reached Mr. Gibson's ears. In some consternation he addressed his wife when he got home.

"Exactly what was it that Billy confessed to Jessica?" he asked, in what he hoped was an offhand manner. Mrs. Gibson looked worried.

"I don't know," she admitted. "Jessica wouldn't tell me. She said it was too horrible."

Mr. Gibson pondered this in silence for a moment.

"There's a good deal of talk about it," he told her then. "In their efforts to explain the break people are telling one another all they have heard or can imagine about Billy. Some of it," he hesitated—"some of it's not pretty," he concluded at last.

"What are they saying?" demanded his wife.



"Well, all sorts of things. That he's a perfect young Nero, for one thing; has a temper that makes him act like a madman at times—oh, a lot of stuff. I never suspected anything of that kind. Did you?"

Mrs. Gibson avowed promptly that she had not, but she looked very thoughtful.

"Perhaps that is what he admitted to Jessica," she reflected, aloud.

"I guess Jessica Gibson's well out of that engagement with Van Allen, after all," the brother of Jessica's closest girl friend told his sister. "I never knew Van Allen till this summer, and he's seemed an awfully decent chap. But, from all they're saying, I'm afraid he has fooled us, Minnie. Don't see any more of him than you can help, will you?"

"But what are they saying?" demanded Minnie Cary, resentfully. "I'm not going to cut Billy Van Allen till I know what he's done. I think he's a perfect dear."

Her brother regarded her disapprovingly.

"Why can't you girls learn to stand by one another?" he demanded. "Look at the way he's treated Jessica. Isn't that enough for you?"

"It might be if I knew what he had done," persisted Minnie; "but she won't tell me."

"Then I guess you'd better follow her example and drop him," said her brother. "She wouldn't do it without good reason. Besides—well, 'knocking' people isn't much in my line, but they say Van Allen is an awful brute under that candy-angel outside of his. Edwards, that Boston chap who's visiting the Wallaces, was his room-mate at New Haven in their freshman year. The two don't even speak now, and Edwards refuses to talk about Van Allen at all. But they say he knows things that would shut Van Allen out of decent society if he told of them."

"Jessica," mused his sister, "*did* say something about Billy's being the brute type."

"Then that's it," decided her brother. "She's heard something pretty bad. That must be it, or there wouldn't be all this talk about him."

In the next few weeks Minnie Cary

heard many additional surmises about the breaking of the Gibson-Van Allen engagement. Jessica Gibson had found out "something horrible" in Billy Van Allen's past. Every imagination in Broxton had promptly set itself to work on a conception of what this horrible thing could be.

Realizing the seriousness of the situation, Minnie flew to Jessica, but Jessica refused to discuss Billy with any one. Indeed, the only time she listened to anything that was said about him, and showed any feeling over it, was when her father drew her to his side one day, a month after the breaking of the engagement, and said, quietly:

"I'm afraid you were right about Van Allen, dear. I didn't think so at first. But from all I've heard since, it's pretty plain he's not the man for you."

Jessica's pale face grew a little paler. The big brown eyes, which of late had held an expression her father could not bear to meet, filled with tears. But she made no reply. That Billy Van Allen was supremely and ideally the man for her her hungry heart was assuring her every minute of the interminable days that had passed since their parting. But she could not talk about him, even with her father, and she could not talk to Billy, either, for she had never caught a glimpse of him since the morning when she had thrown her ring at his feet. She declined all invitations and drooped mournfully at home.

Billy, on the other hand, tried to live his life as if nothing had occurred, the only difference being that he sought diversion a little more strenuously than ever before. But, as time passed, all the forces of local society seemed arrayed against him. His acquaintances, cool from the breaking of his engagement, finally vouchsafed him only a curt recognition. Any group he joined at the Country Club or the Boat Club guiltily ceased talking when he appeared. It did not require much intuition to realize that they were talking about him.

Entering the Country Club one Saturday morning, nobody seemed conscious of his presence. Everybody he approached was hurriedly going somewhere else. Not an eye met his, not a hand was extended in greeting. The thing was so



marked that even through the clouds of his enveloping gloom Billy perceived it. With the compression of the lips characteristic of him in moments of emotion, he pursued and caught by the arm one of the men he knew best after his two months' sojourn among them. It happened to be young Cary.

"Jack," he said, quietly, "what's the meaning of all this?"

"All what? What are you driving at?" Cary was flustered, and showed it.

"What's the matter with all you fellows? Why am I cut dead?" persisted Billy.

Cary hesitated. Billy looked him straight in the eye. "Come," he said, imperatively; "out with it, please. What's up? It isn't quite a square deal to act like this and then refuse to explain."

Cary stuttered a little. He was having an unpleasant five minutes.

"Why," he said at last, "there's—there's a lot of feeling against you, Van Allen. Surely you realize that."

Billy kept his steady eyes on him. "What are they saying?" he demanded. But Cary broke away from the hand that held his arm.

"Oh, come now," he exclaimed. "Don't try that. You know what started it."

"Yes," said Billy, "but a whole club doesn't cut a fellow dead because his engagement is broken. What's up?"

"Why," hesitated Cary, "it's the kind of thing they're saying about you. I'm not going to stand here and repeat the stuff."

"But you must believe it," said Billy, quietly, "or you wouldn't act as you do. So out with it. Give me a fair deal."

Cary looked around wildly for reinforcements, but no one approached the two men, and Billy had him backed into

a corner from which he could hardly get away.

"It isn't any one thing," he said at last. "It's dozens of things."

"Oh, it's dozens of things, is it? Well, let's have a few dozen."



"YOU'VE BEEN CRYING," HE EXCLAIMED. "WHAT'S UP?"

Billy's pink face had gone white. His clear blue eyes held a strange glitter. Looking into them, Cary experienced a sudden pang of sympathy.

"Look here, old chap," he said. "It's hard luck. I don't believe 'em—all," he added the last word rather lamely. "But where there's so much smoke



there's some fire, and if half they say is true, it's a pretty big indictment against you."

"Give me a few specimens."

Billy's voice was very steady. Cary, after an instant, obeyed him.

"Oh, it began," he said, lamely, "with what Miss Gibson said."

Billy whitened a little. "Yes," he said, quietly. "And after that—"

Cary reflected. "The first definite thing after that," he went on, reluctantly, "was Edwards's story about the saddle-horse you killed. He said you rode it to death in one of your black moods."

"Yes," said Billy. "Edwards! I see. Go on."

"Why—why, after that," stammered Cary, "everything came out. You see," he added, "when a man's room-mate 'knocks' him, and his fiancée throws him over, everything is bound to come out."

Billy laughed a little, an odd laugh which Cary didn't like.

"So that's what I'm up against," he said, quietly. "It all came out, and I guess the truth is that it all came out of Edwards."

He turned to leave the club. At the door he paused. "Can't you tell me anything more definite about what else came out?" he asked.

"No," said Cary, with recovered assurance. He believed now that Billy was fully as black as he had been painted. "You've got enough to go on, haven't you?"

"Yes," said Billy, gently, "I've got enough to go on."

And he went. During the day he went among his club acquaintances, getting from each of them some part of the general arraignment against him. Also, he sought Edwards, but Edwards was singularly elusive.

Billy left Broxton early the next morning, vastly interesting several citizens who recognized him as he got on the train. That day the little town buzzed louder than ever. Billy Van Allen had found the place too hot to hold him, so Billy Van Allen had fled. The new friends Billy had made during the summer days sighed and tried to forget him. Edwards and his set openly exulted.

Both friends and enemies were sur-

prised, five days later, when Billy Van Allen returned to Broxton and walked straight from the station to the Gibson home, carrying a small leather bag in his hand. It was five o'clock in the afternoon. Mr. Gibson was resting comfortably in his library, with his daughter near him, when Billy's card was handed to Jessica. She uttered a little gasp as she read the name, then rose. Looking up, her father caught her expression.

"Who is it?" he asked, quickly.

"Billy," said Jessica. "Oh, dad, it's Billy!" Her face was radiant; her heart was in her voice as she started toward the door.

"Hold on a minute," said Mr. Gibson, rising hastily. "I'm going with you."

She opened her lips to protest, but he silenced her with a motion of the hand.

"My girl," he said, "I'm going with you. I ought to go alone," he added, "but I'll compromise by letting you come, too."

After that there seemed nothing for Jessica to say. Together, she and her father went to their guest. Billy, sitting in a corner of the large, shaded living-room, rose as they came in. He came forward to meet them, but did not offer to shake hands or to put down the bag. His face was very pale, and he looked thinner and older than in June.

"Jessica," he asked, without taking time for any greeting, "do you know what they've been saying about me in this town?"

There was neither resentment nor appeal in his voice. It held, instead, a certain flatness, as if he were very indifferent or very tired. Jessica looked at him, and at the changes she saw tears filled her eyes.

"About—about our engagement, do you mean?" she faltered.

"Yes," said Billy; "of course that started it. And about my character. Haven't you heard the gossip?"

Jessica shook her head. Billy turned to her father. "You haven't told her?" he said, dully. "That was good of you. But I want her to know now." He turned to Jessica before her father could speak. "I'm an outcast," he added, in the same flat tone; "a pariah. I want you to take that fact in, please, before you interrupt."





"THERE'S A LOT OF FEELING AGAINST YOU. SURELY YOU REALIZE THAT"

He told the story of his experience at the Country Club, and his interview with Cary and the others, dispassionately, as if what he said concerned some one else. Then he hesitated for a minute and started to open the black bag. But before he could do so something soft hurled itself into his arms, while something damp and infinitely tender lay against his cheek.

"Oh, Billy!" sobbed the girl who loved him. "You poor, poor boy! To think they've dared to say such things about you! How perfectly horrible this world is!"

She put both arms around his neck and held him close, as if in doing so she could shut away from him all unkindness, all criticism. For a moment he remained silent in her embrace. Then he put his hands on her shoulders, held her off, and stared at her as if he could not believe his eyes.

"Then you don't—you don't *believe* the stuff!" he stammered.

"*Believe* it! Billy Van Allen, how silly you are! I could slap you for even asking that."

Jessica's tears had stopped flowing. Her wet eyes flashed at him. "Do you think I'm *crazy*?" she demanded. "I'd just like to hear any one *dare* to say anything about you to me."

"But—but they're saying," gasped poor Billy, "that you broke our engagement because you knew I was that sort—a perfect beast, you know."

"It's lucky for them they didn't say that to me," exclaimed Jessica between small, clenched teeth. "I'd like to see any one dare to attack you to me!"

A great gulp, like the sob of a little boy, wrenched Billy Van Allen's throat. He swallowed it, and bent his head to hide the tears in his blue eyes—the first tears he had shed since he had been a very little boy indeed.

"Then it's all right," he said at last, brokenly, "and these things aren't as important as I thought they were."



As he spoke, and as if partly to hide his agitation, he stooped and picked up the black bag which now lay on the floor at his feet. With hands that shook he opened it, revealing a formidable mass of letters and documents with impressive seals.

"You see," he explained, as he handed a bundle of these to Jessica's father, "there was only one definite charge, and it's perfectly true. I did give a terrific thrashing to one of my classmates at New Haven when I was a freshman. The man was Edwards, and every one in college knew he deserved what he got. But he never forgave me, and this summer gave him his chance to get even. All the other stuff about my ungovernable temper and my brutality grew from that episode which Edwards described without admitting that he was in it. The rest he helped along by nods and hints, and the damned thing grew and grew till it blotted out every friendship I had made in Broxton. Shows what a thin crust we stand on, doesn't it? To clear my record I've got letters here from my professors at New Haven, from men in my class, from Prexie himself, who knew all about the Edwards fracas. The whole business was so silly that I'd have cleared out of this gossip-ridden little hole without giving it another thought, except for Jessica. But I couldn't let her think the man she had been engaged to—"

"The man I *am* engaged to," corrected Jessica, firmly. "Billy Van Allen, where's my ring?"

Again they were in each other's arms. Mr. Gibson observed them with pleasure for a moment, then dropped the documents on the table and tactfully left the room.

Billy stayed to dinner, of course. Late that evening, when he and Jessica had talked it all out on the veranda, and while Jessica was admiring the effect of the restored engagement ring upon her finger, her father joined them.

"Got it all settled, have you?" he inquired, jocosely.

"Of course," answered Jessica, without raising her head. Mr. Gibson lingered.

"There's just one thing I'd like to know," he remarked, apologetically.

"It's this: If it wasn't something in Billy's past that caused your quarrel, what was it?"

His daughter looked at Billy; her brow perceptibly darkened.

"It was something very serious, papa," she said, sternly. "I hate to speak of it, because Billy and I have just decided to forget it forever. But—Billy—confessed—to—me," she drew the arraignment out with solemn severity, "that he simply *hated* suffragettes; and he said that if I ever made a suffrage speech he'd die of shame."

With great difficulty Mr. Gibson kept his face straight.

"Ever expect to?" he asked her.

"Of *course* not! The idea!" His daughter looked shocked beyond expression. "But I have to feel that I can if I ever want to, don't I?"

"Certainly," agreed her father, seriously. "And Jessica's suffrage convictions disturbed you?" he asked the boy.

Billy blushed like a girl. Then his young lips set. "Why, no," he said. "What bothered me was that Jessica said if I felt that way I was the kind of brutal tyrant who would grind a woman under his heel. That hurt my feelings," he added, sedately.

Without replying, Mr. Gibson surveyed the pair. Like a pleased child of four, Jessica was playing with her diamond ring, turning it in the moonlight to make it flash. Billy's head was close to hers as he bent adoringly to study the beauty of the ring restored to its rightful place. His fluffy yellow hair was ruffled at the back by the evening wind, as a little boy's is sometimes rumpled by a mother's hand. He looked about as tyrannical as a newly hatched yellow chicken. At Jessica's feet her pet white kitten riotously chased its little tail. There was about as much chance of Jessica's ever making a public speech on any subject, her father reflected, as there was of that kitten's breaking into an impassioned oration now.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed, in frank disgust. "Do you mean to tell me that the row which has set this whole village by the ears for the last two months started with such idiocy as *that*!"

But the reunited pair didn't even hear him.



# After Death—What?

BY JAMES THOMPSON BIXBY, Ph.D.



IN the account given by the Venerable Bede of the deliberations of the King of Northumberland and his counselors, whether the missionaries of Pope Gregory should be allowed to present to their people the Christian faith, a simple incident is related that in quite a pathetic way voices the perennial longing of the human heart. It was the recalling by a gray-haired chieftain of the feeling which had come over him on seeing a little bird pass through, on fluttering wing, the warm, bright dining-hall, while wind and wintry storm were raging without. The moment of its passage was full of sweetness for the bird; but the interval was brief. The bird came out from the darkness and passed again into the darkness, and in the twinkling of an eye vanished. None knew whence it came nor whither it went. "Like this," said the veteran chief, "is human life. We come, and our wise men cannot tell us whence. We go, and they cannot tell us whither. Therefore, if there be any one that can teach us more about it—in God's name let us hear him!"

In the human heart, in this twentieth century, the cry is the same. In spite of the wonderful advance of modern knowledge, the veil that hangs over man's destiny is as impenetrable as ever.

The question, "After death—what?" is the enigma of enigmas.

Theology, to be sure, long ago gave her solemn assurances. There are millions of happy men and women who accept the authority of their special Church and ask no other proof than this, that the familiar affirmations of a future life for man are really divine revelations.

Other millions, however, want better evidence. To the modern mind, as Agassiz said, "a physical fact is as sacred as a moral principle." The only satisfac-

tory authority for truth is to be found in nature's laws and the reasonable probabilities of human experience. The theory or the dogma must be capable of the same evidence and confirmations by which science has achieved its splendid results. Can such scientific evidence for the persistence of human personality be found? It is only such rational arguments that avail to-day to strengthen faith in life after death, and it is only to such laws and facts as modern science accepts that I would appeal.

What are the scientific objections? Briefly, they are these: All phenomena of the mind are inseparable from the peculiar colloidal plasmic bodies and carbon compounds of which they are products, and are dependent upon their organic integrity. If the special cerebral centers in the brain are removed by surgery or ruined by disease, then their corresponding psychic activities cease. The development of the mind is correspondent to, and absolutely dependent on, the development of nerve and brain. When at death the cells which are the seats of feeling and thought cease their physiological activities, the plasmic substance must dissolve; the atoms of brain and nerve separate and drop down into lower unconscious states, and all those peculiar composite activities and motions that constitute the life and mind of the body must end. The self is only a collective name for the aggregate of these mind-sides of the atoms. It has no more reality or persistent unity and capacity than the spectrum colors that constitute a summer rainbow.

This is, indeed, a powerful argument. A generation ago, when Professor Haeckel and the men of science who shared his mechanistic view of life and mind first presented it, it seemed almost overwhelming in its onslaught.

But within the last twenty-five years scientific investigators have themselves discovered phenomena that have made



the argument far from conclusive. The mysterious qualities discovered in the electric constituents of the atoms, in the cosmic ether filling the inter-atomic spaces, in the telepathic, mental therapeutic, and other astonishing human states—these have combined to produce what may, without exaggeration, be called a scientific revolution.

In the light of the new knowledge it is found that many of the chief laws of nature strongly oppose the view that "death ends all." First and foremost is that of "The Conservation and Correlation of Energy." The fundamental law of the universe, as Herbert Spencer rightly said, is "the persistence of force." Science shows us how the cosmic economy never drops out of existence a volt of electricity, a thermic tension, or a chemic force. While they may change their forms, the sum-total of energy remains the same, and no drop into the void of nothingness ever takes place. Mental energy must, on scientific principles, observe the same law of indestructibility. The scientific monists indeed explain that termination of the soul which they affirm as a downward transformation into lower physical forces. But, as a matter of fact, no such reappearance of mind-force in correlated amounts of these lower energies which the scientific materialists suppose to constitute and create consciousness has ever been observed at the hour of death, and it is the emphatic affirmation of such eminent scientific authorities as Sir Oliver Lodge and the late John Fiske that such a transformation of mental energies into physical energies, to add to the physical chain and total, would flatly violate the physical law of the conservation of energy.

A second great scientific fact, strongly opposed to the materialistic contention, is the well-known discontinuity of matter. The scientific objectors to life after death claim that the dissolution of the nerve-cells and atoms, when death comes, necessarily terminates the soul life which is only the inner aspect or mind-side of the atoms. But the well-established gaps between the atoms, even in living tissues, show that even while a man lives and breathes he is (as far as his brain-cells are concerned) al-

ready in dissolution, and yet he lives on. The very cerebral atoms, supposed by materialism to produce and maintain thought and feeling by the aggregation of their mind-sides, do not stand in close touch. Their so-called contacts are only reboundings or attractions at some distance, due to the "spheres of energy" of the ever-whirling or vibrating units of matter. The interspaces between atoms are so preponderant that out of the cubic contents of a brain only a few hundredths consist of material particles. On the theory of materialistic monism (that the consciousness is only an aggregate of the rudimentary mind-sides of these isolated atoms), how is it possible for the thousands of speechless atoms in a brain (so widely separated, relatively, from one another, and destitute as they are of sense-organs, telephones, letter-carriers, or other mechanisms of mental communication) to be able to unite thought with thought, to compare sensations, to link premises with conclusions, to recall the experiences of long-departed fellow-molecules, or concentrate their isolated rudimentary sensations in some magical chemical retort into a full and true consciousness? This is quite as much open to the charge of "bringing the soul out of fairyland" as is the belief of any old-fashioned believer in the soul.

Again, the great laws and characteristic facts of psychology require us to believe that the conscious self is a unity and persistent reality, not to be ended by mortal, physical dissolution. For if the soul be only such a composite material aggregate that at death the mind-sides of the brain-atoms can no longer continue their personal consciousness, then, on this theory we should (on every morning that we wake out of sleep) be an absolutely new self. For so many atoms have passed out of the brain and so many new ones have come in that they must form a different consciousness. That is the logical conclusion, admitted by such monists as the French philosopher, H. Taine, in his great work *On Intelligence*.

But somehow men do remember what they did yesterday and none of them can be persuaded that it was not himself, but another self, that experienced it, in spite of the change of the atoms. Similarly for the comparison of two successive and



diverse sensations, such as a sound and a color; or for an act of reasoning in which two premises are united by the judgment in a conclusion. So, likewise, for the production of a thought, for a general concept obtained by induction from a number of perceptions; in fact, for any clear idea, consciousness, or memory, it is necessary that the mind must be regarded as something more unitary and continuous than a mere aggregation of the mind-sides of a multitude of isolated atoms.

Suppose, as a concrete illustration of the mental situation, we put a group of snails together, as close as you please. Suppose that into the mouth of one we put a bit of apple. We make the next snail touch the apple, the third snail smell it, and the fourth see the rind; and then we conclude that this group of snails have the full perception and idea of the apple. That would indeed be an absurd inference; but it is no more absurd than to suppose (with the supporters of the mechanistic theory of the mind) that the elements of feeling and intelligence, in the dimly sentient mind-sides of certain atoms, each isolated by surrounding voids, and each belonging to different and distant sense-centers, somehow combine into a complete thought, perception, or judgment. Even the commonest associations of ideas and perceptions and the daily retention and comparison of sensations require in the human brain something more subtle, persistent, and continuous than those disconnected atoms and their attendant isolated mind-sides whose dissolution at death is supposed to cause an absolute end of the soul.

But is not this (objects the scientific monist) to adopt the discredited theory of dualism and groundlessly suppose that there is in the living body, miraculously injected there from some mystic external source, that quite unscientific entity, an immaterial substance?

I reply that on well-established scientific grounds every well-informed thinker must be a dualist. He can vindicate monism only by reinterpreting the atoms as derived forms of something immaterial. Every modern physicist knows that in the human body there is something more subtle than matter; and

without this "something more" he could not see, nor feel heat or pressure, nor be aware of an electric current. There is something in every human being that occupies far more space than all its corporeal particles; something which forms a continuous substance, imponderable, invisible, active, and, in its chief qualities, quite opposite to matter; and which, therefore, is peculiarly fitted to serve as the seat of continued life.

What is this? Is not the description just given almost a definition of that inter-atomic ether whose existence every physicist, astronomer, and electrician acknowledges? This ether is now recognized as a universal cosmic undulatory medium, implied by the waves of the chief natural energies. It occupies not only what are called the inter-stellar voids, transmitting from sun to planet and from star to star the solar energies, but it pervades every organic body. It is, in fact, the medium by which electric, actinic, and thermal currents pass through the body, and by which chemical affinities attract and repel. Even more than this. It has been discovered that the supposed solid and indivisible atoms are neither wholly nor primarily material. They are discontinuous clusters, chiefly composed of swarms of revolving components, called electrons. These electrons are supposed to be centers of electric charge, vortical motion, or etheric foci of condensation. The electric experts say that the diameter of a negative electron is only about one-hundred-thousandth part as large as that of a hydrogen atom, and that the electrons in this atom are no nearer together than (to use Sir Oliver Lodge's graphic illustration) "a thousand grains of sand would be if scattered about in a church."

Of the cubic contents of a human form, ninety-nine parts out of a hundred are occupied by etheric or immaterial substance, intermeshed with which are myriad currents and swirls of subtle imponderable energies, accompanied at considerable intervals by the atomic dots that supply the illusion of solidity. In accordance with the line of reasoning that led physicists to affirm a luminiferous ether in interstellar space, we are justified in inferring similarly that the



"something in man" which Professor McDougall of Oxford has shown is needed to hold the states of consciousness together and explain their interaction is a "mentiferous ether," a spiritual, imponderable substratum. The logical reasoner may then conclude, as a distinguished American man of science has, that "conscious states are modes of motion of the ether or such as affect the ether."

The exceptional fitness of a psychic ether to transmit messages across the omnipresent material voids; the spontaneous activity and selective power of the will as contrasted with the absolute determination which is characteristic of matter; the unity of consciousness and the self-identity of memory through the changes of the atoms; the many marked differences between the laws and processes of thought and those of material substance—all characterize the mind as an immaterial substance. A "mentiferous ether" is specially suited to be the substratum of the spiritual powers and the needed bond or intermediary between flesh and pure thought. This supposition relieves the conception of the human spirit from the familiar objection that it is an unsubstantial entity. It introduces an element which, by its diffusion through the organism, puts the soul into relation with all the material parts. It relieves the opponent of materialism from supposing a miraculous origin for the soul, by a divine creation out of non-reality. For this mentiferous ether-organism, which is the immaterial substratum of the soul, may reasonably be inferred to be a normal specialization of the cosmic ether-ocean that fills astronomic space and which is the ultimate source of mundane energy—forming, indeed, what may be called the body of the universal spirit.

This is no more miraculous or mysterious than the emergence of the sensation or thought in the human mind when the nerve impression stimulates consciousness.

In this psychic ether-organism within the material organism there is present already during life a soul-body, a non-atomic substance, an active, coherent, continuous, and constructive energy not liable to be destroyed or rendered pow-

erless by the decomposition of the material body. When the earthly end comes to the body, this psychic etheric organism may betake itself to some more favorable environment and may again clothe itself with a new physical body. If this theory seem a bold one, let me state that the inference is one accepted as reasonable by noted scientific authorities, such as Professors Edward D. Cope, Elliott Coues, George Henslow, and Stanley Jevons. As the latter truly says: "For all science knows there may be a psychical body disengaged when the physical body dissolves and decays. There may be in the interstellar spaces the scene of an intelligent activity such as we have never dreamed of on earth."

As a further confirmation of the heart's intuition of a continued life after death, notice the significant fact that daily the men of science more and more find the permanent realities and sources of power not in the visible, material things, but in the invisible energies beneath. In life and mental phenomena, as Herbert Spencer long ago admitted, it is not structure that evolves the function, but *vice versa*. Just as electric currents give symmetric forms to detached iron filings on a disk, or the viewless ether-waves give intelligible shapes to the loose metal parts in the receivers of wireless messages, so it is the imponderable and intangible forces—etheric, electric, vital, and mental—that move and arrange so intelligently the disconnected atoms which surround or are interspersed in the immaterial substance of our real personality.

The many notable phenomena established in recent years by psychotherapy have shown the overruling power of thought and emotion over the animal body—how they alter the secretions and muscular power, and make chemic substances within the living body act in a way radically different from their behavior in the laboratory. A year's study and practice of music will develop many new auditory fibers in a pianist's ear. It is the psychic race-memories, according to George Darwin and Professor Hering, that mold the instincts of the embryo, shape the characteristic organs of the species, and reproduce the ancestral type. Besides this building power,



the vital principle has a power of repair impossible to a machine. Even when brain centers of speech or motion are lost by disuse or the surgeon's knife, they have been known to grow again through the vital principle, or through other ganglia having been used in their place. With good reason, then, Professor Henderson (whose authority on this subject is well known) has recently affirmed that he does not know of a biological chemist to whom the mechanistic origin of a living cell is scientifically imaginable. Is it credible, then, that in that crucial struggle of the spiritual master with the dumb atoms which from birth onward to that tragic hour of death have been molded by his will, the master-soul at length is not simply overborne, but absolutely destroyed, and all that is left is a mere unconscious, worthless heap of former atomic building materials?

Is it not far more probable that, as the life principle in the beginning constructed the corporeal organism, so, at the time when the body, after a long series of dissolutions and replacements, is for some reason no longer able sufficiently to repair it, then this architectonic psychic body, present within, is superior to the action of the discontinuous atoms and is merely released by their dissolution. In the growth of the human embryo there are four membranous envelopes that successively are put about it and discarded; namely, the amnion, the allantois, the serolemma, and the placenta. Each of these, one after another, develops about the prenatal form; then it is absorbed or disrupted to promote a higher and better organism within. Why should the inclosing organism of the babe be supposed the final one any more than the earlier envelopes? If each was provisional to a higher organism within, why may not the present body be so? In humanity, the evolution process turned inward, improving and elaborating the mind and spirit instead of the animal body. Simultaneously with this, may not the vital formative power have turned its course toward preparing within an invisible etheric organism for the next onward metamorphosis? As it is illogical to infer from the unconsciousness of sleep the cessation of the soul overnight, so it is

equally illogical to infer from the unconsciousness of death that the soul has then reached an absolute end.

The belief of cautious men draws back from the thought of persistent soul-life because it seems too wonderful and incomprehensible. But it should be remembered that it is no more wonderful than the conception of life. It is no more incomprehensible than the atoms, the electrons, the ether, or the enveloping space in which we live. Every one of these basic beliefs and accepted facts of science is rank and bristling with confusing incomprehensibilities. Science, as Professor Jevons has said, "does nothing to reduce the number of strange things that we may believe." And he significantly adds: "Every step I have advanced in science has removed the difficulties of believing in life after death, by disclosing to me the infinite possibilities of nature."

If the difficulty in harmonizing the conception of life after death with scientific principles be good ground for rejecting it, it is a still greater objection to that end of life which is the alternative, *viz.*, nothingness, or a miserable collapse into disintegrated, unconscious, and valueless dust. That great law of modern science, evolution, emphatically protests against this, for it would rob the cosmic evolution of all meaning and reduce its grand triumphs to an irrational conclusion. Modern science discloses humanity as the latest and highest embodiment of the cosmic energy, in whom is summed up all the infinite experiments and timeless activities of the Supreme Power and Worker of the universe. In man, the life-spirit of the universe adequately manifested itself for the first time in a self-conscious embodiment. In the human personality, thought turned in upon itself, passed behind the stage scenery of material phenomena, and came to know the realities of existence from the inside. Thus the spirit in man became capable of independent and indefinite progress, through the elastic potencies of the growing personality, without that need of being cleared from the path of progress that lower organisms have. Our planet, say the scientific experts, will inevitably, at a date already calculable, be-



come a frozen and waterless waste and the earthly succession of men and living creatures cease. Unless there is a continued life after death for souls the vital evolution upon our globe will have been a senseless fiasco. To suppose that the only net result of its age-long development, reaching its consummation in priceless galaxies of wonderful thinkers, noble heroes, and beneficent saints, is to have turned a host of living bodies into corpses, leaving no memory nor permanent good behind them—this is to make the grand evolutionary progress appear to be what in a man would be called a lunatic proceeding; one only to be likened to that of the crazy sculptor who, after he had finished by a lifetime of toil a magnificent masterpiece, broke it into fragments. It is an incredible anticlimax.

Equally great, finally, are the mental discords and moral perplexities to which disbelief in a hereafter brings a thinker when he recalls the sacredness that the best of our race feel in veracity, integrity, and duty. If there be no continued life, what a strange aspect is cast thereby on the obligation that an honest man feels to tell the truth at all costs! How foolish seems the honesty of a bankrupt whom a lie might have kept rich! What a mistake is the voluntary death for another's sake of the seaman or patriot who might have saved himself, or the martyr's death at the stake, in order to be loyal to truth, faith, or conscience!

If a true man has no deathless claims on the eternal, then neither his honor nor his duty would demand any such acts of self-sacrifice.

Jesus and Paul, Savonarola and Huss and Lincoln—what were they, on the materialistic theory, but fools who, under the hallucination of duty, squandered the one life granted to our poor forms of clay? Unless we are ready to accept as the models of wise and true men those who

brazenly throw overboard all inconvenient scruples about integrity, justice, patriotism, and self-denying mercy, we must accept these great commanding ideals as pointing to a realm above sense and beyond the veil of death; a real world whose steady gravitation it is that draws the human heart, at whatever fleshly cost, to obey its laws. The divine power that has expanded the human heart with such generous emotions of love and uncalculating devotion to truth and righteousness cannot be imagined thus nobly to have endowed man only to humiliate him and with such stinging irony repudiate the implied promises and sacred expectations that it has fostered.

But, after all, I shall probably be asked: Where is the verification? Does all this amount to more than a reasoned probability? I admit it. But I recall that it is only on reasoned probability that all the great scientific laws rest. I recall how, before the discovery of the planet Neptune, Leverrier by reasoned probability affirmed it and pointed out where to look for it.

So quite recently, Professor Ramsay, the chemist, announced to the British Association the existence of a new gas, whose chief peculiarity was that it had never yet been discerned by any sense. But as the scientific world believed in Neptune and in neon before they discovered them, and eventually discovered both the planet and the gas, because they acted on their belief, so, on the same ground of reasoned probability, may the explorer of human nature's higher and more mysterious qualities believe and affirm the existence of that spiritual realm and continued life necessary to explain the perturbations of human life. One day, if not in the flesh, then out of and above the flesh, we shall discover and know these invisible and eternal realities.





# A Little Milk

BY NINA WILCOX PUTNAM



MOTHER'S place at the supper-table was vacant. Griselda saw that as soon as she came into the nursery, and as she climbed upon the dictionary atop the chair (which made her plate accessible if it *did* take her feet off the ground), she sighed deeply. Mother was often late nowadays. After Griselda, the boys romped in, dragging the reluctant cat, whom Nanna freed with sundry remarks about the nature of boys in general and Arthur and Harold in particular; and by the time Ben was strapped in his high chair, the pleasant aroma of hot cereal was rising from four blue bowls. At the head of the table Mother's place and Father's place, side by side, were still vacant.

"It's a shame!" declared Nanna, doling out bread and butter. "It's a shame she ain't in yet! Since she's been lecturin' about 'Woman's Place is in the Home' she ain't been on time for nursery tea—not once!"

Griselda's heart leaped with hot indignation, as it always did when Nanna said this sort of thing about Mother. But as usual she found no words to refute it. Griselda never had many words, no matter what occurred: only that heartburn, and the irresistible impulse to *do* something. So now, in silent defense of her idol, she took her little cake (it had the most frosting of any) and put it on Mother's empty plate. Father's place always remained vacant until tea was nearly through. Then sometimes—but not always—he would come in and sit with the evening paper open, reading "Stocks" (whatever that might be). Nothing was ever said about *his* absence.

"It's a sin an' shame, an' she not seeing you poor dears since breakfast!" Nanna rumbled on. "Tuck your napkin up, Master Harold."

"Why hasn't Tom any kittens?" Harold queried plaintively, as he obeyed. "Why?"

"Because he's a gentleman cat," said Griselda, scornfully—"like Father."

"Father has us," remarked Harold, pouring a little milk on his mush; then he passed the pitcher to Arthur.

"Such talk!" cried Nanna, hovering. "Go easy with that milk now, Mr. Arthur; it's all there is in the house!"

Then it happened—the incredible, awful thing. Arthur had not only helped himself liberally, but even as Nanna cried her warning admonition he took the pitcher in both fat hands and *actually drank up all the rest*, his round eyes peering wickedly over the blue-and-white handle.

"You imp, you!" screamed Nanna, snatching it from him and slapping his hands. "Now there won't be any for your mother, nor Griselda, nor poor little Ben here!"

Griselda looked at her blue bowl in dismay. She simply couldn't eat mush without milk, and she was very hungry. Bread and butter wasn't filling enough all by itself, and mush without milk—no! it was quite impossible!

"What's in the little tiny jug, Nanna?" she asked, making herself heard as best she could through the din which Arthur set up at his chastisement.

"That's cream, for your mother's tea!" snapped Nanna. "Don't you dare to touch it!"

Griselda peered into the tiny jug and found it only half full. That was very little, and sacred to Mother, of course.

"Oh, dear, what'll I do?" Nanna kept saying. "And if the milkman don't come on time there won't be none for your father's breakfast, let alone a sup with early coffee for me an' cook! If only your ma would stay at home more instead of talkin' about it, maybe the orderin' could get done proper!"



There was a soft rustle and a gentle footfall in the corridor. Nanna's voice died away, and the children sat as alert as rabbits. Then the nursery door opened—yes, it was Mother! Came a shout of greeting and scrambling among seats.

The hot feeling of indignation in Griselda's throat was vanquished by sight of the thin, delicate face beneath the large plumed hat, the lovely trailing gown, and the soft lavender scent of Mother. She took her seat among them, one wave of her long white hand quieting them more effectively than Nanna's fiercest admonition. There was a delicate aloofness about Mother, a sweet vagueness which rather frightened Griselda while she adored it. Now she sat fascinated, watching the tall, drooping figure settle into the place at the table's end, her blue bowl of mush growing cold, unheeded. Mother made a place among the tea-things for her pad and pencil and little red notebook. As she ate, she would write things in them, or turn the leaves thoughtfully, looking up occasionally at the children with that heavenly sweet, unseeing smile of hers, which thrilled Griselda's heart to the core. The long white hands lifted the teapot, and broke off a bit of cake unheedingly.

"All well, nurse?" Mother asked.

"Yes'm," said Nanna, sulkily.

"I'm sorry to be late, but the women at Mrs. Van Burden's asked so many questions about my talk. And one woman kept trying to tell me I ought to know that politics controlled food-stuffs—and pure milk. Such an absurdity—as if any one controlled the milk except the milkman."

"And the cow," put in Harold, unexpectedly.

"Which reminds me, m'am, there's no milk for your mush," said Nanna, with an air of reproof. "There's only the bit of cream for your tea."

"Yes," said Mother, vaguely. "And have the dear little angels been good today, nurse?"

Nanna made a little gesture of hopelessness, and said "Yes," to the relief of all. Then she added:

"Will you have a little syrup on your mush, m'am?"

"Oh no; this will do," said Mother, and then, just as if she had not heard Nanna's warning, she poured all the cream out of the tiny jug on her cereal! "A little more, please, nurse," she added, "for my tea."

There was an instant of constrained silence. Griselda's heart tightened up hard.

"I told you, m'am, that was all we had in the house," said Nanna, grimly.

"But I simply cannot drink my tea without it," said Mother.

Griselda could scarcely bear it; poor, poor, lovely Mother!

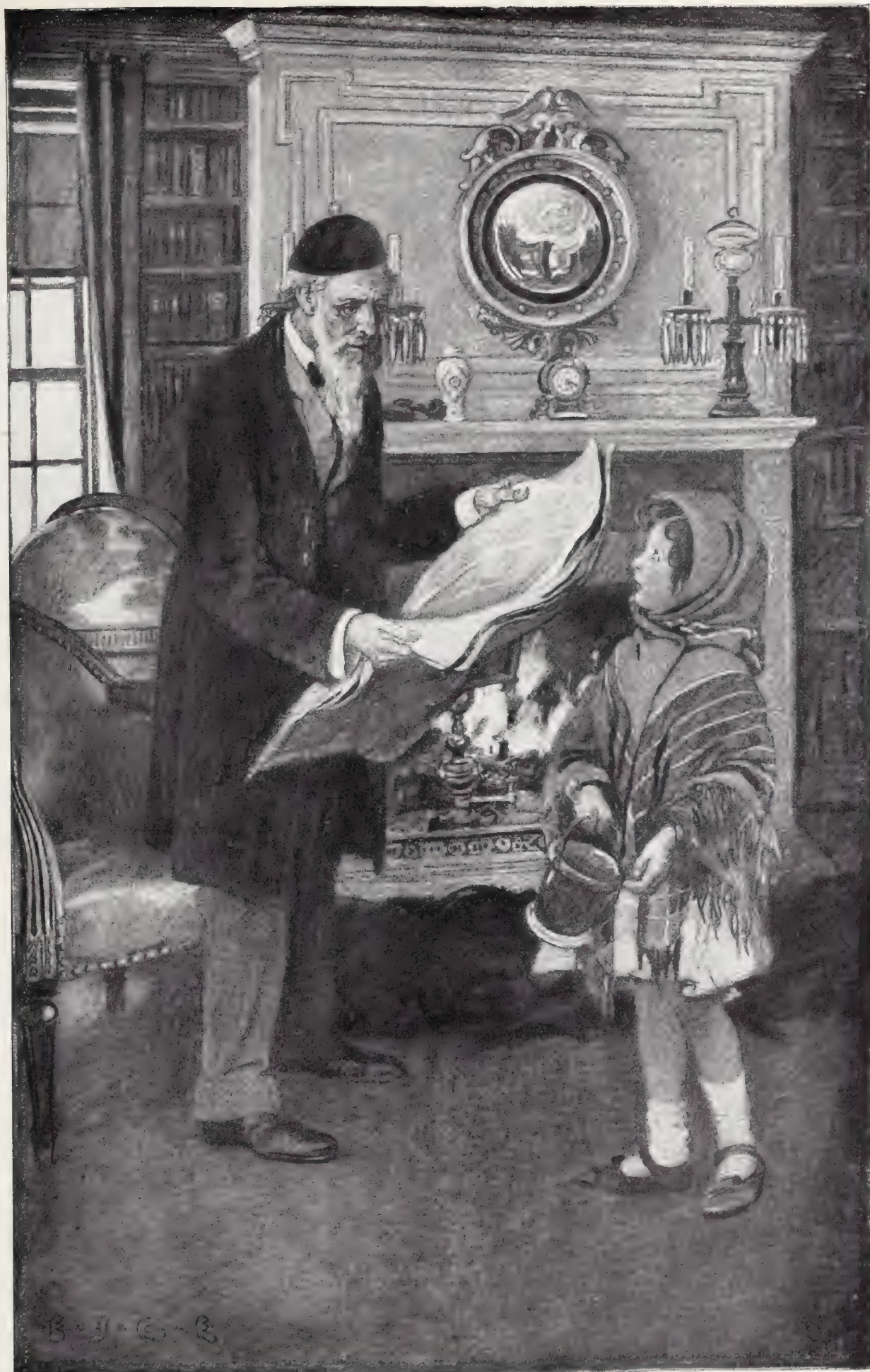
"Sorry, m'am, but there's no more—not a drop!" said Nanna. "Twas you gave the order wrong, though I'd told you to speak for another quart."

This was more than Griselda could endure. To hear Mother accused was bad enough; to hear her accused justly was a tragedy. If Mother was delinquent, her face *must* be saved in some manner. And that she should be forced to go without her tea for lack of milk was unthinkable. Besides, Griselda herself simply could not eat the mush without it. So she completely understood how Mother felt about the tea. What was to be done about it? No use to sit there and mope and be told "Nonsense, eat it plain" by the grown-ups! There must be milk somewhere in the world. How did one get it? The milkman came daily with his wagon, driving in from parts unknown. If only she knew where he and the cow lived! Then a sudden idea illuminated her. People *borrowed*! A fat woman from some near-by house had come into the kitchen one day, and got an "'east-cake" from cook. That was in the country, to be sure, but here at home neighbors were even closer. She, Griselda's own self, would borrow, and by returning triumphant with sufficient milk for every one, end this degrading discussion.

"S'cuse," said Griselda, slipping from her seat and from the room.

Then, her head covered by a shawl of Nanna's, so as to appear like the fat, borrowing lady in the country, her blue gingham dress sticking out stiffly above her bare legs, white socks, and ankle slippers, firmly grasping her tin pail





*Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green*

ALTOGETHER HE HAD MUCH THE APPEARANCE OF AN ALCHEMIST







with the picture of the cat on it, Griselda marched boldly down the front steps, and stood looking judiciously at the houses across the street.

Directly opposite was a house which she had long wanted to explore. It had a gabled roof above its stunted second story, and one of the window-shutters needed mending, but on either side of the front door, at the top of the shallow steps, lay a greyhound of cast-iron, life-size and painted drab, like the house. And these creatures, in their sleek solidity and impassive front, somehow conveyed a deep impression of opulence and grandeur. Yet it was not an alarming sort of magnificence; rather it was a familiar kind, to be found in books of fairy tales, where strange beasts guarded almost any doorway as a matter of course. So, after a very little hesitation, she tripped across the street, up the steps, between the greyhounds, and, lifting the shining brass knocker, let it fall with a musical clang.

After a breathless pause, during which she became a trifle nervous, there was an uncertain pattering of feet within, and the door opened slowly. Griselda struggled with her nervousness for the daring request, and then, as the door swung wide, forgot it in her surprise at seeing a little boy of three.

"'Lo!" said the boy, without taking his finger from his mouth.

"Hello!" said Griselda. "I want to borrow some milk. Where is your Nanna?"

"Milk?" said the boy; then again, "'Lo!" He smiled vaguely.

"What is it, Rudolph?" said a deep voice; and Griselda felt she had better step inside and explain.

To her amazement the hall in which she found herself was quite a shabby one, with almost holes in the rugs, and very dim wall-paper. Yet it had an air, somehow, of comfort, as did the wide, shallow room which was practically part of it, so broad was the doorway. The walls of this room were lined with books on shelves—sagging shelves and worn books, they were—reaching almost up to the low ceiling. Right opposite was an open fire of logs, burning bright beneath a mantel with brass orna-

ments, and in a shabby arm-chair before it sat a very tall old gentleman with a long gray beard, who arose at her entrance, took off his glasses, and regarded her kindly over the top of his newspaper. There was a great globe of the world beside his seat, and the fire-utensils were many and of brass; altogether, he had much the appearance of an alchemist.

"Well, little girl, what is it you wish?" asked the alchemist. His voice was smooth, like Father's, but his eyes had a dim, absorbed look, worse than Mother's.

"Please, sir," said Griselda, "I'd like to borrow a little milk for Mother's tea."

"Milk," said the alchemist. "I suppose we have it." He looked at the baby boy interrogatively; then he nodded his head, as though Rudolph were conclusive evidence of milk in the house, and turned to Griselda.

"If you will wait a moment I will call my wife," he said, politely. "This is entirely out of my province."

Griselda agreed with equal politeness, and sat herself down stiffly to wait, while the alchemist spoke up the stairs, and Rudolph planted himself before her, staring at her with round, brown eyes, and occasionally smiling moistly. After a moment a square, gray lady that rustled like Nanna came into the room, and together with the alchemist stood looking at Griselda critically though not unkindly.

"You wanted milk?" said the square, gray lady, pursing her lips.

"Please, yes," said Griselda, clutching the shawl over her head.

The square, gray lady looked at it sharply, and then down at the bare legs and socks which showed below it.

"You haven't any at home?" The square, gray lady seemed to doubt the sincerity of the request.

"Not a drop," said Griselda.

"Hum!" said her interlocutor. "Well, I'm very sorry—perhaps I could let you have a *little*—but no, I'm afraid that there might not be enough for our grandson's breakfast if I gave you any. The milkman might be late—he's so unreliable!"

Griselda's face fell. "Thank you just as much," she said, stiffly, arising.



"You might stay awhile and play with Rudolph," said the square, gray lady. "We'd be glad to have you. He's rather lonely."

"I'm sorry," said Griselda, the need for action pressing upon her. "I'm sorry for Rudolph, but I really must get some milk. Mother's tea will be getting cold."

"It seems strange that such a refined-looking child should be sent on such an errand," said the square, gray lady to the alchemist; but the alchemist was absorbed in his paper and appeared not to have heard. Griselda, determined to repay their lack of generosity with the extremity of politeness, bobbed her little courtesy to his unconscious back.

"Good-by, Rudolph," Griselda said.

"'Lo!" said Rudolph, with the inconsequence of youth.

Then the square, gray lady let her out. In another moment Griselda was standing on the brick pavement, clutching her empty pail with the cat painted on it, and feeling very hungry.

Obviously, it would be wise to seek the nearest point of rescue, but only if the nearest point measured up to one's sense of possibility. She looked down the street, thinking rapidly. The next house was closed; the one beyond, too chill and forbidding. Still farther down was the Van Burdens'. It was a very rich house, all of cobblestones set in mortar, and very imposing in a pompous, pretentious sort of way. Nanna and cook both admired it greatly, and Griselda strove to discover in herself some of their enthusiasm, but, failing, substituted awe. From its front door stretched an awning of red and white, reaching to the edge of the sidewalk; and under it ran a crimson carpet. Although it was not yet dark, the shades of the parlor were drawn tight, and there were lights within. The buttony man who opened carriage doors was gone, and it was evident from the relaxed air of the place that the festivities which all these externals evidenced were over. Still, it required too much courage to climb the front steps under that festal awning, and so Griselda, pathetically drawing the plaid shawl about her round face, and unconsciously assuming a dreadfully woebegone ex-

pression, made for the back door, feeling exactly like the poor little match-girl who froze to death in the green story-book with the uncolored pictures in it.

The Van Burdens' kitchen was not exactly the back part of the house, although it was at the rear. It was built at the extreme end of a long, low wing which curled back of the house like a tail. But even though it was so thrust away from the dwelling, it was wonderfully elaborate, with brown shingles, and cobblestone porch with cobblestone columns out of which grew a few late geraniums, and a fancy well with a fancy roof pushed up right out of the porch. As Griselda approached, she could hear the Van Burdens' baby yelling. It always yelled. In the spring, when everybody's windows were open, it could even be heard at home. And here it was, not in the house at all, but thrust into the back yard with the kitchen and the servants. Griselda began to climb the steps, tightly clutching her empty pail.

Beside the kitchen door stood a huge stringed instrument, almost as tall as a man. It was a queer thing, shaped like a monstrous violin—the kind of instrument the cricket played in the red picture-book, in the poem about the "Fairies' Orchestra." Griselda looked at it wonderingly. It was a delightful shock to find that there really were such instruments in the world, and not made up to delude children, as were lots of picture-book things—dragons, for instance. Just inside the kitchen door was a bent man, jerking on a greenish sort of coat, into the pockets of which he was at the same time trying to stuff a little package which the colored cook had just given him, and for which he was thanking her most gratefully. The bent man had white hair and blue, blue eyes, and Griselda became so fascinated by him that she actually forgot her errand until a saucy young colored girl, whom Griselda recognized as the nurse, came bouncing out in a frilled cap and apron, and immediately began to exclaim about her.

"La! Ain't she cute in the little bare legs!" laughed the girl.

"Please leave me alone!" said Gri-



selda, coldly, trying hard to remember about being polite to every one.

The old 'cellist came out and stood unobtrusively watching.

"What do you want, anyways?" said the girl.

"I came to borrow a little milk," said Griselda, holding out the pail with the cat painted on it.

"What do you want it fer?"

"For Mother's tea," said Griselda, sorrowfully, "and it will be all cold if I don't get it soon."

"Well," said the girl, "we ain't got no milk. You better go home—we don't want no beggar children 'round!"

"I'm not a beggar-child!" said Griselda indignantly, forgetting the frozen-match-girl feeling. "And I'm not surprised the Van Burden baby yells all the time, if you don't have any milk for it!"

With which insult she was about to descend the steps when the saucy nursemaid seized her by the arm and dragged her to a great built-in ice-box, just inside the store-room door. It was a wonderful ice-box, all tiles like the bathroom floor at home, and inside were bottles and bottles of milk!

"You don't actually think a rich child like that has to starve!" the nurse demanded, fiercely.

"Oh!" exclaimed Griselda, drawing back from her. "You said there wasn't any!"

"There ain't none for beggars!" snapped the girl, leading her out upon the porch again.

"But it wasn't true!" said Griselda, the horror of the deliberate lie growing wide in her eyes as she backed away.

The bent man watched with his blue, misty eyes, and when he saw the horror on Griselda's face he came forward with a pacifying hand outstretched.

"If you will come home with me I can give you some milk," said he, "for I am sure we have a little."

The saucy black maid laughed, and Griselda looked up quickly at the man, surprised. Then their eyes met, and she perceived at once that he was a person who understood things.

"Why, yes, thank you," said Griselda, gravely, holding out her hand. "I will go with you."

"Just wait a moment," said the 'cello-player, slipping the great instrument into a sort of nightgown case, and with some difficulty swinging the whole thing upon his back. He had to bend quite a bit in order to carry it safely, and Griselda decided that this probably explained why he never stood quite upright. Then he put on his hat, with a courteous wave in the general direction of the cook, and, steadying the instrument with one hand, extended the other to Griselda. Together they descended the steps and passed out of the elaborate garden, beyond reach of the rude voice of the nurse and the insistent wail of the Van Burdens' baby, and walked off toward the far end of the street, Griselda kicking up the dried leaves with a fine rustling noise as they went. Soon they were passing the queer little church where Nanna went of a Sunday.

"It's a splendid place for fairies," remarked the 'cello-player, as they passed the old brick wall of the churchyard. "Not," he added, sensibly, "that I am at all sure there are any there, but it's a promising place to look, just in case I intend to stop sometime when I'm not busy."

"I've looked," said Griselda, "but I've never found any. Still, I'm going to keep on looking."

"Ah!" said the 'cello-player. "That's it, of course. It's not the finding them that's so important; it's the looking for 'em! I'll wager you found *something* in the cracks and moss-grown crannies, didn't you, now?"

"Yes," said Griselda, skipping, "I found a bug with eyes on its stomach, and when you turned him over he jumped back every time!"

"Just so!" said the 'cello-player. "A tumble-bug; an even more remarkable thing than what you were looking for, though different. It always happens."

"At the beach last summer Arthur was looking for gold shells in the water, and he caught a crab with his finger instead," remarked Griselda, catching the drift.

"Ah well, even so, it is the looking that matters," said the 'cello-player. And they walked on, sniffing the scent of mist and dried-leaf incense.



"Do you like cup-custard?" asked Griselda, abruptly.

The 'cello-player seemed to consider before replying. "No," he said, at length, "I can't honestly say that I do, except for the slippery way it goes down."

Griselda heaved a sigh of relief. "Or putting on your overshoes?"

"I never do it!" he exclaimed. "Nothing could make me!"

"How about mush without milk?" she demanded.

"Can't abide it!" he said, in hasty denial.

Griselda beamed, and tightened her hold of his hand. Clearly, this was a remarkable man.

"Do you live all alone, or have you a lot of children?" she asked.

"Well, not quite either," he told her. "There's only Tad and me."

"Is Tad a lame dog?" asked Griselda, hopefully. Somehow it would have been so fitting.

"No," said the 'cello-player, "it's a boy, but he *is* lame, although we never mention it, so he'll sort of forget, you know. We are pals, though no relation. We picked each other up one night in a snow-storm, and we've stuck by each other ever since. He keeps the house going, and sometimes helps the vegetable-woman with the corner stand on days when he's able, and I play the old 'cello, here, whenever I get the opportunity. Take it all in all, we manage pretty well. And this is where we live! We'll soon have the milk for Mother's tea."

While they talked they had gone clean around the bend in the street, and come upon a little one-storied house, very gray and vine-covered and unpainted. Upon the little square panes of the uncurtained window the soft, irregular light of a log fire leaped. The 'cello-player mounted the sagging steps which led to the low door, and, crying "Tad! Oh, Tad! we've a visitor!" he pushed it open and entered, with Griselda at his heels.

It was a low-ceilinged room, but surprisingly wide, and one side of it was almost filled by the open fireplace, in which burned a few logs. Before it was a rude, uncovered table, and at this sat a boy of about her own age, who, just

as they entered, was in the very act of draining a bowl of milk to the dregs! As he perceived her, he set it down — empty — and arose from his seat with the aid of a pair of crutches. Evidently, he was a polite boy.

"Tad, I have promised this young lady some milk," said the 'cello-player, by way of introduction. "I hope we have a little for her."

The boy's smile vanished, and a look of deep distress came over his face. "Dear me! I'm awfully sorry, you know," he said, contritely, "but I'm afraid I've just finished the last of it."

"Drank it *all*?" cried the 'cello-player. "How dreadful!"

"You were late coming back," the boy apologized, "and as I hadn't eaten anything since breakfast, it just seemed as though I couldn't wait. I'm awfully sorry, you know."

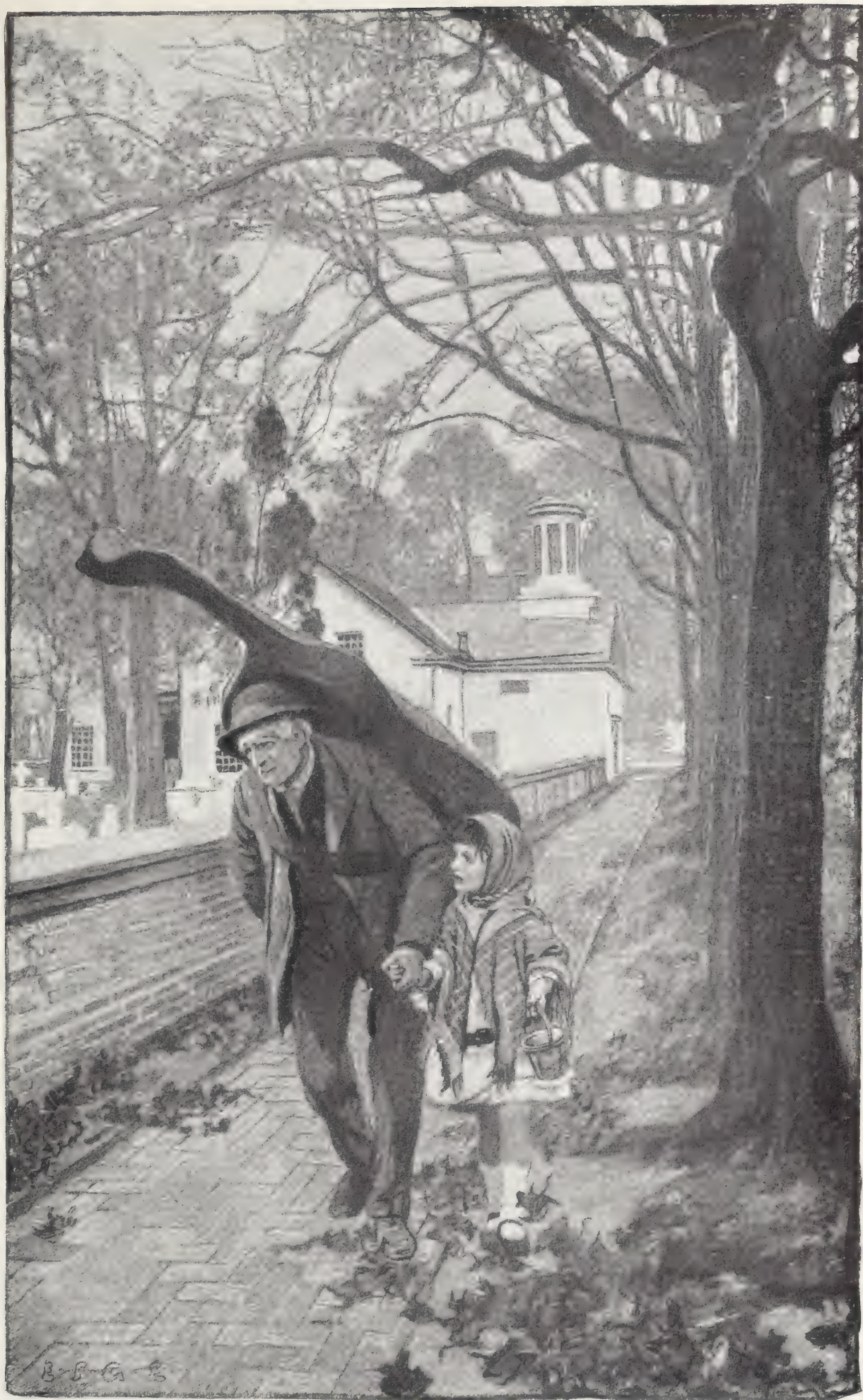
"What shall we do?" said the 'cello-player, in perplexity. "Let's all sit down a moment and think. There must be something we can do."

He slipped the big instrument off his back, and stood it in a corner as carefully as though it had been alive, and then he came up to the fire and placed three stools. He took one himself, and the children the others. Then he meditated, while the boy stared at Griselda (though not at all impolitely), and Griselda looked about the room.

In one corner was a great bed with curtains, and beside it a low cot. There was no carpet on the floor and almost no pictures on the wall. But there was a fascinating cupboard of dishes, and over the fire, right in the middle of the mantel-shelf, hung the most altogether desirable thing that Griselda had ever seen. It was the china figure of a baby, its little feet and body wrapped in countless cunningly folded bands, its chubby arms outstretched, palms upward, the face, oh, so tender and appealing! The body was fastened to a circular plaque of pale blue, and the whole thing was no bigger than the top of her little tin pail with the cat painted on it. Griselda sat staring at it absorbedly, while the 'cello-player gave the milk question his serious consideration.

"Not a drop left," he said, "and, really, I don't see how we can get any."





*Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green*

"IT'S A SPLENDID PLACE FOR FAIRIES," REMARKED THE 'CELLO PLAYER







"I might go and buy some," suggested the lame boy.

The old 'cellist shook his head. "They did not pay me," he said, "nor any of the rest of the orchestra. They may have paid the lady who lectured about 'Woman's Place is in the Home.' Probably they did, for she is rich. The rich sometimes forget that the poor need ready money."

A look of distress sprang into the lame boy's face. "But what 'll we do?" he asked. "There's not a thing to eat."

"Don't be alarmed," said the 'cello-player, with a little smile; "the cook gave me something." He arose, and, opening the package which had been in his pocket, spread the contents upon the table. "They will probably pay me to-morrow," he said, "and in the mean time we have these."

"These" were some rather bent, moist little sandwiches with lettuce in between; some frosted cakes, a trifle broken; a little paper of chicken salad; and some slabs of fruit-cake with thick white frosting.

"Perhaps she will take some of these instead of milk," said the boy, politely.

"No, thank you," she replied, her eyes straying back to the china baby above the mantel. The room was growing quite dark save for the glare of the fire, and its uncertain revelations made the little figure seem to be more alluring, more mystical, than ever.

"I'm terribly sorry about the milk," said the 'cello-player, "but I'm afraid I don't see what I can do. Even if we had the money, the shops would be closed by now."

"I must be going," said Griselda, arising reluctantly, her eyes still on the figure, "and I'm afraid Mother's tea is quite cold."

"Tad!" exclaimed the 'cello-player, "we *can't* let her go empty-handed, after bringing her here, can we?"

"No, indeed!" agreed Tad.

"Are you sure you won't have any cake?" urged the 'cello-player.

Griselda shook her head. "No, thank you," she reiterated, still looking at the baby figure.

"I wish there was something I could give you to make up for the milk," said the 'cellist.

"Yes, indeed," said Tad, earnestly.

Then the 'cello-player realized at what Griselda was looking. "Would you like to have that?" he asked, very gently.

Griselda drew a long breath and said nothing. But the old 'cello-player stood up almost straight and took it down for her, Tad leaning on his crutches and watching with a little smile. Griselda clasped the image to her heart with fervent care and smiled up into the wrinkled face above her.

"You *give* it to me?" she breathed.

"With all our hearts!" said the 'cello-player, softly. Then he picked up his hat and turned briskly to Tad. "I'm going to show the little lady home," he announced. "Don't you wait supper. I'll be back directly."

Then Griselda said good-by, and she and the old 'cello-player set off down the rustling, mist-filled street, leaving the boy leaning on his crutches in the warm square of light cast by the open door, his thin little face peering after them.

At her doorstep Griselda held out her hand most politely. "Thank you awfully," she said. "Thank you awfully for everything. Somehow, it doesn't matter at all about the milk. Thank you!"

"Don't mention it," said the 'cello-player, lifting his hat just as though she had been a grown-up. "Good night!" Then he turned and vanished into the mist.

Griselda climbed the stairs to the nursery and was greeted with acclaim when she stepped into its comfortably commonplace atmosphere. Every one was there, even Father, ensconced behind his newspaper; and they were all eating mush and milk!

"Why, Griselda, where have you been this half-hour and more?" they cried. "Nanna found another quart of milk in the ice-box, and your mush is all cold! Where did you go?"

"I went to get a little milk," said Griselda, feeling about in the pail with the cat painted on it. "And even if I didn't get any, I got this!"

Then, dropping the little pail, she held aloft the Florentine bambino.





## EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

A PLEASANT sort of fiction greatly in favor twenty-five or thirty years ago, but now quite gone out of fashion, was the novel which took a pretended voyage or tour for its outline, and then filled in with real incidents of travel which were the supposed experiences of its imaginary characters. The author was free to deal with the facts as he would, but he must not rearrange landscapes, or make compositions of scenery; and upon the whole, he respected the integrity of his own scheme. But of course the species was always tending to become entirely fiction; the real incidents gave out, and had to be replaced with inventions, often more consonant with the characters than the facts were, but less in conformity with the original design.

The antithesis to this form was never so abundant in examples, and never so popular, because, perhaps, it never started so honestly with the reader. It took a real tour or voyage for its outline, and filled in with invented incidents which were the supposed experience of its veritable characters. Such a method must soon invite detection and bring the author under condemnation for outright fibbing, when he may have been meaning no worse than the indulgence of a lively invention, for the purpose of amusing as well as instructing. The master in this sort, so superlatively master as to seem sole in it after De Foe, was the author of *The Bible in Spain* and *Wild Wales*, books which impress one as scarcely less fictitious than *Robinson Crusoe* itself. De Foe used the narrative of Alexander Selkirk as the framework of his romance, and his great successor, whose method has just been brought into fresh question with readers by Mr. Clement E. Shorter's pleasantly desultory study of *George Borrow and His Circle*, employed his own travels in the Peninsula and the Principality as the base of moving accidents, which move the reader less and less with

belief in their verity as they delightfully follow one another. They may have really happened; but if you begin by thinking they all did happen, you possibly end by thinking that they none of them did. One may not go so far in their rejection as a certain acquaintance of Borrow's who spoke of *The Bible in Spain* as "that fine boy's book," which was in his opinion "chiefly lies." Of Borrow himself this frank witness says in the letter quoted by Mr. Shorter, "He was a splendid liar, too. Not in the ordinary domestic meaning of the word. But he lied largely, picturesquely, like Baron Munchausen." Whether one wholly accepts this view, however, or rejects it, one is aware of having formed some such impression from the book itself, though one may have begun it with much the same faith in its veracity as the author himself probably had, or began by having.

On the surface the book commends itself as a pious record of Protestant observation in the most backward of Catholic countries, but as the plot thickens and the drama deepens, the religious interest is lost in the excitement of the personal adventure, which for one's pleasure one does not require to be veracious. Of course it was the name which carried it so far beyond the reach of any other of the author's books in the popular favor. The notion of bringing the Scriptures in the Protestant version to people so severely forbidden by their sacred and secular law to receive them was a vivid challenge to the curiosity of all English-speaking readers, who possibly would not have been willing to accept the author's word for anything less stirring than what he says happened to him in this marvelous venture. In turn he acquired merit from their devout acceptance of him as hardly less than an apostle to the Spaniards, and ultimately *The Bible in Spain* imparted an odor of sanctity, however faint, to novels like



*Lavengro* and *Romany Rye*, which in themselves would hardly have compelled anybody's reverence. Borrow's other travel-romance, *Wild Wales*, shines with a religious light dimly reflected from *The Bible in Spain*, though it is so frankly dedicated to the praise of Welsh poetry and the censure of Welsh ale, and is simply a study of Welsh manners and customs with little pretense of inquiry into the spiritual condition of the people.

In fact, Borrow is in every way an anomaly, and he does not grow less anomalous in Mr. Shorter's study of him in the circle to which he must have mostly been rather uncomfortable than otherwise. He was by nature a poet of exuberant, not to say belligerent imagination, and in his life as in his literature he was at odds with whatever opinion people formed of him. You cannot read his books without feeling their contrary-minded charm, which does not permit you either to believe him altogether or to deny him entirely, and in his personal contacts it must have been much the same. Nobody can question his sincerity, and it would be difficult for anybody to affirm his honesty, or defend his proneness to say the thing which is not equally with the thing which is. Apparently he was perfectly willing to stick to the fact when it would serve his purpose; when it would not, not. It is in his simulated real narrative that he seems to survive rather more than in his frankly posited fiction; that is, we fancy more people continue to read *The Bible in Spain* and *Wild Wales* than *Lavengro* and *The Romany Rye*; and yet there are fanatical adherents of the novels who will not let you think of them as less than great works of imagination. This we should certainly say they were not, while we should own that few authors have been more completely themselves in their work. Borrow's mannerisms recall a very little the poses of Sterne, yet the liberal air in which he moves and the variety of his scene difference him beyond any resemblance to the other master. Sterne is affected while Borrow is perverse; both are wilful. Upon the whole Sterne's little group of eccentrics who evolve the story of *Tristram Shandy* are more tiresome than Borrow's gipsies, whose genuine nature

occasionally imparts a relief from their factitious character. One of the figures of his fiction which remains most distinctly with the reader is the impossible Isopel Berners, whose wilding personality has some such allure as that of Uncle Remus's "Mrs. Meadows and the gals," in their association with his rabbits and foxes and other four-footed *dramatis personæ* on the terms of a common interest and equal intelligence. She is no more accounted for than they in her odd circumstance; we do not even understand that she is of gipsy blood; a piquant mystery lastingly involves her, and she is worth more to the imagination than all the horse-trading and kettle-mending tribe of undoubted gipsies. These, even in the fable which the author weaves about them, never quite convince one of their æsthetic importance; Borrow himself cannot establish for them any strong claim upon one's affection, much less one's respect. We say "one" rather literally, for we are aware that about the taste for gipsies there is no disputing, and some other "one" may very well be of a wholly different mind about them, in and out of books.

The writer of one of the many interesting, but not often quite interesting enough, letters which Mr. Shorter quotes, regrets that in the narrative of Borrow "we cannot with certainty separate fact from fiction, for in talk he avowed that, like Goethe, he had assumed the right in the interests of his autobiographical narrative to embellish it in places; but the main outline and the larger part of the details are the genuine record of what he had seen and done." That is to say, *Lavengro* and *Romany Rye* are novels in the form of personal history, but therefore this writer's complaint does not fairly lie against them. In novels the author rightfully reports or invents at will, and cannot justly be accused of anything worse than romancing. It is in his books of travel, like *The Bible in Spain* and *Wild Wales*, that Borrow's romancing may be called by the harsher name of lying; but even there it cannot be quite justly called so. After some reflection, we think we should prefer to characterize it as that softer and more innocent form of falsehood which may



be known by the children's euphemism of story-telling. Of course, it is falsehood, and so far so bad; but it is not malicious or injurious falsehood.

This brings us, circuitously, and not altogether intentionally, to the consideration of the great matter of telling the truth, anyway. Is it always usefully done? Are not there circumstances in which it may be more profitably blinked? We all know the species of untruth which we every day practise in the form of white-lying; how it is a sort of conventional kindness, and saves no end of feelings; without it no civilized community could apparently get on. The not-at-home and the previous-engagement may be instanced as forms in which the finest philanthropy extends itself to sensitive people who would suffer keenly in their absence, and perhaps quite needlessly suffer. It is not long in the life of nations since Bismarck discovered that truth could be more efficaciously used in diplomacy than falsehood, though he was afterward accused of not using it. Up to his time, the language of all *pour parlers* was for the concealment of thought; and what shall we say of those noble passions which in the approach or process of hostilities between peoples frequently vent themselves in gross and palpable lies about the enemy? We must perhaps suppose that the things we said about the English in our two wars with Great Britain were all true; but were all the statements and counter-statements of the North and South during our Civil War entirely accurate? As for our late glorious struggle with Spain, did we work ourselves into a virtuous abhorrence of Spanish wickedness by means of unmixed truth? Then, what becomes of strategy in warfare, which is a method of practical lying, if we are to confine ourselves strictly to the thing which is in our behavior toward the foe?

This may be defended upon the ground that war being altogether wicked there is nothing in it to be specifically blamed, or if one thing is worse than another, strategy is not perhaps so bad as killing. In somewhat the same way the kind subterfuges of polite society may be excused, since, as some hold, polite society is an embattled condition

of mutual mistrust, in which every one goes armed at least for defense; and it is better to say that you are not at home, or previously engaged, than to say that you do not wish to see your visitor, or do not want to come to his or her entertainment.

We do not urge either of these theses in accounting for the peculiar mental attitude of Borrow in narratives offering themselves as true, and neither would we regard it as congenital and therefore pardonable. Very few children are born story-tellers; mostly they are of a sincerity and a veracity which appall when they express dislike, or move you to tender self-gratulation when they take the form of trusting you or coming to you. But as soon as the imagination begins to stir, the child begins to tell stories, to discover that the thing which is not may be said. Whole peoples and races remain in the delight of this discovery, or are believed to remain in it by other races and peoples who have never made it. The English, for instance, believe that the Welsh are universally liars, or at least say so, some of them, and it is possible that in his wanderings through Wales Borrow was infected by the moral infirmity of a nation whose very language is said to refuse itself to precision of statement. If so, no great harm is done to the reader, whatever harm the author received, for it is not long before the reader begins to have misgivings which save him from the worst effects of the author's invention. Something like this may be said of *The Bible in Spain*, and its effects with the reader. The Spaniards, in time of war, at least, are always regarded by their enemies as an eminently untruth-loving people, and it can be that in harboring a heretic emissary like Borrow they may have unconsciously naturalized him to such a degree that he could not always tell the truth, or at least not so often as he would have liked, in his quality of Englishman, to tell it.

Again we protest that we are trying to account for this charming writer and not trying to acquit him. We might well plead in his behalf the modern acceptance of the earlier travelers' stories, once rejected by criticism as unblushing



tarradiddles, but now believed to be veracious records of observation, so that such an apparently unsparing romancer as Marco Polo has come to be regarded as the careful narrator of cold facts. But Marco Polo belonged to an age of credulity, and is more to be excused for his apparent wanderings from the paths of reality than the bearer of *The Bible in Spain*, who, we seem beginning to argue, may not have gone so far astray, after all. If he should ultimately be classed with Marco Polo and De Tocqueville, we shall be the first to rejoice, and we should possibly never have had any complaint to make of him if he had plainly said at the beginning that his narrative was largely fanciful or must at least be taken with many grains of salt, or, at any rate, some. We do not yet see, however, how he could quite have done this; it might have prevented a reader, whose suspicions he had roused, from believing anything he said. We think, of course, that between George Washington and George Borrow, the instant veracity of George Washington was to be preferred, yet George Washington himself did not go about proclaiming that he had chopped the cherry-tree, or was going to chop it; he waited until he was asked who did chop it, and then he owned the truth. In law, which is said to be the perfection of reason, a man is not obliged to say anything to incriminate himself, and it is to be remembered that Borrow, in undoubtedly carrying *The Bible in Spain*, to people quite without it, was engaged in a work upon which he would not be justified in bringing discredit by a promise of inveracity. To warn the reader beforehand that he was going to play fast and loose with him would be a deed without a name, or at least without a precedent in the history of literature. For our own part, we had no doubt of any of the details of his narrative when we began to read it; only as the marvelous particulars were accumulated upon us did we begin to have our misgivings; and if we must ourselves be so honest, we have to confess that at the very end we had no such firm conviction of its unreliability as we now find ourselves professing in the light of the circle where Borrow moved, to its own frequent discomfort.

It is also to be noted in his behalf that at least one of his circle, and the one best qualified of any to judge his statements, does not seem to have expressed doubt of him. The great, the only Richard Ford, who wrote Murray's famous *Spanish Guide-Book*, and, better still, the overflow of it called *Gatherings from Spain*, hailed Borrow at the first, advising Murray to publish his *Gipsies in Spain*, and himself cordially welcoming *The Bible in Spain* in *The Edinburgh Review*. The two men seem to have been of much the same temperamental make, and one in their relish for everything Spanish. Ford believed possibly more firmly in Borrow's fiction than his fact, but he does not say so, though he prophesies that *Lavengro* will be the book of its year, and he helped the publisher to get it out of the author during that year. As a critic he had advised Borrow wonderfully well on a point apparently submitted to him. "Never mind nimminy-pimminy people thinking subjects low," he says. "Things are low in manner of handling. Draw Nature in rags and poverty, yet draw her truly, and how picturesque! I hate your silver-fork, kid-glove, curly-haired school," and so does every other critic worth minding. Borrow was a dilatory author, and Murray had his difficulties in bringing him to time, but like every one else who had real affairs with him was sensible of his essential reliability. People in and out of office everywhere befriended him in his mostly unselfish needs, and he could not have accomplished his really great and generous ends without the help of those whom he convinced of his honesty, superior to the vagaries of a fancy destined to play with the faith of the readers he charmed. In all the relations of life, except perhaps that of mere acquaintance, he was admirable. He was a true friend, a loving son, tender husband, and exemplary stepfather. Otherwise he was Borrow, which to those who know his work says everything. If we have been chary of praising Mr. Shorter's book about him we are at least not sure but it is the right kind of book to have been made about a personality so desultory and dispersed, and a character of such vague and contradictory purport.





IN autumn we said, "This harvest shall not bloom again," but now, in these last days of April, already another harvest is in bloom. The birds have been away so long that it is easy to entertain the illusion that they are not simply returning, but are as fresh arrivals as the apple blossoms. The young, too, of all animal life is so much in evidence that the whole organic world about us seems as new as the anemones that have sprung up overnight.

How swift all this young life is, and how suddenly it leaps into its perfection! The flowers will fade, but it is not given them to grow into more beauty of form or color than they have on their first opening. The fledglings from these nests now building will all at once sing as sweetly as the parent birds.

If it seems that the birth and bloom disclosed in springtime should remind us of human younglings, it must be by contrast rather than by likeness. In fact, these children of ours engage a good deal of our thought and effort in all the seasons just because of their extreme unlikeness to the young of other animals. They cannot so soon be left to themselves. Calves and lambs and kittens get out of parental tether almost as soon as they are born; for days of their dependence we have to count years for that of a human child, and the length of this period of tutelage, according to John Fiske, is the measure and condition of our civilization.

We seem, indeed, to be speaking disrespectfully of our children when we include them in any category of organic existence. It is as if we were relegating them back to the guidance of instinct, which is so sufficient for a young animal—putting it at once upon a level with its elders—but so impotent and meaningless for a child beyond its nursing infancy. The scope of the animal is contracted within the limits of its physiological functioning, and such mentality

as it has need be no more than the lambent light from the glow of instinct. The prolonged dependence of the child, which makes the home, for all that it means to child and parent, is necessary not only for the home culture of the affections, but for the development, outside of the domestic circle and through means provided by society, of a mentality quite divorced from instinct and having a scope as broad as the world—such a scope as is indicated in what we know as human civilization or progress.

The Christian child everywhere is approached on three sides—from the home, the school, and the church—leaving another side open to his own soul as that soul rises with him, concurrently with a living personal experience.

It is characteristic of his withholding, or being withheld, from any initiative or any direct participation in practical affairs, that the child should so long seem a mere receptacle of what he is given and of what he is told—that everything must come to him, though he does not lack in eagerness of reception or in loving response to fond attentions. We do not expect of him that he should at once leap into a full expression of the joy of living as the bird does into the rapture of its song. We rejoice if his elders have themselves reached a faith so cheerful that what they have to tell him of life here and hereafter does not lay upon his tender sensibility too grave a burden of depression.

Home is the child's first living reality. Within its circle of natural affections and duties all the piety, loyalty, and sacrifice which are so large a part of human experience are first shadowed forth. Here there is the first real knowing, the first real feeling, and it must reach far, since nothing has ever been provided that can take its place. Here there is a living assimilation and nurture in a garden which for the modern child has a large expansion, so that he finds fathers



and mothers everywhere, as men and women everywhere find their children.

Thus in early youth there is often a deep and creative sensibility which becomes in adolescence the ground of an impassioned idealism, near to the springs of art, exultant with the rhythmic pulse of life and beauty and song. Only with this sense of life through living experience is the presence of the soul manifest; the merely formal acceptance of the habiliments of life cannot surprise it.

When, after half a dozen years of home care and tutelage, the child enters upon his school career, he is still taken in hand by his elders, who supplement rather than reproduce the atmosphere of the home, reinforcing moral precepts already inculcated for the building of character, emphasizing all noble and generous motives. But the special purpose of the school is the training of the mind. School life cannot have the reality of home life. It is for the most part formal instruction detached from living experience. Home life is organic—a garden of emotional culture, and it is more beneficently organic if the children are naturally brought into association with living things—plants and animals. School life, on the other hand, is and must be mainly inorganic; it can hardly be called a life at all, save in such sense as we speak of the life of the mind, thinking also, when we use that phrase, of the mind's contact with other minds, of which happily there is so much in all educational training. Even in the higher school grades, only history and such contacts as the young student may gain with the literature and art of the past have any direct relation to human life.

School methods and the whole educational course have been determined by the conditions they have had to meet in the minds of pupils. The advanced general enlightenment during the last century, together with the increased human purpose, has reached the child through a more stimulating and inspiring home culture, and thus have not only brought to the school pupils with more developed minds, but have correspondingly improved the educational system itself, enabling it to enter upon more complex undertakings; especially in lines of preparation for good citizenship, effi-

cient craftsmanship, and participation in scientific progress.

The possibilities realized have led many to entertain false hopes in impossible lines. The kindergarten has proved helpful, under wise conduct—that is, in so far as it has followed the natural laws of mind-making itself; and, in observance of the same laws, industrial training has served the pupils and the common good. Undoubtedly the longer school year is a wise proposition, if it lightens for each day the too heavy burden now imposed upon the pupil.

The child comes into the world without a mind, and with only the creative ground for mental specialization. Its human destination turns it away from the sure path of instinctive intelligence. Consciousness has a development which, however immediately joined in direct sense-perception with the object of that perception, yet in thought—in that kind of intellection which is distinctively human—is detached from the object. It takes the attitude of spectator, observes, discriminates, reasons, generalizes. This is mind-making—a difficult procedure, but one upon which the child enters bravely and with ever-increasing interest, helped, as in his bodily growth, by all the powers that be. Acting and reacting upon inert matter, the conscious processes are intensified. Thus the child becomes a materialist and delights in mechanical toys. Such questions as it asks betray a mechanistic conception of the whole world about him; and only those answers are at all satisfactory to its beginning mind which are based on such a conception.

This process of mind-making is accelerated by school methods. With very young children, whether at home or at school, the procedure involves little rational activity. Information is taken as it is given; there is no vital assimilation or nurture; the memorization is not living remembrance, associated with any experience. Rules and formulas are accepted on authority. It is a time-saving process for which there is no substitute. Even in the more advanced stages of education, when instruction is given in logic and metaphysics, very much is accepted on authority, though there is an appeal to reason. The laws of nature



as formulated in natural science, though they may be verified by experiment, are yet based upon past investigations the results of which are readily accepted by students without such verification.

To many critics of our educational system it seems that the rigor of it might be relaxed and the mechanism eliminated—that education might be made “organic.” Such a change seems to these critics an emancipation of childhood, a restoration of its lost dignity.

It may be the penalty of civilized humanity that the actual child contradicts the attributes of real childhood as imagined by the poet and as presented in the Gospel. The reality is not the less real. Heaven does lie about us in our infancy, and the child is a signal type of the kingdom of heaven. But the actual child does not consciously apprehend the reality. While we, from a clearer intuition than is possible to it, imagine its eternal background, it is, with all the urge of individuation, pressing forward to the foreground, and the dawn of its planetary consciousness eclipses the heavenly lights. In the tuition of the child we cannot reverse the child's inevitable course. It is a long way from tuition to intuition. It is useless to attempt to anticipate the child's natural course, and utterly confusing to attempt to teach youth what cannot be taught but must be lived. Education cannot even simulate life. It cannot substitute in the mind of youth realism for romance. It can present the technique of any science or any art, but genius in the case of a Newton no less than of a Shakespeare must have its own way. Who taught Keats poesy?

The illumination which society has won during ages of psychical evolution helps the children of a new generation to an earlier realization of the essential qualities and powers of the human spirit as manifest in our earthly life; but this “good part” must come to the children through ways not consciously known to them in their earliest years. It is to them another birth, another sense, a transvaluation of life. The term “conversion” has real meaning, however the meaning may in perverse usage have fallen short of the reality.

Here is something not to be learned;

not to be imparted by way of information. A creative reason, which is of the soul, informs from within, but it waits upon processes which in the actual course of the child and of the race seem to be outwardly derived, following obviously inferred rules, as if they were purely mechanical, before it casts its own transforming light upon the human way and becomes manifest as a transforming principle in human life.

As ante-natally each individual of the human species recapitulates every successive stage of evolution from the protozoan to the mammal, so in its tutelage, if that be liberal, youth re-enacts the human drama. During this period, which, as we have said, may be one of the liveliest individual experience, youth seems, so far as we can see, to be but following age. Then comes the moment when it is born to its own time, as the infant is born to its own species, and it is seen to be in the van. The note of that new time for each coming generation does not repeat that of the older generation, nor is it the mere overtone of that—it is beyond all former prophecy, leading to an unprecedented strain of the human harmony.

Though in this critical moment youth, consciously and purposefully, turns its face toward the future, it sees that with all of its will it has unconsciously been turning that way from the first moment of its living experience. That past has not determined the creative impulse of this renaissance, but lives in it and is a cherished part of it. Youth has not necessarily, in this great change, ceased to be youth in the directness of its aims and methods. It is as planetary as the *juventus mundi* ever was, and such principles, a heaven above paganism, as inspire its new leading are living embodiments—the implications of earthly fellowship. For the most part, even if scientifically it is better informed, it is still held by the old Ptolemaic illusion and all the other illusions that consist with both pragmatism and heroism; also in both these it has more kinship with the past than with the vain dreams of millennial prophecy.

Thus youth is the preservator for the race of heroism, of illusion, and of every good old earthly fashion.





## An Imaginary Vacation

BY HOWARD BRUBAKER

I MAY as well admit frankly that I am not in the hardware business any more. The reasons I shall not enter upon here further than to say that, although I had been giving my time and thought to the enterprise for over a month, my employers thought they knew more about the business than I did.

On the day after they announced that they would try to blunder along alone I answered an advertisement in a reliable, conservative newspaper asking for an intelligent young man of good character, to do work of a congenial but unspecified nature. After mailing my answer (showing specimen of hand-writing) I had plenty of leisure, so I read an editorial in the same paper on New York as a summer resort. It said that, although the reader was entitled to his own opinion in the matter, the best place to spend a vacation was right here in the city. The food, it said, was wholesomer and cheaper, one need not pay high prices for stuffy little rooms, drink water full of typhoid, and be bitten at frequent intervals by mosquitoes full of malaria. The important thing, it said, was rest and a change of mental attitude.

The newspaper is such a reliable one and the article was so convincing that I then and there resolved that as soon as I got a vacation from the position I expected to have shortly I would spend it in the city and not risk my life in the malaria and typhoid zone. I had no thought of going to the country, anyway; in Arizona, where I was born and brought up, one learns to think highly of large cities.

The next day, just when I least expected it, an idea came to me. I possess what might be called an adaptive mind. Nobody ever told me this; I have it at first hand.

"Why not," I asked myself (just as people do in stories when they do not care to confide in anybody but the reading public), "apply this principle at once? Why wait for another position? The important thing, this unsensational paper says, is rest and a change of mental attitude."

When I have nothing remunerative to do

I love to let my mind frisk about in harmless speculation. Here, I saw, was the germ of a great idea, a cure for many ills. On the one hand we have a vast army of men and women toiling and moiling (I have never seen anybody moil, but I understand that it is quite common)—toiling and moiling in order to earn enough money to take a vacation, ruining their health so they can afford to get it back again. On the other hand, there is the great hopeless army of the unemployed, constantly looking for work, despondent, down in the heel, broken in health. Yet the difference between a man without employment and one on a vacation is only a syllable; (note this) one is trying to get work, and the other to *forget* work. And too often both fail.

The solution is so simple that I hesitate to put it into words. But I will. *Let the workers do the work and the unemployed take the vacations.*

The trouble lies in our archaic, every-man-for-himself way of doing things. Not long ago I saw a great steamer leave her dock. There were hundreds of people on her decks, hundreds more on the pier. And every man, woman, and child both aboard and ashore was waving a handkerchief. Long after the ship had reached midstream and faces were indistinguishable the weary fluttering was kept up. Now I saw at once that a simple contrivance, a table-cloth, perhaps, operated by steam, could have done this work better and at slight expense, leaving people free to go about their affairs. Yet we persist in the old wasteful, individualistic way.

Thus I improved upon the idea in the paper—a dependable paper, but not always as enterprising as one could wish. I resolved not only to take my vacation in the city, but to take it while I had the leisure and health to enjoy it. All the circumstances were favorable for the undertaking; I had very little money, a narrow prejudice against disease, and a natural preference for the large centers of population.

In three days my plans for an antiseptic holiday were complete.





AT DINNER THAT NIGHT PEOPLE NUGGED ONE ANOTHER AS I ENTERED THE DINING-ROOM

"Mrs. Simpson," I said to the lady who runs our boarding-house, "my vacation begins on Saturday."

My landlady is an estimable woman, but her mind runs in conventional grooves.

"Pardon me," she said, "but I thought you had lost—you were temporarily without employment."

"If I am," I replied, patiently, "what better time could I choose for taking a vacation?"

The misguided woman tried to atone for her error by making another one. "Where are you going?" she asked.

There are limits even to my tolerance.

"Mrs. Simpson," I said, sternly, "this idea of yours that people have to go somewhere every time they take a vacation is responsible for some of the worst evils of our civilization. I shall not mention typhoid and malaria," I went on, "but consider the transportation problem, the frightful railway accidents—"

I did not remember what else I intended to say; I did not say it because at that point I noticed that Mrs. Simpson was not with me any more. At dinner that night people nudged one another and fell silent as I entered the dining-room. Afterward they treated me with a sort of tolerant kindness, as if I were something queer by way of occupation—a statistician, perhaps, or one who plays the piano in a cabaret restaurant.

But I was not cast down; great ideas seldom find immediate acceptance in boarding-houses. In fact, I was so enthusiastic over the project that I could hardly wait until Saturday noon when I should throw off all restraint and begin my much-needed vacation.

I made my preparations with leisurely

care. First I bought a novel called *The Girl and the Duke*, with the girl on the cover in four colors which do not exist in nature. Ordinarily I do not care for ham-mock literature, but I thought some light reading would help the illusion. It is the prevailing opinion that people who go away for the summer put their intellects in storage along with their furs.

Next I procured a potted fern. Vacationists always intend to study nature; here was nature in a convenient form for intensive cultivation. If I chose to neglect my studies (I am not a botany fiend) it would be all the more realistic, for people on old-style vacations invariably do that. At any rate, I reflected comfortably, I need not begin either my reading or my botanical work until Saturday afternoon.

The newspaper editorial, inadequate as it was in some respects, was useful in its authoritative list of vacation essentials. It mentioned, besides malaria and typhoid, feminine society, sunburn, and physical exercise. Discarding sunburn as a by-product rather than an end in itself, I turned my thoughts toward feminine society. The only boarder I knew at all well was Miss Willard, who sat next to me at the table, a slender girl with an honest face that always gave the impression of having been left out in the rain. She always answered politely "Yes, sir," or, "No, sir," when I asked her questions, but the longest sentence I ever heard her utter was, "Please pass the pickles." That, I think, was in March. I supposed that I would have to cultivate Miss Willard's society, but I could see that it would be hard.

Physical exercise was easier to dispose of—



I use the latter words advisedly. I remembered reading somewhere (I am something of a bookworm in my modest way; once I even read an article on "Indo-Germanic Roots in the Language of the Scandinavians"—or part of it, at least) that physical exercise is something of a fetish. Many men, it said in the piece, exhaust themselves with dumbbells and rowing-machines when what they need is a square meal and a good sleep. Outdoor sports, I decided, may be necessary for those who have worn out their nerve-centers preparing for a vacation, but my nerve-centers were practically as good as new.

On Saturday noon I walked down-stairs with an outward calm that would have deceived the most discerning. As a matter of fact there was no reason for excitement or foreboding. I had prepared for every contingency. If feminine society failed to allure, I could take refuge in literature and in personally conducted nature. If I felt any craving for physical exercise, which was unlikely, I could sleep. If for the moment I did not feel sleepy, I had only to read a little more in that article on Indo-Germanic roots.

Since it was Saturday, Miss Willard was at home for luncheon. In reply to my anxious inquiry she agreed that it was a hot day. Fifteen minutes later I asked her whether she did not think that the vacation idea had been carried somewhat to extremes. Miss Willard gave a tired little giggle and replied:

"Not by me."

She seemed frightened at her own boldness, so I strove to reassure her.

"Did you know," I asked as I urged her to take more of the cheap and wholesome beef stew, "that the word 'cow' comes from the Aryan language and is of very ancient origin?"

"It *does* seem tough," she replied, irrelevantly.

I was almost in despair. Suddenly I remembered that, properly speaking, my vacation did not begin until after lunch, so I put feminine society with unfinished business and relapsed into silence.

It was with a light, care-free heart that I closed the door of my room behind me.

The hour had come at last. I felt no abnormal craving for physical exercise, so there was no need for trying to sleep—it was almost too hot, anyway. Therefore I took the gay-colored novel and, in accordance with an inspiration that had come on Thursday, spread cushions for myself on the floor *in the shade of the fern*. So strong is the grasp of tradition even upon the most emancipated!

I had only got to where she tells the duke that she can never marry him because her heart belongs to an unsuspecting motorman, when there was a knock at my door.

"Come in," I said, indolently.

A young man entered—a presentable fellow with a smooth face and chocolate-colored hair. He was of good stature and sturdy build, but there were dark circles under his eyes and a tense look about the cheeks and jaw. "You are in some trouble," I said.

"Are you the man," he asked, huskily, "who answered an advertisement in the paper?"

"Oh, that," I said airily; "that was some days ago. I was unemployed then."



"I DON'T LIKE TO TALK BUSINESS WHEN I AM ON MY VACATION, BUT—"





THE PRESIDENT OF THE ASH-CAN TRUST  
HAS TAKEN A PARTICULAR FANCY TO ME

A hunted look came into my visitor's face. I asked him to sit down and compose himself.

"Don't talk if it agitates you," I said. "Read something soothing and unexciting. I have here an article—"

"No." He waved the proffered magazine away. "If you will not take the position, I suppose I must go back."

"You might tell me about it," I said. "I don't like to talk business when I am on my vacation, but—"

"Vacation?" he echoed. "I thought you said— How long have you been on your vacation?"

I looked at my watch. "Fifteen minutes," I replied. I explained the matter as well as I could to the overwrought man. He in turn told me his story. It seemed that he was employed as clerk and bookkeeper in "The Idle Hour," a famous rest-cure sanitarium on the Sound shore. He had given bonds to stay through the summer, but his health had begun to break under the strain, and he had advertised in the hope of getting

some one to take over his contract. To-day he had run down to the city to interview the applicants. Some of them were unfit, the rest unwilling. I was his forlorn hope.

"Any man who can imagine himself on a vacation," he said, "can persuade himself that this is a pleasant job."

That is how I came to be where I am now. It is a place where men broken by the strain and worry of modern life are put upon their feet so that they can go back to their toiling and moiling (or *vice versa*). My work is arduous, but, on the other hand, the hours are long. Thus I am enabled to avoid temptations to physical exercise and keep out of the way of mosquitoes. There is no typhoid or feminine society here. Nature is apparently very beautiful in this region; I have repeatedly heard it spoken of in high terms even by the guests.

Once I had part of Sunday to myself, and I finished the novel. You will be surprised to learn that the nobleman and the motorman turn out to be one and the same person, and she marries them.

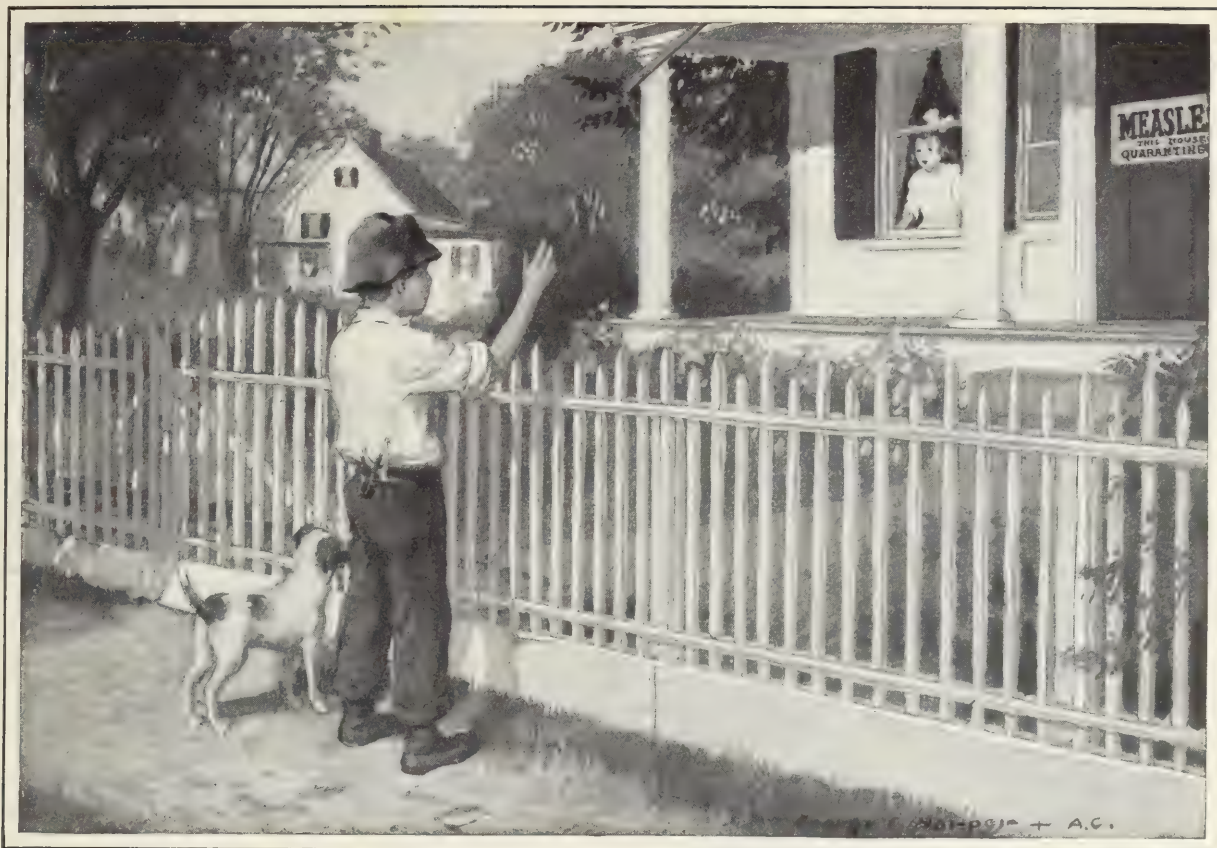
I have no vain regrets. If the guests are querulous, I may say with due modesty that I have been complained about by men whose names are a household word in American finance. The president of the ash-can trust has taken a particular fancy to me. He says my conversation is so meaningless and restful.

Sometimes I wish that I had not wasted a week before taking my vacation. Occasionally in the rush and turmoil of "The Idle Hour" I yearn for the peace of the city. But my darkest moments are illumined by the thought that some day I shall lose this job and then the world will be at my feet.

Besides, I am a misunderstood man—and literature teaches me that being misunderstood is a bitter, poignant joy. When I arrived here I wrote Mrs. Simpson, on the stationery of "The Idle Hour," asking her to forward any mail. In reply came a letter sympathizing with me in my misfortune and hoping that exercise and daily contact with healing nature would restore me to my old-time mental vigor. In this wish, she said, the boarders, including "the vivacious Miss Willard," heartily joined. The fern, she told me, was doing well.

It is getting late. I think I shall read a few lines of "Indo-Germanic Roots in the Language of the Scandinavians" and go to bed.





## Constancy

### Rebuked

A CARPENTER sent to make some repairs in a private house entered the apartment of the lady of the house with his apprentice and began to work.

"Mary," the lady said to her maid, "see that my jewel-case is locked up at once!"

The carpenter understood. He removed his watch and chain from his vest in a significant manner and handed them to his apprentice.

"John," said he, "take these right back to the shop. It seems that this house isn't safe."

### She Cast a Shadow

A VERY stout old lady, going through the Park on a very hot day, became aware that she was being followed by a tramp.

"What do you mean by following me in this manner?" she indignantly demanded. The tramp slunk back a little, but when the stout lady resumed her walk he again took up his position directly behind her.

"See here!" she exclaimed, angrily, "if you don't go away, I shall call a policeman."

"For Heaven's sake, kind lady," urged the tramp looking at her appealingly, "have mercy and don't call a policeman. You're the only shady spot in the whole Park."

### High and Low Louis

THERE recently came to a fashionable shoe-shop in Chicago a daughter of a man whose wealth has been acquired within very recent years. The young woman was disposed to patronize the clerk, and rejected a number of "classy" slippers he produced for her approval. Finally she said:

"I think, perhaps, I shall take these two pairs. But Louis XV. heels are too high for me. Give me a size lower—or, stay—perhaps Louis XIII. will be high enough."

### Not Criminal

MR. AMSBURY, the superintendent of the penitentiary, was escorting a party of women visitors through the building. They entered a room where three women were busily sewing.

As they turned to leave the room, one of the visitors said:

"What vicious-looking creatures! What are they in for? They really look capable of committing any crime."

"Well," replied the superintendent, "you see, they have no other home. That is my private sitting-room, and they are my wife and two daughters."





## Helping Father

### Making It Easy for Him

THERE is a certain Boston author whose handwriting is well-nigh illegible. On one occasion he was invited to address a club organization at an annual affair, for which an elaborate program had been prepared. In due time the author's response came. It was in his own hand and covered three pages. In vain the secretary of the organization pored over the manuscript. In turn the president, the board of directors, and various members of the club tried their hands at deciphering it, but all to no avail. The question was, "Has he accepted or has he declined?"

Finally, the secretary, taking matters in his own hands, sent the following note to the writer:

"MY DEAR HENRY,—Your letter received. No one has been able to determine whether you have accepted or declined our invitation. If you can arrange to be present on the date mentioned, will you be so good as to make a cross on the bottom of this letter? Should it unfortunately be that you cannot come to us, will you kindly draw a circle?"

### Routine

THE Germans are well known for their thoroughness and strict adherence to regulations. Lately a railroad train in Germany ran off the track at a minor terminal and hurt a number of people, overturned the station-house, and set it on fire. The local fire department responded, and were met at the station, as they were about to swarm in, by the station-master, who demanded of them the usual platform-tickets. "We have none," cried the fire captain.

"You can't enter here without them," replied the station-master.

The fire captain for a moment was nonplussed, then cried out, "Then give them to us."

"I can't," replied the station-master; "the ticket-office has been destroyed."

The fire department (by rule) returned to its quarters—duty done!

### The Unappreciated Editor

A WESTERN newspaper man tells of a friend who edited, with more or less success, a paper in an Iowa town. That he was somewhat discouraged by the lack of interest shown in his journal

was evidenced by this notice which, one afternoon, appeared on the editorial page:

"Burglars entered our house last night. To the everlasting shame of the community, for whose welfare we have labored, be it said, they got nothing."

### The Anti-climax

"IN the local courts out West," says a New York lawyer, "the law is not hedged about by awe, and an amusingly sociable atmosphere is frequently to be found among judge, jury, lawyers, and client. On one occasion I was entertained by a lawyer in a county court of Iowa who, having exhausted his eloquence in behalf of his client on trial for theft, worked up this climax:

"Gentlemen of the jury, after what this man has offered in evidence and what I have stated to you, is this man guilty? *Can* he be guilty? *Is* he guilty?"

"Whereupon the foreman, with a smile and in the blandest of tones, replied:

"Jest wait awhile, ole hoss, an' we'll soon tell ye."



## The Kindness of Giovanni

THE teacher of a certain primary school in Indianapolis has always taught her pupils to be kind to animals. Now as the majority of these pupils are children of the Latin races, and as they adore their teacher, it follows that they have, in the characteristically impulsive way of their ancestors, gone to extremes to please her in this as well as in other ways.

One afternoon a lad named Giovanni Geraci lingered after the close of school. Seeing that he had something on his mind and did not know exactly how to unburden himself, the teacher asked what the trouble was.

"No trouble, teacher," said Giovanni; "I only wanted to tell you how I was good to dumb animals yesterday."

The teacher expressed her pleasure and inquired as to the particular way in which the lad had practised her teachings.

Giovanni proudly drew himself up and said, "I kissed the cat."

## Unaccompanied

EDITH had been to church for the first time. "And what did you think of it?" asked her mother.

"I didn't like the organ very well."

"Why not?"

"Cause there wasn't any monkey with it."



CONDUCTOR: "But, madam, your ticket calls for one passenger only. How about your youngsters?"  
MRS. QUACK: "Why, they were hatched on this trip"



*Mrs. de Smithers tells her husband's pet story at the Von Joneses afternoon tea. Find her husband*

## Hard to Answer

THE cannon-ball express was crawling up the Blue Ridge not far above Warrenton when a small yellow dog dashed snarling out of a house near the track and ran after the train, barking with great fury.

"Well, sir," exclaimed the conductor, proudly, to a passenger from the North who stood beside him on the rear platform, "that's a most amazing dog. He tears out of that house every day and chases this train for miles. He's—"

"Pahdon me, Captain," interrupted a long, solemn Virginia farmer, the other occupant of the platform, "but what do you s'pose he's aimin' to do with the train if he *does* catch it?"

## It Helped Her

"I COUNT myself fortunate," says a Philadelphia minister, "in numbering among my parishioners several who invariably tell me the truth about myself."

"Of a certain worthy, but uneducated woman of my flock I asked whether she liked best my written or my unwritten sermons."

"She reflected for a moment, and then replied: 'I like you best without the book, because you keep saying the same thing over and over, and that helps me to remember.'"





*If, when we visit our country friends, we were  
to bring home all the produce they want us to*

#### Scientific Management

A YOUNG physician in a thriving town in Texas was awakened by a violent ringing of the door-bell, about midnight, when the snow was coming down pretty fast. He hastily scrambled into his clothes and hurried down-stairs, where he encountered a well-dressed young man.

"Doctor," said this individual, advancing toward him rather breathlessly, "you're wanted immediately out near Turner's Pike. Can you come at once?"

"Certainly," the physician answered; "be seated a moment while I 'phone for my horse. We'll be there in a very few minutes."

It was fully six miles to Turner's Pike and the physician made good his word; the miles were covered rapidly.

"That white house on the next corner," said the man in the buggy. Then, as he alighted, he said: "By the way, Doctor, I forgot to ask the amount of your fee."

"Four dollars," said the doctor.

The stranger hastily peeled off four crisp one-dollar bills and passed them to the doctor.

"That 'll be all, thank you, Doctor. None of those pirate hackmen up in town would do it for less than six."

#### Achievement

PROFESSOR PLUMMER'S life began  
With every promise of success;  
He was a diligent young man—  
People admired him more or less.

From idle sentiment exempt,  
He could observe with clearer eyes,  
And look with laudable contempt  
At everything which was not wise.

He saw that friendships came and went.  
"We meet," he said, "shake hands, and  
scatter."  
He saw that time was better spent  
Upon some more important matter.

He reasoned in his lucid way  
That love was quite unnecessary;  
"When one was busy," he would say,  
"A wife would be distracting, very."

Strange, after years in studying  
Important matters occupied,  
One wholly unimportant thing  
Professor Plummer did—he died.

C. T. RYDER.























